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THE  
BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AN

Evangelical Treasury

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FOR THE YEAR 1876.

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LONDON:  
F. DAVIS (LATE J. PAUL), 1, CHAPTER-HOUSE COURT,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

## TO OUR READERS.

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TIME has added another Year-Book to the chronicles of the past. Changeful in itself, it is leading the sons of men to the bourn of the unchangeable. As one among the many gifts of God, it bears blessings in its hand and scatters them along its path. For how many of these have we had good reason to be thankful during the twelve months now brought to a close. Mercies new every morning, and repeated every evening, have testified to the constant care of our loving Lord. What He has been in the past, He will be in the future to His spiritual children, for He is the Immutable. It may be that many of His gifts have been ill requited and unacknowledged. It may be that, like Hezekiah of old, we have "not rendered again according to the benefit done to us." But let us take comfort from the declaration that "the blood of Jesus Christ," God's Son, "cleanseth from all sin," and seek grace to amend our ways in the year upon which we are entering. For all the help vouchsafed in the conduct of this periodical, and for all the kindnesses shown by an earnest band of contributors and readers, we desire to express our heartfelt thanks, and to indulge the hope that these pages may during one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven bear witness to "the Truth as it is in Jesus," and serve to build up believers on their most holy faith. It is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord, that good is accomplished and the Divine purpose promoted; therefore to God alone be the glory. Amen.

That all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity may experience in their persons, homes, and spheres of labour a very HAPPY NEW YEAR, is the heartfelt wish of their sincere friend in the fellowship of the Gospel.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BLAKE,  
*Editor.*

THE BUTTS,  
BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX,  
December 30th, 1876.

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# THE BAPTIST MESSENGER.

## THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

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

“Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of light.”—  
JOHN viii. 12.

Our Lord did not speak in this way at the beginning of His ministry. He did not thus bear witness to Himself saying, “I am the light of the world.” But it was befitting on this occasion, when people before Him had already received sufficient evidence from other quarters. John the Baptist, whom all men counted for a prophet, had testified that Christ was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. The witness of John they rejected; startling, if not conclusive, as it must have been, considering the esteem in which his oracular voice was held. Moreover, Jesus Himself had wrought conviction in their own hearts by His own teaching. Had they not listened to His famous Sermon on the Mount? Could they not feel the authority with which He spoke? Did they not confess to the impressions He produced on them? The weight and the wisdom of His discourse manifested a power that could melt their thoughts into the very mould of His ministry. Nor was it merely His teaching, transparent though that was; but the signs He showed and the miracles He wrought with the majesty of His voice and the virtue of His touch proclaimed that He was the light of the world. Thus the infirmities of the creature called forth His Divine compassion. With radiant eyes of pity He looked on the wretched and gave them quick relief; He shone on their sadness like the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His beams. They hailed His visit in every town and village as the healer of all that were diseased. Might not the quick sense of every unprejudiced spectator detect in Him the Messiah, and welcome His advent to the world? At length, as though aggrieved by their unbelief, He speaks loudly and proclaims plainly, “I am the light of the world.” Such high ground does He take before His adversaries. Well might He say it to their teeth. Hardly an hour before He had flashed that light into their eyes and blinded them with its brilliance. They had stood before Him, with the unhappy woman whom they sought to make the instrument of entangling Him: and anon they had sneaked out of His presence conscience-stricken, when He said, “He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.” One ray of His omniscience had lit up the secret chambers of their memory and exposed at least to themselves the righteous law they had broken and the crimes they had to answer for. He who could thus convince them is able to convince the world of sin. He who lit up the deepest recesses of the heart is the light of the world. So Jesus here

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No. 206, NEW SERIES.

boldly and openly avowed the truth concerning Himself when He said, "I am the light of the world."

Let our meditation now be directed to our Lord Jesus Christ as *the light*—the *true light*—the *guiding light*—and the *universal light*.

That Jesus is the light—the light of the world—is to be seen in all parts of His blessed history. Look at Him in His cradle. Shines there a star above the house wherein the young child sleeps? Brighter far than yonder star is He who lies cradled in the manger. He has come, the predictions of whose advent had illumined centuries of darkness. As a babe devout men hail Him, "A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel." To the eye of faith what radiance emanates from the new-born babe! Look, for the like was never looked on before. There God is veiled in human flesh. Behold the mystery of the incarnation. God is manifest in our nature; He dwells among us. The light is clear and dazzling.

Well might the angels have sung, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, goodwill towards men." Sweet babe! thou hast pierced the thick darkness of earth's sorrow; thou hast enlightened her scenes of sadness, infusing joy into her gloom. Thy coming revealed the love of God, His sweet compassion and His tender pity towards the guilty sons of men. With growing years, while His increasing wisdom kept pace with His increasing stature, He shone, exhibiting a child's delight in the two tables of the law; His first concern being to do His heavenly Father's business, and His constant habit being to submit Himself and to honour His earthly parent. Not rashly or recklessly did He begin to teach. His baptism throws a wonderful light upon consecration to God; and the dire temptations that quickly followed, in all of which He foiled the tempter, have thrown a brilliant light on the pathway of Christian ministers. As a preacher He was luminous. He expounded the spirituality of the law. Light penetrated the precept through and through as He made the very essence of purity apparent. His light cleared the law of the mists and fogs that the rabbinical writers had gathered around it. He shed light too upon the covenant of grace. He promulgated the gospel of peace among the sons of men. He told of God the Father, willing to receive His prodigal children back again into His bosom. His parables threw wondrous light upon the dispensation of the kingdom of heaven. His counsels and His cautions brought the final destinies of the righteous and the wicked into full view. Eternity dawned on His hearers while He spake. His own life exhibited the power of love, the value of sympathy, and the virtue of forgiving injuries. His death gave yet more palpable evidence of unflinching submission to the will of God and unflinching self-sacrifice for the welfare of men. Oh, beloved! the light of Christ comes out brightest upon the cross. Some one called it the Pharos of this world's sea. So it is. This is the lighthouse that throws its beams across the dark waters of human guilt and misery, warns men of the rocks, and guides them to the haven. A Saviour! God in human flesh! He whom the seers predicted: "A king shall reign in righteousness," appears as the Divine symbol represented Him—"a Lamb slain." Behold Him shedding His precious blood to atone for the sins of men. Never did such light shine on the law and the prophets. Never did such light gleam on the faith and hope of pure hearts. Never did such light irradiate the repentance and conversion by which sinners are retrieved. Behold the Sun as He cometh forth from His

chamber, and rejoiceth to finish His course! He before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth crucified hath seen a light which doth outshine all earthly splendour. The sin and the sorrow, the shame and the sentence, all vanish when we see the Redeemer die for us. And if from the gloom of His death so much comfort can be extracted, what shall we say when He rose again from the dead? His dark sepulchre reflects glory now that He has arisen from the dead. The shroud, the mattock, and the grave are shorn of their terrors.

"No more a charnel-house, to fence  
The relics of lost innocence,  
A vault of ruin and decay;  
Th' imprisoning stone is rolled away."

Into the sepulchre you can peer now that Christ has broken down the door and rent away the veil. Through it you can look. For those that follow Christ it is a passage into everlasting life. He has brought life and immortality to light. Since He has risen from the tomb and left the dead, light, clear and transparent, shines on the exodus of the soul from earth. On, onward still, track His path as in His ascension He goes flaming up the skies. There, there is a road of light that shows us the way to God. He enters heaven and sits at the right hand of the Father. There, as our representative, He sheds the light of comfort down upon us. There He waits, and while He waits He wills that where He is there should His people be. Oh, happy thought! to-day, my brethren, amongst the sons of men Christ is still the light. He has sent the Holy Spirit to be His representative here on earth. He testifies of Christ. The Divine Paraclete occupies the place of our departed teacher. The Church, inspired by the blessed Spirit, with ten thousand tongues, proclaims the gospel of salvation. "Ye are the lights of the world," said Jesus. In His people Christ still shines forth with even a brighter light than in the days of His earthly sojourn. He has ten thousand reflectors instead of twelve. Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues proclaim His Gospel; and ten thousand times ten thousand hearts burn and blaze with the light of the Divine Word. Christ is the light of the world. From His cradle to His throne, and onward till He cometh in full splendour at the second advent, the Lamb is the light that illuminates this dark earth.

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world." He is THE TRUE LIGHT. There are other lights. Before His coming there had been some light typical. Do you not remember that a golden lamp stood in the holy place with its seven branches? It was an admirable piece of sacred furniture, and highly instructive; but Jesus seems to put it away. In fact it had been already put away. He had come to put an end to its meaning by fulfilling its intent. "This was not the light; it was only the type of the light. I am the true light," He says. Even that light which flamed across the desert way when Moses led the host of God through the wilderness was but a typical light. The veritable pillar of cloud and fire is Jesus, who leads the whole host of God's elect through this weary wilderness to the Canaan of the blessed.

Jesus Christ was the true light in opposition to the smoking flax of tradition. Listen to those rabbis! They think themselves the light of the world. Their sophism is an endless strife of words; their research is not worth your study; their knowledge is not worth the knowing. They

can tell you exactly which is the middle verse of the Bible, and which is the middle letter of the middle word. They discussed their paradoxes till they became addle-headed. They refined on their subtleties, till doctrine dwindled down into doubt; simple truth was degraded into silly twaddle; their translations of Scripture were a travesty, and their commentaries an outrage upon common sense. But Christ, the true, the heavenly light, extinguishes all your earthly luminaries. The Jewish rabbi, the Greek philosopher, the ecclesiastical father, and the modern theological thinker are meteors that dissolve into mist. They make void the Word of God through their traditions or their conjectures. Flee away from the nebulous forms, and noxious fumes of their old traditions and new discoveries. Believe what Jesus said and His Apostles taught, and what you have had revealed to you in his own pure Word—Christ is the true light.

In opposition to the glare of priestcraft with which so many, in all ages, have been enamoured, Christ is the light of the world. There is some reason to suppose that this declaration of our Lord bore allusion to a custom observed among the Jews at that time in connection with the Feast of Tabernacles. Maimonides says that on the previous evening two enormous candelabra—golden lamps—of a vast size were set up in the court of the women in the open air, and that these flamed with such a brilliant light that they appeared to illuminate the whole city of Jerusalem. And the women came with a torchlight procession, and stood around these flaming candelabra, and there executed a sort of sacred dance and solemn pageant. This was done, not on the authority of Moses, but on the authority of tradition, to keep the people in mind of the cloudy and fiery pillar of the wilderness. The Feast of Tabernacles, you know, was designed as a memorial of the forty years that the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness, dwelling in tents; but this particular rite was of their own invention, a supplementary observance, intended to remind the people of the fiery pillar that illumined the camp in those days of yore. Now it is supposed, not, I think, without good reason, that it was on the morning after this celebration that Jesus stood in the court. The lamps were gone out; but the golden columns, that the night before had flamed, still remained in their places, the remnant of a spectacle, the lamps minus the light. Just then the sun was rising in its own peerless splendour. The scene they beheld gave force to the sentence He uttered. The contrast between the lamps which the priests had lit—a fit emblem of superstition—were all going out, perhaps, with a noxious smell, while the mighty orb of day was rising, when Jesus said, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness." Whether the scene and the circumstances were as has been so well imagined or not, the truth is fitly illustrated by the similitude. When every lamp that ever man has kindled, and fed with the oil of superstition, shall have died out, as they must expire, our Lord Jesus Christ shall, like the morning sun, make glad the sons of men. Away ye go, ye bright meteors of the night, around which the children of superstition execute their maddened dance of implicit belief! Away ye go! Already ye begin to go out. I see how ye all flicker, even now. The day cometh on apace in which the blast of God's eternal Spirit shall blow you out in everlasting night. But Jesus shines; He is the true light, and will shine on for ever. "I live in the

twilight of Christianity," said Voltaire; and he spoke a truth unwittingly. He thought that it was the twilight of the evening, but it was the twilight of the morning, for Jesus shineth brighter and brighter still—the true light, before which the lamps of superstition and priestcraft must pale their ineffectual fires. This is what the Saviour meant: He was the true light.

Very different, too, is the light of Christ from the sparks which are to be seen all the world over. Every now and then a scientific gentleman picks up a flint arrow-head, and he strikes a wonderful light with it; and he that has his tinder-box ready and a brimstone match, may soon think he has got the true light, till another philosopher comes and, with the lid of the aforesaid tinder-box, puts that light out. This is the cardinal virtue of philosophers; they extinguish one another. Their fine-spun theories do not often survive the fleeting generation that admires them. A fresh race starts fresh theories of unbelief, which live their day, like ephemera, and then expire. Not so the light of Christ; it burns on, and beams for ever. We have friends who have been dazed by the light of "public opinion"—a very bright light that. And we have known some decent scholars who have been enraptured with "the light of the nineteenth century"—a wonderful luminary, indeed, but slightly darkened by the follies, frauds, and crimes which every day's newspaper reveals. We have had the light of erudition, which lauded Aristotle, and made the heathen author supply a text-book for Christian colleges. We have heard more than enough of the light of the Church, in which we can discern nothing but colours and conceits, borrowed from the mediæval darkness of Christendom. But we have the trustworthy and the true when we hear Him exclaim, "I am the light." Where else shall light be found? Where shall the bewildered sons of men find a reliable guide? In the teaching of the person, the life, the death, the sacrifice of the Christ of Nazareth, we have light self-evidential, palpable by its own brilliance. Guiding light is here alike clearly visible. This to follow is not fallacious, "I am the light of the world: he that *followeth* me shall not walk in darkness." Thus, then, is He a light that is to be followed. Do any of you want to enjoy the light that streams from Christ, be assured you cannot realise it by reading about it—you must follow it. If a man could travel so fast as always to follow the sun, of course he would always be in the light. If the day should ever come when the speed of the railway shall be equal to the speed of the world's motion, then a man may so live as to never lose the light. Now, he that follows Christ shall never walk in darkness. To follow Him means to commit yourselves to Him, to believe Him, and yield yourselves up, obediently doing what He bids, and implicitly accepting what He says. You must have no other Master. Say not, "I will be taught by Calvin," or "by Luther," or "by Wesley," or "by anybody else." Jesus Christ only must be your light. His Word, by the testimony of His Spirit, must be your sole authority.

Christ is the guiding light for the soul that panteth after God. Dost thou say, with Philip, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us"? Jesus saith, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Christ is the guiding light through the multitude of authors. If you want to tread your way among them, let the early Fathers, the sturdy Reformers, the rigid Puritans, and the modern

Evangelists be your companions, if so it please you, but let Him be your guide, and His counsel your stay, till you reach the gates of glory. Amidst the conflict of opinions, His sure Word will prove your safe chart. He is the guiding light through sickness and suffering; trust Him and He will make your bed in your sickness; He will bring lasting benefits out of your most lamentable afflictions. He is the guiding light through death's dark vale. In those gloomy shades you need fear no ill if you keep close to Him.

“Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near.”

Christ has said, “He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness;” so the terror by night flies at His presence. The atoning blood shall speak peace to you. Ignorance shall vanish before the brightness He manifests. Christ shall teach you. Despair shall dissolve before the sweet beams of hope. Even doubt, with all the indecision that comes of it, melts at the sound of His animating voice, “This is the way; walk ye in it.” Thrice happy man who commits himself to Jesus! He shall always have light, and shall never walk in darkness.

Jesus Christ is the universal light. He says, “I am the light of the world.” He does not merely say, “I am the light of the Jews,” or “I am the light of the Gentiles.” He is both. He is the light of all mankind. There is no clear light in which any man can discern God, or rightly understand himself, perceive the bitterness of sin, or apprehend the destiny and the doom of heaven and hell, but what flows through Jesus Christ. I do not doubt that among the various religious professions spread over the world—in many of which Christianity is much debased—there are devout persons who enjoy a share of communion with God and a sense of pardoned sin, though the tone of their thoughts like the tongue of their utterance widely differs from our own; but it is all through one common Lord, our Saviour Jesus Christ, they find acceptance. When I get hold of a book that teaches erroneous things, yet if there is a savour of Jesus Christ in it, I censure the faults without condemning the author. Never let my animadversions be mistaken for anathemas. I sometimes perceive that the man who wrote it has evidently found salvation, because he has laid hold of our Lord Jesus Christ. He that follows Him is on the right tack. Though he may err in a thousand minor considerations, by following Christ in the main thing he is safe. Learn of Him and obey Him in all things—then shalt thou be blessed thyself and useful to others. Happy the man that hath seen this light and walks in this light of Christ, for “this is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world!” There is a little light in Mahometanism. Indeed, considering the age in which Mahomet lived, he had a very great deal of light: the religion of the Koran is immeasurably superior to the religions of the age in which the prophet flourished. He even taught the unity of the Godhead most clearly. Yet the light in the Koran is borrowed from the Old and New Testament. It is borrowed light. The intelligence is pilfered. The light of the Parsee, the light of Zoroaster, the light of Confucius came originally from the sacred books of the Jews. From one source they must have all come, for all light comes from the great Father of lights. Wherever you alight upon any truth in strange places about man's state and condition, or about God and

the way to safety, you may rest assured that the light, if tracked to its dawn, would lead you up to Jesus Christ; for all the true light comes from Him.

Christ is the light of the world, destined to shed His beams over the whole earth. The day comes when all mankind will see this light. How often I have been told of late that the world is all going to rack and ruin, and that all that we ought to do is to try and man a lifeboat and save a few strugglers, hastening ourselves to leave the wreck before she breaks up! Well now, I am not so desponding as that. I am of opinion that, by God's good grace, we shall tug the old vessel off the rocks, and that the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ, for the Lord hath sworn that all flesh shall see the salvation of God. I cannot believe that this dispensation will be wound up as a tremendous failure, that the Gospel zealously preached everywhere shall result in only a few being saved, and that the whole economy shall go out in darkness as the snuff of a candle is extinguished. Nay, I look for better things. They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him, and His enemies shall lick the dust. The isles shall bring Him tribute; Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts, yea, all kings shall fall down before Him. I cannot help believing that the Gospel yet is to be triumphant. I look for the coming of Christ. Let Him come when He may, our hearts will leap for joy to greet Him. But for this dispensation to end without success would almost seem to me like thwarting the purposes of God. It is not His way in the world. He has entered into battle with Satan deliberately, choosing poor feeble instruments like ourselves to confound the forces confronted against Him; and if He should withdraw His troops from the field, or come Himself to the front and take up the fight single-handed which His chosen legions could not conduct, it would look as if He had not wisely foreseen the engagement or had needed to alter His plans to compass His ends. His Spirit can inspire inveterate feebleness with irresistible force. He can use means without miracles, or He can work wonders without wantonness. His first act augured auspiciously. The twelve Apostles, like a little compact square of grenadiers to fight against the foe, is no ill omen. It surely does not mean that the battle shall end till the enemy has turned his back and fled. Moreover, He keeps on sending fresh battalions; He raises up new troops; and every now and then, when the battle seems to waver, He recruits the ranks and sends out new enlistments, strengthening the ranks that are thinned, and harassing the enemy with His reserves. Courage, my brethren! There shall be revival after revival; there shall be reformation after reformation, shock of battle after shock of battle, and the dread artillery of God's great Gospel shall be fired off against the hosts of hell. The gods of the heathen shall fall. Antichrist shall be overthrown. Babylon shall sink like a millstone in the flood. The crescent of Mahomet must wane into eternal darkness. Israel shall behold her King, and the fulness of the Gentiles shall be gathered at His feet. So let our faith excite our courage, and our courage stimulate our patience, and our patience give zest to the full assurance of hope, while we worship our Lord Jesus Christ as the light of the world.

Thus have I carried out my design of amplifying on the four points that I propounded to you at the outset. Let me wind up with a personal question: Since Christ is the light of the world, I would ask how are we acting towards Him?

Do any of us shun the light? I know some men slight the privileges they ought to prize. They do not want to know Him whose going forth is as the light of the morning when the sun riseth. They never read the Bible, or search into the history, the prophecy, and the promises. They do not like an earnest ministry. They have a sort of happy-go-lucky style of religion; they take in whatever anybody else tells them; they attend their place of worship as a matter of habit, and observe all the proprieties of fashion; but as to doing right or seeking light, they seldom or never give it a thought. They do not count it desirable. Too much light would expose much that would not bear inspection. Dear friend, if you are afraid of light be suspicious of yourself, for it is deceit that dreads detection. Who are the people that like darkness rather than light? If it were put to a meeting of the inhabitants of London, who would vote for putting out the gas at night? Well, I warrant you, every burglar would; every garotter would; and there are certain libertines who would rather like it. Every man that doeth evil hateth the light. I do not mean to compare you with those gentlemen. Still the saying is very comprehensive—"He that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reprov'd." Of course, when some men sneer we can appreciate their sensitiveness. The doctrine of Christ does not suit the dissolute. Lax living never does lead up to an admiration of pure piety. What a price the profligate have to pay for their pleasures! Are you, my friend, conscious of anything you want to conceal? Look closely at it yourself. Recollect that you will have to look at it in that great day when the secrets of all hearts will be exposed. When Jesus comes "to judge the world with righteousness and His people with equity," from the light of justice, from the heat of judgment nothing whatsoever shall be hid. Be wise, therefore, to repent now of the evil, lest calamity reach you when there is none to commiserate.

Do I see a curl of the lip, a shrug of the shoulder, a cynical expression of the countenance, as some one asks, Are we really, then, to regard the Christ you speak of, the atonement you preach, the resurrection you are so confident about, as the light of the present age, the light of other ages, in fact, the light of the world? You put it well, my friend; and you look well as you put the question. It occurs to me that I might meet you in altered circumstances, when your tone would be altered likewise. Flesh is frail. Your eye will not be always full of lustre; your spirits will not be always blithe and gay; your health will not be always strong and vigorous. Not yet have you felt your need of the light which has irradiated past ages, can enlighten this age, and will shine with undiminished glory in the everlasting age. Proud man, are you a philosopher or a politician? are you a man of science or a mere sciolist—a pretender? Know this, that in darkness thou didst enter this world; years passed before you dreamed that life had a purpose; and in darkness denser still thou must make thine exit, if, pleased with a fancy or enamoured of a fallacy, thou failest to see the Light that makes time and eternity resplendent. When we preach the Gospel purely and simply, we seem to be challenging the question on the part of some of you. To what purpose? The light we propound you do not need. How can I answer you? No arguments of mine will avail while you are blind to the perils you must meet with in traversing those unknown paths and untried



experiences that lie before you. And as to the objections that any of you raise, let the man that takes objection to God's counsel, and spurns His kindness, answer for the rashness he will have to rue. Petty scruples! Paltry excuses! They betray your insincerity. It is absurd to trifle when the outlook might well make you tremble to plead for yourselves. You will not put your cause in the hands of the Counsellor. Hence the gloom that comes of your doubts; hence the wretchedness of a sinner's reflections on the grace of his Redeemer. You cavil at the light. Do you know the reason why? Well, I think it is for very much the same reason that made the Brahmin break the microscope. He thought it wicked to destroy life of any kind. He would not eat meat, or feed upon flesh, fish, or fowl; for anybody that destroyed life would destroy his own soul. "Well," said a missionary, "but you must do violence to your own conscience every time you drink, for the water you swallow teems with animalculæ—living, moving creatures." Then he showed him a drop of water, magnified by a microscope. The evidence was clear, but, instead of yielding to conviction, the Brahmin was enraged at the instrument which wrought the discovery, so he broke the microscope. In like manner men despise and attempt to disprove the Gospel, because it reveals truths that are unwelcome. It explodes their traditions; it disparages their opinions; it debases their cherished tastes, and so it destroys their peace of mind. It will not let them live comfortably in sin. The love of sin and superstition, a zeal for your clan and your craft, animate your opposition to malevolence and madness. Methinks I hear somebody say, "I wish I could see it." Well, dear friend, I wish I could credit your candour. The light that streams from Christ is visible; but not to eyes that are shut; not to hearts that are hardened; not to consciences that are seered. "Open your eyes; it is all you have to do." Look, sinner—look and live! All around you is the light of everlasting love. Do but open those poor eyes of yours, that unbelief has kept closed so long. O Lord, open thou the sinner's eyes that he may now see! The light is all around thee, brother; the light is all around thee. Others see it and rejoice. Only let thine eyes be opened, and thou shalt hail the glorious orb which makes manifest all that is obscure and awful to thy present apprehension.

Is there one who says, "Well, thank God, I have seen that light?" Then, dear brother, be grateful and give thanks. We are none of us as thankful as we ought to be for the light that shines in the face of Jesus Christ. There was a custom on the Alps in the olden time, which, I fear, has dropped into desuetude. Some one was appointed to stand upon the topmost Alp with a great cowhorn, and as soon as he beheld the rising of the sun with a loud blast he gave notice. From peak to peak of the Alps might then be heard, in those good old days, a psalm of praise. Oh, ye happy souls that have beheld the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, tell it forth with trumpet tongue! Well may a thousand voices take up His praise. Blessed be the name of Jesus. For ever be His name adored. Magnify His grace for the light that shines; for the goodness it diffuses; for the joy, the abounding joy, it awakens on every side.

And now, brethren, let gratitude and benevolence prompt your zeal to spread the light, to reflect it all around, near and far. I am very anxious that all the members of this Church should endeavour to disseminate the light of the knowledge of Christ which has shone in their own hearts. I

pray you, brethren and sisters, do not get cold, formal, or indifferent. The truth you have believed through grace is a precious trust committed to your charge. You have been a praying people, and you are so still; blessed be God's name. Do not forsake the meetings for prayer: frequent them regularly, and conspire together to make them still more full of life and energy. I have been wont to say with honest gratitude that most if not all the members in fellowship with us were actually engaged in some work for Jesus. Is it so now? Are you all interested and occupied in telling and teaching the good news and the great lessons of the Gospel? We have no notion of leaving to pastors the whole work of the Christian ministry, in which every faithful disciple should take earnest part. One man alone, perhaps, may preach to such a throng as this; but if we are to have preaching everywhere, you must all preach by word and deed to circulate the heavenly wisdom in every sphere of earthly resort. Oh, my sisters and my brothers, the best of all preaching, because the most simple and unostentatious, is to be found in the ordinary intercourse you hold with your fellow-creatures, when with a good conversation you avail yourselves of all the occurrences and opportunities of daily life. In your families the sweetness of your temper, the gentleness of your manners, and the purity of your actions should bear witness that you have been with Jesus and learned of Him. The integrity of your business habits should speak for the sanctity of your morals, and commend the school in which you have been trained. Your character must be clear, or the utterance of your lips will be despised. Then an outspoken testimony will take hold of men's hearts. Tell your children, your brothers, your sisters, and your intimate friends the way to Jesus. Tell the strangers who sit by your side, if you can, something of your own sweet experience of the light that there is in Jesus. God has recently taken away some of our best workers, as you know. Oh, brethren, make up for the loss of one of the best of men, long known as a deacon and elder in our midst, who is now laid aside, his health departed, his strength prostrate. Oh, sisters, try to make up by double energy for the loss of that good sister who was a mother among you all. Oh, let us all see to it that there be no gaps in the ranks of Christ's army which are not quickly filled up with fresh recruits. If there should happen to be a vacancy and the man has fallen who stood next to me, I will try, by God's strength, to fight with both hands at this time till some other shall step up to take his place. Since Christ is our light and He has ordained us to be lights in the world, let us shine to the utmost of our capacity until the Master shall take us to dwell with Him in the light for ever.

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### Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

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#### GRAPHIC SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

#### THE REVIVAL AT ROCKFOOT.

##### PART I.

VERY happy was Pastor Josiah Bright; indeed he candidly con-

fessed that he had not felt so happy for years. When he said so, nobody doubted it for a moment: it was as patent as that the sun shone by day and the moon by night. Whenever his friends met him, they observed that his face was radiant with smiles; he grasped their hands

and shook them vigorously, as if he meant it; for all he had a few kind, cheery, and sympathetic words; and he was so ready, both in season and out of season, to do them any needful service, that they had abundant proof of the correctness of his assertion. It was not at all unusual for them, when thus they met him, to hear him quietly humming over to himself a cheerful melody; or if they called on business at his house, to hear him singing aloud in his study; and one dear female friend was confidentially informed by Mrs. Bright that not only was her husband singing nearly all the day long, but actually on more occasions than one she had been woken out of the most refreshing sleep by hearing him suddenly strike up in his pleasant dreams some favourite hymn and tune recently introduced into the special services. Such demonstratively being the good pastor's happy state of mind and feeling, it may not be at all unprofitable to ask how it was brought about, and whether there were sufficient grounds for believing that such a satisfactory frame was likely to continue.

A worldly person hearing of the pastor's jubilant feeling might, in seeking for its origin, have naturally enough supposed that a good slice of worldly luck, in the shape of substantial bank notes, gold, silver, and property, had by some unexpected stroke of fortune fallen to his share. Such an event is generally supposed to promote so desirable an end. Had the supposition, however, been entertained, it would have proved a great mistake: no such worldly legacy had found its way to the pastor's humble cottage home in Rockfoot. Poor he was when first he came to it, poor he remained still. If he found that he had nothing to spare then with a

wife and four small children, he had abundance of opportunity of proving daily that in a pecuniary sense he was none the better off now with the same limited salary and two additional children to provide for into the bargain. Clearly it was not an increase of this world's good that made him so happy.

What was it, then?

To come to the point at once—a genuine Revival had broken out in the church of which for four years he had been the pastor. When he came to it it was in a desperately low condition. The members were few in number and mostly old people. They worshipped with a thin congregation in a fair-sized but dilapidated chapel. The Sunday-school children met in a small vestry underground, and it not unfrequently happened that the few scholars who came had to be sent home early for want of teachers. The place itself, too, had a bad name. Several of the members in time past had in a variety of ways publicly dishonoured their profession; and even one or two of the stated ministers had wandered sadly out of the way. Those who still perseveringly "stuck to the place" readily acknowledged that it was of little use to ask their friends and neighbours to come and worship with them. Most of them when invited to come would shake their heads dolefully, and decline to accept the invitation on the self-satisfactory ground that, "although they went to no place of worship, they were evidently as good, if not better, than many who did go." This being the somewhat serious state of things, it was palpably certain that any pastor who accepted such a charge would find that making progress meant "uphill work." And that Pastor Bright did

find. For the first twelve months work as hard as he would, he seemed to make little or no impression on the obstinate population; come to hear him they would not, though he "charmed ever so wisely." In the course of one year only two members were added by baptism to the church. The second year was better, six being the number. Then there was a manifest improvement in the congregation and school, so much so that for the latter additional accommodation had to be provided. The chapel also was cleaned, fresh painted, and renovated, without any debt being incurred. So far so good, and the pastor began to look up and take courage. But in the third year trouble came: old sores were ripped open, and two or three unpleasant church meetings followed. These led to the withdrawal of one deacon and five members, leaving at the expiration of this year—taking into account the usual deduction of losses from deaths, removals, erasures, and exclusions—a net increase of four members only as the result of three years' arduous labour. With such a result the pastor was far from being satisfied. He began to feel that it was time for him to think seriously of a removal. He asked himself the question, Was he not spending both his time and labour in vain? Was not labouring at Rockfoot really "ploughing on a rock?" Would the soil ever yield a harvest? and if it did, how long would he have to sow the seed and cultivate it before the Divine blessing came? What was to be done?

In such a gloomy state of mind, at the commencement of the fourth year, he went to the weekly prayer-meeting. This meeting had been poorly attended for some months, but on the present occasion it proved thinner than ever. Only

three persons met to wait upon the Lord—a deacon, a young member, and the pastor. He left this small service with his mind made up. He would stand this sort of thing no longer. It should be "kill or cure." Next Sunday morning he would let them know his mind. But first of all he would pray over it. God should give him his text and teach him what to say. The word given to him he would deliver, cost what it might. Hour after hour was spent in prayer and study. The text was suggested to his mind, and the method of working it. The Sunday morning came, and the text was announced. What text was it? Was it one that would enable him energetically to "whip" his congregation all round? And did he from it in an angry mood "show them up" and chastise them for their sins, iniquities, and shortcomings, as with a rod of iron? Did the people leave the Lord's house that morning with the painful feeling that they had never received such a thrashing from the pulpit before in their lives? Nothing of the kind. Pastor Bright had lived long enough to know that this sort of thing was not likely to effect the desired good. It was his persuasion that people generally would not be "scolded out of their sins." Still, as he had resolved, he told them his mind, and faithfully delivered the well-studied sermon. The text selected was John x. 10: "*I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.*" From this text, in quiet and earnest tones, he preached an able and telling discourse on the "abundant Christian Life." He affectionately asked the members of the church present if they did not think that they were living far below their privileges. Was their state satisfactory? Let their last prayer-meet-

ing give the answer. Three persons only attending it, and one of these the pastor! Three persons present out of a church of seventy members! Sixty-seven absent, two-thirds of whom might have been present! Could the *private* life be right when such was the case? It went to his heart to ask them a question like that, but necessity compelled him. What would the Lord, who knew all about them, say if He gave His verdict about their inner spiritual life? Did they feed daily upon the Word? Were they often found upon their knees in their closets? Did their love to Christ abound? Could it be said of them as of a church in time of old, "Your faith groweth exceedingly?" Was their communion with Jesus sweet? Could all around them tell from their daily conduct that they "had been with Jesus?" Were they conscious that they "grew in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus," as the Spirit's sanctified ones? Were they in real earnest for the salvation of souls, and did they seek in every way continually to win them for Christ? Alas, alas! he was afraid that such was far from being the case when only three could be got to a prayer-meeting. It had been truly said, "The prayer-meeting is the *pulse* of the church. If the pulse beat strong and regular, it indicates a strong and healthy constitution; but if feeble and irregular, it is a sign of ill health and weakness. When the constitution of the church gets healthy and strong, the prayer-meeting will be thought much more of than our anniversaries." If that was the case—and he never doubted it for an instant—how languid must be the pulse of their church, with such a meagre gathering for prayer! Oh! would they not from that time resolve in God's strength to live up

to their privileges and enjoy a nobler Christian life? If they desired it, the way was open. There was no need for doubting and fearing about their soul's salvation: they might possess the "knowledge of salvation," and "make their calling and election sure." There was no need for living a low and grovelling life, when Jesus came—as the text declared—to give "abundant life." Would they like to know what "abundant life" meant? He would illustrate it by giving them two figures. There was a sick man lying on his bed. It was true he was alive, but that was all. The pulse was feeble; he hardly breathed; consciousness was almost gone. Abundant life was not there. Here in a poor cottage was a flower in a red pot. Its colours were faded; its stem drooped; its leaves were falling off; it looked a withered up thing. Here was life, but the flower was dying. Contrast the man full of health and strength, with strong bounding limbs and powerful intellect, with the dying man! Contrast the flower blooming in the garden, with its variegated beauties and sweet perfume, with the dying flower in the window! How great the difference! Such was the difference between sick life and healthy life, stunted life and abundant life. Now Christ had not only come to give life, but abundant life: not life that could hardly be perceived, but a full flow of healthy, vigorous, spiritual, heavenly life; and still further, not only to give this, but to give it "*more abundantly.*" He dared to say that it was his fault, and their fault too, if they did not enjoy the abundant life that the Saviour on earth died to give them; and if the church did not seek it, they might inscribe over their chapel doors, "Ichabod, the glory is

departed." Such was the substance of the sermon preached; and when in closing, the preacher, with tears rolling down his cheeks and a voice almost choked with emotion, told them that unless this "abundant life" was earnestly sought for and manifested, much as he loved them, he felt his work there was done, and he must ask the Lord to send him elsewhere to labour, the intense silence of the congregation was not only broken by audible sighs, but several wept aloud. It was evident that this earnest appeal to the professed followers of Jesus present to seek a more real and noble Christian life had not been made in vain. A proof of it was given on the spot. Hardly had the preacher entered the vestry when one of the deacons rushed in. For some time past, through the pressure of business, he had been noted for his neglect of the week evening service. What now was he going to say? Had he rushed in to give the faithful minister "a good blowing up" for his bold utterances? Not exactly. The word had, through the spirit of God's influence, found its way to the neglectful deacon's heart. Grasping the minister heartily by the hand, he said, "Thank you, sir, for that sermon. You have spoken out like a man. It has been long wanted. It's true you've hit me rather hard, but it's no more than I deserve. If I can help it, you shall never have just cause to complain any more about having 'only three at the prayer-meeting.'" He said no more, but from this candid confession the pastor drew the gratifying conclusion that when they next met for prayer on Tuesday evening he should find the long-absent deacon there.

## SYNTAX AND RELIGIOUS TRUTH.—A DREAM.

BY REV. W. POOLE BALFERN.

"No religious truth can be accurately expressed in language governed by the laws of human syntax."—MR. DORLING *at the Congregational Union.*

Most of us, as the days shorten and the way seems to grow more steep, enter into the meaning of the touching and beautiful words of the late gifted and lamented Robert Alfred Vaughan, "I *try* to sit loosely to everything, and to reach that saintly indifference which my mystics counsel—I am tired of trying to *know* and knowing so little after all." Yes, he wanted rest, and that rest he found.

Most of us have had our days of mist, both in reference to morals, politics, and theology before coming to the true light, but having found *that*, do not care, unless compelled, to get into it again even with all the advantages of a good light without. In some such mood as this we read the words above recorded, and being below par, and tired, and sleepy withal, although we almost felt it to be a duty to inquire somewhat into their mood, meaning, and tendency, nature would assert her supremacy, and, with our feet on the fender, ere we were aware, Dorling and Syntax were consigned to oblivion, and we were fairly off to the land of nod—the dim—the undefinable—the unknown—the terror of the logicians—the paradise of the poets, dreamers, and initiative theologians.

So we were thinking as we congratulated ourselves on feeling, as we thought, the soft fingers of sleep soothing our orthodox irritation and conducting, if not to the mystic chamber of saintly indifference, to that which, though for the time being is more prosaic, is no less

needful to the material side of our nature—sleep! when lo! through the mist, at first dim and undefined, but gradually growing brighter and clearer, appeared the beautiful face of a dear, old, orthodox, departed friend. What feelings of love and joy, what a host of buried associations, all in a moment had a resurrection as our old friend softly laid his hand upon our arm and looking into our face with his usual bright, anxious, and intelligent glance, inquired as though we had never been parted,

“What do you think of that statement of Dorling’s?”

“I was but just thinking myself.”

“Don’t you think they are symptomatic of the negative, disintegrating process going on in many minds—a little stream from the old mystic Maurician fount? The devil is very cunning; he is not trying to knock down truth fairly before you now, but to hide her features in a veil of mysticism, or to steal her away a bit at a time, and he is doing it very sanctimoniously, as usual, through many who affect a super-spirituality.”

“Why, I see you haven’t quite lost the old animus, even now; but surely something is to be allowed for a period of transition?”

“Well, what is meant by that? Let me know and I will tell you what I can allow. I got *here* by believing certain words containing or bringing to me certain *things*; are the *words* or the *things* to be forsaken, or *both*? If the former only, while the latter are retained, though I doubt the wisdom, I have no quarrel; but I do not like the tendency of these things.”

“Well, no; they are not indications of real strength, and the age is fast, feverish, and verbally pretentious; many of the men, too, who use their pens are young theo-

logians, and, like young physicians, are fond of harsh measures; but recently the forensic aspect of Adam and his posterity was cavalierly brushed away and the old realistic theory so prominent in scholastic and mediæval philosophy put into its place under the somewhat pompous high-sounding term of *solidarity*. I do not fear the new school much. Young divines, like young colts, often kick over the traces at first, but give them the rein, and after a time, when they learn what the road is, they give up all idea of kicking superiority, and settle down to *work* like ordinary mortals, thinking it of more importance to get the cart up the hill than to show their strength in prancing, even though they have the chance of astonishing or frightening certain old ladies by the way.”

“You are still facetious, I see; but I feel the matter to be very serious; it is but few minds that find their way back out of this theological mist and negativism.”

“Some take longer than others; we have known some who, after *evapouring* for years, crytallised at last into the ordinary forms of orthodox truth—one after twenty years floating above the heads of ordinary Christians and looking at them with a smile of pity, said he had now settled down upon the Assembly’s Catechism—a grand result, no doubt, but it might have been worse.”

“He was in good company, at all events; but a little humility beforehand might have saved him his wasted time and that of other people, for if he had not gone *up* he would not have had to come *down*. Following men makes us very great—God very little.

“Well, in this world much of our poetry *must* become prose, and our wine water. It is well for us, however, we have to do with a Teacher

who still knows how to turn the latter into the former."

"But to return. What of this 'period of transition,' if it is not from things, but words? What better words than those in use can we find to make known to us what God means by *sin*, grace, pardon, justification, sanctification, &c.?"

"I don't know. Thousands have been saved through them; and while something may be conceded to the flux of language, many preachers are killed more by *how* they speak than by *what* they speak. Their epitaph should be: 'Here they lie, martyrs to style.'"

"Ah, but it is not a question of style simply. If the *things* in many instances were not objected to, the words would not be so strenuously rejected."

"We have known some Christians who while they would not receive certain truths in one form, have received them in another."

"True; but if, for no reason, we break the glass which has brought water to our lips in other days, is there not a fear that we may lose the water itself? Paul exhorted his son Timothy to "hold fast the form of sound words which thou hast heard of me in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus."\* But to return to Mr. Dorling, what does he mean when he says that 'no religious truth could be accurately,' &c.?"

"Perhaps he means by religious truth, religious feeling; and you know Henry Ward Beecher says that religious feelings may be illustrated, but cannot be defined."

"Is that true? By defining a thing we mark off its boundaries, and so practically and usefully separate it from other things, so that we may distinguish it from

other things, and form a clear idea of it. Does not God Himself do this with reference to the feelings? Does He not say of sorrow, There is a sorrow which is *of* the world and *unto* death, and which separates it from godly sorrow—which is *of* God and *to* God. But Mr. Dorling knows what he means, and he says, 'religious truth.'"

"Well, what do you think he means? I should like to hear him define his terms, but as this is certainly, in reference to myself, impossible, I confess they perplex me. But we may turn them about and see what they reflect, for great statements, like great men, are many-sided. Can Mr. Dorling express accurately *his* opinion as to this matter, so as to make *his* meaning intelligible, and that notwithstanding that he speaks through a language governed by the laws of human syntax? If so, surely the Great Teacher, God Himself, in reference to religious truth, can do in relation to *it* what Mr. Dorling does in reference to his opinion; that is, make His *meaning* intelligible to those to whom He would communicate it, and convey *what* He *means* to convey. If not, God Himself must be straightened—and religious teachers, not even excepting Mr. Dorling himself, are striving to put others right by that which is wrong—men are to be made true by that which is false, and the Spirit of Truth, which is the spirit of accuracy, is sanctifying and saving men by inaccuracies! Does not Christ say, 'If any man love Me he will keep My words?' and if we keep His words, must we not keep their meaning? and if we keep their meaning, do we not keep their teaching? and if we keep their teachings, do we not keep His doctrines? And if we keep this meaning so as to be saved by it, and

\* We are aware of the different renderings of this passage.



so communicate it as that others are saved—cannot words which do this conveying the *truth* so far as they go and reaching the end designed of God be termed accurate—and if so, what becomes of Mr. Dorling's statement?"

"I fear you are misrepresenting Mr. Dorling by not understanding him. Perhaps he means that no human language can hold the essence or *all* that is contained in religious truth."

"Then why does he not say so? What orthodox man ever said that human language *could*, either in relation to Christian feeling or truth? But does it bring such a definite meaning from God as that our faith can *apprehend* if not comprehend it—and so apprehend it as to be sanctified and saved by it? And if so, then what does his language mean?"

"I told you before I am in the same relation to his words that I am to many other things. I do not understand him."

"Were they not spoken in relation to 'trust deeds,' and are they not a fair sample of the indirect tyranny of negativism or ultra-liberalism?"

"You are always severe; but you know there are many who believe that the Spirit of God will take care of the truth."

"Just so; and it is because the orthodox believe this, and that down to the end of time *He* will teach and save men through those very truths by which they have been saved, and that there will ever be those who will, having been thus saved, be ready joyfully to preach them, that they put their money together to build chapels and pulpits to facilitate their propagation and to benefit and bless others. One would think that, even on civil grounds, no one would impeach

their *right* to do this, however at war with their faith. But ultra-liberalism is often but another name for tyranny. *No-doxy* can persecute when it answers its purpose, as well as *My-doxy*."

"It is felt by many that while trust deeds do not conserve the truth, they often put a stumbling-block in the way of the sincere."

"How so? Let us suppose a case. An undisciplined youth—through half education or bad company, or through thinking he understands his Greek Testament when he does not, or through native or verbal superficiality and conceit, having neither the humility of ripe scholarship or sanctified discipline and sorrow, gets muddled, and comes in contact with a chapel which has trust deeds and a people whose faith *happens*, as he chooses to think, to be in accordance with them, thinks himself aggrieved that both stand in the way of his preaching the elements of his no-belief, and hence, under the flag of liberalism, he raises his war-cry against trust deeds, &c. Why, other men have beliefs, which they have thought out as good as his *no beliefs*—or inaccurate beliefs—and why does he not stand aside and leave others to enjoy the same liberty he claims himself; and if he has faith in the *power* of anything he has, commence on his own account, as others have done before him?"

"My dear old friend, your theology has left you *hard* as ever. It would do you good yet to pass you through some of the *no beliefs* you mention, if it were only to give you a little more tenderness and sympathy."

"A true theology will never harden one who is not already hard. We can have no *life* without it, for "this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou has sent." It is

the greatest love to bring the full weight of Christ's words down upon a man sometimes, and why should you wish me through the no-belief systems, where error is but an everlasting repetition—new forms of an old lie, to spare such a tendency. I have no wish that my mind should be but an illustration of that law of perpetual motion which constantly moves but *does nothing*—ever learning, and never reaching the truth. I had enough of that before I found Christ, and I have met with some who, having wasted all their lives in an everlasting seesaw, gave out their dying wail in the form of 'Begin with the positive! begin with the positive!' Why, they had been positive enough all along, only on the wrong side. They were right, however, at last, for so Christ Himself began with the will of God. He said "I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me." It would be well if many of your imitative theologians had humility enough to imitate the Great Teacher."

"Yes, but do you not think that there is a holy reticence, and that the orthodox often fail from seeming to know too much?"

"Yes, but I have no sympathy with those who in all cases make doubt into a virtue, and who complain that the sun itself is dim because their eyes are weak. According to some, one would think that Christ came that His disciples might see men 'as trees walking.' Paul did not believe this, but prayed that the Ephesian Church might 'be able to comprehend *fully* with all the saints what is the breadth and length, and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which surpasseth knowledge.' He knew they could not exhaust the Sun of Love, but he did not wish them to be lost in theological vacuity.

He knew that as light passing through the air is so refracted upon the eye that while the eye does not exhaust his light a vivid image of his *glory* is imparted to the mind, and that by thus *increasing* our knowledge of Christ and the *meaning* of His acts and words, our hearts are made *more fully* recipient of His love and grace."

"Many would say your views now are wanting in intellect and breadth."

"There is also an intellectual narrowness, as well as sensationism. I recommend you to write a book of illustrations of this fact—it would be amusing and instructive."

"You are severe still."

"Perhaps so; and others can be savage for their *no beliefs*; and *we need not* go to the French Revolution for illustrations. Intellectual pride is always narrow, cruel, and unjust, and cannot be otherwise; understanding and real comprehensiveness are the fruit not only of *thinking* but righteousness of heart."

"You do your friends an injustice as to the trust deeds. When they have passed through their transition condition and are fairly crystallized in light and splendour, they will no doubt approve of them. We must wait for the apotheosis of *their* creed; good and great things are of slow birth."

"And wait you may. The gentlemen are in a transitional or larva condition, and would like to reduce the intellect and beliefs of the Church to the same level. They exist among themselves in many incipient shapes and forms, each being so jealous of *his own*, which he always thinks to be the best, that if one of them should rise and take wing just now, none would follow. It is not difficult, however, to know the natural history of most of these

mystical and incipient creatures, which often strive to sun themselves in the light of a temporary popularity. It is ever one of mere self-exhibition and decay—an everlasting repetition, varied by the monotony of death!"

The excitement produced by our

friend's climax, to which *we* were about making a severe reply, woke us up, and we found ourselves in our chair by the fire. The beautiful face was gone, to where—

"The truth is love, and love is truth."

*Brighton.*

## Tales and Sketches.

### THE LITTLE FRENCH DRUMMER-BOY;

#### A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY M. E. B.

"WERE half the power that fills the world  
with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps  
and courts  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.  
The warrior's name would be a name abhorr'd,  
And every nation that should hit again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Should wear for evermore the curse of  
Cain."—LONGFELLOW.

TOWARDS the extremity of a chain of rocks, forming the roadstead of a sea-port in the south of France, might a few years ago have been seen the ruins of a fisherman's cabin. The remains of the walls were then covered with tufts of the pretty yellow wallflower, and even sweet-scented rosemary was to be found amid the rubbish. A small oratory to the left, through which was seen the statue of the Virgin Mary with the Infant Jesus in her arms, was still standing, and pretty vases of flowers surrounding the image attested the superstition of the inhabitants of this spot.

It was in this secluded and poverty-stricken hut that the hero of my tale was born. His father was a poor fisherman; all his

worldly wealth consisted of his wife Jeanne, six robust boys, his boat and fishing-nets, and this dwelling. Pierre, the father, was a thick-set man with grizzly hair, a furrowed brow, a long bronzed face, set off with whitish eyebrows, giving a curious wizened expression to his countenance. His usual dress was a woollen jersey, dark blue trousers, and a cloth cap fitting close to his head; he was of a peevish, discontented, and morose disposition, meeting troubles half-way.

His wife, Jeanne, was a cheerful little woman, with very black hair and eyes, always looking on the sunny side. She was usually dressed in a short black jacket over a thick skirt of dark blue stuff, and was a most industrious, hard-working creature, not only in her household duties, but in the use of her spinning-wheel, and in knitting good substantial socks for her husband and sons.

Their dwelling consisted of one kitchen with a large open fireplace, a ceiling crossed with smoke-blackened beams, and two small chambers. The furniture was of the poorest and scantiest description. On the outside there was a sort of balustrade or terrace, where the fishing-nets were hung up when not in use.

When Frolut, the youngest son, was born, a delicate and puny child with a large head and small body, poor Pierre Gresset was half-distracted.

"Whatever shall we do with this miserable little creature, as weak as a town-child?" he would frequently say to Jeanne. "We shall have trouble enough to get him to live, let alone to earn his livelihood. I bet we shall have him a long time on our hands—may be altogether."

The poor mother would make no reply to this unfeeling speech: she pressed the dear babe more closely to her breast, and nursed the little fellow so carefully that he became stronger every day. Then, oh, perverseness of human nature! his father would grumble at the care bestowed upon him. He was often quite angry with Jeanne; and if he put up with all this undue attention to his youngest child's comfort, his motive was because he began to

think that, after all, perhaps there was more in the boy than he had imagined, and which might hereafter be turned to good account.

These poor people could neither read nor write: they were exceedingly ignorant, and consequently superstitious, giving heed to all sorts of fables, fairy tales, and ghost stories. As to religion, it was a mere name to them: they understood nothing of its saving doctrines. What little they had seen appeared to their untutored minds as only suitable for the rich, who had nothing else to do but amuse themselves, as they termed it; that it could not be intended for poor creatures like themselves, who had to earn their living by the sweat of their brow, and who, after all their exertions, found it exceedingly hard work to keep body and soul together.

*(To be continued.)*

## Poetry.

### A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO FOR 1876.

Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.—1 Peter v. 7.

Christian, arise, shake off thy fear,  
No longer let thy soul be sad;  
To thee thy Father's always near,  
He bids thy troubled heart be glad.  
Take thou in thine His loving hand,  
And let Him be thy constant guide,  
Leave all thy care to His command,  
And in His perfect love confide.  
Dost thou mistrust His faithful love,  
O think of what that love has done,  
For thee He sent from joys above  
His only well beloved Son.

Remember too, that He has given  
The Spirit Holy and Divine,  
To witness, cheer, and fit for heaven,  
And make Salvation's blessings thine.

For thee God has arranged a plan,  
Ordered in all things and secure;  
T'was formed in Christ ere time began,  
And made by Him for ever sure.

Then, Christian, seeing thou dost share  
In God's great love, so rich and free;  
Cast thou on Him thy constant care  
Of whatsoever kind it be.

Clapham

RICHARD WEBB.

## Things Grave and Pleasant.

### HOW TO FISH FOR MEN.

1. IMPROVE your time. All being ready, put out your line at once, and keep it out every moment possible, as you cannot tell the minute you may take a big fish. Hold forth continually, in season and out of season. Only yesterday a young lady just converted wrote to me: "Do you remember in your letter to my brother, urging him to a Christian life, that you added, 'I think your oldest sister is a Christian?' That troubled me. I knew that I was not a Christian, and I knew that I ought to be one." Keep out your line.

2. Be sure and keep your float whirling lively and bright. Make the truth fresh and attractive. Turn its bright sides to men's hearts. If you can add a bright feather from the wing of fancy, it will be all the better.

3. Row often over the same ground. The fish that is not quite ready to take hold this time round may spring for it the next. No matter if other more expert fishermen than you have been over the ground before you. God may give to those hitherto indifferent an eye to your hook. Be careful about saying, "There are no fish to be caught."

4. Be prepared for some disappointments. Now and then your hopes will be greatly raised, only to be greatly dashed. You may reel a splendid fellow to the boat's side, and just when you are sure of him, off he will slip from the hook, and you will lose him. You will sometimes be sure a man is stepping into the kingdom, and the next you

know he is in the deep water of worldliness or scepticism.

5. Finally, be patient. This is the supreme, indispensable quality in a good fisherman. A fisherman's patience is proverbial the world over. You must learn to fish the whole day without taking a single fish, or even having a bite, and yet consider that you have had a good time, and go at it again light and cheerful the next day. Above all things, be not weary in well-doing, if you would catch souls.—*Ballard*.

### USEFULNESS BEFORE GREATNESS.

Do not urge lads to be good in order that they may be great. We are apt to say to our scholars, "Now do this and do that, and you may rise to be great men." That may possibly be the case, but the probability is that if they do all that we say, they may after all not be great men. The mass of lads are not intended by God to be great men, nor are they fitted to become great men. Such teaching, although it may encourage for a time, may tend ultimately to disappointment. A far safer way is to put it thus: "Now, my boys, do this and do that, for if you do, though you may not become great men, you will certainly become useful men." The aim to be great is not always a pure one, for it may arise from pride; the aim to be useful is far better. The one we can aim at in any sphere, and reach; the other we can also aim at, but it may be like shooting arrows at the moon, far beyond our reach.

H. W.

MR. SPURGEON well says, in his *Morning by Morning; or, Daily Readings for the Family or the Closet*, "The morning is the gate of the day, and should be well guarded with prayer. It is one end of the thread on which the day's actions are strung, and should be well knotted with devotion. If we felt more of the majesty of life we should be more careful of its mornings. He

who rusheth from his bed to his business and waiteth not to worship is as foolish as though he had not put on his clothes, or cleansed his face, and as unwise as though he dashed into battle without arms or armour. Be it ours to bathe in the softly flowing river of communion with God, before the heat of the wilderness and the burden of the day begin to oppress us."

## Reviews.

*Bible Waters. Instructive and Descriptive Lessons from Sacred Scenes.* Rev. J. HILES HITCHENS. (Elliot Stock.)

THIS well-known and profitable writer says, in his preface, using an extract from Rob Roy, on the Jordan: "Of Palestine itself we are shamefully ignorant. Though the whole area of the country is not larger than Lancashire and Yorkshire together, Jerusalem, in a sense the metropolis of the world, has still many nooks not even visited by men who can use their eyes and pens, and yet all that is left of that city would easily be contained in Hyde Park. The author has done his work well, and has presented a mass of information interesting to all readers, and more especially useful to our Sabbath-school teachers. The type, the paper, and the binding are all good.

*Life in the Invisible World. Thoughts on the State of the Blessed Dead.* (Elliot Stock.)

THE outcome of a thoughtful mind and will be welcomed by thoughtful readers. The subjects treated of are of thrilling interest, embracing the grave, the resurrection, the world of spirits, patriarchal beliefs, Jewish testimony, &c., &c. When we write or speak on subjects connected with the spirit world we should do so in no daring or presumptuous mood. Where God has drawn the veil of mystery let us hesitate ere we attempt its removal. We

are, therefore, pleased with the absence of dogmatism in this volume, and yet the manifest freedom of the writer in expressing and reasoning out his thoughts on Hades, paradise, heaven, hell, &c. We heartily commend its perusal.

*The Gospel of the Tabernacle.* By ROBERT EDWARD SEARS. (Elliot Stock.)

THE writer has produced a volume worthy of its title, and has thoroughly grasped the whole typology of the Tabernacle and its History. He has crowded Gospel thought upon thought, so that little else remains to be written. To all lovers of this class of writing we say obtain a copy of this book.

*Vol. II. of the Sunday-school World.* A Magazine of Practical Help and Counsel for Sunday-school Teachers. (Elliot Stock.)

A MARVELLOUS amount of materials are brought together here. A most valuable companion for the Sunday-school worker, containing lessons, expositions, addresses, and hints in abundance. The teacher must do right who obtains this cheap and useful work.

*Vol. VII. (New Series) Old Jonathan.* (W. H. and L. Collingridge.)

ALWAYS welcome. Its matter is useful, instructive, and amusing, and withal profitable; quite equal to any of the former volumes.

*St. Botolph's; or, Sunday Long Ago.* By an OLD SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER. (Elliot Stock.)

CHARACTERS sketched from life and incidents from facts, all bearing on Sunday-school work, well written, and may prove serviceable to the Sunday-school teacher.

#### MAGAZINES, PAMPHLETS, &c.

*The Book of the Generation of Jesus Christ.* Rev. George William Butler, M.A. (William Macintosh.) An important subject carefully digested, and the thoughtful reader will be well repaid.

*The Lay Preacher. The Biblical Museum.* (Elliott Stock.) These two works would do good if in the hands of every preacher, being full of beautiful thoughts and suggestions.

*Scottish Baptist Magazine.* (Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.) Full of interesting matter and news of the Scotch Baptist Churches.

*Truth and Progress* hails from South Australia. Edited for the Baptist Association. Contains reports of all the movements of the denomination in the colony.

*The Freeman.* (Yates and Alexander.) *The Baptist.* (Elliot Stock.) We are always pleased to see these two admirable papers together. The one quickens the other, and will not allow either to become dull or uninteresting.

*The Mother's Treasury* (Book Society.) We wish it were possible to place this valuable Treasury in the hands of every mother.

*Word and Work.* (J. H. Shaw & Co.) *Missionary Herald.* (Yates and Alexander.) *Ragged School Magazine.* (Kent and Co.) *The Hive.* (Elliot Stock.) We group these really excellent productions, each of which has a power for good in its own sphere.

*Baptist Magazine.* A good number. *The Sword and Trowell* contains a good article on sham spirituality by C. H. Spurgeon.

*General Baptist Magazine.* Still conducted with considerable vigour.

*The Appeal.* (Elliot Stock.) Without doubt the best work we know for tract distribution.

*The Quiver.* (Cassell, Petter and Galpin.) A worthy family magazine for the young.

*Paul: His Life and Character.* An Address. By the Rev. J. S. Stanion. (Ragged Church and Chapel Union.) This address was delivered at the half-yearly meeting of delegates, and gave great satisfaction to all who were privileged to listen to it.

#### ALMANACKS.

*General Baptist Almanack* (Marlborough & Co.) A cheap pennyworth.

*The One Thing Needful Almanack.* (Partridge and Co.) Well got up.

*The Mother's Sheet Almanack.* (Book Society.) Really good.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

NEW BARNET.—The Rev. J. Dunlop has tendered his resignation of the pastorate, which the church has accepted in the following terms:—"They assure him that the thought of separation gives them the deepest sorrow; they offer him their warmest thanks for his loving and earnest labours among them for the last three years; above all, thanking

Almighty God for having given many rich seasons of blessing on those labours, resulting in the conversion of many souls, and the building up of God's people in their most holy faith. They further assure him of their deepest sympathy and affection, their best wishes for his future, and their earnest prayers that the Great Head of the Church may open up his pathway to

yet greater usefulness for God's glory." His address for the present is New Barnet.

Mr. Thomas Garnon, of Haverfordwest College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Zion English Baptist Church, Brierley-hill, Ebbw-vaie.

Rev. Laurence G. Carter, of Charlotte Chapel, Rose-street, Edinburgh, has accepted an invitation from North Adelaide, South Australia, and will set sail early in the year.

Rev. W. Davies, Ebbw Vale, has been invited to the pastorate of the church at Llanthewy, Monmouthshire.

Mr. Adolphus Brown, of the Pastors' College, has commenced his pastorate at Fenny Stratford.

Mr. George West, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to Salem Chapel, Boston, Lincolnshire.

**RATTLESDEN, SUFFOLK.**—Rev. R. Bird has been compelled, from increased age and infirmities, to resign the pastorate of the Strict Baptist Church in this place, after twenty years of faithful labour in the village. The deacons will be happy to correspond with any minister of the same order with the view of supplying the vacant pulpit.

Rev. W. L. Evans has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Langley, Essex.

**LUTON.**—Rev. D. Morgan, after nearly ten years' ministry at Burwell, Cambridge, has accepted an invitation from the Church, Wellington-street, Luton, Beds.

#### RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. J. P. CROWN preached at the recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. T. Harwood Morgan as pastor of the church at Harrow. At the public meeting the chair was occupied by Mr. Alfred H. Baynes. The speech of Mr. Baynes was followed by addresses from Revs. Dr. Angus, who spoke as an old fellow-student of Mr. Morgan's; J. Bigwood, J. P. Cope, Mr. W. Smith, senior deacon, and General Copland-Crawford.

Mr. W. Bathgate has been publicly recognised as pastor of the church worshipping in the Masonic Hall, Kirkdale,

Liverpool. Rev. F. H. Roberts, as the pastor of Richmond Chapel, from which the new cause has sprung, occupied the chair. The speakers included Revs. H. Stowell Brown and T. Major Lester, the latter an Established clergyman.

Rev. C. M. Longhurst, late of Reading, was publicly recognised, on the 15th of November, as pastor of the church at Acton. Rev. J. P. Chown preached in the afternoon, and at night a public meeting was held, under the presidency of Rev. W. G. Lewis, who gave the charge to the pastor. Rev. Principal Angus gave the charge to the church. Mr. Cooper, of Reading, spoke of the successful labours of Mr. Longhurst in that town. Addresses were subsequently given by Mr. Tisdall, one of the deacons; the new pastor; and Revs. R. H. Roberts and J. O. Fellowes.

Rev. W. Page, B.A., was recognised as pastor of West-end Church, Hammersmith, on the 28th of October. Rev. Clement Bailhacho presided. Rev. S. Green, a deacon of the church, gave an account of the circumstances which led to Mr. Page's settlement. Mr. Page said that though he had not been asked the usual questions, it was only suitable that he should give some of the facts of his personal experience and call to the ministry. After he had done so, the designation prayer was offered by Rev. W. G. Lewis. Rev. J. P. Chown spoke on combined effort between pastor and people, and W. G. Lewis about former pastorates which he had known at West-end, and the mutual relation between the members. Rev. R. Macbeth gave a welcome in the name of the Congregational churches, and Mr. S. Watson spoke of the happy domestic relations of the new pastor.

Mr. C. W. Gregory was recognised as pastor of Zion Church, Bacup, on the 14th of October. Addresses were delivered by Revs. T. Dawson, E. Morgan, G. W. Oldring, J. Howe, and other local ministers.

**FORTON, GOSPORT.**—On Tuesday evening, Oct. 26th, Mr. T. G. Strong, from the Pastors' College, was publicly recognised as the pastor of Victoria-street Church. T. W. Medhurst gave



the charge to the pastor, and R. F. Jeffery addressed the congregation.

**WARRINGTON.**—On Lord's Day, Oct. 10, the anniversary sermons in connection with the Rylands-street Chapel were preached by the Rev. A. Ashworth. On Tuesday, Oct. 12, the recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. Harrison (late of the Theological Institution, Manchester) as pastor of the church, were held in Friar's-green Chapel (kindly lent). In the afternoon the service commenced at three o'clock, when Rev. A. Spence announced the hymns; Rev. A. Ashworth read the Scriptures and prayed, after which the Rev. H. Dowson asked the usual questions, which were answered by the pastor. Mr. J. Hall stated the reasons which led to Mr. Harrison being invited to the pastorate, when Rev. H. Dowson proceeded to give the charge to the pastor. Rev. J. Harvey offered the recognition prayer. Tea was provided in Rylands-street Chapel at five o'clock, when a good company sat down. The chapel was tastefully decorated with mottoes, evergreens, and flowers. After tea a public meeting was held in Friar's-green Chapel, Mr. R. W. Murray in the chair. Congratulatory addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Harvey, J. B. Johnstone, J. Wilkinson, J. Fairbank, H. Davies, A. Ashworth, J. Rigby, A. Spencer, and Mr. Aaron Brown.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—The recognition services in connection with the commencement of the ministry of the Rev. H. Platten, at Graham-street Chapel, have taken place. The following gentlemen were present: The Revs. A. Maclaren, W. Woods, G. B. Johnson, J. J. Brown, E. J. Pike, B. Bird, G. Jarman, T. Shillito, G. Thomas, and S. Coombs; Messrs. R. W. Dale, W. F. Callaway, J. H. Toms, E. Adams, &c. After the preliminary services Mr. Brown said he had been requested to give Mr. Platten, the pastor of the church, a very hearty and very loving welcome to that town. It was a great town and a noble town for a minister to work in. It had a good deal of intellectual and political and religious

life, and it would furnish ample scope for all the powers with which God may have endowed him. Mr. R. W. Dale said he desired to express to Mr. Platten, on behalf of the Evangelical and Non-conformist churches which did not belong to their own communion, the satisfaction and thankfulness with which they welcomed his coming to Birmingham.

#### NEW CHAPELS.

**SIR MORTON PETO** laid the memorial stone of the new chapel at Lansdowne, Bournemouth, on the 22nd of November. The speakers included Revs. R. Colman, secretary of the building fund; J. B. Burt; J. Stubbins, missionary from Orissa; C. M. Birrell, and H. C. Leonard, M.A., the pastor. The new chapel is to be erected by the church, which has already reared one building at Boscombe. It is to be in the Gothic style. The amount collected at the stone was £82. Among those present were Admiral Sir James Sullivan, K.C.B., and several neighbouring ministers of other denominations. The total cost of the two buildings will be about £4,000, towards which £1,658 have been received.

The General Baptist Church at Norwich, under the pastoral care of Rev. George Taylor, late missionary in Orissa, and heretofore worshipping in Priory-yard Chapel, purchased in July last the commodious chapel and school premises formerly occupied by the church under the care of Rev. T. A. Wheeler. An inaugural tea-meeting has been held to celebrate the event. Addresses were delivered by Revs. G. S. Barrett, B.A., P. Colborne, R. M. Wilcox, T. A. Wheeler, Albert Williams, G. Madden, and J. Jackson. The collection on behalf of the fund for restoring and furnishing the premises amounted to £32 10s.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

At the Baptist Congregational Church, Parkshot, Richmond, a meeting was held on the 28th Nov. to consider the financial state of the church. The income now meets the current expenses, but a debt

of £160 still remained on past incidental expenditure, besides the debt on the building. More than £60 has been collected during the past month. Rev. J. H. Cooke presided.

The London Conference of General Baptists has just been held in Borough-road Chapel, under the presidency of the Rev. G. W. McCree. The evening assembly was addressed by Revs. J. T. Wigner, vice-president of the London Baptist Association, J. Fletcher, and the chairman. Next year's conference is to be held at Chesham. Rev. J. Clifford, LL.B., was present, much to the joy of his brethren.

**ESHER.**—On Monday, November 1, the seventh anniversary of the formation of the Sunday-schools at Park-road Chapel, was held, when, after a tea-meeting of the parents and friends, a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. W. C. Cork, of Hackney. A report, taking a review of the history of the schools from their commencement, was read by the secretary, Mr. Hine, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Jones, F. Baron, and Messrs. Heath, Ward, and Spong. The occasion was used by the church and congregation to show their esteem and affection for the pastor, the Rev. J. E. Perrin, by presenting him with a handsome travelling bag completely furnished, and a purse containing fourteen guineas. The meeting was one of the best held during the nine years Mr. Perrin has been pastor at Esher.

### BAPTISMS.

**Abertillery.**—Nov. 7, at the English Church, Four, by Llewellyn Jones.  
**Abergavenny.**—Nov. 4, at Frogmore-street Chapel, Three, by J. Williams, B.A.  
**Amersham.**—Oct. 23, at the Upper Meeting, One, by S. Toovey.  
**Attleborough, Norfolk.**—Nov. 3, Two, by E. Mason.  
**Bacup.**—Oct. 31, at Zion Chapel, Seven; Nov. 28, Six, C. W. Gregory.  
**Bala.**—Oct. 24, Three, by H. Morgan.  
**Bangor.**—Nov. 7, at the English Chapel, One, by W. H. Bishop.  
**Barnsley, Yorks.**—Oct. 31, Eleven, by B. W. Oslen.  
**Barrow-in-Furness.**—Nov. 3, at Abbey-road Chapel, Six, by James Hughes.  
**Blaenavon.**—Oct. 24, at the English Chapel, Eleven, by W. Rees.

**Bowdon.**—Oct. 31, Five, by W. S. Llewellyn.  
**Brabourne, Kent.**—Oct. 24, One; Nov. 7, Two, by J. W. Comfort.  
**Bradford.**—Oct. 31, at Zion Chapel, Twelve, by R. Howard Bayly.  
**Bradford, Yorks.**—Oct. 3, at Tetley-street Chapel, Three, by E. Wood.  
**Bootle, Brazenose-road, near Liverpool.**—Nov. 28, One, by J. Davis.  
**Bugbrook.**—Nov. 7, Two, by W. H. Payne.  
**Bulwell, Notts.**—Oct. 13, Six, by C. D. Crouch.  
**Cambridge.**—Oct. 20, at St. Andrew's-street Chapel, Seven, by J. P. Campbell.  
**Cambridge.**—Sept. 30, at Zion Chapel, Five, by J. P. Campbell.  
**Carnarvon.**—Oct. 10, Five, by H. M. Dalgely.  
**Chalford, Stroud Valley.**—Oct. 20, Five; Oct. 31, Five, by D. R. Morgan.  
**Cheam, Surrey.**—Oct. 23, Three, by W. Sullivan.  
**Chippenhams.**—Nov. 7, at Bath-road Chapel, Two, by J. Lemm.  
**Chiswick.**—Oct. 24, Three, by J. Wilson.  
**Cinderford, Forest of Dean.**—Oct. 3, Ten, by the pastor.  
**Clay Cross, Derbyshire.**—Oct. 14, Four, by W. Williams.  
**Darlington.**—Nov. 7, at Brookside Chapel, Four, by Henry D. Brown.  
**Docton.**—Nov. 7, at Beulah Chapel, Seven, by J. W. Williams.  
**Dumfries, Westpark.**—Nov. 15, One; Nov. 18, One, by Wm. Millegan, Jun.  
**Eythorne, Kent.**—Oct. 31, Two, by John Stubbs.  
**Falmouth.**—Nov. 3, at Webber-street Chapel, Three, by W. Fuller Gooch.  
**Galashiels.**—Oct. 24, Three; Nov. 7, Three, by C. Hill.  
**Great Leighs, Essex.**—Oct. 31, Four, by R. C. Sewerly.  
**Hatfield.**—Oct. 31, at Trinity-road Chapel, Seven, by J. Parker.  
**Haverigg, Cumberland.**—Nov. 7, Two, by R. Richardson.  
**Haverigg.**—Nov. 7, Four, by Mr. Richards.  
**Hay.**—Oct. 31, Three, by J. Mathias.  
**High Wycombe, Bucks.**—Oct. 24, at Union Chapel, Six, by W. J. Dyer.  
**Honeyborough, Pembrokeshire.**—November 7, Eleven, by W. Gay.  
**Isleam.**—Oct. 31, Five, in the River Lark, by W. E. Davies.  
**Kilmarnock.**—Oct. 24, One, by George Anderson Young.  
**Leicester.**—Oct. 24, at Harvey-lane Chapel, Eleven, by Lewis Llewellyn.  
**Leves.**—Oct. 31, Five, by William J. Scott.  
**Letchford.**—Oct. 17, Four, by J. Wilkinson.  
**Lifton, Devon.**—Three, by G. Parker.  
**Lizal, Mon.**—Oct. 31, One, by W. Maurice.  
**Liverpool.**—Oct. 31, at Scho-street Chapel, Five, by E. H. Walter.  
**Llanudno.**—Oct. 31, Four, by D. Davies.  
**Llanfyllin.**—Oct. 10, at Bethel, One, by Moses Jones.  
**Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire.**—October 17, Twenty-five, by I. Edwards.  
**Llanuwchllyn.**—Oct. 24, Two, by H. Morgau

*Lochgelly*, Fifeshire.—Oct. 22, Three, by James Foster.

*Machynlleth*.—Oct. 4, Six, by M. Jones.

*Madeley*, Salop.—Oct. 31, One, by T. J. Smith.

*Maldon*.—Nov. 3, Five, by W. Smith.

*Manchester*.—At the Moss-side Chapel, Five, by R. Chenery.

*Metropolitan District*.—

*Bow*.—Nov. 14, Six, by J. H. Blake.

*Burdett-road*.—Oct. 28, at East London Tabernacle, Thirteen; Nov. 4, Twelve; Nov. 8, Two, by A. G. Brown.

*Commercial-road*.—Oct. 31, Four, by J. Fletcher.

*Clapham Common*.—Oct. 31, Four; Nov. 28, Eleven, by Richard Webb.

*Dalston Junction*.—Oct. 24, Seven, by Alexander Carson, M.A.

*Enfield Town*.—Oct. 31, Six, by George W. White.

*Greenwich*.—Oct. 30, at Lewisbam-road Chapel, Six, by A. C. Gray.

*Kensington*.—Oct. 31, at Hornton-street Chapel, Five, by J. Hawcs.

*Lambeth*.—Oct. 31, at Regent-street Chapel, Two, by Thos. C. Page.

*Lambeth-road*.—Oct. 31, at Upton Chapel, Five, by J. Roberts.

*Metropolitan Tabernacle*.—Oct. 21, Twenty-one; Oct. 28, Twenty-five; Nov. 4, Twenty-four; December 9, Twenty-one, by J. A. Spurgeon.

*Pexham*.—Park-road Chapel, Five, by T. Turn.

*Penge Tabernacle*.—Oct. 27, Two, by Jno. Collins.

*Stoke Newington*.—Oct. 27, at Wellington-road Chapel, Two, by T. E. Rawlings.

*Stoke Newington*.—Oct. 17, at Devonshire square Chapel, Stoke Newington-road, Four, by W. T. Henderson.

*Whitechapel*.—Oct. 31, at Little Alie-street Chapel, Four, by C. Masterson.

*Meopham*, Kent.—Nov. 7, Two, by W. K. Decter.

*Milford Haven*.—Sept. 26, Four, by J. Jones.

*Mountain Ash* (English).—Oct. 17, Eight; Oct. 22, Three; Nov. 7, Eleven, by John W. Williams.

*Mountain Ash*.—Oct. 22, Three, by J. Williams.

*Neath*.—Oct. 31, at the English Chapel, Two, by A. F. Mills.

*Nelson*, Lancashire.—Oct. 24, One, by R. C. Page.

*Naaton Abbot*, Devon.—Oct. 3, Two, by E. Tansett Davis.

*New Milford*.—Oct. 17, Three, by M. H. Jones.

*New Wimbledon*.—Nov. 5, Four, by A. Halford.

*Oaden*, near Rochdale.—Oct. 31, One, by A. E. Greening.

*Ogmore Vale*.—Oct. 31, Eleven, by J. Jones.

*Oxford*.—Nov. 7, at Commercial-road Chapel, Five, by A. Bird.

*Paincastle*, Radnor.—Oct. 30, Two, by W. Jenkins.

*Pembroke Dock*.—Oct. 24, at Bethel Chapel, Three, by W. Davies.

*Pole Moor*.—Nov. 7, One, by James Evans.

*Portsmouth*, Lake-road, Landport.—Nov. 8, One; by T. W. Medhurst.

*Ramoth*, Hirwain.—Oct. 31, Eight, by E. Evans.

*Redwick*, Mon.—Oct. 31, Two, by Waters.

*Richmond*.—Oct. 31, at Parkshot Chapel, Two, by J. Hunt Cooke.

*Rishworth*, near Halifax.—Nov. 10, Four, by J. Wilkinson.

*Sheerness-on-Sea*.—Nov. 3, Three, by J. R. Hadler.

*Soham*, Cambridgeshire.—Nov. 5, Five, by S. Portar.

*Southampton*.—Oct. 17, Five, in Carlton Chapel, by E. Osborne.

*Speen*.—Oct. 20, One, by John Jones.

*St. Helen's*, Swansea.—Oct. 30, Five, by T. Williams.

*St. Thomas*, Swansea.—Oct. 3, at Mount Zion Chapel, Nine.

*Studley*, Warwickshire.—Oct. 29, Six, by W. Piggott.

*Swansea*.—Oct. 31, at Mount Zion, Nineteen, by A. E. Johnson.

*Swindon*, Wilts.—Nov. 3, Five, by G. T. Edgley.

*Thaxted*, Essex.—Nov. 2, Five, by G. H. Hook.

*Thetford*.—March 28, Three; Oct. 31, Five, by G. Monk.

*Thornton*, Pembrokeshire.—Sept. 26, Two; Oct. 24, Three, by B. James Milford.

*Tucerton*, Bath.—Nov. 2, One, by T. C. Finch.

*Tweickenham*.—Oct. 18, Three, by F. H. Brown.

*Ulceston*.—Oct. 24, Two, by T. Lardner.

*Walton*, Suffolk.—Oct. —, One, by Geo. Ward.

*Warrington*.—Nov. 7, at Ryland's-street, Chapel, Two, by A. Harrison.

*Waterham*, Lancashire.—Oct. 31, Seven, by Jno. Howe.

*Westbury Leigh*, Wilts.—Nov. 4, Sixteen, by William Thomas.

*Westmancote*, Worcestershire.—Nov. 1, Two, by W. J. Smith.

*Whitbourne Corsley*.—Oct. 17, Five, by S. King.

*Whitchurch*, Shropshire.—Oct. 28, Five, by W. C. Walters.

*Whitenoor*, near Nottingham.—Oct. 7, Seven, by W. Sisling.

*Yarcombe*, Devon.—Nov. 7, Two, by J. Powell.

## RECENT DEATHS.

THE LATE REV. DR. BROCK.—We announce with regret the death of this faithful minister of the Gospel, who was for many years the most prominent representative of our denomination in the metropolis. Dr. Brock was born at Honiton, Devonshire. In early life he was a boy of great activity and energy, and it was his boast that he had worked at an honest trade. No one who saw him would suspect that

his previous occupation was that of a watchmaker. He was always careful to vindicate, or even to glorify, honest labour, and he had no sympathy with young men who were afraid of work. For several years Mr. Brock was the minister of a congregation at Norwich, and resigned that position about six-and-twenty years ago, to remove to the large and handsome chapel in Bloomsbury, which was built with a view to his ministry there. About four years ago he resigned his pastorate on account of his increasing years, but continued to preach in the pulpits of his own and other denominations, his services being frequently called for by his own congregation, when the new arrangements they had made were not working smoothly. About twelve years ago he received from an American University the degree of D.D., a distinction which, like Andrew Fuller and Robert Hall, in similar circumstances, he expressed his intention not to assume; his friends and the public, however, decided other-

wise. Dr. Brock was much esteemed as a preacher, and his high character secured him friends among all classes. His services to the Baptist denomination could never be told. But he was not a mere Baptist; he was an Evangelical Alliance in himself. He was a man of large heart, who recognised the conscientiousness of other men in their differences, and looked with a loving eye upon every man who believed in Christ. There were few men who knew more about popular literature, the fluctuations of public opinion, and the great events on the Continent, than Dr. Brock; and there were few men more capable of speaking of them, either in private or public. He died, after a very short illness, at St. Leonards, on the 13th of November, whither he had retired for the winter.

His remains were deposited in the Abney Park Cemetery on the 17th November. On the following Sunday the Rev. W. Landels and Rev. J. P. Chown improved his death.

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

*Statement of Receipts from October 20th, 1875, to December 14th, 1875.*

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. Howell	1 5 0	Mr. J. G. Conder	3 3 0	Mrs. Legge	1 0 0
Mr. A. Darby	5 0 0	Miss Miller	0 10 0	Mr. G. Elder	0 10 0
A Scotch Girl	1 0 0	Mrs. Keivil	2 10 0	A Friend	0 10 0
Mr. W. J. Graham	25 0 0	A Friend	2 6 0	G. P. ...	0 10 0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0 5 0	Mrs. Brown, per Rev.		Mr. S. F. Bridge	0 10 0
Love's offering	1 0 0	G. W. Cross	1 0 0	Miss Izzard	2 0 0
M. Hall	1 0 0	A Friend, per Mr. H.		Mr. J. Banger	1 1 0
Mr. M. Tutton	5 0 0	R. Brown	0 10 0	Mr. Griffiths	1 1 0
Mr. J. B. Denholm	0 5 0	W. A. B.	1 1 0	Mr. Charles Crocker	1 0 0
R. K. J.	1 0 0	Mr. Read	0 10 0	Collection at East Hill,	
Mr. T. Kennard	1 0 0	Mr. Franklin	3 3 0	Wandsworth, per	
Miss Phillips	0 10 0	Mrs. Hinton	0 10 0	Rev. F. G. Mar-	
Mrs. Watson	1 0 0	Mrs. Allen	0 13 3	chant	5 17 0
M. C. S.	1 0 0	Mrs. Rothine	1 0 0	Collection at Trinity	
F. J. W.	1 0 0	Fort William	0 2 6	Chapel, John Street,	
E. and A. W.	0 12 0	An Old Student	1 0 0	Edgeware Road, per	
Miss Powell	0 10 0	Mr. J. White Dawlish	1 0 0	Rev. J. O. Fellowes	5 0 0
A Friend, per I. Evers	0 10 0	Mr. H. B. Frearson	5 0 0	Weekly Offerings at	
Mr. G. A. Young	1 0 0	Mr. John Angus	1 0 0	Metropolitan Ta-	
Mr. F. G. S. Morris	0 10 6	V. W.	6 0 0	bernacle:—Oct.	24 40 0 3
D. E.	0 10 0	Mr. Berriman	0 10 0	" "	31 35 10 6
G. M. R.	1 0 0	A. F. P. Willingham	0 7 0	" " Nov.	7 35 0 6
D. W.	2 0 0	Mr. J. Cameron	6 0 0	" "	14 25 0 9
Read	0 10 0	Per Mrs. J. Withers		" "	21 30 2 9
Mr. Ives	2 10 0	Messrs. Helass & Co.	1 1 0	" "	28 20 1 0
Mr. G. H. Mason	50 0 0	Mr. R. Oakshott	0 10 0	" " Dec.	5 21 16 0
Mr. G. Seivwright	0 5 0	Mrs. Leach	0 10 0	" "	12 32 2 3
Mr. J. Seivwright	0 10 0	Mr. Gastage	0 5 0		
Mr. A. W. Webb	0 10 0	Mr. J. H. Fuller	0 5 0		
Mr. F. Howard	1 1 0	Mr. J. Withers	5 0 0		
Mr. R. S. Faulconer	5 0 0				
Mrs. M. J. K. Jones	1 0 0	Miss Walker	0 12 9		

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

## A SAD CONFESSION.\*

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

"We hid as it were our faces from Him."—ISAIAH liii. 3.

You will find in the margin of some of your Bibles that this passage is rendered "He hid as it were His face from us." The literal translation of the Hebrew would be, "He was as a hiding of faces from Him," or "from us." Some critical readers think these words were intended to describe our Lord as having so humbled Himself, and brought Himself to such a deep degradation that He was comparable to the leper who covered his face and cried, "Unclean, unclean!" hiding himself from the gaze of men. Abhorred and despised of men, He was like one put aside because of His disease and shunned by all mankind. Others suppose the meaning to be that on account of our Lord's terrible and protracted sorrow His face wore an expression so painful and grievous that men could scarcely bear to look upon Him. They hid as it were their faces from Him; amazed at that brow all carved with lines of anxious thought, those cheeks all ploughed with furrows of deep care, those eyes all sunk in shades of sadness, that soul bowed down, exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. It may be so; we cannot tell. So let it pass. I have a plain practical purpose to pursue. Here is an indictment to which we must all plead guilty. Let us make the reflection our own, as we humbly bow at the dear pierced feet of our Lord, and remember how cruelly we slighted our kindest friend, when "We hid as it were our faces from Him."

At sundry times and in divers manners we may have done this. Where shall I begin? Alas, I fear me that contempt and contumely alone will interpret some men's sayings and doings. Their conversation is so profane that their crime becomes palpable. Sometimes men hide their faces from Jesus in cool contempt of Him. How astounding! how revolting! He, the Lord of glory, the Creator of heaven and earth, out of compassion to the children of men, condescended to take upon Himself our nature—should we therefore slight Him? Being found in fashion as a man, He was subjected to all the pains and miseries of this mortal life, and encountered the horrors of death itself—should we therefore revile or should we not revere Him? He ought surely to be esteemed by all mankind. I have sometimes felt that had He not redeemed my soul, I must reverence Him for redeeming others. Had I never tasted of His love at all myself yet the story of His love to His enemies is such that methinks I could fall down and worship Him. His character claims our admiration and appeals to the tenderest feelings of our heart. So disinterested was the love of Christ; so self-denying; so unwavering in its constancy; He surpassed every instance on record, and excelled any ideal that the most gifted imagination could paint. Greater love hath no man than this, that He laid down His life for His friends. There, creature generosity exhausts itself; mere human love has reached its limit. But God commends His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ

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No. 207, NEW SERIES.

died for us. And this blessed man Christ Jesus personally shows and makes evident this love to His enemies, His persecutors, His murderers. Still there are those who can revile His name while they scan His history. We can scarcely speak of Him but forthwith the vials of their wrath begin to distil. Strange is it that a name so lively, and a name so altogether lovely should so commonly set a man against his fellows, and become the innocent cause of strife and persecution in the world. That name of Jesus—a name of highest heavenly glory, a name of peace profound, a name of universal goodwill, a name to knit all mankind in one common brotherhood—has become, by the perversity of human nature, a by-word and a reproach. Their Saviour in every age they have not known, their day of visitation they have not heeded. Hence His name has excited wrath and opposition among the sons of men, where it should have excited reverence and love. Some show their opposition by attempting to ignore or to tarnish the dignity of His person. These blatant infidels I trust are getting fewer and fewer. The rough, bullying speech of Tom Paine we sincerely hope will never be heard on earth again. There are *thinkers* (as they would have us account them) abroad in these days more courteous in their address, and far more cautious in their language than the disbelievers of former times; but too often they are as full of malignity and deadly venom against the Christ of God as were the coarsest scoffers who uttered their blasphemy before we were born, so persistently is the person of Christ held in contempt alike by Greek and barbarian. And are there not others who affect great admiration for Jesus of Nazareth as an example of virtue and benevolence, who nevertheless reject His mediatorial work as our Redeemer? As a substitutionary sacrifice they do not and cannot esteem Him. Isaiah in the chapter before us was holding up Christ as the Lamb led to the slaughter, the victim of our transgressions, bearing our chastisement. How the anger of some men kindles at this representation of the Gospel! They sneer at the doctrine of substantiation, vicarious sacrifice, atonement; at the simple fact indeed that "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." That He was a true philanthropist, an admirable teacher, and an inspired prophet, they will readily allow; but that our iniquities were laid on Him, that He was punished in our stead, that He died the just for the unjust, they set aside as though it were an idle tale, a baseless fiction. This noblest of all doctrines, the grandest of all conceptions is here brought down to the humblest capacity of the most simple understanding. The learned can find no flaw in the logic. But learning and logic have little enough to do with it. The heart that believes it can tell its worth. "*He loved me and gave Himself for me.*" Angels have but to hear of it and they sing of it. Marvel of marvels that there should be men on earth so wise that they hoot at it and count it worthy of nothing but their scorn! They hide as it were their faces from the crucified Saviour. And then they will pour contempt upon other doctrines of His Gospel. Not satisfied with opposing the main and cardinal truth, they will hold up other parts of revelation to ridicule. If a man likes to laugh, and wishes to scoff, he can find folly in infinite wisdom. Nay, he can, if he has eyes that are full enough of falsehood, discover faults even in the immaculate God Himself. Given but the desire to deride and parody, the occasions and opportunities will always be plenti-

ful. And with what pitiful disdain the Lord's people are slighted! The followers of Christ are, as it is commonly said, poor people, illiterate and uninstructed; and but few of the great ones of the earth, or the learned men will give in their names as adherents of the Saviour! Well, so it ever has been. And yet the day shall come when the Lord shall vindicate His own election, and prove how infinitely superior it is to man's reputation. What though He choose the base things of the world and the things that are not, yet by these will He be exalted when His enemies are rolled in the dust. Do I address anybody who has despised the Lord Jesus Christ? Ah, my friend, little do you consider what you have done. Your wantonness can offer no excuse but your ignorance. And as for your ignorance it is without excuse. You are unacquainted with our Lord, or you would not decry Him. Bethink yourselves, I pray you. Have you really studied His character? Have you looked into the proofs of His being the Messiah? Have you weighed the evidence of His Divinity? If you have not, surely you should be ashamed of your temerity. Can it be that out of mere prejudice you have condemned unheard One who to us is all our hope, One who has lifted some of us out of despair and given us peace of mind—One who is now so dear to us that we feel we could cheerfully die for Him. Do not affront Him. Do not disparage His claim upon our tender regard. Do not speak ill of His blessed name. He is a friend to some of us, the like of whom we never elsewhere found. Were it not wiser and fitter every way that ye should listen to our testimony and go to Him, and see whether He cannot and whether He will not save you, and make you partakers of our joy. If He reject you, or if you find Him false to His promises, then speak against Him; but we beseech you do not begin to rail before you have any reason. He that builds upon this stone builds securely, but alas for the man that falls foul of this stone! it will assuredly grind him to powder. As surely as Christ is God, those that oppose Him will one day wonder and perish. The peril is looming as the day is coming. The glorious apocalypse for which saints look will bring about a total eclipse of every one that is proud and lofty, everything that is high and lifted up. I will not linger on so dreadful a look out, but I earnestly admonish you to lay it to heart.

A second and far more common way in which men hide their faces from Christ is by their heedlessness, their indifference, their neglect. Alas! all of us are guilty or have been guilty in this respect. Allow me to ask you, my beloved friends in Christ, to look back a little while to the period before your conversion. Was not Jesus as worthy of your love then as He is now, as glorious, as admirable? And yet for how long a time had you hid your face from Him! Surely you must remember the days gone by when you did not care even to hear about Him. Any kind of amusement was more fascinating for you than discourse or converse concerning your Saviour and your King. There is music in His name now: it was dull enough to you once. You heard sermons without heeding them. Perhaps some of you were constrained by force of circumstance to attend the sanctuary, though no part of the service was attuned to your taste. You mixed with the multitude, but you did not see or draw near the Master. They were dreary hours; you were glad when they were spent, and you were liberated. You listened, but what came in at one ear went out at the other. Scarcely that; for you did

not allow it to go far enough into your brain for that. Listlessly you listened, with no desire to learn anything about that Christ who is your only true Saviour, your only rightful Sovereign. If you had been in the market and some one had been describing the prices of goods, telling you of the probabilities of a rise or fall, you would have been all attention; and you would have found no difficulty in carrying home the bulk of what you had heard, especially that part which was about your own business. But oh, in those days Christ was nothing to you. The preacher might lift Him up with all his might, and tell you with tears that if you rejected Him you must perish. You took no heed. You did not care whether you perished or not. You did not give Christ your thought. He was put before you, but you hid as it were your faces from Him. Although the Bible was in your house, bearing witness to Jesus Christ, you never searched it. You may have taken the book down sometimes and read a chapter here or picked out a verse there, and congratulated yourself not a little upon your good deed; but as to searching the Scriptures through, and comparing passage with passage, spiritual things with spiritual, that you might know Jesus Christ who is hidden there like a pearl in the field—oh no, you did not care to give all diligence in this matter. Why, some of you young men were studying hard years ago. You rose up early and sat up late over books professional and profound, and truly if you were to be proficient in your secular calling you had need to do so, but all that while you never sat up an hour later than usual to make search concerning your soul and the Lord who bought it with His blood; neither did you ever rise from your soft couch at daylight on purpose that you might bow the knee and seek your Lord and worship Him. No, everything was sought except the Saviour: every duty you would scrupulously fulfil except that which you owed your Lord; all the world was fair except the altogether lovely. And, mayhap, at that very time there were pursuits that gratified you utterly unworthy of your preference. You had loves which have proved bitterness to you; things that fascinated your heart that did but degrade you. It was your best friend; He who only meant your good; He who elevates the man that does but look to Him; He whose very name fills the soul with refreshment; He, the love of whose person is heaven begun,—He was all this while cast into the background. I am not speaking of you, my friends, as if you had a monopoly of reproach; I do speak of myself with many deep regrets of heart. I hid as it were my face from Him, and I let the years run round—not without twitches of conscience, not without rebukes, when I knew how much I did need a Saviour, not without the warnings which came from others whom I saw happy and rejoicing in Christ, while I had no share in His salvation. Still I put it off, as perhaps some of you are doing, from day to day, and month to month, and thought that Christ might come in some odd hour, and when I had nothing else to do I might think of Him whose blood could cleanse me. O my soul, I could fain smite thee now! I have heard of a minister who preached for several years before he was converted, and when converted he became a very earnest preacher of the Gospel; but one day as he rode along the street he was observed to stop and cane a dog which was lying in front of a door. When they said to him, "Mr. McPhayle, why did you beat the dog?" he said "He was so exactly like myself, lying in the sun sleeping—a dumb dog that didn't



bark—that I could not but give him a touch of the rod ; though I meant it all the while for myself.” Truly I could lay this rod about my own heart to think that weeks and weeks should have rolled over my head, and I should have hid as it were my face from Christ in wilful neglect of my dear Lord whose heart has bled for me. Does not this come home to anybody here ? Are there not some who might justly chastise themselves ?

But we pass on to a third form of this same folly. We hid as it were our faces from him, many of us, by preferring any other mode of salvation to salvation by faith in Christ. The great Gospel fact is that whoever looks to Christ is saved. The moment faith, with her intelligent eye, beholds Christ on the cross, and depends on Him, the man that exercises that faith is forgiven, rescued, saved. Now when we were aroused to something like anxiety about our souls, we were told this. Some of us were told it very plainly, others, perhaps, not quite so clearly ; but we did not like this way of being saved, simply by believing. Did not we try to merit salvation by our own good works ? Oh, we would do this, and that, and the other ; we would correct ourselves in this department, and we would push on and make progress in the other ; and we tried to do so. Oh, I could pour scorn upon myself to think of some of the good resolutions I made ! I blew them up like children with their pipes and their soap. Fine bubbles they were, reflecting all the colours of the rainbow. But a touch, and they dissolved. They were good for nothing—poor stuff to build eternal hopes upon. Oh, that working of ours ! What slavery it was, but what small results it produced ! We came to grief whenever we began to get a little comfortable with ourselves. Just when we said “ Now my tower will stand,” there came an earthquake and it all went to a heap of ruins. Then, if we remember well, we tried our feelings : we said, “ It cannot be that if I believe in Jesus just as I am I shall be saved : I must feel something.” How we resorted to sharp books, terrible sketches of death and judgment and perdition—I know I did. Baxter’s *Call to the Unconverted* cut me to the quick, and harrowed up my gloomiest apprehensions. We expected to feel something indescribable, and when we began to feel a little alarm and distress of mind we found it was not the thing that brought satisfaction to the mind or peace to the heart ; for the more we did feel the less we thought we felt ; and the more we felt, the less we considered our feelings to be of the right kind. So, after tossing, and toiling, and rowing with feelings, we found we had got no farther than we did with works. And all this while there stood the Saviour with this simple counsel—“ Look unto Me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.” Still we wrapped ourselves in our mantle and hid as it were our faces from Him. We kept looking at ourselves and inquiring in the biographies of good men after this feeling and after the other, while we hid as it were our faces from Him. And when we were beaten off from that false refuge we took to a fresh conceit. Thinking we could pray ourselves into heaven, we began to pray. This would have been quite right had not we put the exercise of prayer before the commandment to believe. “ He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved,”—that is the Gospel. We were so reluctant to surrender ourselves to an implicit confidence in our Lord. We resolved to pray. Prayer seemed to us a proper performance ; a religious duty acceptable to God

and much to be commended. We did not understand that we must need be quickened into life before we could breathe freely. Looking upon daily prayer as a kind of ecclesiastical exercise, albeit there was no real heart in it, we thought some good would come of making it a habit. But no good did come. Our prayers became a form, and we disquieted ourselves in vain. We found we could not pray. Oh, what fools we were! What fools all of us are to look anywhere for salvation but to Jesus Christ. God the Father has set forth Christ to be a propitiation for sin. If God has done that, cannot I be contented? If the Lord has accepted Christ instead of me, and promised that if I believe in Jesus I shall be saved, why need I gad about to find some other way of peace, pardon, and full salvation? Is not God's way good enough for me? If God accepts it why should not I rejoice in it? O, dear friends, if we have been covering our faces, let us uncover them now, and if they are black as soot with sin, let us just look up to the cross with a black face, and say, "Saviour of sinners, I, the very chief among them, put my sole trust in Thee! Hiding my eyes no more from the light, I will look to Thee and trust Thee with all my heart."

In yet another way we hid our faces from Him. After we were quite sure that we could not be saved other than by the one Mediator, do you remember how we continued to hide our face from Jesus by persistent unbelief in Him? I know it for myself. I held up the handkerchief before my eyes, saturated with my own tears. This sympathy for our sorrows I could not credit. It is the sullen sulk of sad souls. Their distress of mind has come between them and the Redeemer. Strange to tell, some men will reason against themselves. No doubt if there were a gift to be bestowed upon all the poor people in the parish everybody who wanted anything would try to prove himself to be in the parish. If there was a man who lived with half his house in one parish and half in another, I'll be bound to say he would try to prove he lived in the parish where the gifts were to be had; but somehow or other awakened sinners try to prove that they are not the sort of people Christ died for. They used to have in Rome when they were canonising saints an *Advocatus Diaboli*, or advocate of the devil, who used to plead against the person being canonised, and offer all the objections he could. It seems strange that so many people should turn *Advocati Diaboli* against themselves. I can tell you how they argue, for I have talked with them by the hour, and this has been the fashion of their counterpleading, "But, sir, I don't feel my need of it." We reply, "If you cannot go to Christ with a broken heart, go to Christ for a broken heart." "Oh, but, sir, I don't feel that I am fit to go." "Your unfitness is the only evidence He wants." "But I don't think I have repented enough." "Granted; and you never will repent enough, could your tears for ever flow. You cannot be saved by the merit of your repentance. Jesus Christ will forgive your impenitence as well as your other sins. Certainly if you want more repentance, you must go to Him for it." "Well, but, sir, do you know I cannot help fearing that perhaps I am not one of the elect." We have replied, "Perhaps you are; and anyhow you had better go to Christ, because He has given an invitation to every creature: He says, 'whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely.'" "Ah, sir, but you don't know—I am so indifferent." "Well, but you never will be otherwise than

indifferent as long as you stay away from the Saviour. If you go to Him and put your trust in Him He will remove your indifference. He alone can roll away this stone from the door of your heart." One moment they will say they do not feel, and almost in the same breath they will turn round and say they feel the horrors of despair. When they tell you of the dreadful blasphemies that come into their mind, you may answer that it is written, "All manner of sin and of blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, and whosoever believeth in Him is not condemned," feel or not feel as he may. Well, I have pursued that business till I have been pretty nearly tired of it, when all of a sudden the person I have been trying to comfort has begun again where he commenced, as if he had never said those things before: he has gone over the same round of objections, and I have no doubt would have continued to repeat himself, had I continued to answer him, fifty times over; so did he encourage the morbid apprehension that he should not himself be saved. You see a man put into the condemned cell at Newgate, and you go in and tell him that Her Majesty presents him with a free pardon. I warrant you he will not put his hand to his brow, and say, "Well, but I think there is this or that objection to my accepting it." "No" thinks he "if there is any objection let those find it out that like; it is no business of mine." And so with the soul that is bidden to come to Christ, I say, let it come, objections or no objections, and if there be objections, let somebody else find them out, but as for thee, poor sinner, don't cover thy face from Jesus, but come as thou art, just as thou art, and say, "Here I am, my Saviour: if Thou canst save—and I believe thou canst—save me. At any rate, if I perish I will perish trusting in Thee." Rather, sinner, shall heaven and earth pass away than even a soul perish that acts on this firm resolve. Hide not your eyes from the Saviour; it is a dreadful temptation of Satan, this mistaken notion of humility. People think, or affect to think, that it would be arrogant or presumptuous on their part to believe in Jesus. I tell you solemnly that unbelief is not humility; it is a a foul conceit. Humility trusts the Saviour. Base indeed the ingratitude which casts a slur upon His truthfulness, and refrains from venturing to accept His promises. O, brethren! we once hid as it were our faces from Him; let us pray for others who are hiding their faces, and beseech the Lord to incline them to turn their faces right round to His dear cross, and then let us gently take off the mantle that obscures their vision, and say to them, "Look, look through your tears! Look even now; for there is life in a look at the crucified one."

But not to tarry, I am afraid there are some of us who must plead guilty to another charge; we have hidden as it were our faces from him since He has saved us, and since we have known His love, by our silly shame and our base cowardice. Perhaps I speak to some Christians here, who, though they love the Lord, have never professed His name.

Dear brother, dear sister, do you think this is right—is it loyal? Had He kept His love to you a secret, and never openly espoused your cause, and given up Himself for your salvation, where would you now have been? Howbeit He boldly declared He was not ashamed to call us "brethren," and true to His word He acted a brother's part, and carried through the work of our redemption. Since Jesus Christ was not ashamed of us, surely we need never be ashamed of Him. "But I think I may go to heaven by myself," said one, "for I am afraid I shall compromise other

people if I dishonour Christ." And do you not think, my dear brother, that you are dishonouring Him by such a suggestion? "Oh, but suppose I were to fall into sin?" Nay; do not you think that even now you are living in sin while you are refusing what He demands, that you should confess Him before men. His promise is that he that with his heart believeth, and with his mouth maketh the good confession, shall be saved. Or as it is put in another form, we read, "He that believeth and is baptised" (which is the open confession of Him) "shall be saved." Do not, I entreat you, play the coward. "Suppose I should fall," say you, "after I have made a profession?" Which do you think the safer place, where your Lord bids you, or where you choose to be yourself? Come forward if you are His followers, and put on His regimentals. I wonder what our Government would say if her Majesty's soldiers were to take off their red coats, and protest "We should be just as good soldiers, and as true, without this uniform as with it." They would be suspected of treason; they would be taken up as deserters. And are there no deserters here? I should like to send the officer round and find you out.

"Are you the soldiers of the cross,  
The followers of the Lamb;  
How can you blush to own His cause,  
Or fear to speak His name?"

Come out, brethren, come out. If you want your Master's blessing come and join your Master's servants.

Aye; but some of us who have made a profession of our faith may nevertheless have sometimes hid our faces from Christ. Have you never been in company where religion was jested at, and felt, "Well, I had better hold my tongue here"? There are seasons when that is prudent, and even proper,—when you are so weak a champion that you might damage the cause. At the same time, even the weakest champion had better have his lance broken than be altogether a coward. How often might we have spoken for Jesus when nothing has kept us back except cowardice. It was not prudence, it was cowardice, downright cowardice. We thought they would give us an ill name, and so we dishonoured Christ lest we should encounter a rude joke or a coarse jest from a person whose opinion was never worthy of a moment's thought. I wish there were more boldness for Christ everywhere. In the higher circles he that confesses Christ may have to run the gauntlet for it, but let him do so boldly. And amongst working men in the shop or factory there is a deal of "chaffing" goes on, often of a cruel kind, against the Christian, but he who is such a feather-bed soldier that he cannot bear the reproach is not worthy of such a Lord. Our sires were not so tame that they could be intimidated with a taunt. Their cheek never blenched at the stake, or in the fire. They were ready to die for the Lord Jesus. How think ye, then? Should we play the craven; shall a little maid make us afraid, or shall some silly fools, who scoff at all that is holy, drive us to disown our Saviour? Oh, brethren, do not surrender your souls so cheaply. Never mind their sneers. Never hide your face from Him. Come out and have no fellowship with the profane, the profligate, or the persecutors. Is Christ in the pillory? Put me in with Him, and then throw what you like at me. Is Christ's name rolled in the mire, and made a by-word

and a proverb? Link my name with His and make a by-word and a proverb of it. Twist the two together, and let us be the object of your slanders. I will glory in it. The reproach of Christ is greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. Hide not then your faces from Him, beloved, nor shrink from espousing His cause.

I feel sure that many, if not all of us, who are believers will penitently confess that we have sometimes hidden our faces from Christ by not walking in constant fellowship with Him. I once asked a brother how long it was since he had enjoyed fellowship with Jesus. His reply was remarkable. "I feel sorry," said he, "you have asked me that question, and yet I must thank you. Had you asked me whether I continued in prayer, I would have said yes, for, with more or less fervour, I do constantly pray. Had you inquired whether I endeavoured to walk honestly and uprightly before my fellow-creatures, I should have said, 'Yes, thank God, I hope I have not slipped with my feet;' but when you say, 'How long is it since you really have had fellowship with Jesus?' I blush to own that many a day has passed since I have known this high privilege." Is that so with you my dear brothers and sisters in Christ? If so, it is very, very sad. Our heart, if we are Christians, is married to Christ. Say, then, would it not be strange if a wife should live with her husband and hide her face from him by the week and month together; should there be scarcely a comfortable word between them; should there only be just the decent civilities of a daily routine, without much concern or any confiding? Yet perhaps some of you pray a little every morning and every night, because you think it is proper. At special times you do your reverence to Christ; and anon you go out into the world, and there, in a measure, you estrange yourselves from Him, and then you return home, far from being eager and anxious for communion with your Lord; so, not seeking His face for yourselves, you do in effect hide your face from Him. There is no face to face fellowship. Remember, I entreat you, that His love to you is constant, although your love to Christ may grow cold. If you can dispense with His company He delights in your company. There it stands in the Canticles—"Let me see thy face; let me hear thy voice, for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." Now had you said that to Christ it might be easily understood, but when He says that to you it is most admirable. His love makes Him desire to hold fellowship with you—will you refuse it; will you deny Him? Surely you will say, "Dost Thou think so much of me? I ought to have said to Thee what Thou hast said to me; Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse, with one lock of Thine eyes, and one chain of Thy neck. Nay, but these are the words of Him from whom I have so often hid my face. And is this precious Christ so enamoured of me? Has He, the Prince of Life so fixed His affections on my spirit? does He love to hear me speak with Him; does He delight in my communing with Him? Oh, then I cannot forbear; I must cry 'Come to me, my Lord, and I will tell Thee my griefs, and my joys, and Thou shalt tell me all Thy heart, and we will thus confer and confide with secrets of which the world wots not.'" The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. Let us therefore tell our heart's love to Christ. *We hid as it were our faces from Him.* Say when and how did you begin thus to act? You used to revel in the light of His countenance once: why did you hide your face? Did you get

worldly? Did you dote too much upon some earthly object? Did you neglect prayer? Did you give way to temptation? Beloved, whatever may have been the cause, remember Jesus Christ has not divorced you. He hath said, "Return, ye backsliding children; I am married unto you, saith the Lord." Come back, then; come back now, as we meet around the Lord's table, you that love your Lord but have lost fellowship with Him: pray—pray that this may be the beginning of a happier era. Oh, that we might keep looking on to Jesus, and Jesus looking to us! Oh, that we might maintain that dear fellowship, and never have it broken till it shall melt into the yet nearer and more glorious communion on the other side of the river, where nothing can disturb the profound enjoyment! Get ye up, get ye up, believers, from your sorrows, from your cares, from your anxieties and distractions, get ye up to the Master's feet, and sit there with Mary, and look up into His dear loving face, and listen to His gracious words of promise; hide not your face from Him, He will not hide His face from you. Say, like the spouse in the Canticles, "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth, for His love is better than wine," and He will answer your prayer, and make your heart burn within you with the holy ecstasy of fervent love.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### GRAPHIC SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

#### THE REVIVAL AT ROCKFOOT.

##### PART II.

It is generally supposed by an enlightened public that on Monday morning, after a hard Sabbath-day's work, ministers are apt to be "Mondayish." This mild form of disease—if such it can be called—seems to consist of a slight headache after a partially sleepless night, a disposition to stretch the arms out and yawn, a tendency to be drowsy and to sit by the fire or lie on the sofa, a poor appetite either for breakfast or dinner, sluggish spirits, proneness to look at things on the dark side, and not unfrequently the prevalence of an irritable state of mind which the unhappy patient finds it a hard task to conquer. Now, it so happened that Pastor Bright had occasionally been overtaken by this un-

welcome malady, and, like a wise man, by various ingenious experiments he had endeavoured to seek out a proper remedy. After adopting several that were deemed, like the Pope and certain patent pills, "infallible," and finding them fail egregiously, he at last hit upon a happy expedient that rarely failed to effect the desired purpose. He found that in connection with his church, as in most churches, there were a few members who lived a short way out in the country. These, on account of their inability to attend the "means of grace" as often as their nearer and more fortunate neighbours, called for a little extra pastoral visitation; therefore, to benefit himself physically and those distant members spiritually, he usually spent Monday morning in visiting their respective neighbourhoods. On a fine bracing day, the clear fresh air, the charming scenery, and the brisk walk soon

served to relieve him of "the blues," and to put him into such good spirits, that by the time he had arrived at his journey's end he felt himself like a new man. Tom ministers who preach on the Lord's-day constantly in ill-ventilated or crowded chapels, and who suffer from heat, pressure, and the inhalation of obnoxious gases, we commend Pastor Bright's Monday morning country walk, feeling assured that the amount of oxygen they imbibe to purify the blood, and the exercise they take to strengthen the muscles and limbs, will prove the best remedy they can adopt to set them up for their week's pastoral work.

About two miles from Rockfoot lived a husband and wife who had been members for many years, and had seen the cause in most of its stages. To visit this homely couple was the pastor's delight. Their cottage, surrounded by a well-stocked garden and pleasant fields, and looking both outside and in the picture of cleanliness and comfort, was considered by the pastor to be the model dwelling-house of a working man, and the sight of it in the distance generally inspired him with feelings of pleasure. Mr. Shepherd and his wife, though in humble life, were what is called "nice people." All who knew them voted them to be cheerful, industrious, contented, and happy Christians. To "look at things on the bright side" seemed to be their special forte; hence they appeared most days alike, and were the opposite of those unfortunate beings who are so uncertain in temper that you never know how to have them. The pastor felt as certain as he could feel about anything that on his arrival he would meet with a hearty greeting, an invitation, which would accept of no denial, to partake of the best that the house afforded, and that every little thing

would be done to make him feel at home, and to induce him to stay as long as possible. On one occasion Mrs. Shepherd told him that she prided herself on being "a minister's friend," and he complimented her honestly in return by avowing it to be his firm conviction that she gave full proof of it, and wished without flattery that there were more like her. "You see, Mrs. Shepherd," he added, "it is indeed a treat for me to come and see persons of your class. You do not grumble at me, or about somebody, directly I cross your doorstep. You have not a long list of dolesome complaints to din my weary ears with, like some persons that I might mention. You meet me at the door with a smile; give me a welcome; say all the kind things you can; sympathise with me in my domestic and pastoral relationships and trials; and make me feel that you would do anything to help me or my work. You cannot, therefore, wonder that when I want to cast off a little care I instinctively turn my eyes towards your house, and think how nice it would be to take a walk in this direction, and come and have some refreshing spiritual talk with you and your good partner. It has helped me many a time, and I hope to enjoy the privilege of visiting you for years to come."

Such being the happy state of things in relation to the pastor and this worthy couple, we are not surprised to find him, on the morning after preaching the "revival sermon," making his way leisurely towards their cottage. The usual welcome being given, and the pastor having, according to custom, been duly installed in the old-fashioned arm-chair that had been kept as a heirloom in the family for several generations past, Mrs. Shepherd soon gave him to understand that

her mind was full of something, and she could not rest till she had brought it out; so with praiseworthy directness she there and then hit out straight at the mark.

"Well, Mr. Bright, you *did* give us a sermon yesterday morning. My husband and me did little else all the day after but talk about it."

"Were you offended, then, Mrs. Shepherd?"

"Offended! Not we, indeed. Whenever did you know us, Mr. Bright, to be offended at a minister who preaches faithfully to us God's Word? Isn't the Bible given us "for reproof and correction" as well as for instruction and comfort? And doesn't it often do us more good when it reproves us than when it comforts us?"

"It may, certainly, at times, Mrs. Shepherd."

"Well, I can only say that we haven't heard a sermon for many a long day that has stirred us up like that one did."

"I saw that you and Mr. Shepherd were there, and that he seemed to be affected by what was said. I observed, too, that he was also at the chapel at night, and that was rather unusual."

"Yes, he was. You see, Mr. Bright, it's a good way for us to come all winds and weathers, and my little family keep me at home most Sunday nights. Then my husband has the cows to milk and the other cattle to attend to as night draws on, and that makes it awkward for him to leave our little farm. But says he to me yesterday afternoon, 'Jenny,' says he, 'you know how I'm fixed; it's not often I've been able to get to the Sunday evening service, or the prayer meeting on Tuesday, seeing I have so much to do, but I've been thinking that "where there's a will there's a way," and as I've got the will, I'll

try to make the way: you stay at home as usual and put the little ones to bed, and I'll see if I can't manage to milk the cows a little earlier, and so get to these night services. It will be a tight run, I know, but I've a notion it can be done if I make a good effort. What do you say, my girl?' 'Say,' says I, 'why do it, John, if you can; I don't mind being left a bit by myself; two meals a day will be more likely to do you good on a Sunday than one; and as to the Tuesday prayer-meeting, I think I can get Sally Tripe to come in occasionally and look after the children, so that we can both go to that together.' So we agreed on that, as we do on almost all things; and, you see, last night he managed it."

"And glad I am that he did, Mrs. Shepherd; I hope he will be able to do so continually."

"Shall I tell you what it was that touched him up so, Mr. Bright?"

"Do, if you please."

"'Why,' says he to me, as we sat down for a quiet bit of chat after dinner, 'Jenny,' says he, 'don't you think our minister is a very spiritual man?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I do.' 'Then,' says he, 'that accounts for it. He gets on the Mount himself, and enjoys largely that abundant life that he talked to us about so feelingly and earnestly this morning; and then he looks down upon us, and sees us grovelling and creeping on the earth below, a-minding worldly things, and he fairly pities us, and wants us to rise where he is, and enjoy this life too. It's just his good feeling for us, depend upon it, that made him preach that sermon.' 'Yes,' says I, 'I think it is.' 'Then,' says he, 'don't you believe it to be possible for us all to enjoy it as he does? Is he not a man "of like passions with ourselves?"



Hasn't he got his trials, temptations, and conflicts like we have? And yet, after all, hasn't he sought for and obtained the abundant life that gives him strength to overcome them all? I say if he has, we may; and it strikes me we had better try.' 'That's true,' says I, 'I think we had better; but how shall we begin?'" 'You heard what the minister said,' says he; 'we must, in real earnest, be determined to be more consecrated to God. We must read the Bible more, pray more, deny ourselves more, give more, seek after the salvation of souls more, and strive more every day to surrender ourselves up to God's will. It's long been my notion that we give way too much to self, and the flesh, and the world, and that hinders God blessing us and making use of us. We want cleansing just as the Temple did when Christ turned out all that sold sheep and oxen, and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew their tables, and, with a scourge of small cords, made a clean sweep of the whole lot. No barn can be filled with corn while it is half full of chaff; so if we want our hearts to be filled with good, we must not store up the rubbish. May God cleanse us, Jenny, and then use us.' 'Amen!' says I."

Had not the good woman been so engrossed with her narrative, she would have observed while she was talking that her pastor's countenance changed a little, and that he cast a gloomy look towards the ground. It was a few moments before he spoke, and then he said kindly, but solemnly:—

"Thank you, Mrs. Shepherd, for your good opinion of me; but I am afraid you give me credit for too much. That I have, at times, realised this abundant spiritual life, I have no more doubt than I have

of my own existence. If I had not, as your husband says, I could not have preached about it. But shall I tell you what I did after preaching the sermon? The first thing I did was to go into my study, confess to God my shortcomings and imperfections, and tell the Lord that the sermon I had preached to others was needed quite as much for myself; and then I asked him specially so to fill me with His blessed Spirit that I might be able to say to all, as did the Apostle, 'Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ.' But I am afraid, so far, I come very, very short. Never did I understand more clearly than I do now the force of our Saviour's command: 'So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, "We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do."' But who among us have done *all*? Alas! there is no room for boasting, not even in the best of us."

(To be continued.)

## THE DREADED VALLEY.

BY REV. JOHN COX.

MANY valleys which are dangerous, yea dreadful, are not dreaded; but rather sought out and traversed. But there is one valley dreaded above all others, which, in many of its aspects, is neither dangerous nor dreadful. Some parts of it have been the scene of manifold blessing, and the home of some of the best of the human family. We use the term "valley," when speaking of "*the dreaded valley*," in a figurative sense, even as is done in Scripture, where we read of "the valley of Baca," "the valley of the deadly shade," and "the valley of Achor."

In Bunyan's famous allegory this figure is also used to set forth the various experiences and conditions of the Christian. "The Valley of Humiliation" and "The Valley of the Shadow of Death."

By "the dreaded valley," we mean POVERTY. This low valley is of vast dimensions; the eye cannot take it all in, nor can thought comprehend it. It extends over all lands, the majority of the human family dwell in it. We shall only refer to that portion of it in which our own country finds a place.

England is without doubt *one* of the richest countries in the world, if not *the* richest; yet within it are found some of the very worst portions of this dreaded valley. This is a solemn and saddening thought. Is there not a cause? and must not the Lord have a controversy with us, as a nation, on account of this great and glaring difference of outward condition? But into this point, and how far our pauperism and crime can be met by legislative enactments, or benevolent efforts, we cannot enter. May God prosper all those who aim at lessening the vast aggregate of ignorance, crime, and misery around us, and increase the number of wise and earnest workers.

Our object in referring to poverty is to invite Christians not to look at it generally, but to endeavour to deal with *individual cases*; if, happily, they may calm some agitated heart, or send some loving labourer to cheer the dwellers in this most dreaded place.

Multitudes in this valley were born in it. Numbers have been brought down there who never expected it; scarcely one is there by free choice or voluntary emigration. Sad, indeed, is it to think how many thousands of children are born every year in Britain in circum-

stances most miserable and apparently hopeless. This is true both physically and morally. As soon as they begin to see, hear, and think, everything vile is set before them, and all kinds of hardships press upon them. Some children of want are, indeed, born of honest parents, though very poor, and not a few of such have struggled upward toward higher things, both as regards this world, and that to come. The grace of God, acting by human instrumentality and Christian love, has also lifted up some from the very worst class to virtue and happiness. But these, as yet, have been only exceptions, and vast portions of this "valley," even in our country, are yet a moral wilderness, wherein passions foul and fierce hold constant revelry. Our hearts cry out, "How long, Lord!" "Is it time for thee, Lord, to work!"

But how is it that so many who were *not* born in this valley, and who dreaded it as much as any, are yet become dwellers in it? That such is the case, and that this fact reveals to us some of the saddest aspects of humanity, is well known to be true. Some have been brought down from wealth to poverty by circumstances which they could not control, and for which they are not to blame. Riches, as in Job's case, have made themselves wings and fled away. Friends have deceived them, trustees have proved trustless. Extra safe investments, strongly recommended, and endorsed by high-sounding names, have turned out to be a quicksand to swallow up hard earnings, and widows' portions. Money panics, like a whirlwind, have swept away what seemed sure to stand, and thus from the heights of opulence many, through no fault of their own, have had to go down into the dreaded valley. How many have been crushed in

this way during the last forty years, to the enriching of a comparative few, only God knows.

Many more have been brought down by their own fault; they did not choose the valley, but they chose one or more of the ways that led to it. These causes we can only mention, not describe, and the list, though long, will no doubt be incomplete. Extravagance, and living somewhat above the means. Speculation; small it may be at first, but quickly growing larger and more desperate. Dishonesty; in very little things, producing faithlessness to trust, and bringing loss of character. Want of punctuality or perseverance. Love of pleasure and ease. Lack of moral courage to look carefully and regularly into the state of affairs, and to do it soon enough. Minding too much the business of the parish or the country, and neglecting their own. Lack of courteousness, so as to repel customers. Selfishness in "withholding that which is meet" (says God's Word) "tendeth to poverty," as many have found who habitually rob God and their neighbour, including, it may be, the minister they profess to help and support.

These are among the causes which have, no doubt, helped to bring many down to poverty. But we had need to be careful *how* we apply such, or other causes, to particular persons, lest we should be found imitating Job's friends, and so bring down reproof and chastisement on ourselves; such hints as we have given are rather intended for personal warning; to produce prayer for those whom we think are entering into temptation, and to excite wise sympathy toward the fallen.

One thing is particularly noticeable in the classes we have referred to, which is, the desperate efforts

which many make not to go down into this valley, though they have started in a direction which surely leads to it; having done so in spite of plain cautions and faithful warnings. Though the momentum gathers force at each step, yet they seem determined *not to go down*; so they clutch at anything and everything they can lay hold of, not minding who suffers so that *they* do not go down, or even if they can postpone the certain descent only a few months or weeks. Borrowing is the most common recourse. False representations are made; and promises also which the borrower knows can never be fulfilled. "Only a few days" is spoken by the tongue, when the utterer knows at the same time that "EVER" would be the correct word. Others resort to more desperate means: a bold speculation, getting others to take shares by false representations; sometimes forgery or stealing; and not unfrequently, when all these fail, suicide is committed rather than go down into this much-dreaded valley. How sadly true these remarks are every observer of human life, every reader of the daily journals, must know full well.

But let us look a little closer at this valley, and see if there is really any good reason to dread it so very much. Is there nothing connected with poverty to set off against all its drawbacks; are there no green spots in this valley arched by blue skies, and lit up with a cheering sun by day, and lovely stars by night? Come and see!

The great point is not what is my position in this world, but what does God's Word say *to me*, and *about me*? Does it confront me, and frowningly say, "What doest thou here?" and "How camest thou hither?" or does it comfort me with words of love? For many dwellers

in poverty's lonely vale infallible truth, which knows not how to flatter, addresses words of congratulation and peace. While it says "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted," it adds, "and the rich in that he is made low;" yea, "count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations or trials." "There are multitudes," says Dr. Barth, "who can endure adversity far better than prosperity. See, then, why God bestows the latter so seldom on his own." Yes, and see also the reason why He sometimes deprives them of riches and makes them poor. The descent into this valley, when not accompanied with the dangerous clutchings and dishonest contrivings we have referred to, has been an immense blessing to many. When we become poor, we become heirs of special promises, "exceeding great and precious." Infinite mercy stretches out this glorious bow over all who will come under it. "Blessed (says Jesus, as He turned to His disciples) are the poor." An Apostle says, "Hearken, my beloved brethren, Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?" (James ii. 5.) If we are born poor, and live poor, or if we are brought into poverty by God's sovereign Providence, or as a chastisement for our carelessness or mistakes, let us not be too much distressed

about it, so that we are but rich in faith, and this we may attain to through the help of the Holy Spirit, if we set our hearts upon it. Then three things may still be ours, whatever else is taken away. God's providence to guide us; God's promises to cheer us; and God's perfections to enrich us; and, in addition to all this, these paths of loss and chastening will be a preparation for a larger enjoyment of the riches of eternity.

Remember that heaven's greatest favourites, and the world's best benefactors, have lived in this dreaded valley. Here most of the prophets dwelt, and *all* the Apostles. Here HE dwelt and manifested His grace, "who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich." "Christ (says one) was poor, not because He could not help it, but because He refused riches, and *chose* to be poor, nay, more, while He alone of all men who have ever lived had all conditions alike in His *choice*, He freely chose to be a poor man, the poorest of poor men, so poor that foxes that have holes, and birds that have nests, were richer than the Lord of all. Happy those who can sincerely add, 'I count it blessed to be outside the camp with my Redeemer on earth, as well as inside the veil to see His glory.'"

(To be continued.)

## Tales and Sketches.

### THE LITTLE FRENCH DRUM- MER-BOY;

#### A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY M. E. B.

#### CHAPTER II.

WE have seen that these people had altogether a hard life of it; that they kept neither Sunday nor *fête-day*; that each day's labour was absolutely necessary, or considered so, to keep them supplied with bread, let alone *soupe maigre* to fill their porringers.

The only spare time they had was when the weather was too wild and tempestuous to allow of their going out to sea in their frail boat.

Pierre was even too poor to afford to console himself with a pipe. He knew, too, that if he smoked, the chances were that all his seven sons would have done their utmost to follow his example; so he very wisely refrained from comforting himself in this fashion.

The fisherman would sit in his cheerless cabin and calculate if he had enough money in his slender purse to buy bread to fill all the hungry mouths around him; for in winter it sometimes happened that there was not nearly enough food to satisfy the cravings of these growing children.

When things had reached this point, the father would let the boys share the little there was between them, and, without saying a word, would pass whole hours near his

fireless hearth, gloomy, morose, and discouraged. His wife would start off to the town and ask help from her richer neighbours, who never failed to succour the poor woman.

Upon her return home with her well-filled basket on her arm, her husband would not even inquire where she had been to get such a supply of necessaries. All the family had not unfrequently fasted the greater part of the day, and they would then sit around the table and eat what their mother set before them without asking any questions. When Pierre's hunger was satisfied, he would throw himself on his wretched pallet, and his only prayer was somewhat in this strain—

“God grant that the weather may be fine to-morrow!”

Without thanking their heavenly Father for His mercies to them during the past day, or imploring His protection during the defenceless hours of the night, the six boys would each creep into his hole—these children slept on straw in a species of berth, like those on board ship—and their mother would remain in the kitchen with her darling Frolut; for this was generally the best hour of the entire day to them. Having shut the door close—the wind had a way of coming through it not over pleasant, especially on stormy nights—she would next throw a good armful of brushwood up the high fireplace, and then light the iron lamp with two wicks, which, however, gave so feeble a flame as not even to reach the blackened

beams of the low ceiling; but it was sufficient for the woman's usual occupation—either knitting or winding worsted and cotton—and the child's games.

As Jeanne quickly clicked her bright knitting needles, Frolut, leaning against her knees, fashioned a boat out of bits of wood, or strung sea-shells, his mother the while relating wonderful fairy tales or ghost stories.

Had this affectionate parent used these golden opportunities of speaking to her little one of his Father in heaven—of his Saviour, the *only* Saviour of poor sinners, how blessed might have been the results!

Alas! it was the blind leading the blind.

Often during these marvellous

recitals the boy would let fall his roughly-hewn boat or his chaplets of shells, whilst he fixed his eyes wonderingly on his mother's face, in the most profound attention. It happened now and then that she interrupted her tale, saying—

"There is the cock crowing: it is high time to go to bed."

"Oh, mother! I'm not warm enough yet: let's wait a little longer by the fire."

"It's quite out. Come along; thou shalt sleep by me, and then thou wilt be sure to rest well."

Both of them would slip in very quietly next the sleeping fisherman, and Jeanne would lay her clothes over the boy's feet to keep him warm and comfortable.

(*To be continued.*)

## Reviews.

*Hymns and Tunes for School and Sanctuary.* (John Haddon and Co.)

WE have long wished for some work of this kind. Here we have tunes, hymns, chants, and anthems to the number of 215. Old notation or sol-fa. The volume is a marvel of cheapness. It is also published in halfpenny numbers of eight pages. We believe the work will do good service for our schools and congregations.

*Unveiled. A Vision.* (Tweedie and Co.)

A POETIC dream on the Temperance subject. Good letter-press, neat cover, and well written.

*The Message from the Throne.* By ANNA SHIPTON. (Morgan and Scott.)

ANOTHER work by this well-known and telling writer. We sat down to read the "Memories of Harriet Perfect" with ore than usual anticipations, and were

profited and blessed. All who read it ought to be profited.

*Pearls from the Golden Stream.* (Houlston and Sons, Paternoster-square.)

A NEAT and well-written volume with many good illustrations. Answering well its purpose. A good book for young people.

*Christian Baptism: its Mode and Subjects.* (From Terrace School, Weston-super-Mare.)

ANOTHER work on Baptism. Much of the old ground is gone over, some new arguments introduced, and also some novel suggestions, such as private baptism, and that where immersion is impracticable sprinkling should be resorted to. The general use of tepid water and the position of all baptisteries behind the pulpit are views which will find a diversity of opinion, and for some of which we are not prepared. The

volume will be read with considerable interest, and doubtless, on the whole, with profit.

*Revival and Revival Work.* A Record of the Labours of D. L. Moody and Ira Sankey, and other Evangelists. By the Rev. JOHN MACPHERSON. (Morgan and Scott.)

THIS work is full of closely printed matter on the revival work, and cannot fail to do good. It will be read with eagerness by many devout labourers in the revival field. It treats of, among other subjects, the work in cities, villages, prayer meetings, experience meetings, conversion, young converts, children, and work among the masses, and shows that the Word of the Lord has not returned void. We commend it to the prayerful perusal of all Christians, and hope it may call forth some of the power which still lies unused among the Churches.

The volume of the BAPTIST MESSENGER for 1875 is now ready, in handsome cloth binding, price 1s. 9d., and contains a large store of good and varied reading, by prominent Baptist ministers and other popular contributors; the principal contents are expositions, sermons, essays on religious subjects, devotional chapters, intelligence, anecdotes, reviews, poetry, sketches, gleanings, &c., &c. F. Davis (late J. Paul), Chapter-house-court, St. Paul's.

#### MAGAZINES, PAMPHLETS, &c.

The *Baptist Magazine* contains a deeply interesting sermon by the Rev. George Gould on the character and death of the late Dr. Brock.

*The Sword and Trowel* this month is full of attractive and telling materials. Those by Mr. Spurgeon are welcome to 1876, and a few personal recollections of Dr. Brock will be read with special interest.

*The General Baptist Magazine* starts well this year. Articles vigorous and useful.

*The True Use of the Lord's Supper.* Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B. Well

written and earnestly put. We hope that it may be circulated by thousands.

*The Young Men's Missionary Advocate* (Elliot Stock) contains an article by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and other interesting matter, with missionary news. God speed it, and the young men whose spirit it represents.

*The Teachers' Storehouse*, with which is incorporated *The Hive*. An old and valued friend with a new face, enlarged and improved. A most profitable magazine for Sunday-school teachers.

*The King's Highway* (Elliot Stock), and *Peniel* (F. E. Longley). Magazines on Scriptural holiness. We cannot be too holy, and perhaps we are never higher in it than when we are breathing out of the heart the 51st Psalm, or earnestly exclaiming, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

*The Appeal.* Good, as always.

*The Biblical Museum.* James Comper Gray. First part on the Old Testament, and with materials to show that the present work will be as acceptable as the previous one by the same author on the New Testament.

*Old Jonathan* cheers us in his new shape and altered appearance.

*The Quiver.* Still bright.

*The Ragged School Union Quarterly Record* takes the place of the monthly, and contains one of the best likenesses we have seen of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

A *Lecture* by the Rev. W. G. McCree. His work in St. Giles's, London. (Elliot Stock.) The lecture, we see, has gone through several editions, and deserves it.

*The Baptist Newspaper.* (Elliot Stock.) The enlargement of the *Baptist* comes on us with a pleasant surprise—not that it should extend its valuable pages and its power for good, but that it should have grown sturdy enough in three years to announce an enlargement without increase of cost to its readers. We wish the enlarged *Baptist* ever increasing success.

*Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society* contains various correspondence on the Romish Version and the British and Foreign Bible Society.

*The British Flag.* Still braving the

battle and the breeze. The only soldier's magazine.

*Sunday-school Union Chronicle.* We shall always be glad to know that this weekly is circulating successfully in our Sunday-schools.

#### ALMANACKS.

*The Baptist Almanack.* (R. Banks, Raquet-court, Fleet-street.) Twenty-fifth year of publication. Very useful as a Baptist guide-book.

*The Baptist Sheet Almanack* (Elliot Stock), with tablets and columns recording events and business of the day. This will find a place in the vestry of many of our chapels.

*The Garden Almanack*, and *The Garden.* (Garden Office, Southampton-street.) We cannot speak too highly of this weekly, either for quantity or quality of its matter, to which is now added each week a beautifully coloured plate.

## Things Grave and Pleasant.

### TRUTH GENTLE.

THE stream of truth is gentle, but permanent; while passionate party clamour is like a winter torrent—impetuous but transitory.—*Whately.*

### BEARING TROUBLE.

IT is a higher exhibition of Christian manliness to be able to bear trouble than to get rid of it.—*Beecher.*

### THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE.

WHEREVER I go I find they are the happiest who make much of their Saviour.—*C. Winter.*

### THE TRUTH IMMORTAL.

IT takes a good many shovelfuls of earth to bury the truth—*Swiss Proverb.*

### THE MONK'S SACRIFICE.

WHEN the Emperor Constantine made a profession of Christianity, he did all that he could to stop the cruel and bloody games of the amphitheatre. It was in vain. The aid of orators, the help of poets, the imperial prohibitions, all failed. On Jan. 1st, 404, the Coliseum was crowded. Several pairs had already shed their blood. A combat was going on; suddenly a monk, named Telemachus, who had travelled from an Eastern monastery for the purpose, rushed into the arena, and forced the swords of the combatants asunder. Assailed by curses, cries, and stones, he soon fell dead, and so did the games; for there were none afterwards. The sacrifice of this man had done it. It is by the sacrifice of men that good is done. As it has been well said, "The seed of liberty will not bear fruit until it dies; but when it dies then comes the harvest."



## Poetry.

### GOLD DUST.

Every word of God is precious.  
 Man, finite man, would scan the infinite.  
 Our passions never should have masterdom.  
 If you want to *do*, BE!  
 We *do* decide when we delay deciding.  
 To delay to do right is to decide to do wrong.  
 Never be entirely idle.  
 Every Christian possesses some influence for good.  
 Faith hath bridged many a chasm.  
 Without Faith where is Hope?  
 Faith builds upon a rock, which is Christ.  
 Out of Faith springs Hope.  
 Out of Faith springs a blessed Immortality.  
 Christ with bread and water is wealth.  
 Heaven is but to love in peace.  
 Solitude is the audience-chamber of God.  
 Christ's work is the glory and perfume of heaven.  
 Nothing is superficial to a keen observer.  
 It is in trifles that the mind betrays itself.  
 Continual well-doing brings heaven nigh.  
 Do *common* things extraordinarily well.  
 Diligence bringeth its own reward.  
 Let Calvary be the Tyburn of your sins.

Landport.

T. W. MEDHURST.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. WILLIAM BASTER, of the Pastors' College, London, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the church, Surbiton-hill, Surrey.

Rev. W. Satchwell has resigned the pastorate of the Wyle Cop Church, Shrewsbury, and accepted an invitation to the Grange-road Church, Jarrow-on-Tyne.

Rev. H. Webster, of Mills-hill, Chad-derton, has accepted the pastorate of Park-road Church, Royton.

Rev. Wm. James, of the College, Haverfordwest, has received a call to

the pastorate of the church at Llan-gynider, Breconshire.

Rev. Samuel Davis, of Bristol, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Whitechurch, Hants.

Rev. W. Hillier, Mus. Dr., has resigned his charge of the church at Bridgmout, Beds, and accepted the oversight of the church at Princes Risborough.

Rev. George Durno, M.A., who has just finished his studies in connection with the Baptist Union of Scotland, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church in Arbroath.

Rev. John Cole has resigned the

pastorate at Burnham, and accepted a call to the church at Providence Chapel, Cosley, near Wolverhampton.

Rev. C. B. Berry, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a call to the church at Cullingworth, near Bingley, Yorkshire.

Rev. W. Hood, of Hunton-bridge, Herts, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Rickmansworth.

Rev. H. V. Hobbs, of the Bristol College, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at Great Missenden, Bucks.

Rev. Jervis Coats, M.A., of Govan, has received a call to the pastorate of North Frederick-street Church, Glasgow.

Rev. J. Green, of Hebdon-bridge, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Sandhurst, Kent.

Rev. Henry O. Mackey, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the very unanimous invitation of the church worshipping in Portland Chapel, Southampton.

Rev. R. C. Page, of Nelson, Pontypool, has accepted an invitation to the church at Crane-street, Pontypool.

Rev. W. Jeffery, of Westbury, Wilts, has accepted the pastorate of the church at New Bexley, Kent.

Rev. James Brown has relinquished the oversight of the Nuneaton Church and the Tamworth Church; and each of these churches has presented him with a parting testimonial on his leaving for the pastorate of the church at Clayton, near Bradford.

Rev. E. Medley, B.A., of John-street Chapel, London, has accepted the pastorate of the church in Derby-road, Nottingham.

Rev. George Howe, of Countesthorpe, Leicestershire, has accepted a call to the church at Newbury.

#### PRESENTATIONS.

**SHREWSBURY.**—Rev. R. Shindler, who has recently resigned the pastorate of the church at Shrewsbury, and accepted an invitation to that at Kington, Herefordshire, was presented by the friends at the former place, with a valuable gift of books.

At the annual meeting of the Sunday-school, Middleton Cheney, Northamptonshire, Rev. J. Dodwell was presented with a purse containing eleven guineas, as an expression of attachment to himself and Mrs. Dodwell, on the part of the church and congregation.

Rev. J. Mitchell Cox, pastor of St. Peter's-park Chapel, Harrow-road, has been presented, on his fourth anniversary, with a pulpit Bible, and a purse of gold.

**ISLEHAM, HIGH-STREET.**—The pastor of this church, Rev. W. E. Davies, has been presented, by a few friends, with a beautiful auricapnic lamp, and other useful things. Also a very acceptable present from the newly formed branch cause at the Fen. This little cause has long been in a dilapidated condition. Mr. Davies has organized a church here, and there are very fair prospects of success. The branch numbers some dozen members.

**NEW BARNET.**—Rev. J. Dunlop has received a beautiful address, and a handsome purse of sovereigns, on the occasion of his leaving Barnet; his ministerial brethren also presented him with a number of valuable books, and a letter of commendation written in golden characters.

#### RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. J. W. ASHWORTH, late of Glasgow, has been publicly recognised as pastor of Sion Chapel, Bradford. The former pastor, Rev. J. P. Chown, preached and presided at the public meeting, which was addressed by Revs. S. G. Green, D.D., A. M. Stalker, R. P. Macnaster, J. Dann, and others.

Rev. J. R. Chamberlain has been publicly recognised as pastor of George-street Chapel, Ryde, Isle of Wight. Rev. F. Trestrail presided, and speeches were delivered by Revs. J. Short, B.A., T. W. Medhurst, J. Harrison, and others.

Rev. T. L. Edwards, of the Pastors' College, has been recognised as pastor of the church lately formed at Wynne-road, Brixton. Rev. B. C. Etheridge presided, Mr. Rogers delivered the

charge to the pastor, Mr. Gracey addressed the church. Rev. S. Eldridge, as the oldest minister in the district, gave the young pastor a hearty welcome.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**PATTISHALL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—The chapel and minister's house has been repaired and renovated at a cost of £78. Reopening services were held, in which the Revs. D. Russell, W. Payne, D. Mace, pastor, and Messrs. Barnes and Linnet took part.

At Putney, about three years since, a mission work was started by the Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission. The hall in which the meetings have been held is now too small, and an effort is being made to erect a more suitable building. A piece of ground has been secured near to the High-street, on the rear of which a hall is to be erected, to be used as a temporary chapel, leaving room in front for a permanent building. To further this object a tea and public meeting was held on November 2 in the schoolroom of Union Church, kindly lent for the occasion. Rev. V. J. Charlesworth presided. £150 has been collected, and about £650 more will be required.

A church was formed at Kirkdale, Liverpool, on the 20th of October, of which Mr. Walter Bathgate, one of the deacons of Richmond Chapel, Everton, and a master of the Liverpool College, has been elected pastor. Mr. Bathgate, along with a few earnest workers from Richmond Chapel, began the work at Kirkdale two years ago. It is proposed to erect a chapel: a sum of £250 has been raised towards this end.

**BAYSWATER.**—A numerously-attended meeting in connection with the reopening of Cornwall-road Chapel was held on Wednesday evening, 3rd of November, when the Rev. R. H. Roberts, the pastor, presided. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. Dr. Angus, Clement Bailhache, W. Brock, and Dr. Manning. The treasurer having stated that a sum of £180 was needed to pay for the repairs, the whole of that sum was raised before the close of the meeting.

**MARYPORT.**—The anniversary services of the Baptist Chapel have just been held, with sermons by the Rev. T. Lardner, morning and evening. On Monday evening a sermon was preached by the Rev. T. Lardner. On Wednesday was held the anniversary of opening the chapel. A social tea-meeting took place, which was attended by a large number of persons. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel. The chair was taken by the Rev. D. Kirkbride, and addresses were given by the Rev. J. S. Craig, — Cole, — Law, J. Cochrane, and others. On Thursday evening, the Rev. H. Stowell Brown, in connection with these services, delivered his lecture on "Progress," contrasting the past and present centuries.

**LAKE-ROAD CHAPEL, LANDPORT, PORTSMOUTH.**—The tenth anniversary of the opening of the chapel, and the sixth anniversary of the pastor's settlement, were held on Sunday, Oct. 17th; T. W. Medhurst, pastor, preached both morning and evening. On Tuesday evening, Oct. 19th, the annual tea-meeting was held in the chapel, when seven hundred persons sat down, the tea being liberally provided by the ladies of the congregation. After tea the chapel choir, under the leadership of Mr. W. E. Green, sung a selection from the slave songs of the Fisk Jubilee Singers.

**KILLINGHOJME.**—On the 6th Oct., 1875, a sermon was preached in the Baptist chapel by the Rev. E. Lauderdale. At four o'clock a substantial tea was provided, when a goodly number of friends partook of the repast. In the evening a large congregation assembled to hear addresses from Rev. E. Lauderdale and other friends.

**SUSSEX STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.**—Those who are acquainted with the writings of the Rev. W. P. Balforn will be glad to learn that the above cause is slowly but surely on the increase, and that six persons were baptised by our beloved pastor last month, and that others are on the way. When, at the solicitation of the friends some twelve months ago, Mr. Balforn

was induced, in feeble health, to take the pastorate, the church had been so reduced that the place was nearly empty, and this fact has given some occasion to draw invidious comparison between his work and others who have been here at work fifty years. Our prayer is that the Master will give our pastor health and spare him to us, and we have no doubt as to the result.

ON Sunday, Dec. 26th, two sermons were preached in the Chapel at Little Church-lane, Gainsborough, by Rev. W. Anderson, of Epworth, who administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper after the evening service, and received into full membership one member who had been recently baptised by Rev. J. Jolly, of Boston. On Friday, Dec. 31st, a watch-night service was held in the same place, when a social tea was provided gratuitously, by W. Wayling, senior deacon, when upwards of fifty sat down. Service commenced at 10.30, when an address was given by W. Wayling, and several friends engaged in prayer. The church at Gainsborough seek the prayers of other churches on their behalf.

The London Baptist Association held its tenth annual meeting on Tuesday, Jan. 11, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Rev. J. T. Wigner, president for the year, took the chair; the Rev. W. Brock read the annual report, which stated that during the past ten years the number of churches in connection with the association had increased from 64 to 131. The £1,500, which was £500 in excess of the usual sum raised each year, was now ready to be paid over to the trustees of the church at Highgate-hill-road. There was an increase of 30 per cent. upon the subscriptions received in the past year. Three chapels had been enlarged at an expense of £4,500, and £6,000 had been paid off debts incurred in building operations. This showed that the churches were alive and doing. The total membership of the churches in communion was now 32,351 as against 30,292 last year, an increase of sixteen per church. Last year the increase was thirteen per church, and the year before that

seven and a half per church. Rev. A. G. Brown was elected vice-president for the year, and Mr. Harvey and Mr. Brock were elected as treasurer and secretary respectively. In the evening a large number of friends partook of the communion of the Lord's Supper. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon gave an address. At the ministers' meeting in the morning a very thoughtful paper was read by Rev. W. G. Lewis.

DEVONPORT, MORICE-SQUARE.—This place of worship, after being closed for eight months for repairs, was reopened by a series of services, commencing on Dec. 5th. On the morning and evening of that day the former pastor, Rev. John Stock, LL.D., occupied the pulpit, and large congregations assembled to hear him. In addition to other services, a tea meeting was held in the large hall of the Mechanics' Institute, when nearly 1,000 persons crowded the edifice. After the tea a public meeting was held, under the presidency of P. Adams, Esq., of Plymouth, supported by R. C. Sorpell, Esq., a former mayor of the town, and ministers of various denominations. The pastor, Rev. E. A. Tydeman, read the financial report, which showed the total outlay of £820, towards which, in cash and promises, had been received £596, leaving a balance of £224 to be raised. The chapel, which before its renovation had presented a deplorable appearance, is now one of the most commodious and pretty in the town. The net result of the various services during the week was just over £80. Contributions toward the liquidation of the remaining debt will be thankfully received by the pastor.

COALVILLE.—The annual members' meeting was held on Monday evening, Jan. 3rd. About 150 partook of tea. The reports of the various efforts put forth by the church were exceedingly encouraging. During the past year 490 services have been held, £326 has been contributed, sixty-four have joined the church. During the present pastorate of three years and a half, 215 have joined the church. This in a village is cause for great gratitude.

**KILBURN - PARK, LONDON.**—The eleventh anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. T. Hall, Canterbury-road Chapel, was celebrated on Wednesday, Dec. 1st. Mr. Alfred Gliddon presided at the public meeting, and was supported on the platform by the Revs. J. York, J. M. Cox, E. W. Tarbox, Dr. Finch, Mr. Joseph Peters (a devoted Episcopal friend, who has presided at ten successive anniversaries of the chapel, and given about £400 towards sustaining the work). Mr. W. W. Edwards and Mr. Iddles, two of the deacons, also spoke. Some additional interest was given to the meeting by the fact that the pastor celebrates his "silver wedding" this month. It is also about thirty years since he commenced his ministry. During the evening a Bible was presented for the pastor's use on the platform, and the cash collected from the friends constituting the audience was also handed over to Mr. and Mrs. Hall. It appears that twenty-three persons have joined the church since the last anniversary, and £60 has been spent in renovating the chapel, while £44 has been paid off the debt.

**RYDE, HANTS.**—The tenth anniversary of Park-road Chapel has just been pleasantly celebrated. On the Sunday two sermons were preached by the pastor, the Rev. J. Harrison, and on the Thursday a public tea was provided in the school-room, and was followed by a public meeting. The Rev. J. Harrison presided, and was supported by the Revs. T. Hooke, J. M. Fox, and J. Chamberlain. A pleasing feature of the meeting was the attendance of Mr. Chamberlain, pastor of the neighbouring Baptist Church, with all his deacons and a large number of the congregation. In the course of his address the chairman mentioned, that although there had been many difficulties to grapple with, the Lord had been with them and blessed the work. During the three years upwards of fifty persons had joined their fellowship, and after all deaths, removals, &c., they had a clear gain of a considerable number; and about a hundred who considered themselves communicants at the Lord's

Table. The Sunday-school was a very important part of the Christian work. They started the school two years ago, and at the end of the first year they had seventy-five names upon the book, and an average attendance of fifty-five; while at the close of the second year they had 112 names on the book, and an average attendance of eighty-five. During the three years they had raised £520 for the expenses, wiping out debts, &c., and he was pleased to say that everything, school, &c., was free from debt, excepting, of course, the chapel debt. During the past year they had saved £53 for the reduction of the chapel debt, and had had £50 given them for the purchase of a piece of freehold land at the back of the chapel.

## BAPTISMS.

- Abertillery.*—Dec. 5, at the English Church, Four; Jan. 9, Two, by L. Jones.
- Abersychan,* Mon. (English).—Jan. 5, Six, by G. J. Jones.
- Ashford,* Kent.—Dec. 27, Six, for the Assembly Room Church, by E. Roberts.
- Aylsham,* Norfolk.—Dec. 30, Five, by J. B. Field.
- Bacup.*—Jan. 2, at Zion Chapel, Eleven, by C. W. Gregory.
- Barnsley.*—Jan. 2, Seven, by E. W. Osler.
- Bath.*—Dec. 5, at the Widecombe Chapel, Seven, by John Huntley.
- Boston,* Lincolnshire.—Dec. 13, One, by J. Jolly, for the church at Gainsborough.
- Badford-on-Avon.*—Dec. 26, at Zion Chapel, Three, by R. H. Powell.
- Brayford,* South Molton.—Jan. 9, One, by W. Cutcliffe.
- Bromsgrove.*—Dec. 29, Two; Jan. 1, Two, at New-road Chapel, by E. T. Scammell.
- Burton,* near Bridgewater.—Dec. 26, Three, by J. H. Sohey.
- Cambridge.*—Dec. 30, at Zion Chapel, Eight, by John P. Campbell.
- Canterbury.*—Dec. 22, One, by J. F. Smythe.
- Carmarthen.*—Dec. 5, at the Tabernacle, Seven, by J. Thomas.
- Carmel* (English).—Jan. 9, 12, by T. Jones.
- Cemdes,* Anglesea.—Dec. 22, One, by J. W. Lewis.
- Chester.*—Nov. 28, One, by P. Price.
- Clay Cross.*—Dec. 30, Three, by W. Williams.
- Coatbridge.*—Dec. 11, Three, by Mr. Thomas.
- Cullompton.*—Dec. 2, Four, by —. Miller.

*Deal*.—Dec. 1, Eight, by N. Dobson.  
*Devenport*, Morice-square.—Dec. 2, Two, by E. A. Tydeman.  
*Dowlais*.—Dec. 27, One; Jan. 2, Four, at Beulah Chapel, by the pastor.  
*Dunfries*.—Dec. 25, at West-park, One, by Wm. Milligan, jun.  
*Dunfermline*.—Dec. 1, Four, by J. T. Hagan.  
*Erwood*.—Sept. 12, Seven, by G. H. Llewellyn, Maesyberlan.  
*Evengobh*, Radnorshire.—Dec. 19, Six, by T. Jermine.  
*Exeter*.—Dec. 19, at Bartholomew-street Chapel, Three, by E. S. Neale.  
*Eye*, Suffolk.—Dec. 26, Two, by W. W. Haines.  
*Fulmouth*.—Dec. 22, Three, by W. Fuller Gooch.  
*Folkestone*.—Dec. 26, Six, by W. Sampson.  
*Gatachiels*.—Jan. 9, Two, by C. Hill.  
*Garway*, Herefordshire.—Dec. 22, Four, by T. Williams.  
*Güfack Goch*.—Nov. 23, Six, by J. Y. Jones.  
*Glodwick*, Oldham.—Dec. 22, Ten, by Nathaniel Richards.  
*Great Leighs*, Essex.—Nov. 2, One; Dec. 21, One, by R. O. Sowerby.  
*Guernsey*, Channel Islands, St. Martin Parish.—Nov. 12, Six; 13, Four. Bethel Chapel, Nov. —, Four; Jan. —, Three, by John Le Clerc.  
*Haverigg Millom*, Cumberland.—Dec. 31, One, by T. Grogg, Haverigg.  
*Helston*, Cornwall.—Dec. 29, Six, by J. C. Thompson.  
*High Wycombe*.—Dec. 26, at the Union Chapel, Two, by W. J. Dyer.  
*Hinyock*, Devon.—Dec. 26, Two, by E. Scott.  
*Hucknall Torkard*.—Jan. 5, Five, by J. T. Army.  
*Kingstony*, Glos.—Dec. 22, Six, by W. Coombs.  
*Kilmarnock*.—Jan. 2, Seven, by G. A. Young.  
*Leeds*.—Dec. 29, at Burnley-road Chapel, Fifteen, by W. T. Adey.  
*Leeds*.—Dec. 1, at Wintoun-street Chapel, Four, by J. Bell.  
*Lewes*.—Dec. 19, Three, by W. J. Scott.  
*Limpfield*, Surrey.—Dec. 12, Three; 28, Three, by F. M. Cockerton.  
*Liverpool*.—Dec. 26, at Soho-street Chapel, Five, by Eli E. Walter.  
*Liverpool*.—Dec. 1, at Myrtle-street Chapel, Seven, by H. S. Brown.  
*Little Tew*.—Nov. 28, at Chadlington, Three, by J. Argyle.  
*Llanidloes*, near.—Oct. 17, at the new Chapel, Six; Dec. 12, Ten, by E. T. Davies.  
*Lochgelly*.—Dec. 5, One, by one of the Elders.  
*Lumb*, Lancashire.—Nov. 28, Two, by D. George.  
*Luton*, Park-street.—Sept. 30, Ten, by Mr. Genders.

*Machynlleth*.—Jan. 2, Six, by W. Edwards.  
*Maesyberlan*.—June 13, Two; July 11, Three; Sept. 5, One, by G. H. Llewellyn. Nov. 28, Two, by J. L. Evans; Dec. 26, Six, by J. Morgan.  
*Malton*.—Dec. 29, Seven, by W. Smith.  
*Mansfield*.—Dec. 29, Seven, by J. Parks.  
*Measham*.—Jan. 2, Three, by W. Millington.  
*Metropolitan District*.—  
*Acton*.—Dec. 19, Five, by Caleb M. Longhurst.  
*Barking*.—Dec. 1, Three; Dec. 29, Three, by W. J. Tomkins.  
*Bromley-by-Bow*.—Dec. 1, at George-street Chapel, Eleven, by W. T. Lambourne.  
*Burdett-road*.—Dec. 30, at the East London Tabernacle, Twenty, by A. G. Brown.  
*Chelsea*.—Dec. 22, Six, by H. Wardley.  
*Clapham Common*.—Nov. 28, Eleven, by R. Webb.  
*Commercial-road*.—Dec. 26, Four, by J. Fletcher.  
*Daiston Junction*.—Dec. 16, Eleven, by Alexander Carson, M.A.  
*Hackney-road*, E.—Dec. 3, at Providence Chapel, Eight; Dec. 29, Nine, by W. Cuff.  
*Metropolitan Tabernacle*.—Dec. 20, Eighteen, by J. A. Spurgeon; Dec. 30, Fourteen, by V. J. Charlesworth.  
*New Cross-road*.—Dec. 26, at Zion Chapel, Six, by J. S. Anderson.  
*Peckham*.—Dec. 2, at Park-road Chapel, Thirteen; Dec. 30, Seven, by T. Tarn.  
*Stoke Newington-road*.—Dec. 26, at Devonshire-square Chapel, Four, by W. T. Henderson.  
*Whitechapel*.—Dec. 26, at Little Alie-street Chapel, Five, by C. Masterson.  
*Milford*, Derbyshire.—Jan. 2, One, by Abraham Swan.  
*Mold*, Flintshire.—Jan. 2, Three, by John Edwards.  
*Montacute*.—Dec. 29, Two, by H. Hardin.  
*Moriah*, Llandilo, Radnor.—Jan. 3, One, by W. Jenkins.  
*Narberth*, Rem.—Dec. 19, Six, by B. Thomas.  
*Neath*, Glamorganshire.—Jan. 2, Six, by A. F. Mills.  
*New Barnet*.—Dec. 26, Three, by J. Dunlop.  
*Newport*, Mon.—Dec. 2, at Stow-hill Chapel, Four, by John Douglas.  
*Newtown*, Mont.—Jan. 2, Three, by T. W. Thomas.  
*Neyland*, Pemb.—Jan. 6, Three, by M. H. Jones.  
*North Curry*, Somerset.—Jan. 2, One, by W. Fry.  
*Ogden*, near Rochdale.—Dec. 26, Five, by A. E. Greening.  
*Old Basford*.—Dec. 29, Two, by W. Dyson.  
*Oswaldtwistle*.—Jan. 2, One, by J. Faylor.

*Osprey*.—Jan. 2, Four, from Sweeny Mountain, by E. D. Wilks.

*Pembroke Dock*.—Jan. 5, at Bush-street Chapel, Two, by Wm. Davies.

*Pole Moor*, near Huddersfield.—Dec. 5, Eight; Jan. 2, Six, by James Evans.

*Portsmouth*, Landport.—Dec. 1, at Lake-road Chapel, Four, by T. W. Medhurst.

*Redditch*.—Dec. 31, Two, by E. Morley.

*Redwick*, Mon.—Dec. 5, Two, by — Waters.

*Rochdale*.—Dec. 31, at Ebenezer Chapel, Two, by the pastor.

*Sardis*, Pembroke-shire.—Jan. 9, Two, by W. Davies.

*Sittingbourne*, Kent.—Jan. 2, Three, by A. G. Short.

*Sheerness-on-Sea*.—Dec. 29, Two, by J. B. Hadler.

*St. Helen's*, Lancashire.—Dec. 26, One, by J. Harrison.

*Stockton-on-Tees*.—Dec. 5, Eleven; Jan. 2, Two, by H. Moore.

*Stoke-on-Trent*.—Nov. 28, Five, by W. March.

*Sutton-in-Ashfield*, Notts.—Dec. 5, Six, by A. Crossland.

*Swansea*.—Dec. 5, at Mount Zion Chapel, Eleven; Jan. 2, Six, by A. E. Johnson.

*Sussex*.—Dec. 29, at York-place Chapel, Six, by B. D. John.

*Taunton*.—Jan. 2, at Silver-street Chapel, Twelve, by John Tetley.

*Twerton*, Bath.—Jan. 2, Seven, by T. C. Finch.

*Torquay*, Upton-vale.—Jan. 2, Nine, by E. Edwards.

*Treorkey*.—Dec. 5, at the English Church, Three, by Daniel Davies.

*Uffculme*, Devon.—Jan. 6, Two, by J. Cruickshank.

*West Malling*, Kent.—Dec. 29, Three, by D. Taylor.

## RECENT DEATHS.

REV. ROBERT COMPTON, of Lyndhurst, died on the 1st of January, after a short illness and a pastorate of thirty-four years. He is deeply lamented by his church and congregation. The funeral took place on the first Sabbath afternoon in the New Year, the service being performed by his old friend, Rev. J. B. Burt, of Beaulieu, who preached a funeral sermon in the chapel in the evening to a large congregation.

On Nov. 8th, HENRY FOSTER, deacon of the church at Great Sampford, Essex,

departed this life in joyful hope of going to be with his Lord in heaven. He had been a member forty years and a deacon twenty-five years, during which he lived a consistent Christian life, and was much respected. His sufferings of body were very great the last three weeks, but his mind was ever at peace and rest in Jesus. His late pastor, Rev. John Webb, Thaxted, was very ill at the same time. The day before his death he said, "I wonder which will get home first." Mr. Webb departed this life very early on the Monday morning, and Henry Foster about the middle of the same day. On the following Sunday the present pastor preached a sermon from Phil. iii. 7, 8, chosen by the deceased, to an attentive congregation. J. R.

LUCY ROBINSON was born at Earith, Huntingdonshire, on the 16th February, 1850, and departed this life on July 17th, 1875, at the early age of twenty-five years and five months. She was the youngest child of Nathanael and Mary Dring Robinson, both of whom were members of the Baptist Church, Bluntisham, Hunts. She was but a child when her father died. Seven years ago she sought and found the Saviour. On April 4th, 1869, she was received into the church at Bluntisham, and baptised on the 30th of June in the same year, and very soon became one of the most active and zealous of its members. None were more frequently at the public services on the Lord's Day, and also on the week evening, though she had to obtain a livelihood for herself and help to support her mother by a diligent attention to business. Of her it may truly be said, "she was diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." From her diary we learn that she was fond of secret prayer, and daily kept watch over her own heart. Early in 1875 she was taken suddenly ill. It soon became manifest that she was in a state of rapid consumption. For nearly six months she was confined to her bed, but was never known to murmur. She passed away without a sigh or a groan into the world of light





## MORE ROOM FOR MORE PEOPLE.\*

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

“It is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.”—LUKE xiv. 22.

How delightful it is to observe that the wrath of man becomes tributary to the glory of God. See an illustration in the parable of *the marriage supper*. Those persons who were first bidden would not come. In order to do the good man of the house a despite they declined his invitation; they refused to grace his board. Instead of causing his honour to be tarnished, they were, against their own will, the means of increasing his reputation. Had they come it would only have been said that he made a great feast for his good friends. As they did not avail themselves of his hospitality, he brought in the beggars from the streets, and swept the hedges and the byways to find out the poorest of the poor, to all of whom he gave a hearty welcome. So it became the common talk all over the land, and tens of thousands extolled the generosity of the host who had given such a sumptuous banquet to such strange guests. Let not the haughty, the arrogant, or the scornful of the children of men imagine that their paltry conceit can thwart God's covenant purpose or bring discredit on the riches of His mercy. Oh, sinner, if you reject a Saviour it shall be your own loss, not His. If you live and die without faith in Christ, upon your own head the fearful recompense will fall. When the self-righteous reject Him, it only causes Jesus to say, “I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.” When the rich men and the rulers refuse the Gospel, then “the poor have the Gospel preached to them.” When the wise and prudent put it aside, then it is graciously revealed unto babes. Thus God is glorified, though the temper of men be never so turbulent. Let us, my brethren, always be patient of heart when we see the rage of men aroused against the Gospel of Christ. They can do it no hurt. His purpose shall stand; He will do all His pleasure. The bit is in their mouths; the hook is in their nostrils. Let them roar as they may, they cannot resist the force by which they are driven as chaff before the wind. He will surely perform His work, and His name shall be glorious.

Not less delightful is it to observe how the anger of God, instead of venting itself in rashness, vindicates His goodness. In reading the parable to you just now I noticed to you that because the man who made the feast was angry, he said: “Go out quickly into the highways and hedges, and bring in the blind, and the halt, and the lame to the supper.” So kindly disposed was he that his very anger impelled him to an extraordinary deed of grace. The Lord was angry with the Jews, and His Apostles turned to the Gentiles. The natural branches of the olive were put away in His wrath; but what then? Why, He took us who were of the wild olive, and grafted us in who were heretofore wild and alien, so that even His anger towards Israel hath turned to the benefit of the

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No. 208, NEW SERIES.

Gentiles, and we get reconciliation out of their rejection. May we not regard this as a rule of His government? When a congregation hears the Word and tramples it under foot, what marvel if God takes the candlestick out of the place in His anger? But does He break the candlestick? Nay, He moves it to another place. Others get the benefit of the light which those despised who had it aforetime. Great God of wonders, we bless Thee that even when Thine anger burns Thy mercy brightly shines. Amidst the thunder and the storm soft showers are rained in silver drops to make glad the earth.

Our text tells us that the servant said: "It is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room."

I think I see here a satisfactory announcement—"It is done as thou hast commanded;" a remarkable statement—"yet there is room;" and an implied consummation—that the room will eventually be filled.

I. First, then, a *desirable announcement*.

He said: "*It is done* as thou hast commanded." Those that serve God best have generally the least to say about it. When I hear people boast of their religious attainments, I am apt seriously to suspect their deficiencies. A boastful Christian I knew something of, when talking to an earnest man met with very curt replies. "And pray," said the one, "have not you any grace?" "Yes," said the other, "but I never had any to boast of." Disciples who are fullest of grace will be slowest to vaunt. Humility befits a servant. "It is done," sounds better than "*I have done* as thou hast commanded." In like manner the man who gained five pounds in one of the parables did not come and say, "Lord, *I have gained* five pounds;" but he said, "*Thy pound* hath gained five pounds." That was the more delicate way to put it; not as an affectation of speech, but with a becoming modesty. So, too, with the Church of God, when she has done as Christ commands her, she will always feel desirous to wait upon Him as a humble servant, accounting this no more than her duty. Besides, the declaration appears to have been made in a waiting attitude, with an expectancy of having something more to do. "It is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room," so that the servant seems to stand ready to do something more to fill the vacant places at the feast. And thus we ought always to stand as Christians when we have done our best—waiting for fresh directions, never saying, "I have done enough, and now I can retire from service." Rather let God be thanked for what we have been enabled to do, but strengthened and encouraged by success let us resolve to do more and entreat Him to show us what still remains to be done, and what more we can have the pleasure of doing. "Oh, my Lord, I have grown grey in Thy service; fulfil to me Thy promise, 'Thou shalt bring forth fruit in old age to show that the Lord is upright.' Do not put me away from Thy loved employ. Honour me with some other task. Delight my willing soul with some fresh command. Bid me do or suffer Thy will, but pass me not by, leave me not to be a laggard unhonoured and uninterested in fulfilling my Lord's behests." So let the Church of God always feel that she has never come to the place where she can say, "Rest and be thankful." "Higher, higher, higher, higher," must still be her motto. If her missions have conquered one continent they must invade another. If half the world had been converted, there would be no rest to us till the other half were converted likewise. "It

is done as Thou hast commanded, and yet there is room—room for more work, because there is room for more guests at Thy feast.”

Did I not say that this was a *desirable* announcement? I am afraid these servants said what we should some of us hesitate to affirm. “It is done as thou hast commanded.” Alas! how few churches could say this! And where the church might collectively affirm it, many members of the church must shrink from professing individually to have done as the host commanded. For what was that thy Lord enjoined? “Go out quickly.” How little there has been of going out after sinners. We have been content to preach to those that came to hear us. Of course if the people will come to hear us in such numbers and throng this Tabernacle so constantly, we have no reason to go away from them. But, alas, there are places of worship which I could indicate without difficulty that are not filled, that never were filled, that never will be filled, where there are, probably, as many spiders as there are persons under ordinary circumstances,—where there are certainly more pews than sitters; and yet it does not seem to have ever occurred to the preacher that he should go out after the people. Small congregations will continue to worship in places not one fourth occupied, when they might go across to the theatre or the music-hall, or to some other large building into which the people might come, and where they might be met with. It would be a strange thing for the supply of fish, if our fishermen only sat at the window and caught what came beneath it, but never went forth to sea after the fish. There would be little game, I warrant you, upon his lordship’s table, if he sat at the drawing-room window to shoot only that which came there to be shot. For it does not come that way. The moors must be trodden, and the covers must be beaten. So if we are to have many sinners saved we must go out of our own quiet haunts and go forth into frequented places. We must preach in the street, or at the market-place, or on the village green. We must take the Word to the people, if they will not come to the Word. “Go out, go out,” says the Saviour. This is a word that should ring loudly in the ears of many Christians. You have heard almost sermons enough: go out and teach yourself. While you have been eating the fat and drinking the sweet, multitudes are perishing for lack of the heavenly bread. Go out and break it to them. Oh, that there might come a holy impulse upon many here present to begin some good work for Christ! Break up some soil hitherto uncultivated; make an irruption and an invasion into Satan’s territory. There is no land that yields so well as that which is newly broken up. The virgin soil that has long been given up to the forest, the brier and the thorn,—let but the plough go through this, and there shall be sevenfold harvests. No preaching is half so successful as that which carries the Gospel to the dissolute classes—those that never have been hardened by hearing and rejecting the tidings of mercy—those who, albeit they may have their faces stained with immorality, certainly have not any affectation in their mien. To these it comes like a new thing; it strikes them as sweet music; and, hearing the joyful sound, they full often turn to God and live. To this day is it true, as our Saviour said in His day, that publicans and harlots enter into the kingdom of heaven before Pharisees. This is a sphere of labour that remunerates the labourer. The lowest of the low, when hearing the Word, often accept what the so-called respectable despise. Go out, therefore.

Know this, likewise, that the matter is urgent, for the master said "Go out quickly." Here, again, I am afraid we cannot say we have done this. "Go out quickly;" go out in haste; go out with the utmost speed; go out as one that runs on an errand, anxious to fulfil his mission; go out, not listlessly as if you had to wait for an opportunity, but eagerly, knowing that this is the opportune time. Hurry yourself to have it done at once. Go out quickly. The world goes by steam nowadays, while the Church jogs on by the broad-wheeled wagon still. I know some churches that crawl like a snail upon a small leaf, making much ado to accomplish nothing. If half a dozen converts are added in twelve months they think it is rather too many to be safe, and they are half afraid that they cannot be all genuine Christians. They would fain "summer them and winter them," as they say, and try them in half a dozen modes. In fact, it seems to them as if God never sent a new-born convert into their Church except for them to worry it—not for them to accept it as a benison from heaven, and to train it, and nurse it,—but to worry it. This will never do. We are to look after something more rapid than the progress which these churches will ever make. Go out *quickly*. Men are dying. There is no time for us to be quibbling among ourselves. It behoves us to show our zeal rather than waste our energies. Men are perishing. We must preach the Gospel to them now; tell them that it is "now or never" with some of them; make known to them a present Saviour, and cry to them, "If God be God, serve Him; if Baal be God, serve him. How long halt ye between two opinions? For the Holy Ghost saith, To-day, if ye will hear His voice." There wants to be promptness, quickness, speed, avidity, eagerness after souls, in the preachers of the Gospel. "Go out quickly."

And have we not failed again in another point? "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in the blind and the halt and the maimed, and compel them to come in." There are certain missions now established for which we have reason greatly to bless God. There are works going on in London which are the glory of Christendom. God speed them all! Such beloved friends as Miss Macpherson, Dr. Bernardo, our brother Horsman, and many others, deserve our love and esteem, for they have given themselves up to work among the poorest of the poor and the lowest of the low, bearing a great deal which some of us might shrink from, rejoicing to show their diligence among a people much neglected, and reaping a good harvest of comfort to themselves in the salvation of souls. But, dear friends, where there is one of such works there ought to be fifty; and with this population of London, verging now upon four millions, when we have added all these works of faith and labours of love together we might well say of them: "What are they among so many?" May God touch many of your hearts, my brethren and sisters, and make you feel the soft touch of sympathy for the perishing while you hear the Master's words spoken to you! "Go out yourselves quickly, and lay hold on the blind and the halt and the maimed, and bring them in to the supper." Ay, bring them to Jesus. You cannot do it of yourself, but His Spirit dwells in you. Do not forget that. You are not an ordinary man; you are not an ordinary woman. "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" God dwelleth in you, and with a God in you what can you not do? Have but faith in the indwelling Deity, and attempt difficulties; nay, attempt what some think impossi-

bilities ; and you shall find that with God all things are possible. Weak as you are, yet through His strength you all things shall perform. I pray God for this church, that she may not be found guilty at the coming of Christ of not having gone out after the poor. Do encourage them to come to this house at all times, whenever you can. I do not know where we are to put any more ; but there is Thursday evening, and there is Monday evening, and there is room then. Oh, bring in whomsoever you can, for perhaps when the Gospel is preached, God may bless it to them. Let us not be deficient in this.

II. In the second place we proposed to draw your attention to a *remarkable statement*. They had fished up all the poor people in the city, and they had brought in the four characters—the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind—and after that it was alleged, “ Yet there is room.”

Well, well, that is a very encouraging piece of information for ungodly people here. For those that have not come to Jesus this is welcome information—“ Yet there is room.” Now, we know there is room for sinners still, from several considerations.

We may infer it, to begin with, from the doctrine of election. God has chosen unto Himself a people. We are told that their number is a number that no man can number. Well now, those who are saved are not so very many yet. They are a great many more than some bigots would like to believe, but they are a great many fewer than some enthusiasts would imagine. I am sure God has not saved enough yet to accomplish the number that He has proposed to save, by a very long way. It is my own belief, as it is my earnest hope, that in all things Christ will have the pre-eminence. As in other things, so also in this, He will have more souls than Satan, that He may have the pre-eminence over the old serpent. It does not look to me likely that there should be at the last more lost than saved. We cannot answer the question to a certainty, but surely the Lord's mercy will triumph over human sin, and God will get to Himself the victory. A good divine used to say that he hoped and thought that, at the last, there would be no more persons lost, in proportion, than there might be found of persons in prison, in any well ordered state, in proportion to the number of those who were citizens at large. I only trust it may be so. But the lines of God's election do not encompass a mere handful. There is a great and vast number chosen by Him, and there is no such great and vast number gathered in yet. Therefore we are persuaded that yet there is room.

Next, the efficacy of the atonement leads us to believe this. The atonement that Christ offered on the cross was no small matter. It was the sacrifice of Himself as an infinite being—as God and as man ; and I dare set no limit to it in its efficacy, itself considered. The death of so august a Personage, in circumstances of such dishonour, amid agonies so inconceivable, must have about it an amount of virtue utterly beyond all reckoning. Jesus Christ is to see of the travail of His soul and to be satisfied ; and the travail of His soul does not mean the few Christian people that are now in the world or have been ; and His satisfaction will not be consummated by the few millions that have hitherto been saved. Why, it does not satisfy us ; yet our hearts are narrow compared with His. He will not be satisfied unless myriads are His. The jewels of His crown must be countless as the stars of heaven by night, and as the sands

upon the sea-shore by day. By that bottomless, fathomless, summitless atonement, I do believe that yet there is and must be room.

“ Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransomed Church of God  
 Be saved to sin no more.”

The end has not been reached. The virtue of the blood has not been stayed. The ransomed Church has not been all gathered in. So yet there is room.

Again, when I consider the greatness of the adorable Persons who entered into covenant to devise the wondrous plan and accomplish the mighty work of salvation, I feel persuaded that yet there is room. Who is it that saves me? It is God that made heaven and earth. He devised the magnificent purpose according to the good counsel of His will. Think you that the Architect of yonder heavens has designed a little Church for the display of His glory? Think you that He who spread the stars abroad in all their countless hosts to adorn His universe has limited the number, with causeless thrift, of brilliant diadems who shall celebrate the everlasting song of His praise? We think not so. It was Jesus who wrought salvation; and thinkest thou that such a Saviour, of such unrivalled dignity, came to effect a petty salvation for a petty few whom you might count upon your fingers? Incredible! Impossible! God forbid! And what shall I say of the Holy Spirit, whose majesty awes us, whose mystery baffles us, whose mercy enlivens us—the Spirit of God who works in us that salvation which the Christ of God has worked for us—think ye that He has come to dwell on earth with any small or insignificant intent? What small sect will contribute to His satisfaction? Nay, glory be to His name, He brought three thousand in on the Pentecostal day, and He will cause nations to be born in a day yet, and the Church shall cry, “ Who hath begotten me these? These—whence come they?” If I go to Gethsemane and see the bloody sweat, I expect a wondrous harvest from that matchless sowing. If I stand on Calvary and mark the flowing wounds, I expect a marvellous reward for those tremendous griefs. If we are not to be pitifully disappointed there must be something greater than the world has ever seen yet in reserve. The history of Christendom is far more grand than any chapter that has yet been written. There is room; there must be room at the feast of mercy—much room still to be occupied. It is not half filled yet. Scant at present is the array of guests compared with the complement of those who must needs be brought in.

“ Yet there is room.” With a mysterious spiritual consciousness, with an eager sympathetic anxiety, the Church feels and knows that there is room. The individual yearnings of our Lord's disciples attest it. Do I not myself daily feel as if there were room; places that want peopling, as well as people that wanted placing at the feast. Brethren, our churches prove that the fresh converts introduced into their fellowship are like fresh blood poured into their veins. A church cannot long be happy and healthy without recruiting, renewing, reviving, and we are always wanting fresh workers with the dew of the morning upon their souls. We are wanting preachers powerfully impressed with their own call to proclaim

the Gospel. Many pulpits want them! We need evangelists; men who have just welcomed the news, the good news, the heavenly tidings, and hasten to tell it at the corners of the streets, to the passengers along our thoroughfares. Lovers of souls; seekers of souls; oh, how much we require them! Many a Sunday-school wants teachers. Many a Ragged-school wants self-denying assistants. Everywhere there is a want—a real want—for more helpers in the church, for more labourers in the harvest. So there must be room to store the fruits they want to reap. As the benches of the feast seem to groan for guests, so does the Church long after fresh accessions to her community. Were you here sometimes at the Monday night prayer-meeting, you would feel there was room. Some of our brethren pray as if they had room in their hearts for hundreds and thousands that must be reclaimed. When the church gets into the spirit of prayer, her cries and groans give proof of secret tears and private wrestlings. Her earnest members, by the instant entreaties made to God, prove that the church feels that the guest chamber is not yet full. Her tent is not filled with children; she is crying out, like Rachel of old, "Give me children, or I die." She wants to see her converts multiplied; she longs to stretch forth the curtains of her habitations. There is, there must be room. Judging by my own experience, I should say that the minister can generally feel when God is saving the souls of his hearers. The efforts and anxieties of his labour are accompanied with such pangs and throes within his own soul that he is well content with the pain and travail for the joy he has in prospect. When last week I had some conversation with the candidates for church fellowship my heart rejoiced, as I found out how many of you had lately found the Saviour. After being half dubious whether a blessing had attended the sermons I recently preached, as I listened to the stories of conversion that so many told me, it made my heart to leap for joy. The fact was no tidings had come to me of the expectations I had fostered. There is an interval between the sowing time and the reaping time. But I am encouraged. No doubt there are more of you coming. All but decided now, you will be altogether decided soon. God is at work with you; He means to bring you in, that His grace may have honour. Well, those desires and prayers, those longings and hopings, those wishes and expectations of the church all show that she does not feel thorough satisfaction with present results, and certainly she feels no misgiving as to the accommodation ready for all comers. "Yet there is room." Yes, God be praised, there is. That mother says, "Ah, that my child were brought in!" Blessed be God, there is room for him. And the father says, "Oh, that my sons were saved." Well, there is room for them. There have been thousands who have gone to heaven of late, but yet there is room. There are thousands that have come to Christ of late, but yet there is room. Prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors, saints, have gone into glory, but yet there is room. In this church hundreds have pressed in to know the Lord, but yet there is room. There is room; there is room yet; and there is room for you. Blessed be God for that. Oh, that you may occupy that room!

III. My third point is this—that there is implied in the text a most blessed consummation, that the room will be filled.

It is an old saying of the natural philosopher that nature abhors a vacuum. It is true, I doubt not. But here is another axiom: Grace

abhors a vacuum. The good man of the house could not bear to see a vacant seat at his table. All things were ready, but there were empty places; and he did not like it. The glory of the feast is to be found not merely in the provisions, but in the guests; so he must have the chairs occupied as well as the table covered. With reverence be it said,—the glory of Christ lies not only in His sacrifice, but in the sinners that that sacrifice saves. A king is no king who has not any subjects. A head is no head if it has not any body. And so Jesus Christ would be a King without subjects if there were none saved. He would be a Head without members, and that is a ghastly thought. He must have a people; and, what is more, He must have all His people. In our natural bodies, if but a little finger be missing the body is not perfect. So also in Christ if all His members are not saved, there would not be a perfect Christ. The Apostle tells us that the Church is the fulness of Christ. Hence if a part of the Church were lost, a part of Christ's fulness would be lost. Therefore He must cause all to come in the unity of the faith unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, for grace abhors a vacuum. When at last the end shall come, and the dispensation of grace shall be wound up, it will be seen that at the table of mercy here below there was not a seat left empty. "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me." "Whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son; and whom He did predestinate them He also called." So it shall be. Satan shall not be able to point to a single empty place and say, "There should a certain soul have been seated; God appointed it; I frustrated His purpose." That cannot, shall not be. The wedding must and shall be furnished with guests.

In like manner the table of glory. Like the table of grace, while the board is richly spread the seats shall be amply filled. There at that table, blessed be God, there is a place for me, and none of you can occupy it. It will be only occupied by him for whom it was designed. If thou believest in Christ, dear friend, there is a place for thee, a freehold, a vested right of which thou canst not be deprived. There is a crown that will fit no other head than yours. There is a harp that will yield music to no other hands than thine. There is a mansion among the many many mansions in our Father's house for your residence. There will be no mansions in heaven at last untenanted. In some streets of London "To Let" is written on half the houses. Cheerless is the look-out. But when at last the King shall bring His children home there will not be one prepared mansion that has lost its prepared tenant. The reserved inheritance shall revert to the reserved people; the purchased inheritance shall inherit the purchased possession. This gives me hope in preaching. It convinces me that I do not preach in vain. There must and there shall be some saved. God has declared it. God has made ready for it on earth, and He has made ready in heaven for it. Therefore they shall be brought in. His preparation shall not be in vain. His wedding shall be furnished with guests. This certainty fortifies me against an apparent contingency. It inspires me with hope about some of you, my dear hearers, who look hesitant, that you ere long will be resolute. If you come to God there are preparations made to receive, to welcome you, to lodge you, to feed you, to supply all your needs. Do you desire to come you shall not be east



away. Why should not you wear one of those crowns? Why should not you tenant one of those mansions? "Yet there is room."

But who will help to fill that room? Who out of this dense throng of people will help to fill the vacant places at the Gospel Supper? I cannot call you one by one, as I would, but I do call to you with all my heart. Come to Jesus. Should you say, "How shall I come?" Well, it is not a motion of the body; it is a motion of the mind. "What sort of motion of the mind?" do you ask. It is trust—trust—simple conviction and unquestioning faith. If you commit your case to Him, He will be concerned for you. Follow Christ; you shall have fellowship with Him. Your resolution will be evidence of your redemption. Your plea will procure a sense of His pardon. By your acquiescence you will learn that you are "accepted in the Beloved." May God dispose you, by the mighty operation of His Spirit, to come to Jesus. So shall my prayers be answered. So shall your souls be blessed for ever. Amen.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### GRAPHIC SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

#### THE REVIVAL AT ROCKFOOT.

##### PART III.

With a hopeful spirit Pastor Bright proceeded on Tuesday evening to the underground vestry in which the weekly prayer-meeting was usually held. The sight that he witnessed on arrival filled him with joyous surprise. From several brief communications that he had received from divers quarters he had been led to expect a larger gathering than ordinary; but he was hardly prepared to find that, as compared with the attendance on the previous week, there would be a tenfold increase. In fact, at first he could hardly take it in. Was he not cheated by some optical delusion? Were not his eyes for once really deceiving him? No: it was quite evident that comfortably seated in that small vestry there were thirty veritable living persons,

not spectres or phantoms, but human beings composed of flesh and blood like unto himself. Those valuable members of the body, his visual organs, were not, therefore, to be charged with playing him some fantastic trick; true they had been in the past, true they were at the present: thirty were gathered five minutes before the time for commencing the meeting; and if his ears proved as true as his eyes, outside was the tramp of a few more about to enter still further to swell the number. That, under the circumstances, he should shake hands smilingly with those in the foreground, and give friendly nods of recognition to those in the background, before he took his seat and bent his head in silent and grateful prayer, was only to be expected; for such a sight as this on such a night he had never been privileged to witness there during the period he had been their pastor.

Seated by the side of his desk were the three deacons of the church. First in order sat Deacon

Joseph Gunter. He had, as the "first fruits" of the Sunday morning sermon, solemnly vowed to his pastor that it should not be through his neglect in future if "only three" were found at the prayer meeting; and lo! here he was at the post of duty, giving practical proof of the sincerity of his repentance. Next to him sat Deacon King, the pastor's right hand man, the main pillar of the church, and a Christian ready for every good word and work. To his credit, be it said, he had never been known to miss the Tuesday meeting unless he was sick, or out of town, or could furnish an excuse which he knew would satisfy his heavenly Master; for, said he, "if Tuesday night comes and I can't get there, I always feel, let me be where I may, that I am out of my element." Then close to him sat the remaining deacon, Mr. Copperfield, the wealthiest member of the church, but—if the truth must be told—not always the most liberal, and whose irregular attendance had often made the pastor's heart feel sad. Three deacons seated all in a row at a week night service was a rare sight to behold in that vestry, and, as one of the members present afterwards observed, "It did his eyes good to look at them."

But the three deacons were not the only members present whose attendance produced such a cheering effect. Good Mr. Shepherd and his wife were both seated on one of the middle forms, looking as cheerful as ever, a proof that the cows had been duly milked and cared for, and that under the watchful superintendence of Sally Tripe, or some other accommodating neighbour, the children at home were both safe and happy. Some were there who had not been for the past six months, and one who had been "quite a stranger" for a year.

Added to these, not the least pleasing feature associated with the gathering was the presence of several youthful inquirers, with most of whom the pastor had, in past time, had personal conversation, but who, up to the present date, had not fully decided to avow themselves by an open profession on the Lord's side.

A hymn having been sung, a brief prayer offered, and a suitable portion of Scripture read, the pastor said he should like to say a few words and offer a suggestion. How delighted he felt at seeing so many come to that meeting words could not express. When God's children were thus drawn together for prayer, and continued in it, they might be certain that a blessing was at hand. United prayer was like taking a castle. There was the castle to be taken. It was strong, well built, massive, and would require some taking. What was to be done? The army must gather around it, assault it on all sides, and determine never to give way till they had made a breach, and had planted their flag triumphantly on the heights of the citadel. That was what the Lord would have them do to Himself. He would have them besiege Him with the holy assault of united prayer until they got the victory. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent taketh it by force." Let them be united in prayer, and continue in it, then the Lord would assuredly send them prosperity. But the suggestion he wished to make was this:—Would they convert that prayer meeting into a meeting of personal confession of sin; and would each petitioner ask God specially for the grace that he felt he personally needed? If they would have a blessing each one must not confess sin in general, but must

acknowledge his own personal transgressions before God. It had sometimes struck him that there was too much of what he might call general prayer in our prayer meetings, and too little particular. A good minister had said that "generalities were the death of prayer," and there was a great deal of truth in the statement. Men would tell God that they were sinners, but not what sort of sinners they were. Now all had their own peculiar besetments, infirmities, and needs. Some were prone to evade religious duty: let them confess that. Some were slothful: let them confess that. Some were proud: let them confess that. Some were bad tempered: let them confess that. And he might enumerate other things, such as neglecting reading the Word, neglecting secret prayer, indulging in worldliness, covetousness, and secret sins, and seeking anything first rather than "the kingdom of God and His righteousness." Now he would admit that it would be very humbling to confess personally these and kindred evils; but they might be sure of this: no blessing would be realised either by them or others until such confession was made. The inspired command was "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He shall lift you up." If they wanted to be lifted up they must first go down. He was much struck recently in reading the humble confession of that good and useful Scottish missionary Mr. McDonald. On one occasion he said of himself, "I am every year feeling myself to be a less important and more insignificant being in God's world, in Christ's church, in man's affairs. Down—down! bring me down, O God!" Now that must be their cry, "Down, down, bring me down, O God!" It was written "God resisteth the proud, but giveth

grace unto the humble." They could not be too humble if they would have the Divine blessing. Let them, then, bow low before God that night, and in the exercise of living faith ask Him for every good gift they felt they needed. His "arm was not shortened that it could not save, nor His ear heavy that it could not hear." He was as able to-day as He was eighteen hundred years ago to "do exceeding abundantly above all that they asked or thought, according to the power that worked in them." Oh, then, let there be some real, heartfelt, humbling personal confessions to God that night. Let them all with broken hearts, tearful eyes, and trembling lips pour out their very souls to the Lord. Then the Lord would hear them and bless them there and then, and they would have such a prayer meeting as they had never been privileged to hold in that little underground vestry since the chapel had been built.

It is not to be wondered at that this appeal, into which the speaker threw his whole soul, produced a corresponding effect. The pastor, setting the example, first prayed that the precious truths it was his highly favoured lot publicly to proclaim might become more and more *real* to him; that he might not talk, as he confessed with sorrow he had too often done, about things that he had merely read and studied, but of blessed doctrines and truths that he daily tasted, handled, and felt. Deacon Gunter prayed that as the claims of business had often ensnared him into neglect of his official and religious duties, he might henceforth have grace given to him to set a better example to the flock, and ever place religious duty first and business second. Deacon King prayed that he might be more spiritual, be more like his Saviour,

and exhibit in spirit, word, and conduct the image of Christ everywhere. Deacon Copperfield, evidently deeply impressed, made a clean breast of it by acknowledging his past shortcomings, and among other things asked the Lord to give him grace from that hour to act more faithfully as His steward, so that at the last he might be able with joy to render up a good account of his stewardship. (It was observed that to this petition there were several responsive and hearty "Amen.") A Sabbath-school teacher asked the Lord to pardon him for the occasional neglect of his class, and to stir him up to be more regular and punctual in time to come. (A voice—it was believed to be the superintendent's—said "Amen" to this.) One member, whose well-known infirmity was rather "a crooked temper," prayed specially for Divine help to guard against it, and thus be able to show to his family and neighbours the sweetness of the Christian life. A young member who had never prayed in public before ventured to stand up, and, trembling all over, just managed to say, "Lord, keep me in the right way!" and then broke down; but it was observed that this short prayer had such an effect on all present that it was at least five minutes before any one else attempted to rise; no prayer told with greater effect that night. Thus one member prayed for one grace, and one for another, and a precious season they all felt it to be. A few appropriate verses sung at intervals, with the occasional quotation, on the part of the pastor, of a promise adapted to each case, served to give variety, and keep up the interest and life of the meeting; and when, half an hour after the usual time for closing, the assembly broke up, each member returned

home with the full persuasion that the Lord had already heard and answered the sincere and humble prayers of His people, and that "the time to favour Zion, yea, the set time had come."

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE DREADED VALLEY.

(Continued from page 44.)

BY REV. JOHN COX.

"As poor yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things." This was Paul's glory. The unsearchable riches of Christ were his treasure, and he cared for nought beside. Andrew Fuller, when shown some ingots of gold in the Bank of England, took up one in his hand, and poising it, said very thoughtfully, "How much better to have this in the hand than in the heart." As we consider the blessed Gospel, let us say, and God give us deeply to feel it, How much better to have *this* in the heart, than in the hand, or even only in the head. Christ in the heart makes really rich, and this alone can enable us to make others rich. That man, then, is not *much* to be pitied of whom the worst thing that can be said is, "*that he is poor.*" A person may be very poor without any fault of his own; but it is far more difficult for a person to be rich without some degree of blame. In many cases the *means* used to get rich, if laid under the solar light of heavenly truth, would not bear looking at. How many Christians have been much improved by loss and trial. How few have become more humble and spiritual by getting rich. Mr.

Wesley once said that he only knew three persons who had become better Christians by getting rich. Some time after he only knew *two*, a little further on only *one*, and at last *not one*. The three rich Christians still lived on and got richer, but lived to verify Paul's solemn words, "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition; for the love of money is the root of all evil, which while some coveted after they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows" (1 Tim. iv. 9, 10).

"Earthly honour, earthly treasure  
All the warmest passions win,  
And the silken wings of pleasure  
Often bear us on to sin.

"But within the vale of sorrow,  
Oft with tempests overblown,  
Purer light and joy we borrow  
From the face of God alone.

"Welcome, then, each darker token,  
Mercy sent it from above;  
So the heart, subdued, not broken,  
Bends in fear, and melts in love."

When professors of religion are bitten by that vile cur, "*will be rich*," it is a miracle of mercy indeed if they do not *go mad*, and then bite others. One sign of being thus bitten, is becoming shy of the water of truth (as mad dogs are of literal water), especially of those portions of it which refer to their *own case*. The sure remedy is drinking large draughts of it, and yielding the soul up to its inspiration.

But some may ask, with a heavy sigh, Is there no way out of this valley? After all you have said and sung it is a chilly place, and it is rather humbling to be pitied

and looked down upon, or even patronised. Somehow we who have gone down seem to be *blamed* for being poor; we sometimes feel ourselves to be in the way, not wanted; and even Christian people often pay *court* to the rich, and do not seem to care for us as they did when we were better off. *Is there no way out?* We answer, for some, it may be, but perhaps not for *you*. God knows; and if you do not *fret*, and if you will commit all to *Him*, He will do the very best for you, and be better to you than ten thousand rich professors, who are often but "summer brooks."

"The Lord maketh poor, and He maketh rich, He bringeth down, and He lifteth up." The history of emigrants from the dreaded valley of poverty to the much-desired heights of worldly riches is a very strange one. It has its shadows, some very deep ones too; and it is not without some brightness; but we cannot enter upon this part of the history of our valley. One thing we *may* say, that while some have climbed out of this valley, and become benefactors to their race, a considerable number who have *got out*, had better, far better, have stayed down there. Take one illustration of this.

Nearly a hundred years ago a young man might have been seen far down in this valley, striving hard to get out. His case was very trying; though possessed of good talents, his prospects had all failed, and absolute want stared him in the face. Under these circumstances he seemed to turn to God through Christ, and earnestly longed to be saved; at that time he wrote in his journal as follows: "I want not to dispute, but to be saved. Lord, save me or I perish. I only know my own vileness, I only know Thy sufficiency, these

are enough; witness heaven and earth, my trust is in God's mercy, through Jesus Christ, my blessed Redeemer. Amen." There is more in the same evangelical strain written in the vale of poverty. A few days after this the strong hand of a benevolent statesman laid hold of the youthful poet, and placed him on an ascent to worldly honour and competence, if not affluence. But when the world began to smile on him, and to shower its honours on his head, we find no more such aspirations in his biography, and sometimes we find things very unlike such deep solicitude as was before expressed.

Many, alas! who seemed not far from the kingdom when in the valley, have been quite careless about it when they have got out of it. "What did that large estate of the late Mr. W—— fetch?" inquired one gentleman of another. "I have not heard," was the reply; "but I know what it *cost* him." "How much?" was asked. "HIS SOUL!" was the answer. "What *do* you mean?" "The case stands thus, he was a professor of religion; began life with small means, but he was determined to get up in the world, and so he did. For years before his death, religion sat very light upon him; money was his idol, and his element was worldliness. You know that he was called from it all at a moment's warning. Surely he had far better have lived and died in the dreaded valley than lived and died like this!"

For very many in this valley there seems to be *no hope* that they will ever leave it. Aged people, and vast numbers of the toiling ones, seem destined to live and die there. But we would remind such, that though they may never be able to rise much higher on earth, they may rise to heaven now in spirit,

and reach heaven safely at last. There is a ladder like that which Jacob saw, whose foot is placed in this lowly vale, and whose top reaches to heaven. How many very poor ones are going up by it day after day, from crowded workhouses, and lonely cottages, and stifling town lodgings! How many also, like the poor beggar of whom the Lord speaks, are borne at death by angels to celestial joys; while some who fare sumptuously every day pass away from their splendid mansions and downy beds to a hopeless eternity.

A word to those who are now looking down into this dreaded valley from the high places of wealth or competence. How do you feel while you thus look down, and what have you done by way of helping those tried and suffering ones? That Saviour, whose name you bear, saw the multitude, and had compassion on them. Is there no one down yonder you can help, or go down to comfort and relieve? It is to be hoped that there is no one there who can point to your great house on the hill, and say: "The inhabitant of that mansion *pushed me down here*: or left me to fall when he knew that a little aid might have saved me from falling." If conscience says such is the case, you had better go at once to any part of this valley, however distant and dark it may be, to make *restitution*; but if nothing of this sort trouble you, do not fail to visit and relieve as many sorrowful ones as you can, especially those of "the household of faith." Remember that He who once dwelt in one of its lowest dells, but who now sits on the throne of God, will say another day, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did unto Me."

Some, perhaps, are looking down

into this valley who expect very soon to have to *dwell* in it. Be not dismayed too much at the prospect; unsanctified prosperity is far worse than honest poverty. Aim at one thing—"a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man." No one need fear to go into the deepest pit of trouble if they have for their companions "faith and a good conscience." If in the retrospect you see many mistakes to regret, and some wrong things to repent of, remember that there is a divinely-appointed method of relief; and though you may even now be suffering the consequences of your own misconduct or want of prudence, God can give you a realisation of pardoning mercy, work in you true repentance, and overrule all things for your present and eternal good.

Let the dwellers in this valley seek first and most a true acquaintance with Him who was "the poor Man on earth," and who is now the Man of God's right hand, and the poor man's friend still. Think of Him as revealed by the prophet. "And a Man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" (Isa. xxxii. 2). Sheltered under this Rock of ages, safe in this Hiding-place, drinking of the river of God's pleasure, listen attentively to His own words, uttered in that very city where for so many years He lived as a poor man, and worked as a carpenter.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor, He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised. To preach the

acceptable year of the Lord" (Luke iv. 18, 19). We are told when He closed the book that all eyes were fastened on Him, and He began to say, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

Poor and afflicted ones, whatever your case may be, He can *this day, this hour*, fulfil this scripture in your hearts' experience, and then you will be rich indeed. His complete salvation and perfect sympathy can fully meet your case, whatever it may be. If you look trustfully and hopefully to Jesus, the Word of God will look lovingly upon you. Whatever you may have lost, God's truth will be yours to have and to hold for ever, if you really love it.

You may be perplexed respecting your depressed circumstances, and sometimes tempted to envy others their prosperity, especially those who fear not God. This was Asaph's temptation; study his experience as set forth in Psalm lxxiii., in order that you may not fall into the same snare. You may sometimes feel inclined mournfully to say—

"Father, what portion of Thy goods  
Falleth to me, thy son?  
Why are my brethren better off,  
With much, while I have none?"

He answers you; and this should suffice—

"My son, and hast thou known My  
love,  
And dost thou love Me now?  
Then many a richer man,  
More poorer is than thou.

"Thou hast thy Bible and thy bread,  
And waiting thou shalt see,  
The secret meaning of thy life,  
And all My care for thee."

You may be poor, but if truth is your companion, love your element,

God's favour and blessing your portion, and if the present is only a training time for an eternity of joy in our father's house, you need not be cast down, but should rather "hope continually, and praise God more and more."

### THE PROMISES OF GOD.

REV. W. FRITH, F.R.G.S.

THE Gospel is full of promise—it has "the promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come." It reveals to each one "exceeding great and precious promises."

It promises *life and peace* in and through Christ, who is "the strength of our heart and portion for ever." It is called "life eternal"—"life everlasting"—"life that is to come"—life where there shall be *no more death!*

How sweet this thought as we enter on a new year, and perhaps have to look back over "the months that are past," and see the graves of our loved ones, and see a life cut off dearer than our own! Here the Gospel comes in with its cheering and consolatory voice, saying, "for we know that *all things work together for good* to them that love God, and are called according to His purpose." And though the future is *veiled and dark*, yet the Gospel, which "goes forth as a *lamp that burneth*," casting its bright celestial radiance over the path of the future, and taking each trustful pilgrim by the hand, says—"Go forward!"—"this is the way, walk ye in it;" and spanning the dark portentous

future with the "bow of the everlasting covenant," it exclaims, "In all your ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct your steps."

Pilgrim of earth! go forward! If the way be dark, remember He is "your *light* and your *salvation*," and "all the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth to them that keep His covenant and His testimonies." If the way should be rough, rugged, steep, and tortuous, He is still our keeper, and our "shield upon our right hand." And if we walk in "the obedience of faith," and like Caleb "follow the Lord fully," we shall find that He will "guide us with His eye"—"guide us with His council"—and afterwards "receive us to glory."

Would it not, then, be well, as we enter on another year, "through the tender mercy of our God," to commit the keeping of our souls and all their interests to Him as to a faithful Creator? This will honour Him and bring us into the fuller enjoyment of that "*peace that passeth all understanding*," and that rest which is the peculiar privilege of those who cast their burdens daily on the Lord, and "walk by faith and not by sight." This will make the *new born time a happy new year*. Its months will be passed in trustful reliance upon our Father who is in heaven; instead of walking in the devious ways of By-path Meadow and Doubting Castle, we shall "trust and not be afraid," for "the joy of the Lord will be our strength;" thus we shall say with David, "*I will go in the strength of the Lord*," "Such make mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only."

Gunnersbury.



## Tales and Sketches.

### THE LITTLE FRENCH DRUM- MER-BOY;

#### A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY M. E. B.

#### CHAPTER III.

In summer life was less hard to bear; fishing brought in better pay, and the family had occasionally a few figs and grapes to add to their frugal repast. These fruits grew amid the rocks, where no plant or tree could find sustenance. A handful of soil suffices for the vine, whilst the fig-tree takes root between the crevices of the stones; their united branches threw a slight but agreeable shade during the hot season over the fisherman's exposed dwelling.

So parents and children lived contentedly, with but few cares or anxieties in their humble line of life; for the poor have their share in this world's pleasures, above all when the sun shines brightly, and a plentiful harvest, be it of fish, or corn, or grapes, or other source of industry, is blessed by the great Creator, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; "for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

Often in the twilight the fisherman and his six sons lay down on the threshold of the small terrace, where they were in the habit of hanging up their nets to dry. This was an hour of delicious idleness, after a hot day passed on the sea,

under the burning rays of a July sun.

Then the mother, aided by Frolut, would arrange a narrow table, and place two long benches beside it; Pierre alone, as the head of the family, had a chair; next Jeanne would bring out the supper. Generally it consisted of a dish of indifferent fish left from the day's sale, for the fisherman was sure to keep the worst for himself and family.

Once settled around the table, each took his porringer; first of all the woman helped her husband, then the seven children according to their age, last of all herself. No one ate anything whilst this distribution was being made; for each portion was so small, that the first helped would have finished before the others had a chance of beginning.

As soon as his wife had put some into her own porringer, Pierre gave a rap on the table with the handle of his knife, saying, "Va;" and they supped.

They had never been taught to ask a blessing before partaking of their daily food, nor afterwards of returning thanks to the Bounteous Giver of all good things.

No royal festive board was ever graced by happier or more delighted guests; they rejoiced in the lovely weather, in the plentiful catch of fish for the last few days; they looked at the sea, and remarked, "It will be beautiful to-night; ah! if this weather would but last, a fisherman's life would be only too easy."

Often about midnight the father and the elder boys returned to the

boat with their nets; the younger ones generally crept into their berths. Frolut was thus alone with his mother, and never lost sight of her; indeed, he was mostly timid at night, probably owing to the tales he had heard of ghosts and fairies.

"Mother," he would say, "tell me a story."

Sometimes she replied,—

"To-morrow, my darling; go to sleep; now it is late, see the day is beginning to dawn."

(*To be continued.*)

## Things Grave and Pleasant.

### GRATITUDE DEFINED.

GRATITUDE has been defined as a lively sense of favours to come; and this is true in reference to our gratitude to God. When God gives a great blessing, he gives it by increasing our desire and capacity for a still greater blessing. If He has vouchsafed to us great blessings, we ought to be driven to the throne of grace to ask for still greater blessings in times to come.—*Rev. W. Sampson.*

### BAXTER USEFUL AMONG THE YOUNG.

RICHARD BAXTER said, "God made me most useful among the young; and so it was that when He had touched the hearts of the youth with a love of goodness, in various instances their friends, their fathers, their grandfathers, who had lived in ignorance and sin, became religious themselves, induced by their love to their children, who now appeared so much wiser, better, and more dutiful than before. In a little time religion spread through many families, and, after a few years, there was scarcely a home in

Kidderminster in which the worship of God was not maintained."

### THE VENERABLE BEDE'S DEATH.

THE first person who translated a part of the Word of God into the Anglo-Saxon tongue, was a learned monk, who lived in the seventh century, known as the venerable Bede. He lived in the monastery of Jarrow, in Durham, and was not only a learned man, well skilled in Hebrew and Greek, but a truly Christian man,—a burning and shining light in a dark place. In his last hours he was engaged in dictating to one of his disciples the last verse of the 20th chapter of John. "It is finished, master," said the scribe. "It is finished," replied the dying monk. "Lift up my head; let me sit in my cell in the place where I have so often prayed;" and his head was lifted up, and he was taken to sit there. Then he said, "Now glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;" and with these words his spirit fled to its home. A glorious death to die—to die in the act of finishing the translation of a portion of the Word of God.

## Reviews.

*The Remains of the Rev. Richard Cecil, M.A.* With Numerous Selections from his Works. A New Edition, with an Introduction by His Daughter, and a Preface by the Bishop of Ripon. (Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.)

We feel sure that all lovers of evangelical truth, who have even only a slight acquaintance with the works of this earnest and good man, will hail with pleasure the advent of this new edition, for here we have sage counsels, holy breathings, intelligent expositions, written in so interesting a style as commands the attention and love of all readers. The writer and his works are so well known as to scarce need our commendation. We heartily wish for it a very large circulation.

### PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

*The Baptist Magazine.* (Pewtress Brothers.) *The Sword and Trowel.* (Passmore and Alabaster.) *The General*

*Baptist Magazine.* (Marlborough and Co.) The former of these has very worthy articles on Jacob and Esau, the Symbolic Foresketch of Christianity, &c. *The Sword and Trowel* is full, as usual, of most readable chapters and essays, of which we may specially notice William West, the Veteran Sunday-school Superintendent, by Vernon J. Charlesworth. *The General Baptist* maintains its usual vigour and excellency.

*Biblical Museum and The Teachers' Storehouse.* (Elliot Stock.) See our welcome last month.

*The Scottish Baptist Magazine.* (Elliot Stock, and Yates and Alexander.) Contains this month much varied intelligence; also a good chapter on our Scottish Churches.

*Romanism Judged and Condemned by Christ Jesus.* By JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A., LL.B. (Marlborough and Co.) The title is high-sounding, but maintained by the work. We wish it could be put into the hands of every intelligent Romanist.

## Poetry.

### THE BURDEN BEARER.

THOU hast a cross to carry !  
And up life's pilgrim way  
Thy fainting heart grows weary,  
As day goes after day.

A heavy cross thou bearest,  
And thou art weak and frail,  
And many a time thou fearest,  
Thy faith at last may fail.

But see ! there standeth near thee,  
The Saviour, strong and true :  
He comes with love to cheer thee,  
And give thee succour too.

"The burden thou art bearing,"  
He whispers, "I will bear,  
And all thy sorrow sharing,  
Will care for all thy care."

Oh give thy cross to Jesus !  
 He bore *one* cross for thee,  
 And still when'er He sees us,  
 He loves to set us free.

He loves to bear our crosses,  
 Our sicknesses and pain,  
 And 'mid our earthly losses,  
 To give us heavenly gain.

Yes, give the Lord thy sorrow,  
 And singing at His side,  
 With cheerful footsteps follow,  
 Wherever He shall guide.

WILLIAM LUFF.

MUSIC.

THERE is a soul in Music,  
 That thrills through every vein ;  
 We see the soldiers marching  
 Along the battle plain ;

We hear the roar of tempest,  
 The murmur of the rill,  
 The warbling feathered songsters,  
 When all beside is still.

We hear the shout of conquest,  
 That tells of victory ;  
 It thrills us into rapture,  
 Or wakens us to glee ;

It sends the tear-drop springing,  
 It heaves the gentle sigh,  
 And scenes long since forgotten  
 Are once again brought nigh ;

It fills our hearts with sorrow,  
 As healed griefs bleed again,  
 Or we forget the morrow,  
 Its danger and its pain ;

With energy it filleth,  
 To fight life's battles hot—  
 A wondrous work it doeth,  
 In palace and in cot.

H. L. COCKS.

GOOD TEMPER.

THERE's not a cheaper thing on earth,  
 Nor yet one half so dear ;  
 'Tis worth more than distinguished  
 birth,

Or thousands gained a-year.  
 It lends the day a new delight,  
 'Tis virtue's firmest shield ;  
 And adds more beauty to the night,  
 Than all the stars can yield.

It maketh poverty content ;  
 To sorrow whispers peace ;  
 It is a gift from Heaven sent,  
 For mortals to increase.  
 It meets you with a smile at morn,  
 It lulls you to repose ;—  
 A flower for peer and peasant born,  
 An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away—  
 To snatch the brow from care ;  
 Turns tears to smiles, makes dulness  
 gay,  
 Spreads gladness everywhere.  
 And yet 'tis sweet as summer dew,  
 That gems the lily's breast ;  
 A talisman for love as true  
 As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the  
 cloud,  
 When threatening storm begins ;  
 As music mid the tempest loud,  
 That still its sweet way wins ;  
 As springs an arch across the tide,  
 Where waves conflicting foam ;  
 So comes this Seraph to our side,  
 This Angel of our Home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,  
 With power unheard before—  
 This charm, this bright amenity ?  
 GOOD TEMPER—*nothing more !*  
 GOOD TEMPER, 'tis the choicest gift  
 That woman homeward brings,  
 And can the poorest peasant lift  
 To bliss unknown to kings.

*Hand and Heart.*

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

MR. THOMAS GARDINER, jun., of Rawden College, has accepted a call to the church at Warkworth, Northumberland.

MR. E. SPANTON, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Caxton, Cambs.

REV. JOHN JACKSON, of Sevenoaks, has given notice of his intention to resign the pastorate of the church at Adlestone.

ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.—REV. JOSEPH BURTT, of Ipswich, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of this church.

REV. JOHN EVANS, of Everton, Liverpool, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Bethesda, Tydee, Monmouthshire.

MR. G. W. TOOLEY, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Brierley Hill, Staffordshire.

REV. THOMAS DURANT, of Liverpool, has accepted the invitation of the church, Hamsterley, Durham, to become their pastor.

MR. J. J. FITCH, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the invitation to become the pastor of the church, Lymington, Hants.

### RECOGNITIONS.

REV. ALFRED E. SEDDON was publicly recognised as pastor of the Tue Brook Mission church, Liverpool, on the 16th and 17th of January. Dr. Angus, Principal of Regent's-park College, preached morning and evening on Sunday. At the public meeting on Monday Dr. Angus presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. F. H. Roberts, P. G. Scooby, R. W. Thompson, A. Seddon, sen., Daniel Jones, W. P. Lockhart.

### PRESENTATIONS.

REV. H. HARDING, of Montacute, has been presented by the inhabitants of that town with a gold watch and a purse of eleven guineas for his unceasing kindness in visiting, day and night, the sufferers during a recent epidemic of scarlet fever. The vicar of the parish occupied the chair at the presentation.

REV. JOHN HIRONS, who has been compelled through ill-health to resign the pastorate of the church at High Wycombe, Bucks, has been presented with a testimonial consisting of £320 and an address, beautifully illuminated. Rev. W. J. Dyer, his co-pastor, has been unanimously appointed the sole pastor.

REV. A. BROWN, of Fenny Stratford, has been presented with a New Year's gift amounting to upwards of £9.

REV. J. FLETCHER, of Commercial-road Chapel, has been presented with £20, and his stipend raised £24.

REV. H. WEBSTER, on leaving Mill's-hill, Chadderton, has been presented with sixteen valuable books and a purse of money.

THE FRIENDS at Carey Church, Moulton, Northamptonshire, have presented their minister, Rev. J. R. Parker, with £17 14s. as a fresh expression of their love.

REV. JOHN BROWN, B.A., the pastor of Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, was presented on the 20th of January, by the members of his Bible-class, with a time-piece, as a mark of esteem, and in appreciation of his untiring efforts to promote their spiritual welfare.

REV. W. SATCHWELL has been presented by his late congregation at Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, with £9, on leaving for his new charge at Jarrow-on-Tyne.

MR. H. H. BOURN, pastor of the church in Victoria-street, Windsor, has

been presented with £63 by the church and congregation, along with some personal friends, as an expression of their sympathy with him in his severe affliction of six months' duration. He expects to be able to resume his duties in a few weeks.

Rev. James Gay, pastor of the church at Knighton, Radnorshire, who has been laid aside for more than five months, and still continues in a weak state of health, has been presented with £20 by his friends.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

A VALEDICTORY meeting was held at Providence Chapel, Westbury, Wilts, on the 1st February. Rev. T. G. Rooko, B.A., secretary of the county association, presided, and addresses were given by the Revs. T. Gilbert, W. Thomas, J. Bray, and others. Universal regret was expressed at Rev. W. Jeffery's removal after a successful pastorate of twelve years. On Sunday, February 6th, the retiring pastor preached his farewell sermon, and on February 13th commenced his labours at Trinity Chapel, Bexley-heath, Kent.

A SERIES of services have been held at the General Baptist Chapel, Bourn, in connection with improvements recently effected. An organ has been introduced, an additional gallery erected, and a lecture-room and vestries built, at a cost of upwards of £500. The organ is a contribution from one of the members, Mr. George Bellinton. On the 9th and 13th of January service was conducted by Rev. Giles Hester, and the collections amounted to £33. The treasurer has £248 in hand towards the amount required.

THE second annual meeting of the Church at Tunbridge Wells, of which the Rev. W. K. Armstrong, B.A., is pastor, was held in the Town Hall on the 25th of January. About 400 were present, and the speakers included Revs. T. Morgan, W. Sampson, W. Barker, J. Thomson, M.A., &c. There had been a sale of work in the morning, and £65 was raised in aid of the funds.

WE understand that Dr. Under-

hill, the respected senior secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, has intimated to the committee his intention to retire from that post on account of advancing years.

THE chapel in Drummond-road, South Bermondsey, is now free from debt, £168 having been raised during the past year to secure this result, £116 of which sum was the proceeds of a bazaar and a Christmas-tree provided by the ladies. At the annual meeting, held on the 17th of January, the report of progress was very encouraging. It was just ten years to a day since the chapel was opened and the ministry of the pastor, Rev. J. A. Brown, commenced. During this period 511 members have been received, 328 by baptism.

At a meeting held under the presidency of the pastor, Rev. Caleb M. Longhurst, the friends connected with the church at Acton promised sums amounting in all to £300 towards the extinction of the debt. The total debt is £550. A bazaar will be held in October.

The church at Gloucester, of which Rev. John Bloomfield is pastor, are about to build schools as a memorial of Robert Raikes.

On Wednesday, January 12th, at the Baptist Chapel, Soham, Cambs, the anniversary of the pastor, Rev. J. Porter, was held. Tea was provided by the ladies, and a public meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by Revs. W. E. Davies, J. A. Wilson, J. Smith, W. Kirby, T. Woodall, and W. Young. During the year a debt of £100 has been cleared off. Services have been well attended. The proceeds were presented to the pastor.

CHRISTCHURCH. — On Wednesday evening, Feb. 9th, a social meeting was held in the Baptist chapel, Christchurch, Hants—the members and friends connected with the churches meeting at East Parley and Christchurch gathering together for the purpose of encouraging each other in the work. After tea, the public meeting was presided over by the Rev. R. Colman, of Bourne-mouth, who has superintended the work

at Christchurch since the opening of the chapel in June last, owing to the death of Rev. H. V. Gill, the much-respected pastor of the church, while the building was in progress. Several short addresses were given, amongst them one by Mr. John Thompson, of Bristol College, who has been preaching during the last month. In the course of the evening a unanimous wish was expressed that Mr. Thompson's labours might be continued, and that under his teaching this little church might become a centre of light and usefulness.

**HOUNSLOW.**—On February 1, at Providence Chapel, a tea-meeting was held for the purpose of clearing off the remainder of the debt upon the building. A large number were present, and received during the evening addresses from the Revs. W. A. Blake, chairman; J. Kilburn; Mr. J. Trotman, treasurer, who had the pleasure of announcing that the debt was entirely removed; Messrs. R. J. Rogers; S. B. Aldridge, B.A.; Walter J. Mathams, of Regent's-park College; Mr. Stracey, and J. Henwood. Between the speeches the choir sang a selection of sacred music.

The names of two Baptist students appear in the matriculation list recently published by the University of London. Mr. Henderson passed in the first division, and Mr. Griffitha in the second.

**ACTON.**—There is a debt of about £550 on the Baptist chapel. A meeting was held on February 16th, under the presidency of the pastor (Caleb M. Longhurst), when nearly £300 was promised towards its liquidation. A bazaar in aid of the same will be held about October.

**BOXMOOR.**—The annual church tea and meeting took place on February 9th. The attendance was exceedingly good and the meeting most enjoyable. During the year 1875 £500 was raised for various objects connected with the church. The membership is steadily increasing, and there are many signs of continued prosperity. On Sunday, the 14th inst., the annual missionary services were held, the sermon of the

morning being preached by the pastor, the Rev. J. W. Thomas, and that of the evening by the Rev. Mr. Kingdon, of Jamaica.

**WREXHAM.**—On February 8th a very pleasant social meeting was held in the old schoolroom of the Baptist chapel, Chester-street. The object of the gathering was twofold—to commemorate the anniversary of the pastor's settlement, and to present Mr. J. B. Davies, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and Mrs. Davies, with a handsome china tea service, inkstand, and a book, on the occasion of their marriage. The meeting was presided over by the pastor, the Rev. S. D. Thomas, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Morison (now of Liverpool), George, Owen, Davies, and S. Jones. The past year was reported as the most prosperous, financially, the church has ever enjoyed. The new chapel and schoolroom are expected to be ready by May.

**LEICESTER.**—The anniversary services in connection with Charles-street Chapel, were held on the 8th, 13th, and 14th of February. For five years the church at Charles-street has passed through deep sorrow, having lost within that time two highly esteemed and devoted ministers, the Revs. T. Lomas and J. L. Whitley, who were taken from them by the hand of death. Mainly owing to these afflictions, as the church had been anxious by every means in their power to show their attachment to their late pastors, an incidental debt had accumulated until it had reached the sum of £410 17s. 11d. A special appeal was therefore made to the church and congregation to clear off this debt at these anniversary services. On February 8, Rev. Dr. Landels preached, when there was received in cash and promises £79 9s. 9d. On Sunday, February 13, the services were conducted by the Rev. J. Morley Wright in the morning, and by the Rev. Robert Caven, B.A., pastor, in the evening; the amount received in cash and promises at the Sunday services was £260 12s. 6d. The concluding services were held on Monday, when about 350

persons sat down to tea in the school-rooms. At the public meeting Mr. John Bennett, Moderator of the Leicestershire Association, presided, and the meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. W. B. Bliss, after which addresses were delivered by Revs. J. P. Mursell, J. M. Wright, W. Evans, J. W. Thew, and F. B. Meyers, B.A. A brief report of the work of the church was given by the pastor, and the financial statement by the treasurer, Mr. Samuel Mather. The treasurer stated the reasons for the heavy debt on the incidental fund, and expressed the gratification he felt at the ready response that had been given by the church and congregation to the appeal made to them on behalf of this debt. Before the meeting had proceeded far, he was enabled to state that the debt was cleared, and that he had received in cash and promises £451 17s. 9½d., leaving a balance in the treasurer's hands of £41. Several excellent addresses were delivered by the chairman and ministers present.

## BAPTISMS.

- Abercarn*.—Feb. 6, Six, by W. Williams.  
*Aberdare*.—Feb. 6, at Carmel (English), Four, by Thomas Jones.  
*Alloa*.—Feb. 13, One, by J. Scott.  
*Bacup*, Lancashire.—Feb. 6, at Zion Chapel, Four, by C. W. Gregory.  
*Bangor*.—Jan. 23, Two; Jan. 27, Two, by C. Davies.  
*Barrow-in-Furness*.—Jan. 29, at the Abbey-road, Five, by James Hughes.  
*Bath*.—Jan. 30, at Manvers-street Chapel, Six, by J. Davis.  
*Birmingham*.—Jan. 31, at Cannon-street, Five, by J. B. Blackmore.  
*Bishop Auckland*.—Jan. 30, in the New Chapel, Three, by H. Gray.  
*Blaenavon*.—Jan. 16, at the English Chapel, Nine, by W. Rees.  
*Bradford*.—Jan. 17, at Tepley-street Chapel, One, by B. Wood.  
*Burnham*, Essex.—Dec. 29, Three, by John Cole; Feb. 6, Two, by F. Page.  
*Burton*, near Bridgewater.—Feb. 3, Two, by J. H. Sobey.

- Cardiff*.—Jan. 30, at Bethany Chapel, Eight, by D. E. Jones.  
*Chesham*, Bucks.—Jan. —, at London-road Chapel, Eight, by C. A. Ingram.  
*Clay Cross*.—Feb. 3, Six, by W. Williams.  
*Coleford*, Gloucestershire.—Jan. 16, Three, by W. H. Tetley.  
*Cradley*, near Birmingham.—Dec. 26, Three, by Mr. Morgan.  
*Crewe*.—Jan. 30, Two, by F. J. Greening.  
*Croesyparc*, Peterstone-super-Ely.—Jan. 23, Two, by G. Thomas.  
*Derrynell*, Castlewellan, Ireland.—Feb. 6, Two, by D. Macrory.  
*Deusbury*.—Jan. 26, Five, by N. H. Shaw.  
*Dinsfernline*.—Feb. 2, Four, by J. T. Hagen.  
*Eritth*.—Feb. 16, Five, by J. E. Martin.  
*Eythorne*, Kent.—Jan. 30, Two, by John Stubbs.  
*Fenny Stratford*.—Jan. 26, Five, by A. Brain.  
*Four Crosses*, Festiniog.—Feb. 2, One; Feb. 6, Six, by E. Parry.  
*Great Grimsby*.—Upper Burgess-street Chapel, Jan. 30, Five, by E. Lauderdale.  
*Great Ellingham*, Norfolk.—Jan. 23, Three, by J. Toll.  
*Great Leighs*, Essex.—Jan. 23, One, by B. C. Sowerby.  
*Holyhead*.—Jan. 23, at Bethel Chapel, Two, by B. Thomas.  
*Horsforth*.—Dec. 31, Two, by Mr. Stead; Jan. 2, Four, by J. Harper.  
*Hemyock*, Devon.—Feb. 6, Three, by E. Scott.  
*Kilmarnock*, Jan. 16, One, by A. H. Young, M.A.  
*Kirkstall*.—Jan. 2, Two, by Mr. Stead.  
*Leeds*.—Jan. 30, at Hunslet Tabernacle, Seventeen, by J. Hillman.  
*Lenton*.—Feb. 6, Three, by James Parkinson.  
*Leuca*.—Jan. 23, One, by W. J. Scott.  
*Little London*, Willenhall.—Jan. 30, Two, by W. Gill.  
*Liverpool*.—Jan. 30, at Soho-street, Two, by Eli E. Walter.  
*Llandilo*, Radnor.—Jan. 9, at Moriah, One, by W. Jenkins.  
*Lochgilthead*.—Feb. 6, Two, by F. Forbes.  
*Lumb*, Lancashire.—Jan. 30, Five, by D. George.  
*Measham*.—Feb. 6, One, by W. Millington.  
*Meltham*, Yorkshire.—Feb. 5, One, by J. Alderson.
- Metropolitan District*.—
- Clapton*.—Feb. 3, at the Downs Chapel, Three, by T. V. Tytms.  
*Commercial-road Chapel*.—Jan. 30, Five, by J. Fletcher.



*Enfield Town, N.*—Feb. 3, Three, by G. W. White.

*Backney-road, E.*—Feb. 3, at Providence Chapel, Fourteen, by W. Cuff.

*John-street, Edgeware-road.*—Jan. 2, Four, by J. O. Fellowes.

*Peckham, S.E.*—Feb. 3, at Park-road, Eight, by T. Tarn.

*Metropolitan Tabernacle.*—Jan. 31, Thirteen; Feb. 3, Fifteen, by J. A. Spurgeon.

*Moss Side.*—Jan. 30, Three, by B. Chenery.

*Narberth.*—Feb. 13, Five, by B. Thomas.

*Neath.*—Feb. 13, Five, by A. F. Mills.

*New Whittington.*—Feb. 6, Six, by R. T. Lewis.

*Neyland.*—Feb. 3, One, by M. H. Jones.

*Ogden, near Rochdale.*—Jan. 30, Four, by A. E. Greening.

*Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.*—Feb. 6, One, by James Evans.

*Porthcawl, Glam.*—Jan. 23, Two, by D. T. Phillips.

*Portsmouth.*—Feb. 2, at Lake-road, Landport, Four, by T. W. Medhurst.

*Rhos, Mountain Ash (Welsh).*—Feb. 6, Nine, by W. Williams.

*Risca.*—Feb. 6, at Bethany, English Chapel, Eight, by Thomas Thomas.

*Sardis, Pembrokeshire.*—Feb. 6, Three, by W. Gay.

*Sheerness-on-Sea.*—Feb. 2, Three, by J. R. Hadler.

*Southampton.*—Jan. 30, at Carlton Chapel, Five, by E. Osborn.

*Southport.*—Dec. 27, Eight; Jan. 26, One, by L. Nuttall.

*St. Helen's-lane.*—Jan. —, at Park-road Chapel, One, by J. Hamilton.

*Stockton-on-Tees.*—Feb. 6, Six, by H. Moore.

*Treorkey, Rhondda Valley.*—Jan. 30, for the English Church, Three, by Daniel Davies.

*Ulverstone.*—Feb. 2, Three, by T. Lardner.

*Westbury Leigh, Wilts.*—Feb. 2, Six, by W. Thomas.

*Wheelock Heath, Cheshire.*—Jan. 30, Nine; Feb. 6, Seven, by E. Pedley.

*Wrexham.*—Jan. 26, Two, by T. D. Thomas.

*Ystrad, Pontypridd.*—Jan. 16, Four, by L. Lewis.

recollections were associated with Wesleyans. As a child, he tells us, he became interested in the public services of the sanctuary; and such were his predilections for preaching that his fond mother fully believed that her son would one day grace the pulpit. At four years of age his mother died; soon after he was sent to the school of Mr. Neale, at Chester.

On leaving Chester, Jabez Burns found another tutor in the Rev. William Winter, the master of the Grammar-school at Oldham. This change was the means of conferring lasting benefit on the young scholar, and the obligation was never forgotten. In subsequent years, Mr. Burns visited this friend of his childhood. "I was then minister and author," he remarks, "and called upon him in his old age, and presented my earliest book, when I had the inexpressible pleasure of having his blessing, with tears of awakened sympathy and love streaming down his face.

#### *Early Life and Struggles.*

At fourteen, Mr. Burns entered a drapery establishment at York. In the cathedral city he at once made a number of friends among the Wesleyan preachers, the Revs. Isaac Burton and A. E. Farrar being especial favourites. At York Mr. Burns was converted. Before he was sixteen, Mr. Burns commenced preaching, taking for his first text the Saviour's words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

His master in York failed, and Mr. Burns accepted another business situation in Bradford. Being pressed to preach, he did so to the best of his ability, and though as yet his sermons were crude, and his library consisted of only a dozen volumes, he found many admirers. He now became a hard reader; he stored up knowledge rapidly, and he considered that at this stage he contracted that book fever which clung to him for life. Theology became his delight.

After leaving Bradford Mr. Burns superintended a bookseller's business

### RECENT DEATHS.

It is with feelings of sadness that we have to announce the death of Dr. BURNS, one of the oldest and most trusted of the editor's friends. Our departed friend was born at Oldham, December 18, 1805, and his earliest

at Keighley during three years, and though he assiduously attended to business by day, he felt at liberty to read his employer's wares by night. In the commercial troubles which occurred soon after his marriage, in 1824, Mr. Burns lost his situation, and leaving his wife and son behind, he came to London to push his fortunes, with scanty means and few friends. When he arrived in London, he found the town in the midst of a commercial crisis, so that his prospects were anything but encouraging. In due time, however, a situation was procured. "My greatest difficulty," he says, when speaking of this period, "with the numerous tempting bookstalls in my everyday walk, was to supply my home manager with the means of house-keeping, and purchasing every attractive volume that came in my way, and sometimes the conflict was severe between books and bread." In London he changed his views on the subject of baptism.

Soon after his baptism at Suffolk-street Chapel, Mr. Burns produced his first literary work, the *Christian Sketch Book*, and his preaching engagements in and about London now became increasingly numerous. Thus he laboured on until the year 1829, when circumstances led to his removal to Scotland.

In Edinburgh, Dundee, Perth, and Leith, a kind of Christian mission was organised by a few friends, and Mr. Burns became the chief leading agent, taking up his residence at the two latter places successively. His daily duties were now in strict accordance with his tastes, and his advancement in knowledge was correspondingly rapid. He conducted a periodical called the *Christian Miscellany*, sent forth his second volume of the *Spiritual Cabinet*, so that his pen and some six or seven public services a week, as he tells us, gave him "sufficient healthful labour." He went through five years of effective service in the North, and then returned to London in the spring of 1835 to take charge of the congregation in Church-street Chapel, Edgware-road.

### *London Labours and Successes.*

The church in London over which he was now settled as pastor was in a low condition. Yet he set manfully to work, and was successful in his endeavours to supplement his ministerial income by the earnings of his pen. Usefulness was his constant aim, so that in his old age he was able to say, with honest truthfulness, "I have never made human praise or pecuniary gain the end of my writing, but have cast my book-seed on the waters, expecting to find such results as pleased God after many days." Thus he pursued his course of honour and usefulness until his services were gracefully recognised by his receiving "the honour of D.D." from the University of Middletown, Connecticut, in 1846, and the degree of LL.D. in 1872, the last having been conferred by Bates' College, Lewiston, Maine. On this subject our friend remarked, "Not being always the best judges of our own intellectual and moral health, I have submitted to the doctoring processes of these celebrated institutions, and have not questioned the wisdom or kindness they have exhibited towards me."

Dr. Burns' success, both as a pastor and as an author, continued to the last. He was an extensive traveller, and an uncompromising champion of the temperance cause. Always a devoted Christian, kind-hearted, and sympathetic, a laborious student and a vigilant pastor, his memory will long remain green among the churches of which he was at once the servant and the ornament.

### *Beginning of the End, and Death.*

The earliest evidence of organic debility occurred in the month of November, 1874, when, owing to some burns accidentally received during the delivery of a lecture in his chapel, Dr. Burns suddenly fainted, and remained in that state for half an hour, to the great alarm of all present. In the February of last year he was seized with pleurisy and inflammation, which

kept him from his pulpit three Lord's days—his longest term of such absence, through illness, for forty years. This attack was seriously complicated with disordered action of the heart, which made his recovery very incomplete, and left a depressing languor, against which he contended with a resolution that, unhappily, tended to aggravate the disease. It was apparent to anxious observers that his refusal to take absolute rest from public labours was gradually rendering their performance less easy, and more subject to injurious reactions. On the evening of Sunday, November 21, he referred in warm and eulogistic language to the ministerial career of Dr. Brock, then recently deceased, and concluded his discourse by quoting the pathetic words, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." On the following Tuesday Dr. Burns spoke at a Temperance meeting, and on Thursday, November 25, though feeling very unequal to the effort, he left London to address a large meeting in Southampton; but becoming too ill to proceed, he alighted at the Farnborough Station, and sank insensible upon the platform. He received every attention from the company's servants, and next day was conveyed to his own house in a very exhausted state. The intense cold had induced temporary congestion of the lungs, and had aggravated the more serious malady. Medical appliances and the best nursing failed to produce much sensible benefit, though Dr. R. Quain, who was called in for consultation, gave hope of a partial recovery. His interest in Church affairs, however, continued as keen as ever; and to his younger son and co-pastor of the church, he confided short letters to be read to the congregation twice each Lord's Day. In these touching communications he repeatedly avowed his resignation to the Divine will, and exhibited a yearning solicitude for the spiritual good of the people to whom for so long a period he had ministered. With one exception these pastoral letters were continued up to Sunday, January 16th, inclusive, after which he was not

able to make any use of the pen without great difficulty. It was now evident that the vigour of his constitution, which had excited the wonder of his medical attendants, was fast succumbing to the disease; but the mind naturally and up to the last reverted to religious thoughts and aspirations, whenever the pressure of the malady was reduced, until, at about half-past six o'clock on Monday night, 31st January, the dismissal came, leading, without a struggle, "to the life beyond life," "for ever with the Lord." On Saturday, February 5th, his remains were interred in the Paddington Cemetery, amongst a large concourse of weeping friends. The service was conducted by the Rev. G. W. McCree. On the following Sunday special services were preached at Church-street Chapel by Dr. Angus and W. A. Blake. On Sunday, the 13th, the Rev. J. Clifford preached, and on the Monday, the 14th, the Rev. J. P. Chown preached. Sermons were also preached at Borough-road Chapel by G. W. McCree, at Bow Chapel by J. H. Blake, and at Park Chapel, Brentford, by W. A. Blake.

REV. JOSEPH PREECE, of Westbury, Wilts, died on the 1st of December last, at the age of eighty-three, having continued in active Christian work until within a single Sabbath of his removal. Mr. Preece's labours as a preacher had extended over nearly sixty years, for he began to use his talent in speaking for the Master very soon after his conversion, which took place when he was a youth of nineteen. He was born in a small village near Hereford, at that time a very benighted part of England in regard to evangelical religion. The writer of this notice has often heard Mr. Preece describe the scenes of violence which interrupted the first attempts of himself and other Baptist evangelists to preach the Gospel in the rural parts of his native county. The clergymen of the parish would often take the lead in mobbing the unwelcome interlopers, and in threatening them with the horsepond, a threat which was



## A DIRECT CHALLENGE FOR DEFINITE PRAYER.\*

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

“And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?”—MARK x. 51.

No doubt our Lord's disciples imagined that He was going up to Jerusalem to take unto Himself the kingdom. They hoped that they should be partakers of that earthly grandeur which they had fondly pictured would glitter around the person of the Son of David. When, therefore, the blind man ventured to cry out clamorously to Him whom they esteemed to be a great King, they thought it a daring intrusion. Who was the son of Timeus that he should say, “Thou Son of David, have mercy on me”? They were all anxious to hush the voice of misery in the presence of so much majesty. But our Lord Jesus Christ did not spurn the blind man's prayer as intrusive or impertinent. He was not angry with him. He did not even pass on without taking any notice. What He did was to stand still, and command the man to be brought to Him.

May we not draw some comfort from the thought that our prayers never are intrusions? Whenever we go before God in deep distress, He is always ready to hearken to our cry. Whatever grand purpose or momentous project engage His mind, He will be surely attentive to the longings of His needy suppliants. Though our Lord Jesus Christ is at this moment King of kings and Lord of lords, and inconceivably glorious, though hosts of angels count it their highest delight to do His bidding, yet He bears in heaven the same heart towards sinners which He had on earth. Amidst the thunders of the everlasting hallelujahs, He can detect the sighs of the prisoners, the plaints of the sufferers, and the groans of the contrite. He will halt to give heed to the requests of blind beggars, and in His pity He will relieve their distress. Should not this encourage those of you who are seeking Him? Whatever Satan may suggest to the contrary, take this passage of God's Word for your cheer. He did hear the blind man's cry when He was upon earth, and He will hear you now that He is in heaven. And you, backsliding child of God, difficult as you may find it to pray, if enabled to vent your griefs, your sighs shall be heard, your tears shall be seen, and you shall certainly have an audience from Him who delighteth in mercy. There are times even with those who live nearest to God when they fall into despondencies, and imagine that their voice is shut out from heaven's gate, but it is not so. When I cannot come to God as a saint, what a mercy it is that I may come to Him as a sinner! And if I have lost all my evidences, what a blessing it is that I need not stop to find them, that I may go to the mercy seat without any!

“Just as I am without one plea,  
But that His blood was shed for me.”

When, reduced to the utmost beggary as to internal grace, I find myself naked, and poor, and miserable, I may still hear God saying to me, “I

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No. 209, NEW SERIES.

counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed." In our worst estate prayer is still efficacious. Long as we live let us pray." Until ye hear the bolts of perdition fast closed upon you, and ye are shut up in hell, doubt not the right of petition, or the prevalence of your earnest plea. There is an ear to hear in heaven so long as there is a heart to plead on earth.

Let this first impression be riveted on your minds, and you will, I trust, be prepared for three further reflections which I now wish to introduce to you.

I. Our Lord, before he healed the blind man, said to him, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" Hence I infer THAT IT IS IMPORTANT A SEEKING SINNER SHOULD KNOW WHAT IT IS THAT HE REALLY WANTS, AND SOMETIMES CHRIST DELAYS TO GIVE SALVATION UNTIL MEN ARE BROUGHT MORE CLEARLY TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IS COMPREHENDED IN THAT INESTIMABLE BLESSING.

A large proportion of those persons who express a certain desire to be saved, have no Scriptural idea whatever of what being saved is. I am afraid that many who profess to have found salvation are really the victims of religious excitement, greatly moved by the exhortations they have heard, yet little or in no degree enlightened as to the fundamental truths on which a good hope is based.

The most current idea, of course, is, that to be saved means to be delivered from going down into the pit, from enduring the sentence of everlasting perdition. That it does comprise that we grant you, though that is far from being its sole intent. This is a result of salvation, though it is not the essence of salvation as it is discovered to the souls of the redeemed. Men are saved, blessed be God, many years before the time of death, and conscious of being saved, too. In some respects they are as thoroughly and perfectly saved as they will be when they get to heaven. Salvation is not postponed till the day of judgment, when thou shalt have deliverance from hell; it may be enjoyed here on earth when thy sins are forgiven, and thou art redeemed from the present evil world.

Or it may be that you have a vague impression that salvation consists in the *pardon of your sins*. This is true, but it does not compass all the truth. When thou sayest, "I would have my sins forgiven," dost thou know what sin is? Hast thou ever had any clear view of what it really means? We use certain terms and common words often, I fear, without a corresponding thought in our minds. Know, then, that thou hast broken God's law, both by omitting to do what thou shouldst have done, and by not doing that which thou shouldst have done. Those ten commands which thou wilt find in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, are like so many looking-glasses, in which thou canst see what thou hast done, and what thou hast not done; what crimes they are which cry out against thee before the judgment throne of God, which will certainly drag thee down to hell unless thou be delivered from the dread penalty. Consider, too, the heavy weight, as well as the grievous guilt, of sin. Hast thou felt the load and burden of sin? "A stone is heavy and the sand weighty," saith Solomon; but, ah! what specific gravity will compare with sin! Well might David groan beneath the load: "Mine iniquities are gone over mine head; as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me."

All the burdens that may devolve upon you through the toils of life

the calamities of the world, or the visitations of Providence, cannot equal the load of sin, for this is a burden that oppresses the conscience, crushes the heart, and paralyses every faculty of the soul. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?" A conscience stricken with a sense of sin will readily interpret that wounded spirit which is not bearable for a man. Were that terrible incubus to rest long upon him, his spirit would fail utterly before the Lord. If mercy did not come speedily to their rescue men might soon lose their wits, and become frantic, despondency leading to despair, and despair to insanity. Oh, how venomous the poison of sin when the arrows stick fast and fester. Hast thou known what sin is? If not I am afraid thy prayer will be unmeaning as that of James and John, to whom it was said, "Ye know not what ye ask." Have you ever had an idea, when asking for the forgiveness of sin, what sin really deserves? what kind of recompense it justly demands? Let it always be remembered by us that every sin we have committed exposes us to the wrath of God—a wrath that is represented by terrible pictures in God's Word, as a flame that is never quenched, a fire that never ceases to burn. In order to deliver us from this penalty, it was absolutely necessary that some one else should bear this punishment on our behalf. I do not think that we intelligently ask for the pardon of sin unless we have some view of the crucified Saviour, the slaughtered Lamb, who stood in our room and stead, and put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. Ah! seeking soul, if thou knowest the weight of sin, and if thou knowest that Christ carried it, then canst thou say, "Lord, I would have my sins forgiven," in answer to the question, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?"

And yet salvation includes more than deliverance from hell and a free pardon; for it emancipates the soul from its dominant power. Those among us who are saved from the guilt of sin are abundantly conscious that we are not fully released from the power of sin in our own breasts. Loved ones who have passed beyond the stars, and see God's face without a veil between, are saved, completely saved, from indwelling sin, but none of us here enjoy that blessed emancipation, though there be some who boast a perfection it were hard to prove; but, alas, they slightly prejudice their profession by their pride. Still salvation, from the despotic power of sin, must be achieved, and in a high degree it must be compassed, by all believers, or they shall never see God's face with acceptance. Brethren, we must have our reigning sins subdued. Know ye not that no drunkard, or whoremonger, or covetous person that is an idolater, can have any inheritance in the Kingdom of God? These sins must be cut off; they must be slain, and overcome. And so far as any other sins are concerned, they must be no longer citizens of the heart. You must look upon them as intruders and aliens that are to be driven out, like the Canaanites out of the land of promise. Mortify, therefore, your members; subdue your lusts, overcome your corruptions. "But," the man replies, "how can I do this?" A most fitting question! Thou canst not do it, but Christ says, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" His power is equal to every emergency. There is no sin too strong for Christ. During His sojourn on earth, there was no devil that He could not cast out, so there is no sin which He cannot eject and eradicate. A legion of devils fled at the fiat of our Lord. Doubt not that legions of furious lusts and fiery

tempers can be overcome by the faith that pleads His prevailing name. Brethren, let us never sit down content with small degrees of sanctification. Reason not with yourselves as though ye could never get beyond your present dwarfed stature. Others have outgrown it. There have been men far more distinguished for piety and humility and every grace than we are. The attainments to which the Master has led them are accessible to all saints under the same guidance, through the same Divine power. Let us aspire to holiness. Let us follow after it with fresh ardour. Be not satisfied merely to live, but seek to grow; be not content, to remain babes, taking your portion of milk, but seek to be strong men who shall enjoy the strong meat of the Word of God.

Now, I believe there are hundreds of persons who have no desire to be saved, and would rather not be saved, if this is what salvation means. Why, man, if you are saved you will be saved from those pleasurable sins in which now you are wont to revel. Some of you when you get a holiday, following the inclinations of a corrupt heart and a vicious taste, hie you off to haunts where birds of your own feather congregate. Should you be saved you will seek far different society. The company you now love you will then hate, and the pleasures you enjoy so much now, will become as detestable as they were delightful to you. When you say, "Lord, save me," do you mean, "Lord, save me from being what I am; Lord, I have been a drunkard, make me sober; I have been unchaste, make me pure; I have been dishonest, make me upright; I have been deceitful, make me to speak the truth to my neighbour; I have been violating Thy statutes, make me mindful of Thy Word; I have been Thine enemy, Lord, make me Thy friend; I have made my belly my God, now do Thou be my God; I desire to be reconciled to Thee, so that Thy will shall be my will, Thy service my delight, and Thy way the path which I shall choose"? Do you mean that? If any man says honestly, "I do desire to be saved from sin," I do not think you will long have such a desire ungratified; but the Lord Jesus will say, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." He can and He will save you if that is what you mean.

As for you good Christian people who are seeking the conversion of sinners, *try to go about it in Christ's own way.* It is right for you to exhort them to believe in Christ. I like to hear you sing

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One,"

but do recollect that a man must have some understanding, both of what sin is, and of what the Saviour is, before he can believe, for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Endeavour, therefore, to instruct persons in the Gospel. Merely to exhort them to believe; simply to cry, "Believe, believe, believe!" is of little worth, however earnest a man may be in raising that cry, for the sinner naturally inquires, "What is it that I have to believe? On whom am I to believe? For what reason am I to believe? Why do I need to believe?" So, go about your work of soul-winning in the power of the Holy Spirit. Go about it intelligently, understanding that as Jesus Christ would not open the blind man's eyes till he had first made him state, not for Christ's information, but for the man's own cognoscence, what it was that he wanted, and made him say "Lord, that I may receive my sight," so must you endeavour, when you tell out the Gospel, to let men know what their need of that Gospel is, give



them not merely the expostulations, the admonitions, and the exhortations of the Gospel, but give them its instructions likewise. Or else you go and bid them come and there is no feast; you invite them to the waters, but you do not tell them what the waters are. Let it be with you then, henceforth, to instruct sinners in the way of the Lord. As David says, "Them will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee."

We will leave that first homily, and proceed to a second.

II. Our text clearly indicates to us all THE GREAT NECESSITY OF PRAYING WITH A DIRECT OBJECT.

This poor man was not allowed to pray in general. "Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me:" a very proper prayer, and a very blessed prayer, but certainly it was a very wide prayer. So he was encouraged to be more specific in his request. "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? Thou askest for mercy; what form of mercy dost thou need? In what particular shape shall the bountiful hand dispense the mercy to thee?" The blind man at once replies, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." He hits the mark with precision. It is sight he wants, and for sight he asks. This is the right way for believers to pray. I wish we had more of it in our prayer meetings; I do not find fault, for we have had blessed seasons of prayer here; but, rest assured that those are the best prayers in all respects, if they be earnest and sincere, which go most directly to the point. You know there is a way of praying in the closet, and praying in the family, in which you do not ask for anything. You say a great many good things, introduce much of your own experience, review the doctrines of grace very thoughtfully, but you do not ask for anything in particular. Such prayer is always uninteresting to listen to, and I think it must be rather tedious to those who offer it. A negro who was noted for his great earnestness in prayer was once asked how it was that whenever he prayed he seemed to be so earnest, and he said, "Because I always have an errand when I go to the King; I always have an errand; I go to Him knowing that I want something, and I ask Him for it, and I stop till He gives it to me; and if He does not give it to me, I ask Him again and again, for I know what I am at." Of what avail were it to keep on going in and out of a banker's door all day, if you have no business to transact and nothing to get, but it is quite different when you go up to the counter with your cheque and receive in return the golden sovereigns. It would be very uninteresting to wait upon Her Majesty every morning and evening with an address which merely said, "Your Majesty's attached and most loyal subject," if you never asked for anything. Yet how much prayer of that kind is addressed to heaven; sheet lightning prayer—not the forked flash that does the work; like shooting arrows up at the moon, instead of imitating David, when he said, "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee." He looked at the target, marked the bull's-eye, then drew the bow; and after he had shot the arrow he adds, "And will look up,"—as if to see whether the arrow really went to the mark, whether the prayer had sped with God so that a gracious answer would be given. Should we not sometimes, when alone, and about to pray, sit down a little while, to consider what we are about to ask? Should we not often pray better if we recollected that the preparation of the heart in man as well as the answer of the tongue is from the Lord, and that the preparation of

the heart precedes the answer of the tongue? In offering our sacrifices to God this helter-skelter ill becomes us. Not with heedless step should we rush into His presence. The decorum which is due to a king's court might admonish us of the reverence due to the King of kings. Although we enjoy the privileged familiarity which permits us to say "*Our Father*" as dear children of the Lord of heaven and earth, let us never forget the humility that becomes us, the profound obeisance we owe as subjects of the great King. Tenderly He asks; devoutly may we answer, "What wilt thou that I should do unto Thee?"

Now, dear friends, let me challenge a plain answer to a plain question. As you are sitting here in this house, what is your desire before the Lord? Let your conscience make such a reply that when you get home you may intelligently, in the closing prayer of the day, approach the Lord for what you want. What is the uppermost desire of your soul? Perhaps with some it is that some besetting sin may be overcome. "Oh!" say you, "what would I give could I but get rid of that bad temper of mine! It is my daily cross, and I do not want to harbour it." "Ah!" says another, "I am so unbelieving, a little trouble soon casts me down; oh! that I could get rid of my unbelief!" Well now, very likely, dear friends, the sin you ought to pray against is one you are not striving against. Were I to come to you in the aisle, and take you by the button-hole, and tell you what your principal sin is, you would feel very vexed with me, for we are apt to resent the faithfulness of those who tell us of our faults. To touch the tender place makes the nerves tingle, and it seems like wilful torture. When somebody complains of something which our conscience does not endorse, we take it kindly, and accept their good intentions, thinking that had they known us better they would have esteemed us more highly; but if they really touch the sores where most they smart, we do not admire their treatment. The flush we feel—the blush we fain would hide. Yet cloak not now the vice which an Omniscient God discerns. Let this be a time of heart-searching. Say now, "Lord, is my sin covetousness?" That is a sin which never yet did I hear a man confess. A Roman Catholic priest, who had heard the confessions of some two thousand persons, said he had heard men confess heinous iniquities of every kind, even murder and adultery, but that he never had heard any man confess covetousness. This is a crime they christen, and call it by another name. A covetous man thinks he is prudent; he is just laying by a little money for a rainy day. His greed, he tells you, is not to gratify himself, but a generous impulse to provide for his family; for their wives and their children, they would have us believe, that they waste their strength and wither their souls. Nevertheless, their fortune is their fallacy. To grip and to grasp, to have and to hold, is their desire so long as they live, and late enough they commonly leave it before they devise to their dear ones the possessions they can no longer retain. Alas! we are often wicked enough to try to make our affection an excuse for our avarice. Let us come to the point honestly. When we are dealing with our sin let us confess it with all its iniquity and its heinousness. Do not dissemble by accepting a small share in a public company. David, when he wanted full discharge, said, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness." He acknowledged the atrocity when he sought the atonement—"Forgive my blood-guiltiness,"—as one who saw his crime in the light of its conse-

quence, not as one who attempted to palliate it with vain excuses. "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee in that matter?"

If thou hast no particular sin to confess—if that is not thy uppermost anxiety at this time—what, then, is thy petition? what want hast thou to be supplied? Is it some great want? hast thou numerous little wants? they may all be told to God. Get a clear idea of what it is that thou really dost need that He should do for thee, knowing that whatsoever thy necessities may be there is the promise, "My God shall supply all your need,"—not some of it, but "all your need;" not He *may* do it, but He *shall* do it; not you will have to supply it yourselves, but He will supply it; "My God shall supply all your need." Think, therefore, what your want is, and then go to God. Is there any choice blessing that you desire? Get a clear idea of the blessing before you pray for it. What form of blessing would you wish to have? Oh! if I might have my choice it would be heavenly-mindedness. Oh! if a man could but get that, he need not make much account of where he lived nor what he had to eat, nor how much he slept, nor how much he suffered, for a heavenly mind is heaven. The mind makes its own heaven here below, and up above. Though doubtless heaven has a locality—yet it is much more a state than a place. Oh! for more heavenly-mindedness! What is it thou wouldest have? Communion with Christ? Love to souls? A broken heart? True humility? I may say of all these things—"The land is before thee, that thou mayest go forward and possess it; ask that thou wilt, and it shall be done unto thee."

What promise is there that thou wouldest wish to have fulfilled to thee to-night? It is a good exercise to sit down before evening prayer, and look out the promise that seems most suitable, or to ask the Lord to look it out for you, and apply it to your soul. Take this promise, if so be there is disease next door—"Lord, Thou hast said, 'Thousands shall fall at thy side, and tens of thousands at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee.' Lord, fulfil that promise now." Art thou startled by a noise at dead of the night, then quote this promise—"Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night." Perhaps it is shortness of provision that troubles you. Then here is another promise—"Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." When you lost a key the other day, and could not open the drawer, what did you do? You sent out for a locksmith, and in he came with a whole bundle of old rusty keys. What for? Why, he looked out one that fitted the lock of your drawer, and opened it for you at once. Now, many people's Bibles are just like that bundle of rusty keys. There is always a key in the Bible that will fit the wards in the lock of your necessities, if you would but seek till you find it. But sometimes we are in distress, as Christian and Hopeful were in Doubting Castle, and we have to say, as Christian did, "What a fool am I to lie rotting in this stinking dungeon, when I have a key in my bosom that I am persuaded would open every lock in Doubting Castle!" Search out the promises, then, and go before God with a distinct answer to the question—"What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" "Lord, I would have that promise fulfilled, or that grace bestowed, or that want supplied, or that sin forgiven."

So, dear friends, in intercessory prayer, it is very necessary, I think, in order to keep up our own interest in it, that we should have distinct

objects. I do not find that I can pray for all mankind anything like so fervently as I can pray for my own children. I do not find that I can pray for the nation as well as I can for London. When I pray for London, I seek to do it earnestly. It behoves us to pray for all men, according to Scripture. All sorts of men are to be included in our supplications. I must, however, confess that I am most fervent in prayer when I pray for this congregation, and that because I have the most vivid thought of this people, and the clearest idea of their present requirements. If you want to pray for any particular person, or any special object, the better you understand the case you have in hand, the warmer and livelier your pleading will be. There are people in this chapel who have asked me to pray for them. Well, I have tried to do so, and I hope the Lord heard my prayer. But since I have known more of them, and found out where they live, and who they were, I can pray for them with more freedom than I could before. They were a sort of abstraction to me once; I have a definite acquaintance with them now. How easily you remember anything that is tied to something else, or linked by association with a place. Thus you recollect a transaction that occurred to you in the City of London. Every time that you go by the Bank, just at one spot, you say—"I met so-and-so just here the day before he died." You will never forget it, but you think of it every time you go by. Or perhaps at the corner of a road in the country, just by a hand-post, such and such a thing happened to you, and the site of land revokes the circumstance. Thus we recollect our friends in prayer when we get a knowledge of them, call them up before our mind's eye, and knit, as it were, their secret interests with what we have seen of them when we have talked to them, and been interested in their trials. Some good people have prayed for others by name. Well, you cannot do that if you have a long list, and happen to be a busy man; still, it is good to pray for others by name, if you can. I like those prayers, even in public, in which men do pray for others with some distinctness. Oh! what time we waste when we go beating round the bush! We know individuals who pray for their minister with a circumlocution that distracts the listener. They travel round and round a circle, instead of going at once to the point. A man hardly likes to say "Lord, save my wife." He prefers talking about "those who are dear to us in the ties of consanguinity, and her who is the partner of our being." Yes, that sounds pretty, very pretty indeed, but would it not be as well if you said at once, "Lord, convert my wife?" There is one brother here who does pray in that way at the prayer-meetings, and who uses those very words. When pleading with God, do let us come straight to the mark, knowing what we are at ourselves, and therefore stating our case plainly in answer to the question—"What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" May the Lord teach us to pray in this distinct manner!

III. Time fails us, therefore we will only mention a third point. Our Lord Jesus Christ, in asking this question of the blind man, makes no reservation, BUT THROWS OPEN THE PLENTITUDE OF HIS HEART AND THE BOUNDLESSNESS OF HIS POWER.

"What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" is tantamount to saying "Whatever it is I will do it; I can do it. Only tell me what you want?" There is no bound to the Saviour's ability. Nor does He put a limit on the suppliant's leave to command the favour he desires. It was not then

for the blind man to say "Lord, if thou wilt." He has the opportunity of procuring any boon he solicits. Mark, brethren, it is no question of "can" with regard to Christ; the question is what do you desire? Now, sinner, observe, the Lord Jesus Christ did not stop to inquire about this man's blindness, whether he had been blind from his birth, or whether he had been affected with a cataract or amaurosis, or any other form of ocular disease. He just said, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" No species of ophthalmia could baffle Him. In any form, or at any stage, it was possible for Him to cure it. The Lord Jesus Christ speaks to thee. He says to thee to-day—"Whosoever will let him come and take of the water of life freely." He does not say anything as to whether thou hast been moral or immoral, whether thou hast been profane or religious, but simply, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" Thy blackest sins will disappear the moment the scarlet of the blood touches them. Thy foulest crimes shall melt like snow as soon as the thaw begins. Thou canst not have sinned thyself beyond the reach of the long arm of Christ, nor can the weight of thy sin be too heavy for the back of Christ, the great Sin-bearer, to bear. Whatever thine iniquities, though they be red like scarlet, they shall be as wool, though they be as crimson they shall be whiter than snow. Some of us would have no hope if we did not know that Christ will save the chief of sinners. We should long since have sunk into remorse and despair if we had not seen it written in letters of gold—"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." You know John Bunyan's hint about that text. He says, "Who is this man? Who is this 'Him that cometh?' Why, any 'him that cometh' in all the world, be he who he may, he will in nowise, under no pretext, for no reason, and in no way, ever cast out." If thou comest to Christ, He will keep His word. He cannot be a liar. He must be as good as His own declaration. If thou comest to Him, He will not cast thee out. What wilt thou that He should do unto thee?

Oh, believer, hast thou a desire upon thy soul, hast thou a longing in thy heart, then Christ does not say that He will give thee this mercy, if it be possible, but He is able to do for you exceeding abundantly above what you ask or even think. I hear that text still quoted by some of my brethren—"above all that we can ask or even think." I beg their pardon; that is not a faithful quotation of Scripture. It says "above all that we ask or think"—above all that we *do* ask. God can open a man's mouth as wide as His mercies, and He can make us ask for anything, but He generally does for us above all that we ask or think. Never keep thy mouth closed because thou thinkest the mercy to be too great. "He that spared not His own Son, but freely delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not also with Him freely give us all things?" Do not stint thyself. Enlarge thy desire. Open thy mouth wide, and He will fill it. He gives thee *carte blanche*; sue for what thou wilt. He puts it before thee, "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He will give thee the desire of thy heart." So may it be to us, according to our faith, and His shall be the glory.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### GRAPHIC SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

#### THE REVIVAL AT ROCKFOOT.

##### PART IV.

Six months have passed away since the first revival prayer meeting was held. Did it prove the first and the last? The reader will be gratified to hear that instead of coming to such a sudden and sad end, it proved the forerunner of many more of a similar character, equally profitable and larger still. How this came about; and the striking events that followed, will be best shown by making public a private and characteristic letter sent at this date, by one of the members to an inquiring sister. The writer is our old and valued friend Mrs. Shepherd, who, of course, writes just as she talks; and that will make us like her letter all the better.

Rockfoot Farm, Dec. 20th, 18—

DEAR SARAH,—“I intended to write to you before, but we have had so much to do on the farm that I could not find time for it. Some of the cattle, I am sorry to say, have suffered from the foot and mouth disease, and then I have had Johnny and Lizzie down with the measles, and baby has also had a poorly bout with cutting its teeth, so that you will see my hands have been full enough without having to write letters. They are all, however, better now, which you will be glad to hear, and now as Shepherd is gone to market to sell a few sheep, and the children are enjoying them-

selves at a little birthday party, and the baby is sound asleep in the cradle, I thought while things were so quiet that I would sit down at once and try and write you a good long letter, and I only hope you won't be tired of reading it before you get to the end of it.

“You want to know if we haven't had a revival in our church at Rockfoot, and whether it's a genuine one, and likely to be lasting; and you say you will thank me to send you the particulars. Yes, it's true we have had a revival in our church, and not before it was needed either. We had been in a poor state some time, and just as we were getting on a bit, Satan got his foot amongst us and made a stir, and so the end on't was our good minister began to think that it was about time for him to go. But before it came to that, as the Lord would have it, he preached a sermon about abundant Christian life, which roused us all up and caused us to have such a prayer meeting as I never saw at the place since I joined. We all fell to confessing our personal sins, and asking the Lord to pardon and sanctify us, and give us grace to live a more holy life in the future. Shepherd and I were both at the meeting, and says he, as we came away: ‘Well, Jenny, I wouldn't have missed this meeting for ten shillings, it's done my soul so much good; I only wish some of our absent friends who talk of the meeting as “only a prayer meeting” had been with us to-night; they would never have uttered that saying again; they would have been so ashamed on't.’

'And so they would,' says I. Well from that time all our meetings have been better attended, and the congregations on Sundays are getting on nicely. The chapel is not quite full yet, but if things continue to go on as they are it will soon be. Not a month passes but we have some fresh candidates, and they give so many signs of being truly converted, that it makes our church meeting like little Pentecosts, so different to what they used to be when nobody hardly went, and when they did go got no good for going.

"Then it's right cheering to see how our own good minister is revived. You know I always liked him though a few didn't; but that didn't matter much, as it is a question if they would like anybody long, they are so changeable. Still, for all that, it's astonishing how much better he preaches than he used to. When he comes into the pulpit it just seems as if he had come direct from the Mount with his face shining like Moses, and he gives out the hymns, and reads the lessons and prays with such feeling that it seems quite to melt us all down; and then when he preaches it is so simple and instructive, and full of good old Gospel truth, and he does so plead with poor sinners to seek their souls' salvation, that I wonder that anybody can sit and listen to him without being profited, and if they are not saved, without being converted and wanting to be baptised there and then. Indeed, when he was baptising the other Sunday night he spoke out so about the duty of all to be immersed like the Lord Jesus, that a Methodist local preacher who had only been christened, came out and walked straight down the aisle, and then before the whole congregation said he'd follow

the Master at once through the water if they'd let him. So knowing him to be a genuine character and honest, and a good Christian, Mr. Bright did as he wished, and baptised him partly in his Sunday clothes, and so he had to go home afterwards, partly dressed in some which the friends borrowed, and that were found nearly to fit him. Now wasn't that good? and wouldn't it be a grand thing if all Christians who have neglected their duty, would act up to their convictions and come straight out like that?

"Then I'm glad to inform you that our deacons are revived too. You know we always had, at least, one good deacon—Mr. King. I was going to say that he didn't need reviving, but perhaps that would be going too far, only if he did nobody knew it, for everybody considered him such a good man, and he was always at his post as deacons should be. But Mr. Gunter *did* need a stirring up, for he was so full of business that he was rarely seen at a meeting; but I am told that he's hardly missed a meeting since, though once he was sadly tempted, and it happened in this way. He was just getting ready to start for the Tuesday evening meeting, when in comes one of his best customers with a large order that he wanted Mr. Gunter to attend to at once. 'But,' says Mr. Gunter, 'I'm just going to our meeting.' 'Oh! bother the meeting,' says he, 'attend to this order; it's so important.' 'Won't to-morrow do?' asks Mr. Gunter. He said it wouldn't, and if he didn't attend to him then, he'd give his order to somebody else. What to do the deacon didn't know. At first he thought he'd stop, as it would only be for once, and he didn't want to lose such a good order, but then he thought he heard a voice saying to

him, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' So that settled him, and he left his customer and came to the meeting. He told us, however, that he was greatly tempted on the road to go back, and not run the risk of losing his good customer as well as the order, but he lifted up his heart to God for help, and God gave him grace to go straight on. And glad he was he did, for what do you think happened? The customer came back next day and gave him an order for twice as many goods as he intended to have the night before; and more than that, he's come to our chapel ever since, because he said, although for a bit he was angry, at the bottom he respected Mr. Gunter all the more for thus carrying out his principles. Now let us hope he will be converted, and that will be a good end to the story. Any way deacon Gunter lost nothing by risking a loss in God's good service.

"Then there is our other deacon, Mr. Copperfield, and without being uncharitable, I think if any of us needed reviving he did. You know him; he is a retired tradesman and lives on the London-road in Satin Villa. In his younger days, when he first joined the church, and did business in a small way, I've heard tell, he was a pretty liberal man, but as he got on increasing in riches they hardened his heart, like they do many besides, and so instead of giving more, as he should have done, if it had only been to show his gratitude to God who prospered him, he gave less. But ever since that sermon and prayer meeting it's amazing what a difference there is in him; he's hardly likely the same man. It's not that he attends the meetings oftener, and appears more zealous in that way; in his case I

should think very little of that, seeing it would not cost him much. No, he's revived somewhere else; as Shepherd says (and he made me laugh when he said it) 'he's revived in his pocket.' At one of our church meetings he told us the Lord had opened his eyes, to see he had not been the faithful steward he should have been, and so henceforth he intended, like Mr. Peabody, to be his own executor. And what he has done and is doing shows that he really meant it. He goes now once a fortnight to the poor members of the church and gives them help from time to time to get them through their troubles, and that makes them welcome his visits. He sent widow Bradley, who lost her poor husband in an accident on the railway, a ton of coal to set her up for the winter, and he got her eldest boy into a good situation, and he's doing well at it, and brings his mother home his wages every Saturday night regular without keeping back a penny. He also sent widow Jones and several more poor people too some coals, taking care that those who needed most should have most. One man that got his leg cut off on the rail, and had to stop in the hospital three months to get cured, didn't know what to do when he came out, so Mr. Copperfield headed a subscription to get him a cork leg, and since it was got and paid for, he's got into work, which is a rare good thing for his wife and ten children. Now I think I have told you enough about Mr. Copperfield to show how he's revived, and in the right way too. Everybody believes in his religion now, though very few did before, and some people have gone so far as to say he's reconverted. About that I shall say nothing, only if it is reconversion, I wish that all wealthy deacons and Christians who are not



up to the mark in giving as they should be, were re-converted in the same fashion.

"I am afraid baby is giving signs of waking up, or I would tell you more about the revival of the members. We are not perfect yet, nor do I expect, as a church, we shall be; but there's a wonderful difference: almost everything seems changed. Instead of being a quarrelsome, inconsistent, cold, lazy, and miserable church, it seems to be turned into a loving, consistent, warm-hearted, working, and happy church. The spirit of unity and peace prevails in our gatherings, and most appear to strive for one end, and to seek the salvation of souls. In times gone by we were sadly troubled with characters that got into the church, and, by their bad conduct, brought dishonour on the cause: but these have either left or been weeded out by scriptural discipline, and we feel all the better without them. So long as they were in, many people wouldn't come to the place, for they said they didn't believe in such a set, or having anything to do with them: but, now these have gone, they come, and some have even become members with us. I think it's a necessary thing for a church to "get a good report of them that are without;" for I am sure of this, that if our neighbours and the world around us have not a good opinion of our conduct, they won't respect our religion, nor our place of worship either. It's all very well to hold great conferences and have special meetings, and get down noted preachers, and have fine singing, and make a great stir, and call it a revival; but Shepherd says (and I agree with him) the revival that's needed in the church is a revival that will make Christians live every day, at home and abroad,

more *like* Christ and more *for* Christ. Now, that's the sort of revival that I believe we have at Rockfoot; and don't you wish all the churches had a revival like it? Let us pray that they may. But I must close now, as baby has just woke up, and I want to be in time for the post; so, with best love to Harry and the children, and wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year,

"I am,

"Your affectionate sister,

"JENNY."

"P.S.—I forgot to say that we hope to have a good member's tea-meeting on New Year's Day, and then we intend (though I tell you as a secret, for we are keeping it dark, to give our good minister a pleasant surprise) to raise Mr. Bright's salary £20 a year, and to make him a present of a purse of gold into the bargain. Mr. Copperfield put this afloat, and headed the list. Won't the minister's wife bless him for it when she knows!"

[The next "Sketch" will be entitled "The Man of One Talent."]

## A WONDERFUL LAMP.

BY REV. EDMUND MORLEY.

THE Word of God is compared to a great many things, and among others to a lamp. We all remember the well-known text in that very long Psalm: "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

It is a *lamp that we need*. Without it how dark and mysterious everything would be! We should neither know whence we came nor whither we were going. Past, present, and future, would be alike

inscrutable. But we are not left in the dark. Our lamp gives a good light. It sheds a light upon the past, and while it speaks of sin, it tells also of a Saviour. It sheds a light upon the present, and while it makes known to us a God, it proclaims Him to be "our Father." It sheds a light upon the future, and while it speaks of hell with all its horrors, it speaks, too, of heaven with all its blessedness.

It is a *very ancient lamp*. It was first lit a long time ago; lit by God Himself, and handed down to our first parents, when He said: "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat." Since that it has been borne by ancient hands, indeed. Enoch bore this lamp, and by its light he testified. Abraham bore this lamp, and by its light he went forth, not knowing whither he went. David bore this lamp, and by its light he penned his holy psalms, so full of living truth. Paul bore this lamp, bore it far and wide, and by its light planted in almost every land the standard of the Cross. This lamp, though ancient, did not always burn so brightly as it does to-day. God, from time to time, has *trimmed it*. It was but a feeble light it gave when He said: "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." But God raised up prophets, evangelists, apostles; and they trimmed it, and to-day it burns so brightly that by its light he who runs may read.

It is a *lantern that you may turn every way, and that with profit*. You may turn it *downward*, and it will reveal to you the sorrows of the lost; *upward*, and it will reveal to you the blessedness of the saved. You may turn it *backward*, and it will reveal to you the sufferings of

the Saviour; *forward*, and it will reveal to you the conquests of the Redeemer. You may turn it *inward*—inward upon yourself, and it will reveal to you your sins, your motives, and desires; *outward* upon your neighbour, and it will reveal to you much of his character and his state; outward upon your foes, and it will reveal to you their plottings and their schemes; outward upon Satan, and it will so reveal him that you will be able to resist him and put him to flight. You may turn it *heavenward*, and it will light up the very throne of God, reveal the Lamb that is in the midst thereof, and give you to see fresh beauties in Him who is "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person."

It is a *lantern that you may take with you on all occasions, and use under every circumstance*. Are you going into the chamber of prayer? Take it with you; it will teach you how to pray. Are you going into the house of mourning? Take it with you, and by the light it gives you will know how to speak to the afflicted. Are you going to your place of business? Take it with you. It will help to keep you honest and conscientious in all your dealings. Are you going to the field of battle? Take it with you. It will reveal to you your foes, and tell you how, and when, and where to strike the blow. Are you an invalid, and is the call soon about to come to you to tread "the valley of the shadow of death"? Take with you this lamp, and it will light up the darkness of the tomb, and help you to a joyful departure.

It is a *lamp that will never go out*. Many a time has the devil striven to put it out, but it burns on still. He endeavoured to put it out in apostolic times; but what do we

read? "The Word of God increased. . . and a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith." He strove to put it out in the days of the Reformation, and Bibles were burned in heaps; but copies were left here and there, and the light shone on. He is puffing at it in our day, but, did he but know it, he is wasting his breath, for this lamp will burn on for ever. In the light that streams from it the saints shall rejoice throughout eternity.

My friend, do you make use of this lamp, or do I see it standing on your shelf, never taken down, never dusted, never used? If you do not use it, what do you use instead? There are some I know, who use the rushlight of philosophy, and they think that by its light they will be able to find their way to heaven. There are others I know, who make use of the candle of an unenlightened conscience, and they think that by the light it gives they will be able to find their way to heaven. And there are yet others I know, who use the lantern of common morality, and by its means they imagine they will obtain a place among the glorified. Sad delusion! It is only the lamp which God Himself has given, that can guide a soul to heaven. My reader, may it light you to the Cross!

*Redditch*

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## THE PRECIOUS HOPE.

BY REV. W. ABBOTT.

"A lively hope."—1 PETER i. 3.

THESE words describe a state of hope. This state of hope is a high Christian attainment. We some-

times speak of persons as being in a hopeful state; they have serious convictions; they are seeking the Saviour. But the text describes a very different state of hope—the expectation of glory. "Christ in you the hope of glory."

By some religious teachers in the present day, hope is spoken of disparagingly when compared with knowledge. They must have overlooked the different senses in which hope is to be understood. Hope is one of the highest spiritual attainments possible in the present state, as the words of Paul prove. "And we desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope to the end." Here it is not only *hope*, but the *assurance* of hope, the *full* assurance of hope. There is no going beyond this.

Knowledge precedes hope. Hope is a fruit of knowledge. Ignorance deprives us of hope. We must know Christ before we can hope in Him; we must know heaven before we can hope for it. Such knowledge is by the Gospel and by the teaching of the Spirit. Full knowledge pertains to heaven. We must enter heaven fully to know it. Here we know but in part; here we hope for heaven. "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—such is my hope. "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Here we have both knowledge and hope.

The possessors of this hope are said to be the elect of God; to be sprinkled by the blood of Christ; and to be sanctified unto obedience. In all this the abundant mercy of God is said to be exerted on their behalf. A little mercy—a tiny stream would not reach their case. It must be "abundant"—flowing

like a sea ! Such mercy saves the chief of sinners.

Election is a truth of rich and ceaseless blessing. It shows the freeness and fulness of God's love ; in its fulness and freeness are seen its fitness. It not only purposea, but accomplishes its design—it saves sinners. Election is the beginning of love ; salvation is the function of love. It expresses how dear, how precious its objects are in His esteem ; they are His "peculiar treasure," His "jewels," His "portion ;" His sons and daughters, the heirs of His glory.

Thousands ignore the truth of election on earth, but none will in heaven. It is a truth in the Book, and should influence our hearts and hopes. It is a truth of the Gospel, and is, therefore, good news. Let us use it as such.

Some suggest that it here means "calling"—"the called of God." These truths are connected, and are both of God's love. Election is His love in purpose ; calling is His love in operation. Thus calling develops election ; by their calling their election is known ; "called according to his purpose ;" "giving all diligence to make your calling and election sure."

If our readers are the possessors of this hope, they are sprinkled by the blood of Jesus Christ. His blood was shed for you, and is sprinkled on you, showing His love to you. His blood atones for your sins, cleanses, pardons, and saves you. It is the application of this truth to your hearts, issuing in your salvation—in your lively hope of heaven.

"Through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience." By the Spirit quickened to spiritual life, separated from the service of sin, and devoted to obedience to God. By the Spirit the love of Christ is

shed abroad in your hearts, and is the power of all real sanctity, and of all acceptable obedience.

Sin shocks out hope from your hearts, and fills you with the darkness of hopelessness. The mediation of Christ opens hope to you, and fills you with the sunshine of glorious prospect.

See the character of this precious hope—"a lively hope." It is therefore a *spiritual* hope. It is a fruit of the Spirit, an effect of the life of the Spirit, quickened in the soul. We "were dead in trespasses and sins," and without hope ; but by the Spirit we are begotten again unto this lively hope. This hope being spiritual, is full of life ; full of the power, love, joy, and prospect of life—of the better, the endless life. It is hope that lives through all the changes of the present life ; through sickness and death, and for ever. This hope never dies, but inherits immortality.

It is a *loving* hope—a hope that exists with love to the Saviour. We feel that we love Christ as well as hope in Him. Our hope in Him is lively, and our love to Him is fervent. "Whom having not seen, we love." "We endure as seeing Him who is invisible." This implies that we have hope in Him. It is a hope connected with quickened affections.

It is a *patient* hope. "Patient in tribulation." It is often severely tested, sharply tried—"tried by fire ;" "the fiery trial." "Ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations." Christians are often tempted in life, sickness, and death. They pass through a spiritual Gethsemane. In this they need the Saviour's sympathy and sustaining grace. He says, "I will not leave you comfortless ; I will come to you."

It is a *joyous* hope. "Rejoicing in hope." The prospect of the future joy fills the heart with present joy. The eye of hope sees Jesus, and the heart loves and rejoices in Him. It is hope that is lively, and "joy unspeakable and full of glory." The joy is increased by the sureness as well as the richness of the portion hoped for. It is the risen and ever-living Saviour that we thus look to, rest in, love, and rejoice in the hope of His second glorious appearance. He says to us, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

The heaven this lively hope expects shall be finally realised.

"Hope makes not ashamed." Heaven is promised, and we hope for it. We have the earnest in our hearts, and long for the full possession. Hope is now in a state of exercise; then it will be in a state of realisation: it is now in a state of expectation; then it will be in a state of fruition. It is a lively hope to an inheritance that is uncorrupted, undefiled, and that fades not away. An inheritance in which we shall find the sweet home, its life and health, its peace and rest, its glory and joy, its friendship and immortality.

*Blunham.*

## Tales and Sketches.

### THE LITTLE FRENCH DRUMMER-BOY;

#### ▲ TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY M. E. B.

#### CHAPTER IV.

As a rule, the fishing community may be considered an industrious and hardy race; for the men and boys have a trying and laborious life at sea; while the women and girls at home find ample occupation in making or mending nets for them, and in rendering them assistance when they land, in arranging and disposing of their fish.

Some of them are pious in their fashion: they go to the wayside oratory, or the little chapel on the cliffs, or they kneel at the foot of the large crucifix near the shore, and pray to the Virgin Mary and the saints to protect them in their perils on the deep. How sad it is

that so many of them have never had the Bible, to read for themselves, that they might see how ignorant they are, and how grossly their priests lead them astray from the pure wells of salvation.

But to return to Frolut. It was his *fête* day; for Roman Catholics do not keep birthdays as we do, but the day of their particular *saint*.

There was great excitement in the neighbourhood: the *conscription* was going on; that is, young men of a certain age were being drafted off to fight in the army of Napoleon, who had just declared war against Russia.

Thousands of volunteers offered their services, and every available man was hurried off to be trained for the fearful struggle about to take place. Two regiments passed near the fisherman's cabin, and the entire family came out to join the gaping crowd of lookers-on.

The roll-call delighted Frolut ; his imagination was excited at the sight of a little drummer with a large strap across his chest, his arms covered with strips of gold lace, and a drum in his hand, for the drum-major stood in front of several drummers, a reed cane in his hand, and as long as he kept the cane raised, the boys continued drumming.

This little boy, just ten years old, was delighted at the sight, and longed to go off with them, for the men were so merry, so full of their jokes, that Frolut thought it must be a very happy life.

The only reflection that sobered him was what his mother would feel at losing him, for he knew full well he was her darling.

This child's heart who probably have failed him could he have seen the stern and terrible reality of a campaign, of the fatiguing and harassing march, the foraging, the bivouac, and, above all, the action on a field of battle.

Alas! lookers-on seldom or ever realise the tremendous difference between regiments on parade, or drill, or in a sham fight, and the same men engaged in all the deadly warfare of a struggle for life or death.

The next day Frolut's mother was busily engaged in spinning the string which she afterwards usually made into nets for Pierre and his sons, when she was seized with cramp and violent pains, and felt quite unable to move ; so she sent her youngest boy off to fetch her

niece Lisette, who lived at some little distance. She came to the cabin with Frolut, and, finding her aunt dangerously ill, after having got her to bed, set off in haste for M. Le Curé, the Roman Catholic priest, to come and visit her relation, and administer the last rites of the Church to her : for I should tell you that Jeanne was sure she would die, and had begged Lisette to be a mother to her little pet Frolut.

A few moments after, the tinkling of a bell announced that they were bringing the holy viaticum to the fisherman's dwelling.

First came two assistants, each with a lighted taper in his hand—in the broad daylight!—then another, carrying a censer with sweet-smelling incense in one hand, and in the other a bell to show the arrival of the priest, who was holding a small silver box, containing the sacramental wafer called the *Box Dieu* ; and, though it was a wet day, and the road very muddy, the people who met the procession knelt down until it was out of sight.

Jeanne died that evening, and the next day a coffin, preceded by a man bearing a large cross, and surrounded by priests in white surplices, with lighted tapers in their hands, followed by Pierre and his seven sons, and Lisette, with a few neighbours, proved that the fisherman's wife was about to be buried with the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church.

*(To be continued.)*

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## Things Grave and Pleasant.

### SUPPLY EXPERIENCES.

#### I.

#### MY FIRST ANNIVERSARY SERMON.

I HAD always entertained, from my youth up, a great veneration for the preachers of anniversary sermons, and when I began to utter my own prelections in public, my reverence was in no respect abated. To have my name printed in big letters, under the heading of "Anniversary Services," was an honour I as little expected as a niche in Westminster Abbey. Judge, then, my surprise, when one day I received an invitation, through a friend, to preach an anniversary sermon at the village of Denton, some six miles from the spot I then called "home." About Denton I knew nothing, except that it existed, neither business nor pleasure having led me in that direction.

In due course I received a bill setting forth my name in large letters as the afternoon preacher, and never did the contemplation of a bill impart more lively satisfaction than did this to me. The eventful day at length arrived. It was a scorching hot Sunday in August, and the roads were deep in dust, which flew up at every step, and would have made the most inveterate snuff-taker sneeze. Little thinking of these difficulties, however, with my sermon in one pocket and some bread and cheese in another, I sallied forth on my memorable expedition. I had been told that one of the friends would meet me on the road, with a "trap" to

lighten the journey, but had almost forgotten this in contemplating the greatness of the event, when I was suddenly aroused by a gruff voice calling aloud, "Young man, be you the parson a-goin' to Denton?" These words were uttered by a saturnine Jehu, who was driving a donkey cart, and were accompanied by a somewhat disparaging observation concerning my youthful appearance. In a dignified manner—for I could not forget that I was an anniversary preacher—I replied that I *was* the parson, and that I *was* going to Denton. "Jump in, then," said Jehu, "I've come to meet you." I complied, though I must confess that my dignity was a little ruffled. An anniversary preacher in a donkey cart! I did not enter into conversation with Jehu, while he, intent upon urging forward his unwilling beast, was by no means loquacious. In course of time we arrived at Denton Chapel. How did all my hopes sink when I beheld it! I had pictured to myself a neat building of moderate size, and here was a place that might have served as well for a cow-house as a chapel. Jehu escorted me at once to the pulpit (there was no vestry), with the simple remark that it was "time to start," and took up a position in a little den beneath my box, and commenced giving out a hymn with a nasal twang which was all his own. While this proceeding was in progress, I looked round upon my congregation. It consisted of eleven persons, who looked at me with a resigned expression, as if they were

in for something they didn't much like, but felt bound to go through with. The service went heavily on, for I must confess I was very disappointed. The sermon on which I had spent so many pains got its tail into its mouth, and was almost choked in consequence. Not that it mattered much, for my audience sought relief in balmy sleep. Even Jehu, who tried hard to maintain

the attitude of attention befitting a deacon, kept nodding and awaking again, with a kind of snort which was remarkably discomposing. I returned pensively home. My desire had been accomplished. I had preached an anniversary sermon; but, like many others, found that anticipations are not always realised.

J. E. M.

Erith.

## Reviews.

*Commenting and Commentaries.* Two Lectures addressed to the Students of the Pastors' College, together with a Catalogue of Biblical Commentaries and Expositions. By C. H. SPURGEON. (London: Passmore and Alabaster.) Price 2s. 6d.

THIS compact and compendious little volume is a sequel to *Lectures to my Students*, which was brought out six or eight months ago, and has already obtained a wide popularity. It includes two addresses given by Mr. Spurgeon in his classes, one upon Bible commentaries and their relative value; the other upon commenting, or the practical benefit of expounding the Scriptures read in public service. This latter is well known to be an interesting feature of the pastor's own ministry at the Metropolitan Tabernacle; no marvel, therefore, that he inculcates and encourages it in his pupils. To aid ministers, local preachers, evangelists, and Sunday-school teachers in preparing themselves to discharge this good office efficiently, Mr. Spurgeon has bestowed much labour, and incurred no small expense in making a catalogue of nearly fifteen hundred works by various authors, ancient and modern; some upon the whole Bible, and many more upon its respective books. To all Bible students this cannot fail to be a princely boon. The index is made as complete though as compressed as possible. The

title, the date, the publisher's name, and the price of modern books are given; while in the case of old authors the probable market value, second-hand, is stated. Then in a single line or, at most, in a few brief pithy, full often humorous sentences, Mr. Spurgeon appraises each author. He delights to praise when he can do so with a good conscience; but he does not shrink from censuring where it is needful. His commendations are not limited to those who are altogether of his way of thinking. Mediocrity is treated with respect; but angularity is enshrined in very small type. The little conceits of self-contained men are registered in a diminutive letter-press which calls for spectacles. We sometimes detect a vein of irony, as when certain lectures are pronounced *useful to grocers and buttermen; worth nothing to students:* and a tone of severity is apparent sometimes, as, when speaking of the barefaced manner in which a New York professor of Hebrew and Oriental literature has taken copious verbatim extracts from *Andrew Fuller on Genesis*, without acknowledgment, and plagiarised *Lawson on Joseph* by wholesale. The title of the first lecture might be fitly applied to the entire book. It is all "A chat about commentaries." We wish our readers may enjoy such a chat with such a man as heartily as we do.



*Papers for the Present Time.* By J. DENHAM SMITH. (James E. Hawkings, and S. W. Partridge, Paternoster-row.)

THESE papers treat of six subjects, in Mr. Smith's usual style. Chapter the Second, on "Perfection: What is it?" We have heard and read much of late on this Christian grace, not at all calculated to lead to holiness. We accept with approval such sentences as "*Perfection is that we are to be as Christ glorified at His coming. Never till then.*" Also, page 20: "A saint's present perfection is to be so taken up with Christ, that self and all else are lost sight of." And, page 21: "It (perfection) is not attained by law-keeping, or self-keeping, but by looking at Christ with that lifelong act and habit of the soul which gives a lifelong moral adding of glory to glory to our characters and lives." Chapter the Sixth, on "Made Nigh; or, The Believer's Standing in Christ Practically Considered," is but little open to criticism. The teaching of the papers may be indicated by an extract from Luther, who says:—"The moment I make of Christ and myself two, I am all wrong. But when I see that we are one, all is rest and peace."

#### PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

*The Baptist Magazine*, and *The General Baptist*, are laden with good measure, and each contain truly interesting papers on our late loved friend, Dr. Burns. *The Sword and Trowel*. (Pass-

more and Alabaster.) A very good number.

*The Enthusiast. A Sermon on Christian Missions.* By CHARLES STAMFORD. (Yates and Alexander, and E. Marlborough and Co.) Very stirring to all engaged in mission work at home and abroad.

*The Judgment Seat of Christ.* By GENERAL H. GOODWIN. (Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.) The outcome of much patient thought; in which we find some things truly edifying, some over which we must pause, and others to which we cheerfully accede. It should have a prayerful reading.

*Biblical Museum and The Teachers' Storehouse.* (Elliot Stock.) Has our best wishes. The latter is spreading good in its class lessons.

*Evangelical Christendom.* (J. W. Johnson, Fleet-street.) An immenso amount of matter relating to Christian work, home and foreign, and also a well-deserved tribute to the late Rev. John Robinson, many years secretary of the London City Mission.

*The Scottish Baptist Magazine.* (Elliot Stock, and Yates and Alexander.) Good as usual.

We are right glad to learn by a paper sent to us that on the 25th of May will be celebrated the union of the English Presbyterian Church and the English United Presbyterian Church. How refreshing! Happy times! One denomination less. God bless the act, and prove by His grace to them that union is strength!

### Poetry.

WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN?

Why is thy soul so much cast down,  
Why so disquieted and sad;  
Whence come these anxious gloomy  
doubts,  
Can nothing cheer or make thee  
glad?

Is it an inward sense of sin,  
That bows thee down with grief?  
Tell it to Jesus, for He waits,  
To give thee sweet relief.

Is it your vileness you deplore,  
Your great unworthiness?  
Then you're the one that Jesus needs,  
To cover with His righteousness.

Is it your emptiness you mourn?

This does your fitness prove;  
'Tis empty souls that Jesus needs,  
To fill them with His love.

Or is it then an absent God,

Thou dost so often mourn?  
Go plead with Him in earnest prayer,  
Till His felt presence doth return.

Or is it that the way is rough,

Which thou art called to go?  
Thy Saviour went this way before,  
And He doth all its sorrows know.

Take courage, then, hope thou in God,  
His praise shall yet be your employ;  
He only is thy help and strength,  
And He can give thee light and joy.

Fareham.

E. S.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. S. PILLING has resigned the pastorate of the church at Potter's Bar, having accepted an invitation to the church at Blackpool, Lancashire.

Rev. John O'Dell, of Kingsbridge, Devon, has consented to resume the pastorate of the church at George-Street, Hull, where he formerly laboured with much acceptance and success.

Rev. E. K. Everett has intimated his intention to resign his charge at Staley-bridge.

Rev. S. Mann, of Brockley, Worcestershire, has accepted an invitation to Carey Chapel, Reading.

Rev. W. Hood Wright has resigned the pastorate of the church at Leith, and his present address is Elmslie House, Kilmarnock, N. B.

Mr. Lacey has accepted the pastorate of the General Baptist church at Whitwick. During the past year £161 has been raised to pay off the debt on the chapel.

Mr. George Barr, of St. John's College, Cambridge, has received from the church at Cottenham, Cambs—lately under the pastoral care of Rev. W. C. H. Anson—an invitation to become their minister at the expiration of his Cambridge course in June next.

Rev. Jesse Hobson has been compelled, on account of weakness of his health, to announce his intention to retire from the active pastorate of the church at Salters-hall Chapel.

Rev. George C. Williams has resigned the pastorate of the church at Chester-ton, Staffordshire.

Mr. Carey Hood, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the General Baptist Church, Nuneaton.

Rev. F. W. Goadby, M.A., who has been for more than seven years labouring at Bluntisham, has accepted an invitation to Bechen-grove Chapel, Watford, vacant by the death of the late Rev. W. Best, B.A.

Rev. W. Osborne, of Gamlingay, Cambs, has accepted an invitation to succeed Rev. H. Clark, M.A., at Thris-sell-street, Bristol.

Rev. H. C. Atkinson, of Accrington, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Bethel Baptist Church, Shipley.

Mr. J. Thompson, of Bristol College, has accepted an invitation of the church meeting at Parley and Christchurch, to the pastorate.

Rev. W. Gay, of Pembroke, has accepted the invitation of the church, Lockwood, to take charge of its branch stations.

LAMBETH.—We regret to have to announce that, in consequence of severe illness and failing health, Rev. John Roberts, of Upton Chapel, Barkham terrace, has felt it imperative upon him to resign the pastorate, and to return to North Wales, to seek rest for a time. The church sympathise much with him in his affliction, and

feel the separation keenly after his successful ministry of four years.

Rev. John Barry, of Droitwich, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury.

Rev. D. Jennings has informed the church at Evesham that he shall resign the pastorate when he finds another sphere of labour.

### PRESENTATIONS.

**HALSTEAD, ESSEX.**—The members of Rev. G. Sear's and Miss S. Sear's Bible-classes invited their teachers to a social tea-meeting on Wednesday evening last, in anticipation of their leaving the town, when Miss Sharp, in the name of the class, presented the pastor with a purse containing three guineas, and Miss Franklin, on behalf of Miss S. Sear's class, presented her with a beautiful writing desk with suitable fittings. A few days previously the ladies of the Dorcas Society presented Miss Sear with a large and useful travelling case, in basil, as tokens of their love and esteem, accompanied with the most earnest wishes for the future happiness and prosperity of the pastor and his family.

Rev. H. W. Meadow, of Gosford-street Chapel, Coventry, has been presented by a few friends of the church and congregation with a purse of gold.

Rev. S. Pilling, of Potter's Bar was presented on the 28th of February with a purse of gold and a book, prior to his leaving for his new pastorate at Blackpool. Rev. J. Wilson, of Finsbury-park, presided at the valedictory meeting.

### RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. R. C. Page was publicly recognised on the 17th of February as pastor of Crane-street Church, Pontypool, of which Rev. Dr. Thomas has been pastor for nearly 40 years. In the afternoon Rev. J. W. Lance preached, and at the public meeting Dr. Thomas presided. Addresses were given by Revs. D. A. Bassett, E. Thomas, S. R. Young, David Davies, Daniel Morgan, and others.

Rev. A. Maclaren, B.A., presided on the 15th of February at the ordination

to the work of the ministry of Rev. Seth Backhouse, in the Round Chapel, Manchester. Mr. Maclaren gave the charge to the minister, and Rev. R. Chenery the charge to the people.

**FENNY STRATFORD.**—Services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. A. Brown, as pastor of the Baptist church, took place on Thursday last week. The Rev. J. H. Blake, of Bow, London (uncle to Mr. Brown), preached in the afternoon to a large congregation. In the afternoon a large number of persons partook of tea, and in the evening a charge was delivered to the new pastor by Professor Rogers, and Dr. Hillier addressed the congregation. The following took part in the services:—Mr. C. B. Sell, Revs. H. Taylor, G. Durrell, and Messrs. Goodman and Symingtons, as representatives of the church and congregation.

**KINGTON, HEREFORDSHIRE.**—A recognition service, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. Robert Shindler as the pastor of the Baptist church at this place, was held on Thursday, the 9th of February. After tea had been disposed of, the friends adjourned to the chapel, where a very interesting service was conducted. A hymn of praise was sung and Rev. S. Watkins offered prayer. Rev. W. R. Noble was then invited to the chair, and delivered an introductory address, full of wise counsels and good feeling, speaking in very high terms of his friend Mr. Shindler, with whom he had very cordially laboured during the term of his former pastorate at Shrewsbury. A brief address from the newly-recognised pastor followed, and kind words of welcome and goodwill were also spoken by the Revs. W. H. Tetley, J. Bloomfield, T. Jermine, J. Cadman, and Mr. John Edwards.

### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

THE Annual Meeting of Foreign Missions will be held at Exeter Hall, on Thursday evening, the 27th of April. Sir Robert Lush will preside. The Annual Sermons will be preached by Revs. E. Conder and J. Clifford.

**BRITISH MISSION.**—Rev. H. S. Brown will preach the Annual Sermon on Friday, April 21st. Meeting, Tuesday, April 25. H. Ashwell, Esq., will preside.

**BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY.**—Meeting will be held Monday evening, April 24th, at Bloomsbury Chapel. W. Stead, Esq., will preside.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**PARK CHAPEL, BOSTON-ROAD, BRENT-FORD.**—The above chapel having been closed for repairs, has been reopened. Sermons were preached by Rev. E. J. Marshall, J. D. Kilburn, and Archibald Brown. The attendance on each occasion was good, and the collections liberal.

The anniversary services at Peniel Tabernacle, Chalk Farm-road, N.W., have just been held. The pastor, Edward W. Thomas, preached. The collections were larger than last year. On Monday evening the numbers attending the tea meeting were so large as to necessitate making two parties. James Harvey, Esq., presided. Referring to the chapel debt, he intimated that it was not the first time he had heard of it, and, in order to stimulate the congregation, he made a very liberal conditional offer. Rev. Dr. Angus delivered an address on the blessedness of working for the Lord, and giving for the support of the Lord's cause. Upwards of £20 was promised towards the liquidation of the debt.

**LONDON, BURDETT ROAD.**—The friends at the East London Tabernacle, having completed another year of worship in the building, the fourth annual thank-offering service has been held; that being the method adopted, since the opening of the Tabernacle, for the purpose of removing the remaining debt. No appeals are made in any form to the public; the pastor simply intimated, after the morning and evening services on the Sunday immediately previous, that he would be in attendance in the vestry at six o'clock on Monday morning, to receive the free-will contributions of the friends

towards liquidating the remaining debt on the building. At seven o'clock the sum contributed amounted to £350, being about £30 in excess of the amount raised at the similar service held last year. A public meeting, in connection with the day's proceedings, was held in the Tabernacle at half-past seven, Mr. Brown presiding, and about 2,000 being present. Thirty young men from the Bible-class sang during the evening, Mr. Durdan presiding at the harmonium; in addition to which the Sunday-school drum-and-bass band, in conjunction with the Sunday-school choir, under the management of Mr. Burt, rendered efficient service. The chairman gave a sketch of the proceedings of the day, expressing the joy which he had experienced in receiving the humble but cheerful contributions of the poor, and that he was determined to have the remaining portion discharged during the present year. Mr. Wickers, senior deacon, next spoke, furnishing some interesting particulars in respect to financial matters, from which it appeared that the purses which were issued in the old Tabernacle, in which the friends could place any amount they thought desirable, had produced £800, and the boxes, which were first held at the doors in 1869, chiefly to receive the pence in aid of the new building, had produced, up to the present time, over £1,900. Revs. J. H. Blake and W. J. Inglis subsequently spoke.

**LONDON, BOW.**—On Tuesday evening, February 22, was celebrated the twelfth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. James H. Blake, at Bow. About four hundred sat down to tea, and at seven o'clock a public meeting was held, and addresses given by the pastor and Revs. A. E. Brown, Inglis, Preece, Lambourne, and Tomkins. During the evening a handsome volume—*Fontaine's Fables*, illustrated by Doré—was presented to Mr. E. Smith, expressive of thanks to him as leader of the congregational singing; and a presentation was made to Mr. Fletcher, as leader of the juvenile choir; and to Mr. Lockwood on behalf of the Sunday-school.

At a later stage of the enthusiastic gathering a purse was presented to Mr. Blake by Mr. Sornell, on behalf of the ladies, and the whole proceedings showed that never was this church of nearly 100 years old more healthy and vigorous than now. Thirty-six have been received into the church during the past year.

At the services in celebration of the fourth anniversary of the settlement of Rev. H. E. Stone at Arthur-street Chapel, King's-cross-road, it was stated while galleries were being erected, they had worshipped at the Philharmonic Theatre; but they had gained rather than lost by that arrangement. The church now numbers 311. Mr. Stone and his friends are doing a good work in a populous district, and deserve the sympathy and help of the brethren.

The seventh annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission was held on 25th ult., Rev. C. H. Spurgeon presiding. Reports were given by various members of work successfully carried on at Putney, Carshalton, Walthamstow, Tiptree, and St. Mary's Cray, where permanent stations have been founded. The mission sends casual supplies to small country churches. Applications for supplies may be made to Mr. Bowker, 10, Penton-place, Newington-butts. Contributions towards the carrying on of the work may also be sent to the same address.

Services commemorating the settlement of Rev. W. Anderson, as pastor of the church in King's-road chapel, Reading, were held on the 14th of February, when a sermon was preached by Rev. J. A. Spurgeon. At the evening meeting Mr. Spurgeon presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. E. G. Gange and W. Cuff. Rev. W. J. Mayers gave several sacred solos, accompanied with the American organ. The collection was devoted to the Pastors' College.

At the first anniversary of the settlement of Rev. F. J. Benskin as pastor of the church at Stroud, held on the 2nd of February, the report showed an

increase of twenty-eight members and an income of £377. The collections and proceeds of the tea amounted to £33.

At the anniversary services of Hockliffe-road church, Leighton Buzzard, of which Rev. G. Durrell is pastor, the Rev. H. Wilkins, of Cheltenham, a former pastor, was the preacher; and Mr. R. Purser reported that £541 had been raised in the course of the past year.

Rev. John Murray, late Congregational minister, Old Cumnock, Ayrshire, having some months ago changed his views on the subject of Baptism, was recently baptised in Paisley, by Rev. Oliver Flett. He has been pastor at Old Cumnock for three years, during which time his ministry proved very effective in the quickening and increase of the church. It is hoped that he will be retained in Scotland, where so much need at present exists in the denomination for efficient preachers of the Gospel.

**SHEFFIELD.**—**PORTMAHON SUNDAY-SCHOOL.**—During the last eighteen months special efforts have been made by the members of the senior female class in the interests of the Baptist Missionary Society. In connection with the movement a tea meeting was held on Monday evening, March 6th, and was well attended by the senior scholars, teachers, and friends. The Rev. G. Barrans presided. After tea Mr. Waddington gave a short report of the movement, and stated that during the past eleven months the sum of £4 6s. 7½d. had been received by means of voluntary subscriptions, weekly collections in the class, and the proceeds of the tea. Addresses on Missionary Work were also delivered by the Revs. W. Lonwood (Independent) and R. Green (Baptist); and Messrs. J. Greaves, Orange, Case, and G. Bamford.

• BAPTISMS.

*Abercanaid.*—Feb. 6, One by J. Parrish.  
*Aberdare.*—March 1, at Carmel English Church, Four; 5, Ten; 12, Two, by Thos. Jones.

- Abertillery*.—March 5, at the English Church, Four, by Ll. Jones.
- Accrington*.—March 5, at Barnes-street, Three, by H. C. Atkinson.
- Alcoa*.—Feb. 20, Three; 27, Two; March 5, Two; 12, Two, by J. Scott.
- Ashton-under-Lyne*.—Feb. 27, Two, by Andrew Bowden.
- Aylsham*, Norfolk.—Feb. 17, One, by J. B. Field.
- Bacup*.—March 5, at Zion Chapel, Nine by C. W. Gregory.
- Bath*.—Feb. 20, at Hay Hill Chapel, Two, by T. Pipe.
- Berkhampstead*.—Feb. 10, Six, by J. Harcourt.
- Bradford* (Stion).—Jan. 30, Sixteen; Feb. 27, Twelve, by J. W. Ashworth.
- Bradinch*, Devon.—March 8, Five, by F. G. Masters.
- Briery Hill*, Ebbw Vale.—March 12, at Zion Chapel, Six, by T. Garon.
- Bulwell*, Notts.—Feb. 16, Seven, by C. Douglas Crouch.
- Bures*.—March 12, Three, by the Pastor.
- Burton-on-Trent*.—Feb. 20, at Guild-street Chapel, Four, by J. Askew.
- Burton-on-Trent*.—March 2, at Salem Chapel, Three, by J. T. Owers.
- Cambridge*.—March 2, at Zion Chapel, Eight, by J. P. Campbell.
- Carlton*, Beds.—March 5, Four, by John Jull.
- Chatham*.—Feb. 27, at Zion Chapel, Eleven, by James Smith.
- Cheam*, Surrey.—Feb. 17, One, by W. Sullivan.
- Cheddar*.—March 5, Six, by T. Hanger.
- Chesham*, Bucks.—March 2, at London-road, Seven, by C. A. Ingram.
- Chesterton*, Staff.—Feb. 6, Two; Feb. 20, Six; by G. C. Williams.
- Cinderford*.—March 5, Seven, by Cornelius Griffiths.
- Coalville*.—Feb. 27, Five, by C. T. Johnson.
- Coatbridge*, Scotland.—Feb. 27, Five, by J. M. Hewson.
- Cradley*, near Birmingham.—March 5, Eight, by M. Morgan.
- Crewe*.—Feb. 27, Three, by F. J. Greening.
- Crackernie*, Somerset.—March 2, Five, by S. Pearce.
- Cullingsworth*, Yorkshire.—Feb. 27, Seven, by C. B. Barry.
- Darlington*.—Feb. 27, at Brookside Church, Two, by Henry D. Brown.
- Dauley*, Salop.—Feb. 27, Five, by W. Wootton.
- Derby*.—March 5, at Orsmaston-road Chapel Twelve, by G. Hill.
- Derryveil*, Castlewellan, Ireland.—Feb. 27, Two, by D. Macrory.
- Dolgetley*.—Feb. 27, Two, by H. Morgan.
- Driffield*.—Feb. 27, Four, by Chas. Welton.
- Eaencl*.—March 9, Five, by W. Samuel.
- Eye*, Suffolk.—Feb. 27, Seven, by W. W. Haines.
- Four Crosses*, Festiniog.—March 5, Eight, by Edward Parry.
- Gainsboro'*, Lincolnshire.—Feb. 20, Three, by E. Lauderdale.
- Galashiels*.—March 8, One, by C. Hill.
- Gladestry*, Radnorshire.—Feb. 18, One; 27, One, by T. Jermaine.
- Great Grimsby*.—Feb. 27, at Upper Burgess-street Chapel, Two, by E. Lauderdale.
- Great Leigh*, Essex.—Feb. 24, One, by B. C. Sowerby.
- Haisfax*.—Feb. 27, at Trinity-road Chapel, Three, by James Parker.
- Haistad*, Essex.—March 8, Eight, by George Sear.
- Hastings*.—March 2, Five, by W. Barker.
- Hay*.—Feb. 27, Eight, by J. Mathias.
- Hemyock*, Devon.—March 5, Five, by E. Scott.
- High Wycombe*.—Feb. 20, at Union Chapel, Seven, by W. J. Dyer.
- Holyhead*.—March 5, at the English Church, One, by W. R. Saunders.
- Holywell*, Flintshire.—Feb. 27, Three, by E. Evans.
- Jerusalem*, Rhondda Valley.—Feb. 18, Eight, by J. B. Jones.
- Kington*.—Feb. 27, Four, by R. Shindler.
- Kirkly Woodhouse*, Notts.—Feb. 28, Ten, by one of the deacons.
- Langley*, Essex.—Feb. 27, Three, by W. L. Evans.
- Leeds*.—March 1, at Burley-road Chapel, Four, by W. T. Adey.
- Libanus*, Blackwood.—Feb. 20, Two, by — Williams.
- Lincoln*.—Feb. 29, at St. Bernard's-square Chapel, four, by E. Compton.
- Littleborough*, near Manchester.—March —, Three, by H. Briggs.
- Liverpool*.—Feb. 27, at Soho-street Chapel, Two, by E. E. Walter.
- Lochgiphead*.—Feb. 20, One, by F. Forbes.
- Maldon*, Essex.—March 12, Four, by H. Charlton.
- Malton*.—March 1, Five, by W. Smith.
- Manchester*.—March 1, at Round Chapel, Three, by S. Backhouse.
- Measham*.—March —, Four, by W. Millington.
- Metropolitan District*.—
- Barking*.—Feb. 2, Four; 22, Five, by W. J. Tomkins.
- Finsbury-park*, N.—Feb. 27, Three, by J. Wilson.
- Greenwich*.—Feb. 26, at Lawisham-road, Six, by A. C. Gray.
- Hackney-road*, E.—March 2, Six, by W. Cuff.
- Metropolitan Tabernacle*.—March 2, Seventeen, by J. A. Spurgeon; 9, Twenty-one, by W. J. Orsman.
- Peckham*.—March 2, at Park-road, Three, by T. Tarn.
- Richmond*.—March 12, at Parkshot Church, Four, by J. H. Cooke.
- Stoke Newington*.—Feb. 27, at Devonshire-square, Newington-road, Five, by W. T. Henderson.
- Trinity Chapel*, John-street, Edgware-road.—Four, by J. O. Fellowes.
- Whitechapel*.—March 2, at Little Alley-street, One, by C. Masterson.
- Milford*, near Lymington.—March 5, Four, by T. Evans.
- Minsbridge*, near Huddersfield.—March 5, Nine, by R. Howarth.

*Modbury*.—Feb. 20, Sixteen, by J. W. Spear.  
*Morley*.—Feb. 16, Seven, by Richard Davies.  
*Nantyglo*.—Feb. 27, Nine, by J. Berryman.  
*Narberth*.—March 12, Two, by B. Thomas.  
*Newbridge*, Mon.—March 5, Five, by D. Davies.  
*Offord*, Hunts.—March 5, Seven, by A. McCaig.  
*Ogden*, near Rochdale.—Feb. 27, Three, by A. E. Greening.  
*Oston*, Cheshire.—Two, by L. Nuttall.  
*Pembroke Dock*.—March 8, at Betuel Chapel, Bush-street, Three, by T. Rees; 12, One, by W. Edwards.  
*Pennar*, Pembroke Dock.—Feb. 20, Five, by W. Rhys.  
*Pole Moor*, near Huddersfield.—March 5, Two, by J. Evans.  
*Portl*, Rhondda Valley.—Feb. 20, Three, by J. Williams.  
*Rhondda Valley*, Glamorganshire.—Feb. 26, at Bethany English Chapel, Nine, by H. Rosser.  
*Rhos*, Mountain Ash (Welsh).—March —, Three, by W. Williams.  
*Rhyl*.—Feb. 27, Nine, by W. Roderick.  
*Riddings*.—Feb. 27, Five, by E. H. Jackson.  
*Rochdale*.—Feb. 27, at Ebenezer Chapel, Two, by A. Pickles.  
*Sandhaven*.—Pembrokeshire.—Feb. 20, One, by W. Harries.  
*Sheerness-on-Sea*.—Feb. 28, Two, by J. B. Hadler.  
*Sirhoury*.—Feb. 26, for Carmel Church, Nine, by J. Parrish.  
*Sittingbourne*, Kent.—March 5, Two, by A. G. Short.  
*Skewen*, Glamorganshire.—Feb. 20, Seven, by J. E. Griffiths.  
*Southampton*.—Feb. 27, at East-street Chapel, Seven, by J. H. Patterson.  
*Southport*.—Feb. 27, Seven, by L. Nuttall.  
*Swansea*.—March 1, at York-place Chapel, Five, by B. D. Johns.  
*Thornbury*, Gloucestershire.—Feb. 27, Five, by Geo. Bees.  
*Tonypandy*, Rhondda Valley.—March 12, Ten, by J. Howell.  
*Torrington*, Devon.—Feb. 27, Two, by T. Dowling.  
*Treorkey*, Rhondda Valley.—Feb. 27, at Horeb English Chapel, Three, by Daniel Davies.  
*Ulverston*.—Feb. 27, Three; March 1, Three, by T. Lardner.  
*Wantage*.—Feb. 27, Two, by S. A. Swaine.  
*Wiseach*.—March 2, at Ely-place Chapel, Eight, by W. E. Winks.  
*Wolsingham*, Durham.—Feb. 20, Three, by E. G. Sones.

took place on Feb. 18th. With his last breath he said, "I know whom I have believed," and so fell asleep in Jesus. Mr. Wood was born in the parish of Uffculme, Devon, at Hackpin Mill, of which his father was occupier and proprietor. At the age of sixteen he was baptised, along with his future wife, at Prescott, by Mr. Barnes, now of Trowbridge. Not long afterwards he evinced a longing desire not to spend his life in secular business, but in some capacity, either at home or abroad, to be "separated unto the Gospel of God." This desire his father, as soon as he knew of it, opposed with all his might, and, apparently, it must have been given up but for an accident in the mill, by which James's hand was crushed so as to require amputation of the greater part, the thumb and forefinger, though much injured, being saved to him, against the conclusions of the surgeons, by the persistent will of his father. Thus for a time disabled, he had opportunity for deliberate reflection on what should be his future course, and of reading books put in his way calculated to sift his motives and enlarge his information as to the office and work of a Christian minister. His father at length, compelled to perceive that his son's mind was contracting a settled aversion to the business for which, as the only son, he had been predestined, gave a reluctant consent to his going for a season to reside with Mr. Barnes, who had then removed to Thrapston. He continued there over twelve months pursuing preparatory studies, when he was admitted to Stepney College. At the end of his college course he went to Kingston, Jamaica, where he laboured happily and usefully for a number of years, nor was he desirous of quitting his charge there, but the utter breakdown of his wife's health necessitated her being despatched to England, whither, after some months, Mr. Wood followed her, and then finally decided to remain here. Subsequently he became pastor at Padiham, Haworth, Melksham, and finally at Sandhurst, where he finished his work, after months of bodily agony, sustained, however

## RECENT DEATHS.

WE have to record the death of Rev. J. H. WOOD, of Sandhurst, Kent, which

with cheerful patience and unclouded faith, and alleviated by the touching sympathy of all classes, but more particularly by the untiring, profuse, generous kindness of the church and congregation, between whom and him there existed a reciprocity of perfect love. On his resignation the friends presented him with a cheque for £100, which he acknowledged in very touching terms of affection and regard for their future welfare under the pastorate of his successor, Rev. J. Green.

DR. DANIEL DAVIES, "the blind preacher of Wales," has died, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was pastor of Bethesda Chapel, Swansea,

for thirty years. He lost his sight from small-pox when six years old. He had immersed as many as eighty-five adults at one baptismal service.

On March 6, at his residence, West Grove, Tredegarville, Cardiff, the Rev. REES GRIFFITHS, for the last fourteen years pastor of the English Baptist church meeting at Bethany Chapel, Cardiff. The deceased, who was sixty years of age, was very greatly respected.

Died suddenly, on Dec. 26, at Glenfield Frith House, near Leicester (the residence of her son, Mr. David Challis), Mary, the widow of the late William Garrard, Baptist minister.

## PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

*Statement of Receipts from February 18th, 1876, to March 17th, 1876.*

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. D. G. Patterson...	0 5 0	S. M. S. ....	5 0 0	Mr. J. Clark .....	25 0 0
Mr. W. Taylor .....	0 10 0	A. Friend, per C. L. ...	0 9 6	Mr. E. Ryder .....	0 10 6
Mrs. Finlayson and Friends .....	0 5 0	Mr. E. Morgan .....	1 0 0	Mr. J. Hector .....	1 0 0
Mr. F. Deverell .....	2 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Suther- land .....	0 10 0	Collection at Oc- tavius-street, Dept- ford, per Rev. D. Honour .....	1 6 0
The late Mrs. Bart- lett's Class .....	110 15 10	Mr. Perkins's Bible Class .....	28 0 0	Collection at Dover, per Rev. J. F. Frewin .....	1 0 0
Friends at King- street, Reading .....	50 5 0	Mrs. Cassin .....	2 10 0	Collection at South- sea, per Rev. R. F. Jeffrey .....	10 2 0
Mr. J. Callander .....	7 0 0	Mrs. Adam .....	1 0 0	Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Ta- bernacle:—Feb. 20 26 10 6	
Mr. G. Morgan .....	0 10 0	Mr. H. W. Butler .....	2 2 0	" " " 27 35 10 6	
Mr. W. H. Westrop .....	5 0 0	J. and E. C. ....	1 0 0	" " " March 5 28 0 9	
A Thank-offering, Mr. and Mrs. Gwillim .....	2 0 0	Mrs. Bradshaw .....	0 5 0	" " " 12 50 3 10	
Mr. W. Booksby .....	1 0 0	Mrs. Gibson .....	0 10 0		£454 18 7
M. ....	1 0 0	H. N. S. ....	30 0 0		
Miss Lovegrove .....	0 11 2	H. L. Evening Classes	0 10 0		
Mrs. Gardner .....	2 0 0	One who Giveth to the Lord .....	1 1 0		
Friends at Kings- wood and Wotton- under-Edge, per Mr. Griffiths .....	5 0 0	Friends at Malden, per Mr. S. Spurgeon	0 12 0		
		Mr. A. Doggett .....	10 0 0		
		Mr. A. C. Air .....	1 1 0		
		J. A. ....	2 2 0		

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

A VILLAGE CHAPEL, near London, is in want of a pastor; the friends cannot promise more than Thirty Pounds per annum to begin with. A Christian man possessing some means of his own, and desirous of doing good, would find this an opportunity for usefulness. Address, Rev. W. A. BLAKE, The Butts, Brentford.



## A PRECIOUS PROMISE FOR A PURE PEOPLE.\*

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

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."—ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.

No doubt these words originally had a timely and a strictly literal meaning for the people of Jerusalem. When the city was besieged by Sennacherib the inhabitants saw Hezekiah in garb of mourning. How had he rent his clothes in sorrow! but the day would come, according to prophecy, when Sennacherib must fall. Those who counted the resources and estimated the strength or the weakness of the city would be far away; and then there would be times of liberty. The people would be able to travel to the utmost ends of Palestine, so they would see the land that is very far off. Hezekiah himself would come out in his robes of excellency and majesty on a joyful occasion to praise the Lord, and thus would the people's eyes see the king in his beauty. The passage, however, has been frequently used with quite another import, and that properly enough if it be thoroughly understood that it is by way of accommodation we take it, and that it is typically we trace it out. Have we not by faith seen our King in His robes of mourning? Have we not seen Jesus in the sorrowful weeds of affliction and humiliation while here below? Our faith has gazed upon Him in the rent garments of His passion, we have beheld Him in His agony and bloody sweat, in His crucifixion and His death. Well, now, another and a brighter view awaits us. Our eyes shall one day see the King in more glorious array. We shall behold Him as John saw Him on Patmos. We shall behold the King in His beauty, and then we shall enter and enjoy the land which is at present very far off.

I think it meet and right to take such a word as this to-night when there are so many in our midst who are seeking and finding the Saviour; because it is very certain that not long after their conversion they will have to encounter some of the difficulties of the way. Sometimes within a few hours of their starting on pilgrimage they are met by some of the dragons, or they fall into some Slough of Despond, or they are surprised by some Hill Difficulty; therefore they ought to be stimulated with encouragements; they need to be cheered and consoled by the prospect which lies before them. You will recollect how Christian is represented by Bunyan in his famous allegory to be reading in his book as he went along concerning the blessed country, the celestial land where their eyes should behold the King in His beauty, and this beguiled the roughness of the road, and made the pilgrim hasten on with more alacrity and less weariness. Now I am going to turn over one of the elementary pages of this book. I want to show the young convert a vision pleasing and profitable for all Christians, young or old, the glory that awaiteth him, the rest which is secured by the promise of God to every pilgrim who continues in the blessed road, and holds on, and holds out to the end. Your eyes, beloved, you who have lately been converted to God, if by

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No. 210, NEW SERIES.

Divine grace your conversion prove genuine, your eyes shall one day behold the King in His beauty. This may well inspire you with courage, and dispose you to endure with patience all the difficulties of the way. When God brought His servant Abraham into the separated position of a stranger in a strange land, it was not long before He said to him, "Lift up now thine eyes, and look to the north and to the south and to the east and to the west, for all this land will I give to thee and to thy seed for ever," as if to solace and cheer him in the place of his sojourn by the picture and the promise that greeted him. In like manner, ye children of faithful Abraham, you who have left all for Christ's sake, look upon your future heritage from the spot of your present exile, and your hearts will exceedingly rejoice.

We shall notice, first, the object to be seen—the King in His beauty! Then, secondly, the nature of this vision, for our eyes shall see the admirable spectacle; and thirdly, we shall draw your attention to those to whom this favour will be granted. The context will help us to discover of whom it is the Lord speaks when He says, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty. Not all eyes, but thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.

I. What is this vision which is here promised to God's people? They are to see the King. They are to see the King in His beauty. THE KING—a sweet title which belongs to our Lord Jesus Christ as His exclusive prerogative, crowned with the thorn crown once, but now wearing the diadem of universal monarchy. Other kings there are, but theirs is only a temporary title to temporal precedence among the sons of men. I had almost said theirs was a mimic sovereignty. He is the real King,—the King of kings—the King that reigneth for ever and for ever. He is King for He is God. Jehovah reigns. The Maker of the earth must be her King. He in whose hands are the deep places of the earth, and the strength of the hills; He by whom all things exist and all things consist; He must of necessity reign. The government shall be upon His shoulders. His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God. From the very fact that He is the Son of God, the express image of His Father's glory, He must be King. Because He condescended to veil Himself in our flesh, He derives a second title to the kingdom—He is King now by His merits. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth. For the suffering of death He was made for a little while lower than the angels, but now, seeing He has been obedient even unto death, even the death of the cross, He has obtained a more excellent name than the angels, and He is crowned with glory and honour. He is Head over all things now. In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. We rejoice to reflect upon Him as King by nature, and then as King by due desert over a kingdom which He has inherited by right Divine. He is King at this time by virtue of the conquests He has made, having spoiled the principalities and powers of darkness. In this world He fought the battle, and so bravely did He fight it out that he could say, "It is finished." He made an end of sin; He made reconciliation for iniquity; He trampled death and hell beneath His feet, and now He is King by force of arms. He entered into the strong man's house, wrestled with

him, and vanquished him, for He is stronger than he; He hath led captivity captive, and He hath ascended upon high—King of kings and Lord of lords. He reigns supremely moreover in some of our hearts. We have yielded to the sway of His love. We rejoice to crown Him. We never feel happier than when our hearts and tongues are singing—

“Bring forth the royal diadem  
And crown Him Lord of all.”

I trust there are many more among you who have not yet yielded that will yet yield your hearts to His power. Fresh provinces shall be added to His empire; new cities of Mansoul will open their gates that the Prince Emanuel may ride in, and may sit in triumph there. Oh, that it may be so, for a multitude that no man can number shall cheerfully, joyfully own His sway, and kiss the Son lest He be angry. But mark, the limit of His power is not according to the will of man, for where He does not reign by the joyful consent of His people and the mighty conquest of His love He still exercises absolute dominion. Even the wicked are His servants. They shall be made in some way or other to subserve His glory, for He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet. Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing? The King is anointed upon God's holy hill of Zion. King He is. He has a bit in the mouth of His most violent adversaries, and He turneth them about according to His own will. What though with mingled cruelty and rage men attack the Gospel of Christ they strive in vain to thwart the Divine decree. In ways mysterious and unknown to us the Lord asserts His own supremacy. He reigneth even where the rulers conspire, and the people rebel against Him.

Beloved, the sovereignty of our Lord Jesus Christ, to which He is entitled by inheritance, is due to Him for His merits, and in the equitable claim of His conquests,—this reign of Christ extends over all things. He is the universal Lord. In this world He is Regent everywhere. By Him all things exist and consist. When I think of Him it seems to me that the sea roars to His praise, and the trees of the wood rejoice in His presence. There is not a dewdrop that twinkles on the flower at sunrise but reflects His bounty; there is not an avalanche that falls from its Alp with thundering crash but resounds with tokens of His power. The Great Shepherd reigns. The Lord is King. As Joseph was made ruler over all the land of Egypt, even so, according unto the word of Jesus, all the people are ruled. He hath all things put under His feet; for it was of Him the prophet sang of old, “Thou hast made Him a little (or as the margin has it a little while) lower than the angels, and hast crowned Him with glory and honour; Thou hast put all things under His feet, all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.” Though we see not yet all things put under man, yet we see Jesus, who, for the suffering of death was made, for a little while, lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honour. At this hour He rules on earth. Death and hell are under His sceptre. Satan, and the spirits that have followed his leadership, bite their iron bonds while they confess the power of the Lord divine to be paramount. He can crush His enemies and break them with a rod of iron as a potter's vessel. His

mighty power is felt and feared. But, oh! yonder, up in heaven, where the full beams of His glory are unveiled, He reigns in matchless splendour. The angels worshipped Him when He was brought forth as the Only Begotten into the world. So spake the oracle, "Let all the angels of God worship Him." Seraphim and cherubim, are they not His messengers? He maketh them like flames of fire. The redeemed by blood, what could they do? what is their joy, their occupation, their delight, but to sing for ever "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive honour and glory and dominion and power"? Oh! tell us not of emperors: there is but One imperial brow. Tell us not of monarchs, for the crown belongs to the blessed and only Potentate. He alone is King. As such, we think of Him, and long for His appearing, when we shall hail Him the King in His beauty. I love to see His courtiers. That is a happy hour in which I can talk with one who has my Master's ear. I love to see the skirts of His garment as I come in fellowship with Him to His table. I love to tread His courts; I love to hear His voice, even though I cannot yet see the face of Him that speaketh with me. But to see the King—to see the King Himself! Oh, joy unspeakable! It is worth worlds even to have a good hope of beholding a sight so resplendent with glory.

Note well the promise—"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." Does not this suggest to us that the King has been seen, though not in His beauty. He was seen on earth as the prophet foretold, "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." And as seen then we are told there is no beauty that we should desire Him. There was a time when many were astonished at Him. His visage was more marred than any man, and His form more than the sons of men; that was in the day of His humiliation.

But we are yet to see the King in His beauty, and I know, beloved, that in part that vision doth beam even now upon spirits before the throne. I would not exactly say that they have eyes, for they have left these organs of sense behind them. They have not received the fullness of this promise, yet in a measure they see the beauty of the King, that beauty which His Father has put upon Him now that He has ascended up on high, and returned to the Father, having obeyed all His precepts, and fulfilled all His will. His father has already rewarded Him. He sits enthroned on the right hand of the Majesty on high; He is adored and worshipped. It is no small sight for our disimprisoned spirits to behold Him and adore. But remember the spirits in heaven without us cannot be made perfect, so says the Apostle. They are waiting for the adoption—to wit, the redemption of the body—waiting for the trumpet of resurrection. It is then, methinks, that this blessed hope will be fully verified, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." As Job puts it, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." Our bodies shall be raised from the dead.

"Those eyes shall see Him in that day,  
The God that died for me;  
And all my rising bones shall say—  
Lord, who is like to Thee?"

From the dark chambers of the grave we shall come forth with all the blood-bought company of the faithful. Then we shall see the King in His beauty. What beauty that will be! We steadfastly look for His appearing when He shall come the second time. This personal manifestation must be welcome to the saints. To see Him then must be to see His beauty. Our senses relieved of infirmity will be endowed with full capacity, our graces being increased, and our spirits lively and vigorous to appreciate His wonderful person. As God and Man we do now believe in Him; but how little can our faith anticipate the vision! We acknowledge the mystery which is as yet unveiled. How little are we affected by the wonderful information which must astonish angels—that the infinite can be joined with the finite, that the Godhead can be in perfect union with the manhood, the bush of the manhood burning with the glow of the Godhead, yet not thereby consumed. 'Tis matchless that the Eternal should link Himself with finite flesh; that He should hang upon His mother's breast, who bears up the columns of the universe. Strange conjunction! Till we wake up in His likeness we shall never thoroughly understand it. Oh, how amazement will resolve itself into admiration as we gaze upon Him who has a nature that we have been familiar with, the proper divinity which no man hath seen or can see! What grandeur to behold! what rapture to experience when our eyes see the King in His beauty! The sight will overwhelm us. But in other respects than that which is essential to His Kingly dignity the spectacle will be illustrious. In the hour of conquest He will take possession of a throne which no rival dare dispute. Judas will be there, but he will not think of betraying Him. Pilate will be there, but he will not think of questioning Him. The Jews will be there, but they will not cry "Crucify Him." The Romans will be there, but they will not think of hauling Him away to execution. His enemies in that day shall lick the dust. They shall be like chaff before the whirlwind in the day of His coming. And what will be the splendour of His glory when He shall be proclaimed King of kings in His beauty with all the insignia of His royal power!

He will have the beauty of state pageant too, for He will assume office as Judge of quick and dead. Then will the trumpet sound, and all the solemn pomp of the great assize will encircle Him round about. The vivid lightning will flash through the universe, and the roar of His thunder shall awake the dead, while an irresistible summons shall compel them to appear before His dread tribunal. From His searching gaze no creature shall be hid, and every eye shall see Him. They also that pierced Him, and all the kindreds of the earth, shall weep and wail because of Him. But to us that awful pomp will not be appalling, but a fit accessory on which His royal beauty is displayed. We shall admire the hand that holds the sceptre, for we shall recognise it as the same hand that was once pierced for us. We shall admire the voice that condemns the wicked and bids them "*Depart!*" for that voice shall pronounce our welcome, saying, "*Come, ye blessed.*" We shall admire the Shepherd's crook with which He shall separate the sheep and the goats, for it will apportion us to eternal bliss, though it shall dismiss the goats to their eternal doom. Thrice happy and most blessed shall we be in that day. Terror and trouble shall be the lot of the world; trust and triumph shall then be the portion of the saints. He shall be admired in all them that

believed; and when that final judgment shall have fulfilled its destined purpose, He shall be in His beauty seen as the Conqueror of all evil, the Conqueror of sin, of death, and hell. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. How shall we see Him in His beauty when death itself shall die! I cannot attempt to describe that beauty. It is far too dazzling for me to picture. I have dreamed of it sometimes in sacred soliloquies. My faith has tried to realise the facts which are revealed unto us by His Spirit. Still the tongue cannot tell so much as the heart hath conceived. There are unspeakable words which greet us in seasons of rapture which it is not lawful to utter. Whenever we are caught up to the third heaven in rapturous meditation we have but small news to tell to men. But how inconceivable to us now is the glory of Christ as it shall be when all His people are present with Him in heaven. I have not touched upon the millennial age or the latter-day glory. Your thoughts can fill up the vacancy. But what will be the beauty of Christ in heaven in that day "when He shall make up His jewels"! What are the jewels of our King but His redeemed people? What will be the ornaments of His state but those for whom He shed His blood? And when they are all there, then we shall see the King in His beauty with all His jewels. Beauty! A shepherd's beauty lies much in his simple garb; a mother's beauty—very much of it is to be seen as she appears in the centre of a happy and lovely family. So, beyond all doubt, the beauty of Christ will be most conspicuous when all His saints are with Him. I was in company with some good people lately who were discussing the question whether we should see the saints in heaven. I do not know whether they settled the question to their satisfaction, but I settled it very well to mine. I expect to see and know all the saints, to recognise them, and rejoice with them, and that without the slightest prejudice to my being wholly absorbed in the sight of my Lord. Let me explain to you how this can be. When I went the other day into a friend's drawing-room, I observed that on all sides there were mirrors. The whole of the walls were covered with glass, and everywhere I looked I kept seeing my friend. It was not necessary that I should fix my eyes upon him, for all the mirrors reflected him. Thus, brethren, it seems to me that every saint in heaven will be a mirror of Christ, and that as we look upon all the loved ones, gazing round upon them all, we shall see Christ in every one of them, so we shall still be seeing the Master in the servants, seeing the Head in all the members. It is I in them and they in Me. Is it not so? It will be all the Master. This is the sum total of heaven. "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty," and they shall see the beauty of the King in all His people. Nor does it appear that the manifestation shall be ever withdrawn, or that we shall ever leave off seeing the beauty of our King. There is the mercy. "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty," on and on and on still, and on, for ever on, discerning more and more of the beauty, the inexhaustible beauty and splendour of the Sun of Righteousness world without end. The theme grows upon us. We must curb ourselves. We can but skim the surface as the swallow does the brook.

II. Now as to the nature of this vision, we know it is in the future. "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." You poor sinners must be content with seeing the King in His majesty. Happy souls who come

to see Jesus on the cross! Oh, it is joy for them to look unto Him and be saved. Behold the Lamb of God—behold the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Poor sin-sick soul, are you looking to Jesus to be saved? If it be so in the present, then in the future you shall see Him in His beauty. It will be a vision for all. Their natural sense shall discern the real Saviour, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." It is not merely thy spiritual perception, but thy natural eyes. Does not Job express this conviction—"whom mine eyes shall see." Oh, yes, not as it now is with this flesh and blood, but still with this body! I call thee a vile body sometimes, my poor flesh and blood, and so thou art. Yet in thine origin there was something good, and in thy destiny, there is something better—"Bone of thy bone, and flesh of thy flesh." Born of a woman as thou wast, and fed on bread as thou must be, and though the worms devour thee, yet shalt thou rise again. Oh, body, thou art even now the temple of God. Know ye not that your *bodies* are the members of Christ? Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost? These eyes shall see Him. They may be weeping eyes, aching eyes, weary eyes, and sleepy eyes, ay, or even blind eyes, or your failing eyes on which the curtain is being drawn about you—your eyes shall see the King. When heaven is in sight there will be no need for glasses to assist your vision. Your eyes all strengthened to bear the light, as the eagle's eye, when the sun shineth in his strength—"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." It will be a personal vision. "Whom mine eyes shall see, and not another." It shall not be somebody else repeating another's testimony, "Yes, I see Him." I like to hear what John saw, but I like better to have John's privilege; we shall be like John, and shall ourselves behold Him. Can you realise it? You recollect in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* how Mercy laughed in her sleep, and Christiana asked her what made her laugh so. Mercy replied, that she had seen a beautiful vision. Is it not enough to make us laugh in our sleep, to think that "thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." To think that this head shall wear a crown; that these hands shall grasp the palms; that these feet shall stand on the transparent globe; that these ears shall hear the symphonies of eternity, and that this tongue shall help to swell the everlasting chorus. Oh, who would not rejoice! This is the wine which, as it goeth down, makes the lips of him who drinks to speak. Oh, that we may all have a personal sight of the King in His beauty!

And it will be a near sight, because it will be clear and distinct. "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." This does not imply a distant view of a remote object; a dim vision of the dazzling splendour; but you shall behold Him in such close proximity that you can discern every feature of His person, every phase of His comeliness. You shall discern all the insignia of His offices, His conquests, His titles, His dominion, and His glory. Now you only see a picture of Him reflected as in a glass darkly, then you shall see Him face to face. Oh, that the curtain might be drawn up; the veil rent; the vision unfolded! It will be a delightful sight. When He shall appear in His beauty we cannot wear the vestments of our mourning and sorrow. As He is so are we in this world. As He shall be revealed, so shall we be also in that world. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Thus we

shall be beautiful when we shall see Him in His beauty. He shall say to us, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is not a spot in thee." Oh, the delight, the pure unclouded joy, reflective as the light of heaven. What an introduction to eternal felicity this will be when thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty! There is no period, no finale, no end put to it. This is no transient spectacle. His beauty never fades. Our festival can never terminate. Long as He appears in His beauty we shall see Him, and be enamoured of His loveliness. Is it not written, "Because I live ye shall live also"? Without His people, without the complement of His saints with Him, He would not be a full Christ at any time. "Know ye not that the Church is the fulness of Him who filleth all in all?" So all His disciples must be for ever with Him, and they must for ever see His face and be partakers of His glory.

III. Now, to whom is this vision given? We find a remarkably full description of these people. Read the 15th verse. Their ordinary gait distinguishes them. "*He that walketh righteously.*" "The pure in heart shall see God;" but if your deportment disgraces you how deep will be your dishonour. Unholy creatures will never see a holy God. It is not possible. Oh, sinners! what think you of this? You must be changed; you must be cleansed; you must be converted; the Holy Ghost must regenerate you; otherwise you cannot walk uprightly or stand in the presence of the King in His beauty.

Next to this they are known by their tongues, "*and speaketh uprightly.*" No liar shall enter into heaven. Those who talk lasciviously, those who swear profanely, the singers of idle songs, those who lend their lips to slander, backbite their neighbours and circulate evil reports in malice—these and such as these can have no inheritance in the kingdom of God. Oh, may the Lord wash your tongues, rinse your mouths, and make them sweet and clean; else you will never sing the songs of heaven. "He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly" is so far approved. But let him take heed to his commercial character; for it is further said, "*He that despiseth the gain of oppressions,*" or, as the margin has it, of deceit. A man that gets money by squeezing others, by oppressing the poor by hard bargains, shall not enjoy the beatific vision. If you buy and sell and get gain by lying, by false pretences, by tricks of trade—ay, even by the customs that are commonly allowed, though they would look fraudulent if thoroughly exposed, you shall have no inheritance in the kingdom of God. How can you be gracious when you are not honest? He that is not able to hold the scales lightly, measure out an even yard, or make out a bill equitably, may well tremble at being poised in the balances of the sanctuary. When such as these are weighed they will be found wanting. Thorough integrity must stand the test of disinterestedness. "*He that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes.*" Some men cannot help preferring coin to conscience. This is the way of bribery. Palm oil was largely used when Isaiah wrote. It is much in vogue still; perhaps not so much in this country as in others; but there are plenty of ways of receiving bribes besides selling one's vote at the polling booth. How many men are bribed by a smile or a crown—bribed to Sabbath-breaking—bribed to the follies of the world—bribed to I know not what of error! But drop a shilling into a conscientious man's hand, and he shakes it from his hand; he does not like the touch of it; he is like Paul, who shook



off the viper into the fire. So the man who is to see the King in His beauty shaketh his hand from holding bribes. Moreover, "he stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood." He does not like to hear of cruelty, of outrage, of wantonly causing pain. He stops his ears; he will not listen to any proposal either to gratify a resentment or to seek a personal advantage whereby his neighbour would be injured. In this wicked world it is often wise to stop one's ears. A deaf ear is a great blessing when there is base conversation in the neighbourhood.

The good man who thus keeps guard over his hands and his feet, his tongue and his ears, is likewise known by his eyes. He shutteth his eyes from seeing evil. He shuns the temptations to which a vain curiosity would expose him. Oh, if our mother Eve had shut her eyes when the serpent pointed out yon rosy apple on the tree! Oh, that she had shut her eyes to it! Oh that she had said, "No, I will not even look at it." Looking leads to longing, and longing leads to sin. Do you say, "There can be no harm in looking, just to see for yourself; are we not told to prove all things?" "Just come here, young man," says the tempter, "you do not know what life is; one evening will suffice to show you a little gaiety, and let you see how the frolic is carried on. You need not share in it, you know. You may learn a thing or two you never dreamed of before. Surely a man is not to go through the world a baby. Just come for an hour or two and look on." "Ah, no!" says the man, whose eyes are to see the King in His beauty, "the tree of knowledge and evil never brought any man good yet, so please let me alone. I shut my eyes from the sight of it. I do not want to participate even as a spectator. I do not care to look upon that which God will not look upon without abhorrence. I know that His love has put my sins behind His back; what, then, He puts behind His back shall I put before my face. That were ingratitude indeed!" Perhaps you say, "Well, if this is the character of such as shall see the King in His beauty, I shall never come up to the standard." "Nay, but you must, else you will never enjoy the beatific vision." "But I cannot convert myself after this fashion." I know you cannot, but there is one who can. Has not Jesus Christ come into the world to make us new creatures? It is His object and intent. "Behold, I make all things new." He changes a man, gives him new desires, new longings, and new hopes. And He can change you. Let me ask you, have you ever seen, by faith, the King? Have you ever looked to Jesus on the Cross, and did you ever recognise that Jesus Christ, if He is to be your Saviour, must be your King? You say you have believed in Jesus. Yes; but did you take Him to be your King? Did you mean to obey Him as well as to love Him? Did you intend to serve Him as well as to lean upon Him? Remember you cannot have a half of Christ. You cannot have Him as your Redeemer, but not as your Ruler. You must take Him as He is. He is a Saviour, but He saves His people from their sins. Now, if you have ever seen Christ as your Saviour, you have seen beauty in Him; He is lovely in your eyes, for the loveliest sight in the world to a sinner is His Saviour. "What is the latest news," said a certain squire to a companion, accustomed to hunt with him, who had come up to the metropolis—"what is the latest news you have heard in London?" "The latest news, and the best news I have ever heard," was the quick reply, "is that Jesus Christ came into the

world to save sinners." "Tom," says he, "I think you are mad." "William," said Tom, "I know you are. I only wish you were cured of your insanity as, by the grace of God, I have been." Oh that we did but all of us know Jesus Christ in His beauty, and could, every one of us, rejoice in Him, as those do that are charmed by the sight. If you have not your eyes opened, you cannot see the King in His beauty. But if they are opened now, so that you greet Jesus as your King, and see beauty in Him, then, whatever your former life may have been, its sins are forgiven—they are blotted out. Thy Saviour's sacrifice, that offered such satisfaction to God for your sins, shall give sweet solace to your conscience. By the gracious help of the Holy Spirit, you shall start a fresh career, and begin a new life. Be it so; and you will henceforth shut your eyes from seeing, stop your ears from hearing, shake your hands from all iniquity, and turn aside your feet from it, to live the life you live in the flesh by the faith of the Son of God, to his honour and glory. So shall thine eyes, poor sinner—weeping, sorrowing, mournful eyes as they may now be—thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty. The Lord grant that we all of us may have a present earnest and a future fruition of this delightful promise, for His name's sake. Amen.

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## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

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### GRAPHIC SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

#### THE MAN OF ONE TALENT.

##### PART I.

"AND now, what am I good for?"

This personal question Sam Spring put to himself. He was not talking to anybody, but simply turning over matters in his own mind. He had recently been converted, and become a member of the church: it was therefore perfectly natural that, having entered into this new relationship, he should be desirous of knowing how to fulfil its obligations. He was not like some who having been enrolled as members content themselves ever afterwards with giving the church merely the questionable use of their *names*: what he wanted was heartily and grate-

fully to give the church the benefit of wholesome *words* and *deeds*. Though but a young convert, and but poorly educated, he still had a higher ambition than to be a mere church mummy, only fit to be packed up and sent off straightway to an Egyptian museum—as useful there as anywhere. He felt that in saving his soul Christ had done a great deal for him; and, in loving return, he wanted to do something for Christ.

But we regret to say the conference held with himself did not come to much. Puzzled he was at the beginning of it, and just as puzzled was he at the end. In vain he scratched his head; in vain he racked his poor brains: the difficulty still remained unsolved. What was to be done? Should he not go and take counsel with his pastor? Yes, that was it; nothing could be better. Mr. Parsons, he knew,

would receive him kindly, and give him the best advice. He would put on his hat and go and hold a consultation with him at once.

"Mr. Parsons, will you please tell me what I can do to serve Christ?"

"A very proper question, Sam; but first let me ask, what do *you* think you can do?"

"Very little, sir, I'm afraid. You know how I was brought up. Mother was left a widow with six children, and being the oldest lad, at ten years of age I was sent out to work in the fields. All the education I received up to that time was picked up at an old woman's school in the village, and she gave us more cane than teaching, which didn't enlighten us much. Then as I grew older I got a little more education, only it was of the wrong sort. The school was "The Blind Beggar," the landlord was the schoolmaster, and the sots of the village were the scholars. Until you preached on the village green I was as ignorant of the Gospel as a Hottentot; and I often think, though God has converted my soul, how little I know even now. On Sunday night, however, you gave me a bit of hope that, uneducated as I am, I may nevertheless be made useful in some way."

"How was that, Sam?"

"You were talking in your sermon about members and the various uses God puts them to. Some, you said, were fit for one kind of work, and some for another; and that every man had his gift. One man had ten talents: well, God had a niche for that man to fill. Another man had five talents: there was a niche for that man to fill. A third man had but one talent. What of him? Was he useless? No; just as in the case of the others, God had a niche or place for him to fill.

I felt I was the man of one talent, and as I was thinking so you made a remark that made me glad. You said it was your belief that the majority of Christian people were men of one talent, and that if every man would use to the utmost his one talent, there would be a complete revolution in the Church and the world; and then it just seemed to me as if you looked me straight in the face and said, 'Now, my friend, what are *you* going to do with *your* talent?' That question pierced me like an arrow: it struck home, and stuck fast just as the harpoon does in a whale, and I've been putting it to myself ever since. But I'm in a fix: it puzzles me to know what talent I really have, and until that point is settled it's hardly likely I can tell what to do with it!"

"True, Sam; can you teach, do you think, in the Sunday-school?"

"No, sir."

"Why?"

"Because I cannot read well enough."

"Can you read words of one syllable?"

"Yes; I *can* do that."

"Then you could take the next class to the infant's, and instruct them out of the Primer. It so happens that the superintendent of our school was only asking me yesterday if I knew of a member who could take a class of that kind, rendered vacant by the removal of the teacher to another town. What do you say to taking it? Will you try?"

"I would do anything to serve the Master, sir; and if you really think I'm fit for the job I will give it a trial."

"Very good. Then I will see the superintendent and make the arrangement."

The next Lord's-day morning saw

Sam Spring duly installed in the above-named class by the head of the school. The class itself consisted of eight little boys of about six years of age, all clean and neatly dressed. As they looked with a certain degree of curiosity at their new teacher, they were asked by the superintendent if, now Mr. Spring had so kindly consented to take the class, they would all be good boys and do as he bade them? To this question there was but one response. Simultaneously every voice cried, "Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" "Then mind you keep your promise," said the superintendent, who walked away smiling, though feeling, it must be confessed, somewhat dubious concerning the probability of the promise in each case being kept. Matters being thus satisfactorily arranged, the new teacher commenced his work. Taking each scholar in turn, he heard him read, and found that he was able so far to impart the necessary instruction. At first the humming of voices of the classes near rather troubled him; but before the lesson was over he got tolerably used to it. Being, though a little rough, naturally a kind-hearted man, and having a genial way with him, and a face which children naturally took to, he was not long in gaining the confidence of his young pupils; and thus it came to pass that when they went home they did not fail to tell their parents what a nice teacher had been teaching them, and how they liked him. "He never gave me a cuff on the head," said one. "He didn't pull my ears," said another. "He picked me up when I tumbled down," said a third. "And because he said I read so well and was a good boy he gave me this little picture-book," said a fourth. Thus, each one having something to tell in relation to the good doings,

either positive or negative, of the new teacher, the parents respectively drew the conclusion that in the possession of such an instructor a piece of good luck had evidently fallen to the share of their youthful offspring; and, acting under that satisfactory impression, they gave their children suitable admonitions and sundry warnings, all of them tending to make them believe that if they did not behave well with such a teacher, he would be taken from them, and then they would have another teacher put into the class, who, instead of giving them kind words and good books, would give them what they deserved far more—a sound thrashing!

For six months the new teacher remained in his class, giving great satisfaction to his youthful charges. He loved them, and they loved him. Not only was this manifested by their punctual attendance, good behaviour, and attention, but it was also shown in another way. It was no unusual thing for several of them, a little before school-time, to watch for him coming along the road, and when they caught a glimpse of him to run and meet him with gleeful countenance and other signs of welcome. Then, having caught him, to the school they would escort him in a strange fashion. One would take hold of his right hand, and another take hold of his left; two more would be satisfied with grasping his coat tails, while the fifth, like a herald, would march triumphantly in front of the whole. The bystanders good-humouredly laughed at the sight—as well they might—but as the teacher knew that they enjoyed it as well as himself and his merry young friends, he smiled with them, and unrebuked let them laugh on. To these scholars he became like a parent. If they were absent he inquired the

cause; if they were sick he visited them in their homes, and took them nice little comforts; if they misbehaved themselves (as, alas, in spite of their promise, they did sometimes) he dealt with them firmly but kindly, and tried to win their hearty obedience by words of persuasive counsel; and if they behaved well and made progress in their lessons, he gave them small rewards as tokens of his approval, and in the hope of stimulating them to do still better. In this humble way for the first half-year he toiled cheerfully amongst the young, when a change took place in his relation to the school, which on a somewhat larger scale developed still further the one talent that he was so ready in any shape to place at his Divine Master's disposal.

(To be continued.)

## THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

"He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory: for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them. He will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail."—1 SAM. ii. 8, 9.

A MAN, by his own fanciful interpretation of Scripture, may make it seem to prove or disprove anything he pleases. A Tractarian minister, wishing to show that men have no right to possess or judge Holy Scripture for themselves, preached from the parable of the good Samaritan. In the following way he proved it to his own satisfaction. The wounded man is our fallen

race. This is consistent enough. The good Samaritan represents Christ. This is fair enough. The inn is the Church. To this, rightly understood, we object not. But all this is preliminary. The grand point follows. The two pence are the Old and New Testament. These are not given to the wounded man; they are given to the host: therefore, sinful laymen are not to possess the Holy Scriptures. It is, however, unfortunate for this exposition that the New Testament did not exist at the time the parable was spoken. (Col. iv. 16; 1 Thess. v. 27; Rev. i. 3.)

Some rationalists, who seem to think it would be a grand achievement to overthrow the authority of the Bible, try to show that it teaches as strange science as is this Tractarian's divinity. Mr. Goodwin, in *Essays and Reviews*, represents the writers of sacred Scripture to be so ignorant about our world that they assert it to be fixed and immovable. To establish this the poetic language of the Psalms is quoted, such as, "The world is established, it cannot be moved" (Ps. xciii. 1.) There is, undoubtedly, great ignorance in question here, but we submit that it is with the essayist himself, not with the inspired writer. The essayist fails to see that the original word *not* is here, as in very many other places, taken in a tropical sense. The ninety-third psalm is prophetic. It carries us into the period of millennial blessedness, when Satan is bound, and the Lord Jesus has assumed the government of the world. The opening words are, "The Lord reigneth, He is clothed with majesty." When He reigns the world shall be no more shaken with revolutions and wars. To be consistent, Mr. Goodwin ought to have represented every good man as liter-

ally immovable also; for it is written, "Because He is at my right hand I shall not be moved" (Ps. xvi. 8). Again, "Thù Lord will not suffer thy foot to be moved" (Ps. cxxi. 3).

In her sublime and holy song, Hannah affirms that the pillars of the earth are the Lord's. The idea is that He supports it and all on it. Having asserted the Divine power in nature, she advances to the exercise of the same omnipotence in grace. He that props the world keeps the feet of His saints.

We lose much by not tracing God in nature as well as in grace. With the writers of Holy Scripture creation is a mighty scaffolding, and stars are golden steps to climb to God (Ps. xix. i-6).

In all the grand features of our world, we see Divine omnipotence and benevolence. Were the earth one flat surface, how monotonous and uninteresting would it be! Had we no great mountains to break the violence of storms, we could have no sheltered plains or valleys, abounding in fruitfulness. Neither could we have springs, nor streams, nor majestic rivers, which turn our mills, and spangle our meadows, and bear commerce on their breast. (Ps. civ. 10-18.)

What an emblem of the goodness and power of God is the sea! We do not marvel that, in the contemplation of nature, it so arrested the attention of David. "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships: there is that leviathan which thou hast made to play therein" (Ps. civ. 24-26).

Who can think without a worshipping spirit of—

"The hand Almighty which its channelled bed  
Immeasurable sunk, and poured abroad,  
Fenced with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere,  
With every wind to waft large commerce on,  
Join pole to pole, consociate severed worlds,  
And link in bonds of intercourse and love  
Earth's universal family."

What wonders are connected with our atmosphere! Everything that moves upon the earth lives by breathing it, and extracting its oxygen. This oxygen forms about one-fifth of its constituents. Now contemplate, in London alone, above four millions of human beings, breathing the surrounding air, and taking out of it its oxygen, and then exhaling that which, in itself, is a poison. Contemplate the fact that, if oxygen were withheld from man for ten minutes, he would die. Add to the consumption of oxygen by man that of all the cattle—cows, horses, and beasts for slaughter—and all the living things besides in London. Then add to this the consumption of oxygen by lights, furnaces, fires, and combustion of every kind, and you may well ask, How do men live in this great city? For this, as for all our other necessities, God, in His providence, has provided. Air is not like water; while its elements are easily separated, they are also easily mixed. The air, too, has in itself both the power and tendency to restore its own equilibrium. Fresh oxygen mingles with the exhausted air which we exhale, and so restores the pabulum of life. (Ps. cxxxix. 14.)

The Divine wisdom is equally remarkable in the different climates of the earth. Nature has every-

where her counterpoises and compensations. In those high latitudes, where the thermometer stands below the freezing point, every particle of moisture in the atmosphere is congealed, and the dry air being a bad conductor of heat, the natural warmth of the body is not so much abstracted as in climates less cold. Thus the winter season is not only to healthy persons tolerable, but enjoyable, and the season of most social intercourse. Did space permit, we might here remark on that Divine wisdom which causes the most succulent and delicious fruits to grow in those tropical regions where they are most required, which arranges the quality of food for all climates, and its quantity, for the world's population, at the same time, for the sake of friendly intercourse, making one region dependent, in a measure, upon another.

God's power in grace is the same as in nature. He that sustains the universe keepeth the feet of His saints. "His saints" (*chasideim*), literally means "those who have obtained mercy." They were once sinners, but they sought mercy, and found it. (Eph. ii. 45.) Having received grace, they walk in it. They are followers of Christ, and imitators of God, showing forth the virtues of Him who called them out of darkness into His marvellous light. Such only does holy Scripture recognise as saints. (Phil. iii. 17—19; 1 John i. 6).

Saints are those who are not only holy but active. "He keepeth the feet of his saints:" that is, while walking in His ways, He preserves and sustains them. Am I serving God? Then I "shall be holden up;" for God is able to make me stand. (Rom. xiv. 4.) One of the characteristics of Christ's sheep is that they hear His voice and follow

at His call. (John x. 27—29.) To all such safety is guaranteed. (1 Pet. iii. 13.)

When His own glory, and the accomplishment of their work requires it, God manifests His sovereign power in preserving His servants from the mischievous designs of men. After Luther and his doctrines were condemned at the diet of Worms, he was still permitted to propagate his opinions. Why? God, in His providence, gave his persecutors other work to do. The Emperor Charles V., and Pope Leo X., were engaged in war with the King of France. The Sultan of Turkey, Solymán the Magnificent, had invaded Europe, had taken Belgrave, which was the key to further conquests. With an army of two hundred thousand men, and with a fleet of four hundred sail, he was attacking Rhodes. Spain was enveloped in the flames of civil war. Fifty years before this period the art of printing had been invented. This led to the revival of learning, and Popery, like the fabled Cerberus, dreads the light. Pope Adrian himself, who succeeded Leo, admitted that grievous abuses existed in the court of Rome. The diet of Nuremberg drew up a list of one hundred, which they sent to Rome, requiring reform. It was thus events conspired, which, while they gave impulse to Luther's ardent mind, afforded opportunity to carry on that work which ended in the Reformation. See a case, in part parallel to this, in 1 Sam. xxiii. 19—28.

But "the keeping" in question refers more to the inward supplies of grace than to the outward protection of providence. God strengthens the souls of his faithful servants, either to roll stumbling-blocks out of their way or to

surmount them. Snares are laid and pitfalls are dug by the enemy, but discernment is given to detect them. (2 Cor. ii. 11; 1 John ii. 20.)

The feet of the saint are only kept from stumbling while he walks in the narrow way of obedience, using the means which God has placed within his power. The Lord will not, as a rule, do for us what we can do for ourselves. When, the very night before his intended execution by Herod, the angel came from heaven to deliver Peter, he was commissioned to do what the Apostle could not do for himself. Peter could not break the iron chains which bound him; to the angel they had no more strength than a spider's thread. Peter could not drive back the bolts of the massive doors which shut him in; before the angel they fly open as if instinct with life. Peter could put on his own sandals, and gird on his own dress. These things the angel commands him to do. When, in our spiritual course, we seem to be held back by iron chains, which we cannot break, and by bolted gates and doors, which we cannot open, that is the time to feel perfectly at ease. What we can do for ourselves, let us do it; and what we cannot do, let us feel assured God will accomplish for us. He will

roll back the flood, divide the sea, or quench the violence of fire, when the accomplishment of His own glory in us requires it. (Exod. xiv. 15—31; Josh iv. 10—13; Dan. iii. 19—27; Acts xii. 3—11.)

What Christ declares to the Philadelphian church, is true of all His faithful servants until their earthly ministry is accomplished: "Behold, I have set before you an open door, and no man can shut it" (Rev. iii. 7—10). In a portrait of Tyndale, still preserved in this country, beside the heroic man is a device: a burning book is tied to a stake, while a number of similar books are seen flying out of the fire. The meaning is an historic fact. Tonstal, the Bishop of London, had bought up some scores of Tyndale's New Testaments and burned them. The money paid for them enabled Tyndale to bring out a new and more correct edition.

The physical strength of the earthly racer soon becomes exhausted. In our spiritual course, the farther and faster we advance, the stronger we grow. Friction wears out the best earthly machinery; but the more earnestly and diligently we labour for Christ, the more skilled and efficient we become.

*Shepherd's Bush.*



## Tales and Sketches.

### THE LITTLE FRENCH DRUMMER-BOY;

#### A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY M. E. B.

#### CHAPTER V.

LISSETTE had promised her Aunt Jeane to take care of little Frolut; so after the funeral he went to her house.

This young woman was engaged to a carpenter, and expected to marry soon, and settle near her native town. The future is mercifully hidden from mortal eyes, and it is probable that could Lisette have foreseen in what difficulties this engagement would have placed her, she would have hesitated before accepting honest Victor Duplessy as a suitor for her hand and heart. Napoleon was now at the very zenith of his power; he gilded the chains of the French until they forgot they were really chains; the conscription alone gave him annually upwards of 150,000 men, besides the numerous volunteers who felt only too happy to fight under such a leader. The conscription claimed Victor Duplessy, therefore the young people decided to marry without delay, and the commanding officer of Victor's regiment agreed to allow Lisette to accompany her husband as *cantinière*. When Frolut saw his cousin Lisette dressed in a jacket with shining brass buttons, reaching up to her chin, a bright scarf round her neck, a black felt hat on her head tied down with a smart kerchief under her chin, and

a long blue cloth coat, a cord cross-way over her shoulders, fastened to a small cask intended to hold brandy, he scarcely recognised her; the dress had made so great an alteration in her usual appearance. At this sight all the enthusiasm he had experienced at seeing the little drummers some months before revived with double force, and he was pressing in his request to be allowed to go as drummer in the same regiment. Pierre made no objection, so the matter was easily arranged, much to Frolut's delight.

Thus towards the middle of the year 1812, we find our little friend Frolut, once his mother's pet, being taught the mysteries of beating the drum.

His pride was great at the prospect of marching at the head of a regiment of the line, with his drum, and his bright strap across his chest ornamented with his drumsticks when not in use. Learning his part was not always pleasant, for the drum-major was of an irritable, impatient disposition, with little compassion for the young and inexperienced drummer of ten years old; and he not unfrequently beat time with a large rush-cane upon the boy's shoulder because he said he was slow at mastering, "Pan, pan, rantanplan!" Like our English expressions, "Rub-a-dub, dub! for the drum."

The good *cantinière* Lisette kept her eye on the child; but as soldiers are fond of teasing and of giving nicknames, she could not always shield him from annoyance. Frolut's body was lank and spare, and his head larger than usual for

a boy of his age and build ; hence he went by the *sobriquet* of "Bilboquet," as the soldiers fancied he resembled a cup and ball. Somehow, he could not stride along like a soldier with his cap on one side, and his sabre was unpleasantly near his feet, when he attempted to let it dangle in front in the same way as the dandies in his regiment, for his legs became entangled, and several times he had fallen and injured his nose, much to the amusement of his comrades, who joked him on the state of that organ ; but Frolut never laughed at any one.

He was beginning to see the realities of a soldier's life, and to realise the enormous difference of being at home, even in the poor fisherman's hut, and bivouacking and marching, &c. ; he was fast contracting habits of reserve, most unnatural at his age.

His cousin's duties, too, were so numerous that she could not see as much of the boy as she wished, though she performed many acts of kindness towards the poor little fellow.

(To be continued.)

## Reviews.

*The Metropolitan Tabernacle: its History and Work.* By C. H. SPURGEON. (London: Passmore and Alabaster.) Price 1s.

ANYBODY who wants to know everything about Mr. Spurgeon, his pastorate, the church he is identified with, its past history and its present institutions, can find a complete narrative in this pamphlet. Its issue last month was timed to give authentic information to the friends and supporters of "The Pastors' College" who are wont to rally round the worthy President in great force at the festival held during the annual week of conference of ministers educated in that institution. To members of the Tabernacle Church and congregation this well-told story of which they could only have heard snatches before is sure to be highly fascinating ; but we shall be not a little surprised if these 120 pages of wisely collated, well stored facts do not awaken the sympathies of a far wider circle of readers. Though it can be obtained as a bulky tract for a shilling, we very much prefer it in the form of a neat, well-bound little volume at the cost of two shillings. The numerous wood engravings which

embellish it enhance the value. One of these—one only—is execrable. On consulting the letter-press, however, we learn that its badness is its beauty ; for it is designed as a specimen of a certain undesirable edition of Benjamin Keach's works. Looking back nearly a quarter of a century, and reading the past in the light of the present, one might easily imagine that "Spurgeon" would have proved a *success* anywhere. Still rising from the perusal of this thrilling tale, we are prone to reflect on the Providence of God that allotted him his sphere on the Surrey side of London, and assigned him Southwark as a starting point. Where else could he have found a place in the sacred genealogy of more noble preachers of the Gospel—men of power in the pulpit, men of mark in their generation, men who bequeathed an inheritance to their successors !

## PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

*The Baptist Magazine.* (Publishing office, 21, Castle-street.) An article on the Lord Jesus Christ's last passover

with His disciples is specially good; also a paper (one of a series) by the Rev. William Barker, of Hastings, "On Objections to Modern Theories of the Future Punishment of the Wicked." The objections are clearly put, well reasoned, and vigorously urged.

*The Sword and Trowel.* (Alabaster and Passmore.) We have read with satisfaction the peculiarly constructed Sermon Bee reported by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. One of the many contributions from the writer's pen for the truth of God, and showing the many varied gifts of the author in presenting the truth. The introduction of caricatures of Mr. Spurgeon and his work in its earlier stages will cause many to smile, though we hope their republication may not cause the wicked to revive in their work of lampooning the Gospel of the grace of God. The paper on "Pastor Cuff and his work at Shore-ditch" we have read with much interest. May our God prosper it a thousand-fold.

*The Baptist and Freeman* are still holding forth our principles with considerable power. We advise Baptists to take both papers.

*The General Baptist Magazine.* Very good.

*The King's Highway* (Elliot Stock) publishes some well-chosen selections from "Cecil's Remains." They could not do a better thing.

*The Ragged School Union Quarterly.* (Kent and Co.) Every one engaged in work or sympathy with ragged schools will hail with delight the very beautiful likeness of the late Judge Payne, and will read with pleasure the lines written formerly by that truly earnest and faithful worker in ragged schools. The number also produces well executed cuts of the cottage residence and the memorial tomb of the late judge.

*The Appeal* (Elliot Stock), *The Teacher's Storehouse*, *The Mother's Treasury.* (The Book Society, Paternoster-row.) We link these three in trio as all fruitful in good things of profit and sweetness.

*Thirty-sixth Annual Temperance Sermon in Church-street Chapel, St. Mary-lebone, London.* (Alliance Offices, 52, Parliament-street; Tweedie and Co., Strand.) This sermon is the continuation of a work commenced in the year 1839 by our late dear friend and brother Dr. Burns. The mantle has fallen on his son, who is his father's successor in the pastorate at Church-street Chapel, and, we presume, intends continuing an annual sermon on the all-important Temperance question. Mr. Burns well reasons out his subject. Many things are put with force, and we are sure all will agree that drunkenness is the disgrace and blot of our country and times, and that total abstinence, *without attributing to it every virtue*, is one sure means of grappling with a mighty evil. We have, however, more hope of result from the banding together of good men of all sides in a holy crusade against this monster evil than in calling on Government for aid. In the one case we get immediately to the work; in the other we fear that that is being pursued which is far off indeed. All should read this excellent discourse.

*To Whom should we Go? A Review of Dr. Pusey's Sermon recently preached before the University of Oxford.* (Elliot Stock.) The writer, the Rev. John Pyer-Barnett has done the Church good service, successfully showing the unscriptural character of Dr. Pusey's teachings on the Priesthood, and well telling some wholesome truth from our standpoint.

*Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society*, also *A Paper on the Latest Defence made by the British and Foreign Bible Society for their Circulation of the Romish Versions.* How is it we have no publisher to either of them? We should like to know that they were being circulated by hundreds of thousands, as our decided conviction is that the British and Foreign Bible Society should come out, be separate, and touch not the unclean thing.

*Biblical Museum.* (Elliot Stock.) Part IV. equal to former numbers.

## Things Grave and Pleasant.

### CHALMERS ON THE COMPOSITION OF SERMONS.

A SERMON properly consists of two parts—exposition and application. The truth lies in the text, like a sword in the scabbard. The business of the minister is first to draw the sword—that is exposition; next to cut and thrust with it on the right and on the left—that is application. The hearers must first of all see what is the mind of God in the text; and then that mind of God is to be used for their reformation. It is not enough that the preacher preach the truth: the hearers must also know for themselves that it is the very truth of God. The power does not lie simply in the truth, but in the truth perceived to be of God. When this point has been gained, then the power of preaching is the power of God. Hence careful exposition, showing beyond all question what is the mind of God in the text, is the indispensable first thing in every sermon. Without this the sword of the Spirit is not there. The sword sheathed is of no avail. Let it be drawn by exposition, and then let it be wielded with a will.

### HOW TO PREACH.

It ought to be remembered that the expounder of the truth of God speaks for God, for eternity; and that it is not in the least likely that he will benefit the hearers except he use plainness of speech, which, nevertheless, needs not to be vulgar or rude. It should also be con-

sidered that if the preacher strive to speak according to the rules of this world he may please many, particularly those that have a literary taste; but in the same proportion he is less likely to become an instrument in the hands of God for the conversion of sinners, or for the building up of the saints. For neither eloquence nor depth of thought makes the truly great preacher; but such a life of prayer, and meditation, and spirituality as may render him a vessel meet for the Master's use, and fit to be employed both in the conversion of sinners and in the edification of the saints.—GEO. MULLER.

### FOLLY OF READING SERMONS.

THE common sense of mankind is against reading sermons. The opinions of all nations among whom oratory has been studied or practised is against it. The Greeks would have laughed to scorn any man who would have dared to address them in the manner, and so too would the Romans. The so-called "Church of Rome" permits no one to read in her pulpits; indeed, save in our own country the practice is scarcely known at all in any country, or among the members of any profession. Whenever men are in earnest, full of their subject, and master of it they must and do speak; and the whole nature of man must be changed before it can be otherwise.—*American Paper.*

## Poetry.

## TRIBUTE TO SPRING.

O! beautiful, beautiful Spring,  
 We hail thy approach with delight;  
 The woods, hills, and valleys all ring  
 With anthems all joyous and bright.

The Winter has lingered so long,—  
 Thy advent so long been delayed:  
 'Tis meet we should raise thee a song,  
 For gladness and joy thou wast made.

The larks, at the opening day,—  
 The fish in the silvery streams—  
 Seem glad that the Winter's away,  
 And sport in the sun's golden beams.

The fields are all verdant and bright,  
 The landscape of laughter is full,  
 The trees of the forest unite,  
 No creature on earth can be dull.

The primrose and daisy are gay,  
 The cowslip and lily in bloom,  
 All bright as the sunshine in May,  
 And fragrant with richest perfume.

The meadows, bespangled with dew,  
 Where each drop as a pearl doth  
 shine;  
 All nature is mantled anew,  
 Reflecting the glories divine.

The ploughman, with whistle and flute.  
 Is merry from morning till night;  
 As Nature no longer is mute  
 He toils and he sings with delight.

The shepherd, in pastures all green,  
 Near waters refreshing and calm,  
 With his flocks he may daily be seen,  
 In his bosom he beareth the lamb.

One and all, in their different spheres,  
 In palace, or mansion, or cot;  
 Are gladdened when Spring time  
 appears,  
 There is comfort in every lot.

O! beautiful, beautiful Spring!  
 Creation is brightened by thee.  
 The woods, hills, and valleys all ring,  
 All full of sweet music for me.

*Finchley, April, 1876. J. BATEY.*

## AN AFFECTIONATE HINT RESPECTING PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together."—HEB. x. 25.

**THE** great Jehovah, from His glorious throne,  
 Stoops down to make His love and mercy known;  
 And bids the chosen tribes of Israel meet  
 Where He reveals the glories of His feet.

Where then is that ungrateful sinner found,  
 Who slights and disregards the Gospel sound?  
 Who when Jehovah in His courts draws near,  
 Neglects within those holy courts to appear.

Can those who once have tasted Jesus' grace,  
Choose to be absent when He shows His face?  
*Shall a few drops of rain, or dirty road,*  
Prevent their public intercourse with God?

Remember, every time the House of Prayer  
Is open for the saints, the Lord is there  
To hold communion with the heaven-born race,  
And give them, from His fulness, grace for grace.

See! Satan's slaves to scenes of riot go,  
*By day and night, through rain, or hail or snow!*  
And shall some visitor, or worldly care,  
Detain believers from the House of Prayer?

Bear with me, while I say *the crime is great*  
*Of those who practise coming very late;*  
As if God's Service were by far too long,  
So they omit *the prayer and early song.*

A little less *indulgence* in the bed—  
A little more *contrivance* in the head—  
A little more *devotion* in the mind—  
Would quite prevent your being so behind!

I grant, lest I should seem to be severe,  
There are domestic cases here and there,  
*Age—illness—service*—things quite unforeseen,  
To censure which I surely do not mean.

But such will not (unless I greatly err)  
Among the prudent *very oft occur;*  
And when they do, you surely should endeavour,  
To come at last, 'TIS BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!

JOSEPH IRONS, 1820, *slightly altered and abbreviated.*

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. C. STARLING announced to the congregation of Henrietta-street Chapel, Brunswick-square, on Sunday, April 2, that he should preach his farewell sermon on the first Sunday in August next.

Rev. Henry Dolamore has been compelled to resign the pastorate of the Water-street Church, Stafford, in consequence of ill-health, and the church

have reluctantly accepted his resignation.

Mr. T. Bray, of Beckington, Somersetshire, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at King's Sutton, near Banbury.

Rev. J. Manning, late of Aberdeen, has accepted the pastorate for one year, with the view to a more permanent settlement, of Salem Chapel, St. George's-street, Ipswich.

Mr. Arthur C. Perriam, late of Praed-street Church, Paddington, has accepted an invitation to Eastgate Church, Louth, Lincolnshire.

Rev. G. Barr has declined the invitation from the Old Baptist Church, at Cottenham, Cambs.

Rev. R. J. Rogers, of Regent's-park College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Lower Baptist Church, Chesham.

Rev. E. P. Barrett, after a pastorate of two years, has resigned the charge of the Baptist church at Hereford.

Rev. J. W. Genders, of the Old Baptist Church, Park-street, Luton, Beds, has accepted an invitation to the church at Portsea. He leaves the church at Luton with a membership of 500, the greater number of whom have been added to the church during the six years' ministry of Mr. Genders. The health of his family is the cause of his leaving that ancient church at Luton, which has been in existence since the days of John Bunyan.

Rev. W. W. Robinson, recently co-pastor with Rev. S. Cox, at Nottingham, has accepted an invitation to the church at Claremont-street Chapel, Shrewsbury. Active measures are being taken for the erection of a new chapel and schoolrooms. The cash in hand and promises already amount to upwards of £700, and the ladies are preparing for a bazaar, to be held in the autumn.

Rev. Robert Lewis, of Plymouth, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at West-street, Rochdale.

#### PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. J. JACKSON, of Sevenoaks, on resigning the pastoral care of the church at Addlestone, Surrey, has been presented with an illuminated address, and Mrs. Jackson with a silver tea and coffee service.

Rev. E. K. Everett has been presented with a handsome gold watch and appendages, and a purse of gold, as a recognition of his services in connection with his Sunday afternoon lectures in Stalybridge.

#### NEW CHAPEL.

THE new chapel in Charles-street, Camberwell New-road, of which Rev. J. A. Griffin is minister, was opened on Thursday. Sermons were preached by Revs. C. H. Spurgeon and J. T. Wigner, of New-cross; and at night Mr. Andrew Dunn presided over a public meeting. The cost of the building is £1,800. Towards this Mr. Spurgeon gave £50, and has promised a collection. £500 or £600 are required to liquidate the debt. Opening services were continued on Sunday, when crowded congregations assembled and sermons were preached, morning, by Rev. J. T. Briscoe, Meard's-court; afternoon, by Rev. Wm. Alderson, East-street, Walworth; and evening, by the pastor. The gross total received in connection with the opening services is, so far, about £150.

THE HIGHGATE-ROAD CHAPEL.—The memorial stone for this chapel was placed Thursday, April 20th, by the Rev. William Howieson, of Walworth, the president for the year of the London Baptist Association. The site on which the chapel is being erected is a few yards above the Highgate-road Station on the Midland Railway. It is a freehold, the gift of Mr. James Coxeter, a resident in the neighbourhood. Towards the building fund the London Baptist Association has appropriated the sum of £1,500. Sir Robert Lush and six other friends have also contributed £100 each. Sittings will be provided for 900 persons, and the cost of the erection will be £6,000, exclusive of the site. The first subscription to the building fund was made by Mrs. Coxeter, of Newbury, who on the first of February last entered the 102nd year of her age.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE quarterly meeting of the London Baptist Association was held on Tuesday, April 11th, at Camden-road Chapel. At the forenoon assembly of ministers, the Rev. D. Jones, B.A., of Brixton, read an able paper, entitled "The Gospel a Trust." This was fol-

lowed by an interesting and edifying discussion. In the afternoon an address was delivered by Rev. Archibald G. Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, the vice-president of the Association. In the evening the public meeting was addressed by the Revs. Dr. Landels (president-elect of the Baptist Union), Arthur Mursell, and T. Vincent Fymms.

**PRESTON.**—The Baptist Chapel in this town has been in an unsafe state for some years. In the beginning of last autumn it was closed for the purpose of the needed repairs being carried out. The side walls have been taken down and rebuilt, and other necessary improvements made, at an outlay of £300. Towards this sum £100 has been subscribed or promised by members of the church and congregation, aided by other sections of the Christian church in the town and district. The reopening services were held on Lord's Day, the 5th of March, when two sermons suitable to the occasion were preached by the Rev. J. Hall to large congregations. On Monday, the 6th, at 3 p.m., the Rev. C. Griffiths preached an able sermon to an attentive audience. At 5 o'clock a public tea was held in the Assembly Rooms, to which a goodly number of visitors and friends sat down. In the evening, at 6.30, a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by the Rev. Evan Davies. Appropriate addresses were delivered to a large and attentive audience by the Revs. T. Jermine, R. Shindler, J. Hall, C. Griffiths, D. Roe, R. Smith, and S. Watkins, pastor of the church.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. William Jeffery, as pastor of the church assembling in Trinity Chapel, Boxley Heath, were held on Wednesday, April 12th. In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. T. Wigner. A public meeting was held in the evening. The chair was taken by I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., of Gravesend. The following gentlemen addressed the meeting: Rev. A. Tessier, W. Goodman, B.A., A. Sturge, E. T. Gibson, J.

Geddes, E. M. Le Riche, and other friends.

## BAPTISMS.

- Aberillery.*—April 2, at the English Chapel, Seven, by I. Jones.  
*Accrington.*—April 2, at Barnes-street Chapel, Four, by H. C. Atkinson.  
*Ashton-under-Lyne.*—March 19, One, by the Pastor.  
*Bacup.*—March 26, at Zion Chapel, Three, by C. W. Gregory.  
*Barnsley, Yorks.*—April 2, Eight, by B. W. Osler.  
*Birmingham.*—March 26, at Bond-street Chapel, Three, by G. Wheeler; March 29, at Christ Church, Six, by W. Walters.  
*Bishop Auckland.*—March 19, Six, by H. Gray.  
*Bradford.*—March 5, at Tetty-street, Five, by B. Wood.  
*Brigend.*—March 26, Three, by Mr. Cole.  
*Bulwell, Notts.*—March 22, Three, by C. Crouch.  
*Burton-on-Trent.*—March 26, Three, at Guild-street Chapel; March 29, One, by J. Cokon.  
*Carmarthen.*—March 26, at the Tabernacle, Eleven, by J. Thomas; April 2, at English Chapel, Five, by Evan Thomas.  
*Clay Cross.*—April 2, Seven, by W. Williams.  
*Coatbridge, Scotland.*—March 19, Two; March 26, One; April 2, Six, by J. M. Hewson.  
*Congleton.*—March 22, One, by J. Walker.  
*Consett, Durham.*—March 26, Three, by M. Morris.  
*Cumdarre, Glam.*—March 19, Two, by J. Evans.  
*Damley, Salop.*—April 2, Five, by W. Wootton.  
*Douglas.*—March 23, Three, by A. Humphreys.  
*Driffield.*—March 26, Four, by Chas. Welton.  
*Dunfermline.*—March 15, Five, by J. T. Hagen.  
*Eye, Suffolk.*—March 26, Six, by W. W. Haines.  
*Falmouth.*—March 29, at Webber-street Chapel, Three, by W. Fuller Gooch.  
*Franksbridge.*—March 26, Two, by E. Bebb.  
*Frome.*—March 23, at Sheppard's Barton Chapel, Five, by the Pastor.  
*Gainsboro', Lincolnshire.*—March 19, Three, by J. Fogg.  
*Galashiels.*—March 19, Two, by C. Hill.  
*Gladestry, Radnorshire.*—April 9, Two, by T. Jermine.  
*Glodwick, Oldham.*—March 15, Six, by N. Richards.  
*Golcar.*—April 2, Four, by T. Bury.  
*Grange-town, Cardiff.*—March 19, Three, by Price Jones.  
*Haltfax.*—March 10, at Trinity-road Chapel, Four, by James Parker.  
*Hay.*—March 26, Three, by J. Mathias.  
*Heywood.*—March 19, at Rochdale-road Chapel, Four, by W. L. Mayo.



*Holyhead*.—March 19, at Bethel Chapel, Nine, by R. Thomas.  
*Hacknall Torkard*, Notts.—March 22, Two, by C. D. Crouch.  
*Jarrow-on-Tyne*.—March 19, Two, by W. Satchwell.  
*Leices*.—March 16, Two, by William J. Scott.  
*Liverpool*.—March 26, at Soho-street Chapel, Six, by E. Walter.  
*Long Sutton*.—March 29, Nine, by G. Fowler.  
*Lumb*, Lancashire.—March 26, Seven, by D. George.  
*Lymn*, Cheshire.—March 19, Two, by Hugh Davies.  
*Manchester*.—March 29, at Bound Chapel, Three, by S. Backhouse.  
*Meltham*, Yorks.—Feb. 23, One, by J. Alderson.  
*Metropolitan District*.—  
*Barking*.—March 23, Three, by W. J. Tomkins.  
*Barnes, S.W.*.—March 26, Two, by F. J. Brown.  
*Borough*.—March 26, at Borough-road Chapel, Seven, by G. W. McCree.  
*Bromley-by-Bow*.—March 15, at George-street Chapel, Six, by W. J. Lambourne.  
*Chiswick*.—March 26, Four; April 2, One, by Mr. Pettman.  
*Commercial-road*.—March 26, Four, by J. Fletcher.  
*Hackney-road*, E., Providence Chapel.—March 30th, Nine, by W. Cuff.  
*Metropolitan Tabernacle*.—March 23, Seven; March 30, Twenty-five, by J. A. Spurgeon.  
*Peckham*.—March 30, at Park-road Chapel, Five, by T. Tarn.  
*St. John's Wood*.—March 16, at Abbey-road Chapel, Ten, by W. Stott.  
*Moss Side*.—March 26, Four, by R. Chenery.  
*Mountain Ash* (English).—March 19, Fourteen, by John W. Williams.  
*Newport*, Mon.—March 26, at Stow Hill Chapel, Nine, by John Douglas.  
*New Swindon*.—March 29, Six, by G. T. Edgley.  
*Nottingham*, Broad-street.—March 15, Eight, by W. Dyson.  
*Oxford*, Hunts.—April 2, Six, by A. McCaig.  
*Oyd n.* near Rochdale.—March 26, Ten, by A. E. Greening.  
*Old Basford*.—April 2, Five, by W. Dyson.  
*Orston*, near Northwick, Cheshire.—April 2, Seven, by J. Harvey.  
*Oxford*.—March 3, at New Rood Chapel, Eight, by J. P. Barnett.  
*Presteign*.—March 12, One; April 2, Two, by S. Watkins.  
*Resolven* (Eng. Church).—One, by A. F. Mills.  
*Ridings*.—March 19, Two, by Mr. Jameson.  
*Risx*.—April 2, at the English Chapel, Two, by Thomas Thomas.  
*Ryde*, I. W.—Park-road Chapel, March 30, Four, by John Harrison.  
*Sheerness-on-Sea*.—March 29, Two, by J. E. Hadler.  
*St. Helen's*, Lancashire.—March 26, at Park-road Chapel, Three, by J. Harrison.  
*St. Neots*, Hunts.—April 2, at East-street Chapel, Three, by John Raymond.

*Sunderland*.—Feb. 27, at Sans-street Chapel, One; March 19, One, by J. P. Beel.  
*Swansea*.—March 29, at Mount Pleasant Chapel, Five, by J. Owen, after which Fifteen were baptised by Mr. A. E. Johnson.  
*Swanwick*, Altrreton.—March 12, Nine, by T. Hayden.  
*Tamworth*.—April 2, at the Tabernacle, Five, by J. Dixon.  
*Thornbury*, Gloucestershire.—April 16, Three, by George Bess.  
*Todmorden*.—March 12, at Linholme Chapel, Two, by W. Sharman.  
*Trehorbert*, Rhondda Valley, Glamorganshire.—March 26, Four, by H. Rosser.  
*Trowbridge*.—March 22, Thirteen, by W. Barnes.  
*Ventnor*, I. W.—March 26, Six, by J. Wilkinson.  
*Wainsgate*, Yorks.—April 2, Two, by J. Bamber.  
*Wedmore*, near Weston-super-Mare.—March 19, Five, by T. J. Hazzard.  
*Wem*, Shropshire.—March 26, Five, by Hugh Hughes.  
*West Vale*, near Halifax.—March 12, Eight, by J. Preston.  
*Whitehaven*.—April 9, Two, by J. W. Cole.  
*Wolverhampton*.—March 26, at Lichfield-street Chapel, Five, by W. M. Thomas.

## RECENT DEATHS.

WE have to record the death of the Rev. W. F. BURCHELL, formerly for many years the respected pastor of the church in West-street, Rochdale, and also secretary of the Lancashire Association of Baptist Churches. He died on Thursday last, at his residence in Burnt Ash-lane, Lee, Kent, whither he had retired about six or seven years ago. After leaving Rochdale he took up his residence at Blackpool, and, in spite of his advanced age, organised a Baptist church in that favourite Lancashire watering-place, not leaving the friends there until he had seen them secure in the possession of a handsome chapel. He had attained his 77th year, and we understand that bronchitis was the cause of death. He was a man of superior scholastic acquirements, of exact business habits, and considerable organising power. A solid, persuasive preacher, and a most devoted pastor, his whole life breathed the most fervent piety. He was a brother of

Thomas Burchell, the celebrated co-worker with William Knibb in Jamaica.

We have to record the death of the Rev. GEORGE A. YOUNG, Baptist minister, Kilmarnock, N.B. He was born at Portsoy, Banffshire, on the 7th of August, 1839. In his earliest years he gave proof of those prominent traits of character which marked his after-life—a warm heart, a strong will, and a persistent determination to carry out his purpose. He received a liberal education, having attended school until he was seventeen years of age, his preparations for college being interrupted by the death of his father. In order to prepare himself for the ministry, he left his business and connected himself with Mr. Spurgeon's Colportage Association. He laboured for upwards of two years in East Kent, until, by excessive devotion to his work, his strength gave way. In

the April of 1869 he entered the Pastors' College. After the completion of his studies at college, he held the pastorate of the Baptist church at Cranford until, from failing health, he was necessitated to return to his native home for rest. Recovering somewhat, he did good service successively at Brandesburgh, Blairgowrie, and Lochgilphead. From each of these churches he received an invitation to the pastorate, but deemed it expedient to decline. In 1874, he was chosen to the oversight of the Baptist church, Kilmarnock. How successful his labours were the Scottish Union and Home Mission Reports bear ample testimony. The work he undertook at Kilmarnock proved too much for his feeble strength. After three months of great prostration, he died in the strength and assurance of the Gospel he preached, leaving a wife and four young children to mourn his loss.

## PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—O. H. SPURGEON.

*Statement of Receipts from March 18th, 1876, to April 18th, 1876.*

£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.			
Mr. C. H. Emmerson	1	0	0	Mr. R. Fergus	3	0	0	Mr. C. Ball	1	1	0
Mr. Hayles	1	0	0	R. L.	1	0	0	Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. A. Buet	0	10	0	Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0	Mr. J. Temple	1	1	0
Mr. T. Scoular	3	0	0	Mr. S. Veall	2	2	0	Mr. Toller	5	0	0
D. D. D.	1	1	0	Mrs. T.	100	0	0	Mrs. Toller	1	1	0
Miss Bowley and Friends	0	10	0	Miss T.	2	0	0	Miss C. Toller	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Wilson	1	4	0	Miss Carr	1	0	0	Mr. G. Padley	5	0	0
Mr. T. King	10	0	0	Mr. Mills	5	5	0	Mr. J. Wilson	5	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. King	2	10	0	Dr. Underhill	3	3	0	Mr. A. Wilson	5	0	0
Charlie Welton	0	6	0	Mr. Tubby	5	0	0	Mr. J. W. Baker	1	1	0
Miss Peachey	1	0	0	Mr. E. Dear	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Pen- ston	5	5	0
E. J. and W. G.	0	10	0	Mr. J. Finch	5	0	0	W. McArthur, Esq., M.P.	10	10	0
Chelsea, per Rev. F. H. White	1	1	0	Mr. Oxley	2	2	0	Mr. W. C. Greenop	2	2	0
Mr. G. Morgan	5	0	0	Mr. Duncan	100	0	0	Mrs. Brown	2	2	0
Miss Anderson	0	2	6	Mr. Padgett	5	0	0	Mr. F. J. Hornlman	5	5	0
Mrs. Feilding	0	5	0	Mrs. Stevenson	1	1	0	Mr. T. Knight	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	1	0	0	Mr. E. Hunt	3	3	0	Mrs. Virtue	11	0	0
Mr. G. Selwright	0	10	0	Dr. Swallow	1	1	0	Mr. W. C. Collins	2	2	0
C. R.	0	10	0	Mr. Daintree	2	2	0	Mr. J. P. Bacon	5	0	0
Messrs. Cockrell and Collinson	2	2	0	Mr. W. W. Baynes	2	2	0	Rev. S. Minton	1	1	0
				Mr. T. Ness	5	0	0	Mr. N. J. F. Bassett	2	2	0
				Mr. S. Thompson	2	2	0	Mr. Figgis	3	3	0
				Mr. and Mrs. Allison	5	0	0				
				Mr. Robinson	10	0	0				

£ s. d.			£ s. d.			£ s. d.					
Mr. J. H. Towend ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Everett	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Haydon	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Price...	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Boot ...	4	4	0	Mr. Verdan	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James	10	0	0	Mr. Henry E. Boot ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Frowd..	3	3	0
The Earl of Shaftes-				Mr. and Mrs. Col.....	3	3	0	Mr. W. H. Hale	5	0	0
bury .....	20	0	0	Mr. T. H. Olney .....	20	0	0	Mr. & Mrs W. Murrell	3	3	0
Mr. W. Pool .....	0	2	6	Mr. A. Ross .....	5	0	0	Mr. & Mrs. W. Payne	5	0	0
Melbourne .....	0	5	0	O. B. K. ....	0	10	0	Mr. H. Keen	2	2	0
Mr. E. Fisher .....	5	0	0	H. P. B. ....	1	0	0	Mr. C. Ray, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Cowdy .....	2	2	0	J. C. B. ....	0	5	0	Edward .....	1	1	0
J. H. ....	5	0	0	Mr. W. C. Harvey ..	5	5	0	M. W. ....	2	2	0
Mr. Whittaker.....	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Share..	5	0	0	Mr. W. S. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hammer	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Cockrill	5	0	0	Miss Payne .....	1	1	0
Mr. Morcom .....	2	2	0	Mr. T. Greenwood,				Mr. F. J. Feltham ..	2	2	0
Mrs. Morcom .....	1	1	0	jun. ....	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hands..	3	0	0
Miss Morcom .....	1	1	0	Mr. Sharp .....	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mr. A. W. Fisher ..	1	1	0	Mr. W. Harrison .....	10	10	0	Mr. W. Lover .....	0	5	0
Mr. B. Fisher, jun. .	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Marsh	10	0	0	T. W. ....	0	10	0
Mrs. T. P. Fisher.....	1	1	0	Mr. T. Spurgeon ..	1	1	0	Dr. Andrews.....	5	5	0
Mr. T. P. Fisher .....	2	3	0	Mr. C. Spurgeon ..	1	1	0	Mr. & Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
Mr. B. Fisher .....	3	3	0	Mr. G. Redman .....	5	0	0	Mr. T. R. Hill .....	5	0	0
Mr. F. Jones and Wife	1	1	0	Mr. Fox .....	2	0	0	Mrs. T. R. Hill .....	5	0	0
W. T. ....	0	2	6	Mr. J. Withers .....	1	1	0	Rev. D. Gracey.....	1	1	0
A Friend .....	5	0	0	Mr. J. Clark .....	5	5	0	Mr. R. S. Faulconer .	20	0	0
Mr. D. Bumstead .....	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hurst..	1	1	0	Mr. W. B. Selway ...	2	2	0
Mr. J. Jarvis .....	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. ....	2	2	0	Rev. G. Rogers .....	1	1	0
Mr. Abraham .....	5	0	0	Mr. G. Fowler .....	1	1	0	Mr. F. W. Amsden ..	5	0	0
Mr. S. Mart .....	2	3	0	Anonymous .....	2	10	0	Mr. F. W. Amsden,			
Mr. A. Nisbet .....	5	0	0	Mrs. W. Cuff.....	1	1	0	jun. ....	2	2	0
Mr. J. Coxeter .....	1	1	0	J. E. ....	23	0	0	Mrs. Osmond .....	2	2	0
Mr. C. H. Goode .....	10	10	0	Mr. J. S. McMaster..	10	0	0	Mr. J. Taylor .....	1	1	0
A Friend .....	0	5	0	Mr. J. G. Taylor .....	5	5	0	Mr. M. J. Taylor .....	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Croker	2	2	0	D. P. ....	1	0	0	Mr. & Mrs. Greenwood			
Mr. J. Colman .....	50	0	0	Messrs. Straker and				and Family .....	100	0	0
Mr. J. B. Mead .....	10	10	0	Son .....	10	0	0	Mr. James Bridge ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. Edwards .....	5	0	0	Mr. W. M. Cross .....	1	1	0	T. W. ....	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Higgs..	50	0	0	Mrs. W. M. Cross..	1	1	0	Mr. J. Rogers .....	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Higgs, jun.	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Farley..	5	0	0	Mr. Sawell .....	1	1	0
Mr. G. Higgs .....	5	0	0	Mr. R. Johnson .....	2	10	0	Mr. & Mrs. Goldston..	2	2	0
Mrs. Higgs .....	5	0	0	Miss Annie Johnson..	2	10	0	Mr. G. Startin .....	5	5	0
Miss M. Higgs .....	5	0	0	Miss Jenny Johnson .	1	1	0	Mr. C. W. Startin....	1	1	0
Miss A. Higgs .....	5	0	0	Mr. H. Hadland .....	1	1	0	Mr. Garner Marshall..	10	10	0
Miss Dransfield .....	5	5	0	J. N. ....	1	1	0	Mrs. Cook .....	5	0	0
Miss Taylor .....	1	1	0	Mr. R. Hellier .....	2	2	0	Mr. T. H. Cook .....	2	2	0
Miss Bathvill .....	1	1	0	Mrs. Hellier .....	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Cook	2	2	0
Miss Graham .....	1	1	0	Mr. J. Lucas .....	2	0	0	Mrs. Rogers .....	1	1	0
Miss L. M. Kemp.....	1	1	0	Mr. & Mrs. Edgley ...	10	0	0	A Methodist Friend..	0	10	0
Miss E. J. Kemp .....	1	1	0	Mrs. Ellwood .....	5	5	0	Mr. W. Dunn .....	2	2	0
F. R. T. ....	1	1	0	Mr. G. Ellwood .....	1	1	0	Mr. J. L. Potter .....	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mausell	5	0	0	Mrs. Thorne .....	1	1	0	Mr. H. Horner .....	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Davies	5	0	0	Mrs. Etheridge .....	1	1	0	Mr. J. B. Muggidge	3	3	0
Miss Cornish .....	2	0	0	Mr. J. Bill .....	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Chas.			
Mr. J. Partridge .....	2	0	0	Mr. T. Winslow .....	2	2	0	Murrell .....	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parker	5	0	0	Miss Winslow .....	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. B.			
Mr. and Mrs. S. John-				Mr. Cleeve Hooper ..	4	4	0	Nicholson .....	3	3	0
son .....	2	10	0	Mr. S. ....	2	2	0	Mr. W. Gates .....	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scott ..	5	0	0	Mr. S. B. ....	0	10	0	Mr. Sutcliffe .....	3	0	0
Mr. T. H. Wright ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. E. Scott .....	2	2	0	Mr. Edward Falkner.	2	2	0
Mr. Heritage .....	10	10	0	Miss Alice Marsh .....	1	1	0	Mr. S. Falkner .....	2	2	0
Mrs. H. Olney .....	3	0	0	Mr. E. Parker .....	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Creasey	2	12	6
Miss G. Olney .....	1	0	0	A. P. ....	0	10	0	Mr. & Mrs. H. Smith	10	10	0
Master H. Olney .....	1	0	0	Mr. G. H. Pike .....	0	10	0	Mr. & Mrs. Ashley ...	1	1	0
Mr. G. H. Mason .....	50	0	0	Mr. S. R. Pearce .....	2	2	0	Mr. Neville .....	5	0	0
Mr. B. Bowman .....	3	3	0	Mrs. S. R. Pearce.....	2	2	0	Mr. Goodwin .....	0	10	0
Mr. L. A. Mason .....	1	1	0	Friends .....	0	9	6	Mr. Vickery & Friend	10	0	0
Mr. Mason, jun. ....	1	1	0	Mr. S. Walker .....	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Alldis..	3	3	0
Miss Webber Smith...	1	1	0	Mr. C. Russell .....	2	2	0	Mr. Percy Saxton....	1	1	0
Miss Webber .....	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Pullin..	2	0	0	Mr. E. Saxton .....	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Carr ..	10	0	0	Mr. G. J. Marshall ..	4	4	6	Mr. T. Williams .....	10	10	0
Mr. H. W. Carr .....	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Romang	5	0	0	Miss A. M. Carr .....	1	0	0
Mr. R. Ballard .....	2	2	0	Mr. Romang, jun.....	5	0	0	Miss K. E. Carr .....	1	0	0
Mr. A. Parker .....	1	1	0	J. A. ....	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Winney	5	0	0

£ s. d.			£ s. d.			£ s. d.					
Mr. T. Banson .....	1	1	0	hill, per Rev. F. M.				ton, per Rev. J.			
Mrs. Penaluna .....	1	0	0	Cockerton .....	0	10	0	Green:—			
The Misses Best .....	3	0	0	Mrs. J. Dafforns .....	1	1	0	Mrs. Whicher .....	0	10	0
Mrs. Sisman .....	1	0	0	Collected by Miss				Miss Tomkins .....	0	10	0
Rev. G. D. Cox .....	0	10	0	Annie Matthew ...	1	3	6	Rev. J. Green .....	0	9	0
Collections at Fenny				Collection at Brom-				Bible Class and			
Stratford, per Rev.				ley, per Rev. A.				Prayer Meeting			
A. Brown .....	3	0	0	Tessier .....	2	2	0	Offerings.....	0	11	0
Mr. J. R. Cowell, per				Collection at Whit-				A Friend, per Rev. G.			
Rev. R. Layzell ...	1	0	0	stable, per Rev. G.				West .....	1	0	0
Collection at Ashdon,				Stanley .....	1	5	0	Collection at Baccup,			
per Rev. R. Layzell	1	19	4	Friends at Chipping				per Rev. C. W.			
Collection at Gill-				Sodbury, per Rev.				Gregory:—			
street, Burton-on-				A. K. Davidson ...	1	5	0	Messrs. Sutcliff			
Trent, per Rev. J.				Collection at Red-				Brothers .....	0	10	0
Askew .....	2	0	0	ruth, per Rev. E. J.				Dr. E. Whitaker... 1 1 0			
Collection at Preston,				Edwards .....	1	0	0	Mr. W. G. Greaves 3 3 0			
per Rev. H. Dunn	1	11	6	Collection at East-				Mr. John Ashworth 0 4 6			
Rev. H. Dunn .....	0	10	0	bourne, per Rev. A.				Mr. Geo. Shepherd,			
Collection at the As-				Babington .....	6	7	0	sen .....	1	1	0
sembly Rooms, Ash-				Collection at Burton-				Mr. Geo. Shepherd,			
ford, per Rev. E.				on-Trent, per Rev.				jun. ....	1	1	0
Roberts .....	3	5	6	J. T. Owers .....	1	1	0	Mr. John Har-			
Collections at Bra-				Collection at Isleham				greaves .....	5	0	0
bourne, per Rev. J.				Fen Chapel and				Mrs. John Lord... 0 10 0			
W. Comfort .....	1	10	0	Found-lane, per				Mrs. Hargreaves ... 1 0 0			
Collections at Bed-				Rev. J. A. Wilson	3	0	10	Collection at Sutton-			
minster, per Rev.				Collection at Ulvers-				on-Trent, per Rev.			
W. Norris:—				ton, per Rev. T.				H. A. Fletcher .....	1	7	0
Mr. J. Harford.....	0	5	0	Lardner.....	4	13	2	Collection at Finch-			
Rev. W. Norris ...	1	0	0	Collection at Cam-				ley, per Rev. J.			
Mr. G. Pine .....	1	0	0	bray Chapel, Chel-				Chadwick .....	0	7	0
Rev. H. Hook .....	1	0	0	tenham, per Rev.				Collection at Finch-			
Collection at Marl-				W. Julian:—				ley, per Rev. J.			
borough-crescent,				Proceeds of Ser-				Chadwick .....	0	5	0
Newcastle-on-Tyne,				vice of Song .....	20	10	0	Collection at Water-			
per Rev. G. H.				Mr. Allen .....	1	0	0	beach, per Rev. J.			
Malins .....	5	6	10	Mrs. Coombes .....	0	10	0	Blake .....	4	1	0
Collections at Great				Collection at Ips-				Collection at Corn-			
Grimsby, per Rev.				wich, per Rev. W.				wall-road, Brixton,			
E. Lauderdale .....	6	0	0	Whale:—				per Rev. D. Asquith	4	0	0
Collection at Nail-				Mr. J. Neve .....	1	0	0	Collection at Exeter,			
worth, per Rev. R.				Mr. E. Edgley .....	0	10	0	per Rev. E. S. Neale	3	10	0
Keer .....	1	0	0	Miss M. Everett ...	0	10	0	Collection at East			
Collection at Gresham				Mr. C. Clark .....	0	5	0	London Tabernacle,			
Chapel, Brixton, per				Mr. R. Smyth .....	0	5	0	per Rev. A. G.			
Rev. J. T. Swift ...	4	4	0	Mr. W. Taylor .....	0	5	0	Brown.....	21	12	9
Collection at Stroud,				Mr. W. G. Archer... 0 5 0				Collection at Provid-			
per Rev. F. J. Ben-				Mr. W. Wade .....	0	5	0	ence Chapel, Hack-			
shin.....	7	7	0	Mr. R. Girling .....	0	10	0	nsey-road, per Rev.			
Mrs. Holroyd .....	1	0	0	Collection at Man-				W. Cuff .....	10	0	0
Rev. J. Palmer.....	1	0	0	chester, per Rev.				Collection at South-			
Collections at Hey-				C. A. Davis .....	2	0	0	sea, per Rev. T. W.			
wood, per Rev. W.				Collection at Tenter-				Medhurst .....	10	0	0
L. Mayo .....	3	5	0	den, per Rev. W. H.				Collection at Mum-			
Collection at Faring-				Smith .....	0	17	6	b'es, per Rev. H.			
dou, per Rev. T.				Friends at Dacre				Kidney .....	2	2	0
Wheatley .....	1	1	0	Park, Lee, per Rev.				Rev. J. R. Hacler ... 0 7 5			
Rev. C. Evans .....	0	10	0	W. Usher .....	2	7	6	Weekly Offerings at			
Mr. R. Hall .....	0	6	0	Collection at Bcmney-				Metropolitan Ta-			
Collection at Mark-				street, Westminster,				bernacle:—Mar. 19 28 0 9			
gate-street, Herts,				per Rev. J. Morris	0	10	0	" " " 26 20 5 5			
per Rev. H. W.				Collection at Crook,				" " " 2 32 2 3			
Taylor .....	1	7	0	per Rev. E. Soues... 1 10 0				" " " 9 55 0 0			
Rev. J. C. Forth .....	0	10	0	Mrs. W., per H. Gar-							
Rev. W. Jackson.....	1	0	0	rett .....	1	0	0				
Collection at Pain's-				Collection at Brough-							

£1,649 8 9

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

## THE PIERCED HEART OF JESUS.\*

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

“Then came the soldiers and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with Him. But when they came to Jesus and saw that He was dead already, they break not His legs: but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water. And he that saw it bare record that his record is true: and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe. For these things were done that the Scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of Him shall not be broken. And again another Scripture saith, They shall look on Him whom they have pierced.”—St. JOHN xix. 32—37.

WHAT a wonderful conjunction of prophecy and Providence! I want you to behold it, and admire it. Two texts of Scripture, the one in Exodus the other in Zechariah (such a long interval having occurred between the distinct records), predict, the former that not a bone of the Paschal Lamb should be broken; the latter, that He should be pierced. How were these twain to be fulfilled in the minuteness of one incident? The rough Roman soldier comes with the iron bar to break the bones of the three prisoners who have been crucified. He has orders to break their legs. The well disciplined soldier acts almost mechanically, according to orders. Roman discipline was of the very sternest kind. Will not the soldier, therefore, break the legs of Jesus? No. Moved by some strange impulse he marks that one of the three, Jesus, who is called Christ, is dead already. Though commanded to break His legs he forbears, but most likely to clear himself of all doubt on that point, he pierces His side with a spear. The wilfulness of the soldier, wavering though wanton, thus fulfilled both the prophecies of which he must have been himself totally ignorant; and this was brought about first by his not doing what he was ordered to do; and, secondly, by doing what he had not been ordered to do. Oh, how inscrutable the mystery of Providence! How marvellously does God rule the sons of men while He leaves them to their own free will! Did not this soldier act altogether as a free agent, whether following the dictates of his reason or the impulse of his temper, when he thus unwittingly, by his singular conduct, verified to the letter the words of prophecy as precisely and entirely as if he had been a mere puppet moved with wires at the instigation of another mind and another hand than his own. This was not an accidental circumstance, or a singular coincidence—it was Providence; a sublime purpose of God brought to pass by simple means. Irregularities among men do not disorganise the ordained purposes of heaven, and what we think to be chaos is a well-ordered system far beyond our ken, into which we vainly attempt to peer.

I need not detain you with any speculations arising out of the piercing of our Saviour by the spear. It has been, I think, very soberly argued, that in all probability the physical cause of our Saviour's death was a broken heart. In a scientific treatise by one who had studied the anatomy

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No. 211, NEW SERIES.

of the subject, and investigated cases which appeared after death to bear some resemblance to our Saviour's case, it has been shown that when on the heart being pierced a small portion of blood and water has flowed, death has been traceable to a heart broken with intense grief. So, if we may assign a physical cause to the death of our Lord, it appears most probable to have been so occasioned. It was anguish that, in the first stage, produced a bloody sweat in Gethsemane, and in the last stage ruptured His heart. Not, however, that I am inclined to attach any importance to such arguments or speculations. For my part I do not see that there is any analogy, or that analogy need be sought between the case of the Saviour and the case of any common man. The anatomist would be baffled with an analysis. The body of any ordinary person would exhibit symptoms of corruption. From this He that hung upon the cross was exempt. When death comes, and the vital spark quits the human frame, the process of decomposition speedily begins. But our Lord saw no corruption. Overshadowed as was His virgin mother by the Spirit at her conception, His birth was predicted as "*that holy thing which shall be born of thee.*" Through the entire course of His life on earth the Spirit rested upon Him in a special manner. And even after His soul had left His body the Spirit preserved and kept that body, so that the prophecy was fulfilled—"Neither wilt Thou suffer *Thine Holy One* to see corruption." Hence you search in vain for a parallel. The disparity of any instances that might be sought for is so palpable that you really have not any data to start with, or any premises to reason upon, in the effort to judge of what happened in the anatomy of the sacred body of our blessed Lord. Instead of following speculations which rather belong to the physician than the theologian, I desire the Spirit of God to conduct us into some spiritual reflections arising out of the piercing of the heart of Jesus Christ by the soldier's spear.

I. One observation, I think, lies upon the very surface of the narrative. Even after our Lord's death, men rudely assailed Him. Was it not enough that they had scourged His back? Did it not suffice that they had put a thorn crown on His head? Was it not sufficient that they had nailed His feet and His hands to the tree? And yet after they were satisfied that the life had been forfeited to the law, and the body was already dead, nothing could content human cruelty till His heart was pierced with the lance. Say, now, was not this man who pierced Christ's heart a fair though a foul sample of our sinful race; his heartless act a type of our headstrong profanity. We, too, after the Saviour's death have pierced Him. Shall I show you how? The crime is so common that you come to condone it. His Godhead is His glory. Deny His deity and you not only detract from His dignity, but you make Him unworthy of our confidence. This is to thrust the spear into His very heart. Your tone is treacherous when you say, "He is but a man. Though an admirable teacher I can only regard Him as a finite creature." Oh, how many people go up and down among us professing to be members of a Protestant Church, and believers in the Scripture, who yet will not acknowledge the miracles of Christ to be authentic, wrought in token of His own personal authority, bearing the witness of His Father, and conveying a clear proof that He was the Son of God! The Lord have mercy upon those who in this respect pierce our dear Redeemer afresh. If any of us

have been guilty of this sin, may we be converted from our dangerous error, and led to avow Him, like Thomas, "My Lord and my God."

They pierce Him too who attack the doctrines which He taught and the testimony which He delivered. The truth was in Christ's heart; it was written there. Whatever He preached with His lips He sanctified with His life. His heart was a fountain whence came all those doctrines which reveal the Father to us. Do men attack any truth revealed to us by Christ, they do in effect what the soldier did in fact; they do spiritually as this Roman legionary did literally; they thrust at His heart. If you disparage the words that Jesus spake, or call in question the truth that He showed to His disciples and made manifest in the word, what is there left of that mission in which He made known the will of God the Father? To proclaim this truth He came; to bear witness to this truth He died. He witnessed a good confession before Pontius Pilate. If you touch those doctrines you touch the apple of His eye; nay, you pierce His heart again. How do they also thrust at His heart who persecute His people! And has He not often been wounded thus through all the centuries that have transpired since He ascended up on high to the Father's right hand? Saul of Tarsus pierced His heart, for Jesus said, "Why persecutest thou Me?" The sufferings of the men and women, haled to prison, and beaten in the synagogue, and compelled to blaspheme, were injuries wantonly and wickedly done to Christ Himself. And what shall we say of the martyrs, their groans in the prison-house, their cries at the rack, their pangs at the stake, their blood so cruelly shed, have not all these touched the Saviour's heart?

So, too, every rude jeer and ribald jest; every hard word and bitter taunt aimed at a follower of Christ is a reproach of the dear Lord and Master for whose sake it is meekly borne, but on their part "who whet their tongue like a sword," it is aimed at the heart of Jesus, on whom they cannot otherwise wreak their vengeance now, for He cannot henceforth suffer except in sympathy with the sufferings of His saints.

And there is yet another class of persons who, although Christ's sufferings are over, still continue to pierce Him. They are such as pretend to be His disciples, but they lie and practise a foul hypocrisy. Are there any such present? I tremble as I ask the question. As there were false apostles of yore, so there are foul apostates in these days. Their profession is only the prelude to their perfidy. They make solemn pledge to obey Him, but, like Judas, they only wait a suited opportunity to betray Him. They will sell the Saviour for silver; only let the price be high enough their principle is low enough; their conscience will not hesitate to "crucify the Lord afresh and put Him to an open shame." Oh, you inconsistent professors! Oh, you graceless men and women! how dare you come to the table of His fellowship? You have a name to live and yet you are dead; you are crucifying Him; you are piercing Him; the guilt of the Roman soldier clings to you.

I fear me too there is another class that pierces His heart—it includes those who refuse to believe in His willingness to forgive them. When under conviction of sin it may be difficult to believe that one can be pardoned, but when the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is revealed to us and His infinite condescension that brought Him to suffer for us, it does seem hard that any should doubt Him. Yet some there are who link their chains, sit

down in despair, and say "He is not willing to forgive." So unkind, ungenerous a thought as that He is unwilling to forgive must pierce Him to the heart and cut Him to the quick. I know some of you do not mean this. You are startled now that you think what you are doing. I pray the Lord you may humbly trust Him. Oh, do not doubt Him, the Son of God, who suffered for His enemies, surrendering His life for even the ungodly. Will you, can you, still distrust Him? Will you doubt the testimony which God has given concerning His Son? Were it not far better that you honoured Him by casting yourselves at His feet? Angels that sing His praises night and day unceasingly, do not honour Him more than you will do, if, all black and defiled as you are, you will come and trust Him that He can wash you and make you whiter than snow. Oh, do ye this and pierce His heart no more.

Some men pierce the heart of Christ through their carelessness. They trifle and even scoff because they have not known Him, or sought by any means to learn what claims He has upon their homage. They disparage those Divine features of his ministry, which they have never properly understood. So they pierce the heart of Christ out of ignorant prejudice. They are unacquainted with the Gospel themselves. All that they have heard or read about it has been from the tongue or pen of opponent or satirist, and then catching their temper they have joined in reviling it. Alas, too, there are some who malign the Saviour out of mere malice. Though they know better yet they wilfully blaspheme His name. Stop, oh stop, and pierce Him no more, I pray thee, lest He that has meekly endured so long as the Lamb of God should suddenly stir Himself up as the lion of the tribe of Judah, and make *you* feel the terror of His power, who will not feel the majesty of His love. So much for our first point. Even after Jesus's death there are those who still pierce Him.

II. Our second thought is such as I am charmed to give you. These attacks upon the Saviour are overruled to display His grace the better. His heart is pierced it is true, but with what result, my brethren? Does there flash from it fire? Does the peal of thundering wrath roll over the sinner's head? Ah! no; it is like the sandal tree, that perfumes the axe that wounds it. Adown that spear no sooner is it withdrawn from the wound than there gushes a fountain of blood and water. The attacks that are made upon Jesus Christ only display His virtues. Observe how this is brought about. If truth be attacked, and the Gospel be assailed, what is the immediate consequence? Why, then, the saints search deeper into it, so they come to understand the doctrine better; they learn the arguments by which it is sustained, and they love the truth with fondness, as well as stronger convictions, till they feel moved to sacrifice themselves for it. The heart of Christ was opened by the spear, and often the heart of truth is revealed by the opposition brought to bear against it. They think to confute our doctrines; they do but confirm our faith in their verity. Where they think they shall prove us fools, they help to make us sages. They drive us to the root of the matter, and the rather establish us in the precious truth. The March wind tears not up the oak, but roots it more firmly in its native soil. So shall it ever be with attacks made upon our Lord and Master. We shall understand Him the better and discover more of the Scriptures that were fulfilled in Him.

Moreover, it often happens that when Christ is opposed by persecution



the Gospel is proclaimed with more zeal, and diffused with more rapidity. The saints who were, in early days, persecuted in Jerusalem, went everywhere preaching the Word. What if I say the spear of persecution does, as it were, set the atoning blood flowing more freely among the sons of men, and make the purifying water of the Saviour's sacrifice to be dispersed over a wider area, and amongst a larger population. Shall I compare the persecuted Church to an oppressed nation, and remind you that, like Israel in Egypt, the more they were oppressed the more they multiplied and grew? The spear let loose the blood and water from the heart of Jesus, and the spear of persecution lets loose the Gospel, and compels Christian men who might have rested in inglorious ease to go forward and laboriously dispense the Gospel of salvation, telling the grace of God to perishing men. So, too (but let no man turn this into evil), the very sin of men which doth wound Christ, becomes the means of magnifying God's grace. Though it be a vile thing to say, "Let us sin that grace may abound," yet is it a most glorious truth that where sin aboundeth grace doth much more abound. Thus the cleansing power of the blood becomes more renowned by reason of the sin that made this wondrous sacrifice necessary. Perhaps we had never known the Saviour so well if we had not seen sin so clearly in the lives of the pardoned ones, who afterwards were washed, and cleansed, and sanctified by His purifying energy. The very opposition that comes forth is overruled for His triumph. The stronger His foes the louder the shout of victory when He returns from the strife.

And when the Church is assailed (which is one way of piercing Christ), she gets some immediate benefit from the grievous trial; for persecution acts like a great winnowing-fan that drives the chaff away from the floor on which the pure grain is housed; it is to the Church like a refiner's fire. The mere dross is separated. The faithless who are among the faithful found soon apostatise, while the sterling gold and silver—the genuine lovers of Christ—are purged and purified by the ordeal through which they are constrained to pass. Oh, blessed Saviour, they do pierce Thee, and pierce Thee they may, but Thou art honoured; for their bitter reviling elicits Thy sweet virtue. They may thrust their spears into Thy very heart, but by giving forth Thine own energy of love and mercy, and greeting them with salvation, Thou dost conquer those who thought to conquer Thee! Put these two things together, brethren, man continuing still to wound the Saviour, and the more redundant display of the Saviour's grace as the consequence. Then find a total if you can.

III. Another thought, which diverges a little from the last, may help us to pursue our meditation. Since the soldier sent his spear into the Saviour's heart, the way to that heart is open. It was always open in fact, for He always loved the sons of men; but now ye can see it open. It was no little wound that was made by the lance, for into it, we read, Thomas put his hand. What a gaping fissure must that have been into which the Apostle might put his palm. "Reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side." He lives still, as none of us could live, with a passage to the heart always open. In His very flesh He testifies to us to-day that His heart is ready to receive any message that His children may choose to send, and equally ready to respond, with the love that has its fountain there. Behold the open heart of Jesus! it is open that all the grace that

is within it may freely flow to undeserving sinners. Think not, sinner, that thou hast need to open Jesus' side. The blood has flown freely. Say now, wilt thou come and wash in it? Thou hast not to beg for cleansing as though it were a boon hardly to be obtained by importunity; it flows, still it flows. He is willing--as willing as He is able, and as able as He is willing, to cleanse thee from thy guilt. Whatever there may be in the heart of Christ, it all flows out. The precious liquid is kept within, but set abroad for every needy, thirsty soul. His heart is open. It is open for the doubter to put his hand into it now. Where art thou, Thomas? Dost thou ask some hard thing, and say, "Except I see this and that, I will not believe?" Oh, trembler, weighed down by thy sins and thy weakness, dost thou not see Him this day in glory, with His heart still open towards thee? Put thy hand into the wound, and say, "My Lord and my God." Accept thy Saviour without hesitation or delay. Come and find rest in Him. His side is open for thy hand to reach His heart. It is open--that side is open--for those who pierced Him to look in to see what they have done, and lament it. But see how tender is His heart, and go to Him without fear. Ye pierced Him; look at Him and mourn because ye did so. Ye sinners, though ye did put your Lord to death, His heart is open to you. He invites you to come and receive His mercy, that He has treasured up for you. Oh come! come ye! He will receive you now. His heart is open to sympathise with the griefs and woes, the prayers and pleadings, the desires and longings, of all His people. You know we have to get to some men's hearts through their ears, and through their eyes. In not a few of our callous race these passages are choked up. You show them sorrow, and they see it without emotion. You cannot reach their heart. If you tell them a pitiful tale of deep distress, they hear it with indifference; for somehow the story loses its way in the mazes of the ear: it does not reach the heart. Far otherwise is it with your Lord. His heart is so accessible that you need not fear He will not hear you, or that He will not heed your faintest cry. You will feel that you can come close, straight, quick to Him, by a near passage; you reach His very soul at once. Say not, then, that no one sympathises with thee. Jesus does: He cannot fail to pity, solace, or to cheer. His pierced heart sympathises far more quickly than the tenderest heart that ever lived before or after. His love passeth the love of women, tender as that is. There is no love like that of Him with the open heart--the love of Jesus with the opened heart--with the open side. I cannot express to you what I see in this bare fact, this blessed truth. I wish I could. But it would be better still if you could see the same. Oh, I can come to Him now and put my prayers into His side--can come and put my desires into His side. Oh, Jesus! "All my desire is before Thee, and my groanings are not hid from Thee." I have but five senses, Thou hast a new one--Thou hast a new way to Thy heart, such as we poor mortals have not. My brethren may be inattentive, but Thou never. Thou art He of the wounded heart--for ever sympathetic--for ever full of gentleness. I might linger on this thought, but I prefer leaving it to your meditation lest I should darken it with words; so let us finish with a last reflection.

IV. A wound in Christ's side reveals the heart of Jesus in its preciousness. That spear did as it were break the alabaster box and let out the sweet

perfume. What then was there in the Saviour's heart? Men carry in their hearts that which is dearest. The true man is what he is at the heart's core. What was our blessed Redeemer's life-thought—the constraining motive of His life-work? Upon what did He most of all concentrate the desires and affections of His heart? See you not that when pierced there flowed forth blood and water? Those two things then must have been the nearest to the purpose of His heart. Hence I discern that in my Lord's heart there was, first a strong determination to purge sinners from their guilt by His blood. The atoning sacrifice is not merely the hand blood of the Saviour's work, nor is it merely the foot blood of the Saviour's journeying through the vale of tears; it was His heart's blood indicative of heart work—it was the blood of redemption shed for us. He loved that work. He was straitened till He could accomplish it. And let me tell thee it is Christ's heart's joy to wash thee from thy sin. Start not back because thy conscience is troubled. He has opened a fountain for thy uncleanness—in the very midst of the house of David has He opened it. He delights to take thy guilt away.

“ *Dear, dying Lamb,* ‘Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Is saved to sin no more.”

It has not lost its power: then for me let it plead; to me let it be precious. Let me feel its potent virtue. By it may I have boldness. Like the Apostle may I say, “Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth: Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died.” Oh, to have the blood applied to the conscience. Rest not till you hear it speak peace through your whole nature, till you see the curse removed, and are assured that there is therefore now no condemnation for you because you are in Christ Jesus. It is Christ's heart work to redeem His people by His blood. Oh, that He may now see of the travail of His soul in your redemption!

Moreover, beloved, in Christ's heart there was the water as well as the blood. He would have His people sanctified as well as pardoned: He would deliver them from the power as well as from the guilt of sin. I believe this is very near Christ's heart. That He may present His Church without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing is His design as well as His desire. His spirit is working to this end. That He might not suffer so much as a single stain to rest upon the nature of His people is alike the pleasure and the purpose of Christ. He has put their guilt away by the sacrifice of Himself. This is done. Yet He continues to demand their self-sacrifice, that he may put away their evil propensities, the fruit of their first father's fall. My soul, glorify the pierced heart of Christ. Give Him to see in Thyself the effect of the water that flowed from His heart. “Be ye holy,” saith He, “as I am holy. Be ye perfect,” He says again, “even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.” Deny the flesh with its affections and lusts. Separate yourselves from sinners. Avoid partaking of other men's sins. Like Him be ye “holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners.” This can only be effected by the Spirit's vital application of the Saviour's atoning death. Stay thou at the cross foot;

live under the influence of His passion; pray that ye may rise out of this world's fading failing vanity into newness of life, through His pierced heart. In fine, let us stand in penitence before the Crucified One, and mourn that we pierced Him: but let us stand in His propitiation, rejoicing that His piercing has procured our pardon. So let us go on our way, resolved, by His help, that we will glorify Him "in all manner of holy conversation and godliness." For "He that saw it bare record, and His record is true, and He knoweth that He saith true, that ye might believe." May you believe; may you all believe the record true! Believing, you shall have life through His name. Amen.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### GRAPHIC SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

#### THE MAN OF ONE TALENT.

##### PART II.

"MR. SPRING, we shall have, I fear, to take you away from your class, and put you in one lower still."

"Then you think, sir," said the new teacher to the superintendent, looking rather red in the face, "that after six months' trial I am not fit for my present post?"

"Quite the contrary, Mr. Spring: it is because I know that you are fit that I want you to take the lower class."

"That, sir, is rather a singular reason, is it not? Generally when persons have done well in a low position, they are expected to be moved to a higher: but it seems you have a different rule. Well, I'm willing either to move up or go down, just as the Lord pleases. But I shall be sorry to leave my little class for all that: and I guess the lads—though I say it—will be sorry, too."

"No doubt they will; but in Sunday-schools these changes are necessary, and we are forced to

make the best use of the material we have. Our best teachers are often taken away to other towns and places, and vacancies must be supplied. And that is our case just now. The young lady who, for the past three years, has conducted our infant class, was married last week to a young minister who used to supply often at our chapel, when a student at college; and as he is just entering on his first pastorate in a populous village in an adjacent county, she will give the cause there the benefit of her valuable services. We shall miss her much, and the only way that I can see to repair the loss is to give you her late berth, and make you infant-class teacher."

"And do you call that going lower, sir?"

"Some would; don't you?"

"No, I am sure I do not. Why, look, sir: there are sixty children to teach, and some of them only turned three years of age! How do you think I can manage that lot?"

"Very well, Mr. Spring—as well as you have managed your present class. Carry out the same system with sixty as you have done with eight. Get their affection; interest them; talk to them simply and

lovingly; give them simple truth in a simple way, and with the use of simple illustrations, and teach them to sing sweet little hymns and pieces. That is the way to reach them. Try it, my friend, try it: and if, as I know you will, you enter into the thing heartily, I dare to predict that in a month or two's time you will not want to exchange your infant class for any other. Though I am putting you into a lower class, substantially it is, as you have intimated, a far higher. It is a great and responsible task to teach and train a large number of infants. Some do not think on this matter as they should. They suppose that any one will do to take an infant class. But they fall into a great mistake. To conduct such a class properly it requires far more ability than most ordinary teachers possess: and I do not pay you a slight compliment when I say that in a large measure I think you have that ability."

"What, sir! with my want of education!"

"Yes; even with your want of education. In this case it is not a literary education that is required. Children of such tender years do not need the tuition of a Master of Arts, or a Doctor of Divinity. Such an epitome of human learning would almost crush them with big words and high-flown illustrations. Now that is about the last thing that little children want. To instruct a child you must yourself become a child—you must use the child's language; think as a child thinks, and picture things as a child would picture them. Now that in itself is a talent, and I regard it as being yours. Then, in addition to that, you have not a bad voice for singing, and though you do not know the notes, you can strike off several simple tunes, and can soon learn to

strike off more. In an infant class the singing is a primary thing. You cannot expect that such little urchins will be able to give fixed attention long to one thing: they must have variety. A Table, drawn up for day-school teachers; as the result of practical experience, informs us that scholars of the age of from four or five to seven can only give attention to one subject from ten to fifteen minutes; from the age of seven to ten, from fifteen to twenty minutes; from ten to twelve from twenty to twenty-five minutes; and from twelve to sixteen or eighteen, from twenty-five to thirty minutes. These statistics are important, and deserve the attention of all who desire to succeed in the spiritual instruction of the young. We have, I am happy to say, borne that in mind in relation to our method of instruction in the infant class. You will find in the room a roll of suitable hymns printed in large type from which all the children can sing at once; then there is a letter-box with which you can construct words and sentences; and in addition to these you have a moderate-sized black board on which you can chalk figures to your heart's content, or at least as far as your artistic genius will enable you. The children are only kept for one hour in the morning and one hour in the afternoon, and that time wearies neither teacher or scholars. Now, with all these attractions, will you oblige us, Mr. Spring, and take the class?"

"If you wish it, sir; but——"

"Never mind 'buts,' my friend. Those 'buts' often do a great deal of harm. Kick them overboard at once, and go into the thing heartily. Enter upon it in the spirit of John Eliot, the 'Apostle to the Indians.' What do you think he was found doing on the day of his death, in

his eightieth year? He was found teaching the Indian alphabet to a child by his bedside. 'Why not rest from your labours now?' said a friend. His answer was a sublime one: 'I have prayed to God,' said he, 'to render me useful in my sphere, and now that I can no longer preach, He leaves me strength to teach this poor child.' It was a noble end for such a great man. Follow in his footsteps, my brother, in teaching the infants, and God will bless you. As yet the little ones have not learnt much, either good or evil. Be it your great work to implant first, in many of their minds, the seeds of immortal truth. What you tell them, as they grow older they will remember, and it may lay the foundation of their future character and well-being. And should they not live, as doubtless some of them will not, they may die with the love of Jesus in their hearts, and the name of Jesus on their tongues; and it will be your happiness to meet them in a brighter and better world, as your 'crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.'

"Do you wish me to commence next Sunday, sir?"

"If you like."

"But I would rather have one more Sunday with my own class, and give them a few little books as a parting present."

"Very good. It is kind of you to do so. Take the Sabbath by all means, and I will secure some other friend to take charge of the infant class for that day."

"But who is going to take my class, sir? The boys will be sure to ask me that. What am I to tell them?"

"Tell them that I have selected a good teacher for them. You know young Goodacre?"

"The young man who has been

in the Senior class for the last two years?"

"The same. He has taken a class occasionally, and wishes to become a regular teacher. Don't you think he will suit?"

"I should say so, sir. He is a nice young fellow, loves children, and is willing to work. I hardly think you could have pitched on a better."

"Then both classes will be suited: and that is all we want."

The next Sabbath proved a trying one for the retiring teacher. Somehow or other it had got wind that he was about to leave the class. Some of his scholars had heard of it, and zealously communicated the mournful intelligence to the rest. No sooner had the teacher entered the school than he was assailed on all sides with the question, "Are you going to leave us, teacher? Are you going to leave us?" The answer being in the affirmative, rebellion ensued. One declared that his mother wouldn't let him come again when she knew. A second asked who was to be the next teacher, and, being informed, declared flatly that he wouldn't be taught by him: One meek lad shed a few tears, and humbly asked if he might not be permitted to go into the infant class with his old teacher. The most obstinate lad in the class, who had often vowed, when corrected, to leave the school entirely, and had never failed to break the vow by putting in his appearance the next Lord's day as usual, now declared finally that he would carry out his resolution, and flung his cap with vengeance on the next form, as a token of the firmness of his decision. They all unanimously agreed that "it was a shame to take their teacher from them," and refused to be mollified until their teacher, with admirable tact, pro-

duced the bright-coloured picture-books which he promised to distribute amongst them at the close of the school, on condition that his last Sabbath with them should be the best. With an eye to the rewards, the promise was given that they would behave well; and as their teacher easily secured their interest with his farewell counsels, the incipient rebellion was soon quelled: and the way prepared for the new teacher, notwithstanding their mutinous threats, to enter upon his work in the class with some degree of hope and comfort.

(To be continued.)

## THE DEW AND THE LILY.

*Flower Sermon at Parkshot Chapel, Richmond.)*

BY J. HUNT COOKE.

"I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon."—HOSEA xiv. 5.

As we look back through the long vista of human history our view is bounded by a beautiful scene. When God created human beings He placed the first pair in a garden of indescribable loveliness. Their work was to tend flowers, no pursuit more delightful. Observing their beauty, inhaling their odours, and, perhaps, learning lessons of God and His works, written with gold and purple letters on white lily leaves, they passed the day: in the cool of the evening there was a time of very near communion with God, ere they slept the peaceful rest of innocence and happiness. No unhappy tempers marred their joy, no sad thoughts crossed their minds. The calm blue skies were

in harmony with their feelings, for clouds and storms and wild winds were unknown. "The Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, but there went up a mist (or heavy dew) and watered the whole face of the ground." But sin entered, storms arose, and the perfect beauty departed.

Scattered ruins of Eden are still with us. This world, both physically and morally, is like a beautiful garden through which an enemy has passed, trampling down and destroying, but not effacing every trace of loveliness. If there are barren sands and lava streams, there still are some flowers. If there are wild storms there still is dew. If the hoof of sin and the hail of Divine justice and wrath are everywhere seen, so also are the gentle influences of the tender love of God, and beautiful souls nourished by His grace. Our text leads us not to look at the great and strong wind, the earthquake, and the fire, but to listen for the still small voice,—the voice of God's loving Spirit through His prophet of old directing us to think of the lily and the dew.

I. In the first place God says, "I will be as THE DEW unto Israel." The dew is the emblem of the favour of God through Christ Jesus our Lord. As the wise man said, "His favour is as dew." The prophet had previously used the same figure. There had been excellent desires among the people, and efforts after goodness, but these had failed, and there was cause for the remonstrance, "O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away." But now God promises Himself to give that goodness which shall not vanish away. Mark the

changed name, Israel, the earnest, praying, not the mere professing people, to such God gives efficient grace, grace which produces growth and strength.

The dew glistens with suggestions. It is seen when night is passing away and day coming on; so the favour of God is apparent when doubts disappear, and Christ the Sun of Righteousness is seen. It appears like a miniature portrait of the morning sun hung on the breast of the flower; so when God shines in our hearts it is to reveal the face of Christ Jesus our Lord. It silently nourishes the plant; so does the love of God in Christ Jesus feed and refresh the soul. But it is the gentleness of our heavenly Father that is the prominent thought here. Thus the psalmist king reviewing his past life sings to God in his dying song, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." If we would think of God aright, we must not take our own notions, but inquire what God has revealed Himself to be. Jesus Christ is the portrait of God, the true revelation of the Divine. He came not as a grand king, nor as a wilful conqueror, nor as an eloquent philosopher, but as a loving brother. It was prophesied ere he came, "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench." "His speech distilled as the dew." Poor sufferers came to Him, and He healed them so gently and lovingly. His miracles were wrought by a touch, a kind look, a sympathising word. He delighted in little children, and took them in His arms and blessed them. Sinful men and sinful women came to Him; instead of deserved reproach they but heard a message of forgiveness. When His hour

of trial came, His disciples forsook Him, but He had a loving excuse. His judge was shamelessly unjust, but He had a gentle word even for Pilate. And then He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb so He opened not His mouth. It is this gentle Christ that comes to you by His Holy Spirit to lead you to God. We often hear young people say, "I am not to be driven by fear, but can easily be drawn by love." Then surrender your hearts to this loving Saviour: "I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ."

II. "He shall grow (or blossom) as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." The aim of God's gentle grace is to make souls beautiful and strong. The lily appears to have ever been the symbol of the saints of God. Thus the bride in Canticles calls herself "the lily of the valleys." This was probably the meaning of the carved lily-work in the ancient temple. In the catacombs and early Christian churches, the martyr was denoted by a palm, and the Christian of peaceful life by a lily. This figure, too, blossoms with suggestiveness; we confine our attention to the one stated here, where there is reference to an interesting and instructive feature of vegetal life, one which, in plain terms, is stated by the Apostle Paul, "Your life is hid with Christ in God." Indeed, the whole of that instructive passage at the commencement of the third chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians finds apt illustration in the growth of a lily, where we read of the upward tendency of the affections, the death of the old nature, the hidden source of life, and the patient awaiting for the time when the flower shall appear.

Place a lily bulb on a marble



pedestal, bathe it with sunlight if you will, but no bloom can it put forth. It must be placed in the darkness underground, remain there awhile, then it swells and bursts and sends forth a little uprising stalk, seeking the light, struggling through stones and clods in a heavenward direction; but at the same time it strikes fibres downward unseen, and from these it gains its strength, and ever as it grows upwards it increases in secret growth as well.

Carefully considering, you will observe this to be the lesson of the text. The subject of God's grace is called Israel. This was a name given to Jacob under peculiar circumstances. He had separated himself from his family and friends, and had spent the whole night in solitude, wrestling with God. The meaning of the name is, "One who prevails with God in prayer." The latter clause of the text teaches the same truth; the strength of the flower is in its root. "He," the praying soul, watered by God's grace, "shall cast forth his roots as Lebanon." Some imagine the reference to be to the mighty cedars that crown that mountain, others to the hidden stable base of the mountain itself. The lesson is the same. My dear young friends, if you would live a holy and beautiful life,—if you would blossom with noble deeds that shall gladden man and God, there must be much retirement, there must be the silent breaking of the heart on account of sin, there must be an earnest study of Scripture by yourself, and for yourself; there must be earnestness in private prayer, there must be strong hidden faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and then shall come those holy dispositions, that loveliness and humility of heart, that shall make your life fair as the lily, fragrant

as the rose, bright as the bay, fruitful as the vine, and strong as the cedar of Lebanon.

And as our view of the past is bounded by a garden, so is that of the future. We need not look back with regret, for the highest glory is to come. We look forward, and there, at the end of earth's history, is the full result of God's love and gentleness in Paradise. The wise preacher of old taught that God hath made everything beautiful in his time, and if sin has made many things ugly He will not be defeated, but in His own time will make all things more beautiful still. There is a land where sin, and all its hideous results, shall never come. There the rose is without thorns, there the lily blooms without decay, there no mildew touches the fruit of the vine. There is holiness without dulness, there is dignity without pride, there is courage without presumption, there is love without jealousy, there is humility without meanness. Day without night, spring without winter, life without death, joy unbroken and eternal. This earth is the nursery for that garden. May every one of you, my dear young friends, through the love of Jesus, become a beautiful living flower in heaven!

[This sermon was preached at Park-shot Church, at a spring thanksgiving service, after which there was a collection of flowers, and about 200 bouquets were sent to the Infirmary, at Richmond, the poorhouse, and homes of poor sick people; with each was given a copy of a poem, written for the occasion, entitled, "What the Lily said to the Sick Man."]

## Tales and Sketches.

### THE LITTLE FRENCH DRUMMER-BOY;

#### A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY M. E. B.

#### CHAPTER VI.

It was on the 27th of July, 1812, that the General commanding Frolut's battalion received orders from the Emperor Napoleon to occupy a position near a large ravine: this ravine was protected by a battery of six pieces of cannon, capable of blowing up whole files of soldiers, and in order to take possession of the place pointed out by the Emperor, it was absolutely necessary to become master of this battery.

At the moment of which I am now speaking, Frolut's regiment was on the banks of the river Dwina; for what I am about to relate happened in the famous Russian campaign, which, if it had proved successful, would, humanly speaking, have placed the whole of Europe in the power of the French. Such, however, was not the will of God; for though the nations seemed panic-struck, and the way open to the conquering army—Poland had also declared for Napoleon, who assured the Poles he had come to free them from the galling Russian yoke, and to create them again into an independent kingdom—though the Russians themselves were terrified at the approach of the hero of so many battles; their roads crowded with vehicles of every description, with foot passengers, sheep, cows, and

other domestic animals, all fleeing from the French; if ever the hand of the Great Ruler of the universe was manifest in controlling events, it was undoubtedly the case in the Russian campaign. God sent His snow, His frost, and all but annihilated the 400,000 enemies who entered Russia. It was plain, indeed, that HE had discomfited the invading enemy, and not mortal man.

Let us return to the banks of the Dwina, where we left the 9th regiment of the line with our little drummer Frolut. Suddenly an *aide-de-camp* of the Emperor came galloping up to bring the order for the companies of sharp-shooters to advance and take the battery.

It was a bold undertaking, one that would probably bring death to certainly three-fourths of the men engaged in so perilous a venture; indeed, so well aware were they of the imminent danger, that upon hearing the order, they looked at one another, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders; some of the aged men even grumbled aloud, as pointing to the cannons, they said, "Does the General then fancy that those fellows spit out merely baked apples; or else is he anxious to serve us up as a hash to the Cossacks, since he sends 200 of us against this redoubt?"

"Soldiers!" exclaimed the *aide-de-camp*, "such are the Emperor's orders;" and he galloped off.

"Then why could he not say so at once?" said an old sergeant, fixing his bayonet on the end of his musket; "Come, come along; we

must not keep *le petit Corporal*\* waiting; when he tells us to come and be killed, he won't have us hesitate!"

There was still some degree of hesitation with the troop, and twice the captain in command had issued his order to the drum-major to advance with the drummers and beat the charge. This man seemed little disposed to obey; he stood leaning on his large reed cane, shaking his head.

All this time Frolut, astride on his drum, his eyes fixed on his chief, whistled a tune to his fife, and beat

\* A nickname given by the soldiers to the Emperor Napoleon I.

the quick step with his fingers. For the third time the drum-major had the order to advance, he did not appear disposed to obey, when Frolut stood up, fastened his drum to his side, took his drum-sticks out of his strap across his chest, and, passing under the very nose of his principal, with a look of supreme contempt, he vented all the feelings of dislike he entertained towards him, saying, "Here, come along, big coward as you are!"

The drum-major raised his cane to strike him, but Frolut was already at the head of the two companies, sounding the charge like a mad-man!

## Our Denominational Meetings.

WE were pleased to observe that at all our gatherings this year there was a very large attendance.

**BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.**—The annual meeting of this Fund—preceded by tea—took place in the Mission House, Castle-street, Holborn, on Thursday evening, April 20. Dr. Underhill presided. *Secretary's and Treasurer's Reports.*—The Secretary (Mr. A. T. Bowser), read the fifty-first report, from which it appeared that gradual progress has been made; not only have the annual contributions of the churches increased, but the committee have reason to know that several friends in making dispositions of their property by will, have nominated the fund for legacies. During the year three legacies have also become payable, and Mr. John Edwards has placed at the committee's disposal £500, on condition of the payment of interest during his lifetime only, the principal ultimately falling into the capital of the fund. The

contributions of the year amount to about £1,700, and the repayment of balances have been made without default, such repayment being frequently made at even earlier dates than the rule provides. The absence of such an expression of gratitude on the part of the churches, aided by a collection of the funds, is, however, regretted. The committee have been able to make thirty-two loans amounting in the total to £6,120, being the largest in number and amount of any year of the fund. The Treasurer (Mr. J. Benham), read the financial statement. The balance in hand last year was £76 16s. 11d. Subscriptions, donations, and collections had amounted to £961 16s. 7d.; special donation, £500; legacy, £250; instalments of loans repaid, £1,698 5s.; other receipts, £3,006 5s., making a total of £6,493 3s. 6d.; loans to thirty-

two churches, £6,020, by far the largest yet granted. The working expenses have amounted to £272 13s. 6d., leaving a balance in hand of £156 7s. 6d. The meeting was addressed by the following friends:—Revs. S. Morris, G. Holyoak, J. Bigwood, G. Short, and Sir Morton Peto.

**BAPTIST YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.**—The annual meeting in connection with this association was held on Friday evening, April 28th, in Bloomsbury Chapel, Mr. Jas. Benham presiding. The attendance, although not very large, did not, we think, show any diminution from that of the society's previous annual gatherings. The proceedings commenced with singing and prayer, conducted by the Rev. W. Sampson, of Folkestone. *Secretary's and Treasurer's Reports.*—The Secretary (Mr. Capern) followed with the twenty-eighth report, which was of an encouraging character. The facts of it may be summarised as follows:—At the suggestion of Mr. George Williams, who presided at the last annual meeting, and who promised a contribution of £50 towards carrying his proposal into effect, a special effort has been made on behalf of the Chinese mission, and £215 raised to aid in sending out an additional missionary to China. The committee state, as the result of their experience, that there is a widely spread disposition amongst the young members of the churches to help mission work, but it lies to a great extent dormant, for want of influences under which it might be developed, and the committee invites suggestions for the attainment of the latter object. The normal work of the association has been steadily carried on. No effort has been spared to maintain and increase the interest of the juvenile

auxiliaries in the cause. Addresses have been delivered and lectures given. Two additional auxiliaries have been formed during the year, at Gresham-road, Brixton, and at Vernon Chapel, King's-cross. The treasurer's account, which was, in the absence of the treasurer (Mr. J. P. Bacon) submitted by the secretary, was said to be the largest ever presented. The receipts have been £553, being £215 for the China fund, and £337 paid by the juvenile auxiliaries to the parent society. This, moreover, did not represent all the money actually paid, as many schools assisted by the society, and represented on its committee, paid their subscriptions direct to the parent society. There was a balance of £7 due to the treasurer. The speakers were Revs. W. Sampson, J. Smith, and Dr. Buckley.

**THE BAPTIST UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.**—Annual Session.—The session for 1876 was opened in Bloomsbury Chapel, on Monday morning, April 24th, by the usual introductory prayer-meeting. The Rev. Alexander Maclaren, the retiring president, conducted the devotions. This was followed by the reading of a portion of the 4th chapter of Ephesians. *Retiring President and President.*—The Rev. A. Maclaren, in opening the business of the proceedings, said: "My task this morning is a very simple one; to make way for the rising light and to die as gracefully as I can. He needs no eulogium, I am sure, from me. You have already conferred upon him a higher honour than any that can arise from words of mine. We all know his brilliant eloquence, the clearness and force of his penetrating understanding, which combines so remarkably strength and beauty, fair as some classic dome, robust and richly graced, the staunchness, the

steadfastness of his heart, his unwearied industry, and his true brotherly help in all our denominational life and local necessities. I congratulate myself on being followed by such a successor, with just a little touch of national self-satisfaction that two Scotchmen should in sequence fill the chair. I congratulate the union on their distinguished president—future president, I mean—I congratulate him and his church on the felicitous conjunction of his chairmanship with the accomplishment of twenty-one years of faithful and successful pastoral work, and now I call upon you to welcome as cordially as he deserves the president of the year, the Rev. William Landels." The Rev. Dr. Landels, who on taking the chair vacated by the retiring president was repeatedly applauded said: "I very cordially thank you for your kindness, and I must thank the retiring president for his kind words, which I shall try to deserve in future. I shall not occupy your time now with remarks of my own, but at once call upon those who have to propose the business to come before the meeting. The treasurer (Mr. Sands) read the financial statement, from which it appeared that the total contributions of the past year amounted to £361 11s. 11d., the total expenditure to £381 8s., leaving a balance due to the treasurer of £27 1s., in spite of the reported increase in subscriptions. A very interesting report was read by the secretary (the Rev. J. H. Millard), and some practical addresses were delivered. The statistics of the churches show an increase. There are twenty-four new churches, thirty new chapels (a number under the average), 8,371 more members than last year, and 20,318 more Sunday-scholars.

BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY.—

The annual meeting of this society was held on Monday evening, April 24th, at half-past six, at Bloomsbury Chapel, Mr. William Stead occupying the chair. The secretary (Mr. Powell) read the thirty-sixth annual report of the committee. Dr. Steane (the treasurer of the society) has been obliged to retire from office in consequence of failing health. Under these circumstances, Dr. Underhill, late secretary to the Baptist Missionary Society, had consented to be nominated for the office. The report showed that the income of the society was considerably in excess of last year. The receipts from subscriptions, donations, and collections for the year ending on the 31st March last was £1,872 10s. 10½d. The legacies were £631. The income from other sources was £86 10s. 6d., making a gross receipt for the year of £2,590 1s. 4½d. The chief work at the press during the year had been to reprint the new translation of the Bengali Bible, completed in 1874, or of portions of it, for sale amongst the heathen. Five thousand copies of the New Testament, in small type octavo, had been printed. In the various out-stations near Dacca, from 3,500 to 4,000 Bengali Gospels, and other parts of the Bible had been sold; and also about 400 tracts. Dr. Underhill read the treasurer's statement, which showed the total income of the society to be £3,165 6s. 6d., and after all necessary expenditure a balance was left in hand of £19 4s. 6d. Addresses were delivered by Revs. J. P. Chown, H. Leonard, Dr. Buckley, and Mr. J. C. Parry.

WELSH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.— This meeting was held on Friday evening, April 21, in the library of the Mission House, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Davies, Principal of Haverfordwest College.

The Rev. C. Griffiths, Cinderford, opened the meeting with prayer, after which Dr. Underhill gave an interesting address, touching on the most salient points in the current report of the year. This being his first appearance at the Welsh meeting, a vote of thanks was given him on the motion of Dr. Price, seconded by the Rev. C. Griffiths. The Rev. G. H. Roberts then addressed the meeting on the "Claim of the Lord to the World," which was further supplemented by the Revs. J. Williams and T. Morgan giving their several experiences in the mission-field. The meeting was brought to a close by the benediction, pronounced by Dr. Price.

**BRITISH AND IRISH HOME MISSION.**—The annual meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday evening, April 25, at Bloomsbury Chapel, Mr. Henry Ashwell, of Nottingham, presiding. The attendance, as well as the whole of the proceedings following, was decidedly encouraging. The Rev. R. James, of Yeovil, having given out the opening hymn and offered prayer, the Chairman briefly referred to the operations of the Society, and while exhorting to thankfulness for all that had been done, he urged that they should not encourage the idea of their individuality being merged in the work of the society. *Secretary's and Treasurer's Reports.*—The Rev. J. Bigwood (Secretary), read the report, from which it appeared that during the year, excluding legacies from the calculation, the contributions for the united mission have amounted to £1,392, about £130 in excess of last year or the year preceding. Addresses were delivered by Rev. A. G. Brown, R. P. Macmaster and Dr. Eccles.

**BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY.**—The annual meeting of this society was held on Wednesday evening, April

26th, in the lower room of Exeter Hall, and compared most favourably with any of its previous gatherings, the attendance being largely in excess of last year, thus showing, we would hope, a growing interest in its operations. The chair was taken by Mr. J. S. Macmaster. Prayer was offered by Dr. Price, after which the secretary (Rev. J. T. Briscoe) read the report, from which it appeared that the Society's publications have reached 752; of these, 554 are tracts, 135 are handbills, 40 are books for children, and 22 are published in the new series, which, with the volume of *Howell on Communion*, make up the above number. The total number of tracts and handbills printed since the formation of the Society, amount to nearly 12,000,000. The grants during the year have reached the sum of £647 6s. 2d.; those made in tracts representing 1,011,385 of the Society's issues, and the sum of £194 has been voted in cash. The auxiliary societies in Madras and Ceylon are making progress. The Treasurer (Mr. E. J. Oliver) read the financial statement for the year ending December, 1875, which showed a balance in hand at the commencement of the year of £110 3s. 8d. Donations received amounted to £115 17s. 2d.; subscriptions, £1,046 0s. 1d.; collections, £8 8s. 3d.; sale of tracts, etc., £118 13s. 3d.; making the total receipts £1,423 0s. 7d., being £200 more than that of any previous year. The expenditure for tracts was £621 1s. 8d., other expenses amounting to £491 11s. 11d., leaving a balance in hand of £120 18s. 9d. The speakers were C. Williams, J. Teall, W. Usher, and Mr. A. H. Baynes.

**BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**—The annual meeting was held at

Exeter Hall on Thursday evening, April 27th, and was well described by one of the speakers as the largest missionary audience he had witnessed since the days of William Knibb. Sir Robert Lush occupied the chair, and was supported on the platform. The Rev. J. P. Chown gave out a hymn, and afterwards offered prayer. Mr. J. Tritton (Treasurer), submitted the financial statement. He said: I shall have to trespass a few minutes on your attention, my Christian friends, while I present to you the balance-sheet, and make one or two brief observations. Debt on last year's account, £1,143 15s., but you will find when I come to read the other side of the account that that debt was more than wiped out. By payments to date, on general account, £39,433 6s. 3d.; Widows' and Orphans' Fund, including £177 11s. 1d. balance from last year's account, £2,583 5s. 1d.; special funds account, £2,253 8s. 4d.; legacy reserve investment, £942 10s.; Calchar Mission Trust investment, £4,000; balance on special funds account, £2,713 12s. 10d.; making a total of £53,069 17s. 6d. On the other side of the account we have the balance on special funds account from last year, £3,728 6s. 10d. Receipts to date: donations to liquidate debt, £1,334. The balance was more than discharged. Received on general account, £33,838 9s. 3d.; annuity reserve set free, £1,000; Widows and Orphans' Fund, £2,358 8s. 3d.; received on account of special funds, £1,238 14s. 4d.;

proportion of legacy reserve, £942 10s.; Calchar Mission Trust, £4,000; total, £44,762 1s. 10d. Deficiency on general account, £4,354 12s.; Widows and Orphans' account, £224 16s. 10d.; making together, £4,579 8s. 10d. Dr. Underhill, who was very warmly received, then rose to read the report, of which the following is an abstract:—Five more young brethren have been engaged for the service of the mission—Dr. Carey, Mr. H. Tucker, Mr. Gammon, Mr. W. Landels, and Mr. Comber. The funds for their outfit and passage have been supplied by friends in Birmingham, Sheffield, and London. Six brethren have been obliged to seek restoration of health at home; and three have been called to their rest, viz., the Rev. B. Millard, of Jamaica; the Rev. John Sale, of Backergunge; and the Rev. J. Mintridge, of Jessore. The last died after a brief but promising missionary career of about eighteen months; Mr. Millard for thirty years, and Mr. Sale for twenty-seven years, laboured in their Master's cause. Some 99,000 copies of various portions of Scripture have left the Mission Press in Calcutta; partly in the Hindi and Garo languages, but chiefly in Bengali. Of these 66,000 copies were printed for the Calcutta Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The issues from the Society's own Depository have amounted to 34,188 copies. Addresses were delivered by J. M. Stephens, T. Morgan, J. Smith, and F. Trestrail.

## Reviews.

*The Gospel Treasury and Expository Harmony of the Four Evangelists, with Analytical Introductions, Scripture Illustrations, Notes selected from the most approved Commentaries, &c., &c.* Compiled by ROBERT MIMPRISS. Second Edition. (Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row. Marlborough and Co., 24, Paternoster-row.)

WE have long since formed our conclusion in regard to the *Gospel Treasury*. We usually have it near our study table, and are glad to know that its circulation has called for a second edition. The student is here literally flooded with knowledge. The Sunday-school teacher cannot fail in obtaining vast stores of information each time he consults it. It is well called the Treasury of the Gospels, for in it we have a mine of wealth for every minister of the Word of God. Its notes, Scripture illustrations, practical reflections, copious indices, geographical and chronological excellencies, tabulating every event in the Gospels, make us pronounce it to be one of the most valuable Biblical works ever published.

*The Steps of Jesus, Harmony of the Four Evangelists.* By ROBERT MIMPRISS.

*The Path of Jesus.* By the same.

*The Bible Voices for the Young.*

*The Systematic Teacher.* (S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster-row.)

THE first of these is formed on the plan of Mimpriss's larger work, only limited to the consecutive reading of the Gospel story. This order has a good result, in saving the reader's time and preventing the smallest event or fact from being overlooked, and presenting at once to the eye the teaching of each book. Sunday-school teachers will get much assistance by using it in their classes.

*The Path of Jesus* consists of a chart of the journeyings of our Lord traced in order of time and place. This valuable addition to Bible study can be carried in the pocket or fixed in the pocket Bible, and will be found most useful.

*Bible Voices*, Watt's First Catechism and Divine Songs. As we look at this little work memories of the past bring childhood home to us, and how from the book we received our first religious lessons and learned from it to lip our first religious songs. We have always thought that neither teacher nor scholar have done much better since it has fallen almost out of general use in our schools. To wise mothers we say teach it to your children.

*The Systematic Teacher.* Upwards of 700 lessons for home and school, that never change. We heartily commend it to the study of our Sunday-school friends.

*The Preacher's Theme, or Jesus Only.* A Series of Addresses to Senior Sabbath-school Scholars. By JOSEPH GOODACRE. (Elliot Stock).

WE have read with great care this beautiful volume, and have relished it. It is quite to our taste. If those to whom is committed the important work of addressing the young could always do something approaching these simple, flowing, and instructive exhibitions of Jesus only, we should observe less weariness during their delivery, and hear less complaint after that the speaker had only been preaching at them. This work will well repay perusal by our teachers, and in their name we venture to thank the author for his excellent contribution. Letterpress, paper, and binding all good.



*Advice to a Young Christian.* By JOHN STOCK, LL.D. (Baptist Tract Society, Bolt-court, Fleet-street.)

DR. STOCK has done good service here. We are sure no better book can be put into the hands of a thoughtful young Christian. We wish the paper, type, binding, and general get up had a brighter look. The work ought to take a place among our gift books, but its appearance is not nearly so good as its contents.

*The Baptism of the Holy Ghost.* By the Rev. ASA MAHAN, D.D. With a New Preface. (Elliot Stock.)

A CHEAP edition, unabridged. The subject is worthily handled by the earnest Dr., and many of his words are very stirring. The subject reminds us of one class of professors who seem never to have heard of the Holy Ghost, and who live, preach, and work with scarce an intelligent mention of His name, and others who are always waiting for some marvellous manifestation of the Spirit's power. Are not some of the Dr.'s references within the circle of the miraculous healing and teaching work of the Spirit. We must all desire to be filled with the Spirit. But is this blessing confined to time or place? Have not some of us experienced as large an outpouring when pardon was sealed as on any occasion since? We have grown in knowledge and understanding by the Spirit, but our joy, faith, love, and peace have as much abounded in the earlier as in the later stages of our spiritual life, through the Spirit's grace and wisdom. We desire for this work the prayerful and thoughtful perusal it deserves.

*Popish Versions of the Scriptures.* By JAMES GRANT. (W. H. Guest, 29, Paternoster-row.)

We advise all who are interested in the two opposite positions taken by the British and Foreign and Trinitarian Bible Societies on this important subject to obtain this telling work. Its price renders it easily attainable.

*The Baptist Hand-Book for 1876.* (Yates and Alexander.)

THE Hand-book increases in bulk with our denominational increase. It comprehends so much necessary information as to render it nearly indispensable to the minister, deacon, and office-bearer. The memoirs of the departed ministers are touching and teaching; the statistical department is voluminous, here and there relieved by such a thing as the information of two ministers living in one house, when they only live in one street, and on opposite sides of the same; also another minister figuring in columns of both Baptists and Independents. If this is true—let it be clear—have a separate list for Hybrids.

#### PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

*National Portrait Gallery.* (Cassell, Petter and Galpin.) One of the best likenesses of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

*Our Denominational Position, Internally and Externally Considered.* By Dr. Landels. (Marlborough and Co.) This address is characteristic of its author, who never fears, if he sees a thing, to say it. It contains some startling passages, and should have a serious reading.

*On the Loss of Friends* (Daddy, Jesbister and Co., 56, Ludgate-hill). *The Appeal, The Biblical Museum, The Teacher's Storehouse.* Good. Invest in them.

*The Baptist Magazine, The Sword and Trowel, The General Baptist*—are quite up to their average. The article by Mr. Spurgeon on his being laid aside made us sympathetic and prayerful.

*Truth and Progress* reached us from South Australia, with a stock of Colonial news.

*The Baptist and Freeman* have been doing good work for us this month. God speed them.

*Fashion Our Master, The Tankard in Grief.* By O. A. B. (Beveridge, Fulwood's Rents.) Very good.

*Why Am I a Nonconformist?* By Rev. H. Wilkins. (Elliott Stock.) An excellent performance. Read it.

It is proposed to raise a monument and drinking fountain to the memory

of Dr. Burns. This will be approved by thousands in America as well as at home, and as some of our readers know the beloved Dr. conducted our review department for many years will be ready to contribute to this deserved memorial, we shall be happy to forward their contributions, if addressed to us, at 4, Trafalgar-square, Charing-cross, W.C.

## Poetry.

### WHAT THE LILY SAID TO THE SICK MAN.

You ask me whence has come the power

To blossom with such cheerful flower;  
This grace my Maker gave to me—

A precious dower;  
Now listen to my history.

I once a shapeless bulb have been,  
No blossom fair, no leaflet green;  
But God, with loving heart and mind,  
My state had seen,  
And nobler life for me designed.

Down in the dark, for many a day,  
With breaking heart I silent lay,  
Till a new life began to move,  
Drawing away,  
Gently attracting me above.

I sought the blessed light of God  
Past rugged stone and earthly clod,  
I upwards climbed, burst thro' the  
ground,

Above the sod—  
And there the breeze and sunshine  
found.

With hold unseen by mortal eyes  
I daily gained the strength to rise;  
And ever as I upward grew  
Towards the skies,

I downward struck my roots anew.

I drank the light; I sipped the dew;  
I put forth leaves—all I could do;  
And patient waited to fulfil,

With purpose true,  
What'er should be my Maker's will.

At length the longed-for moment came,  
In God's own time I felt the flame,  
And blazed with colour at His word,

Such is my fame—  
Behold my flower and bless the Lord.

Ye dark and sorrowing souls, be still,  
Calmly await your Father's will,  
Watch for the light, trust for the power,  
Your time fulfil—  
And then with glory you shall flower.

J. HUNT COOKE.

## Denominational Intelligence,

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. W. WIGGINS has resigned the pastorate of the church at Burnham, Somerset.

REV. HUGH HUGHES, of Wem, Shropshire, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Countesthorpe, Leicestershire.

REV. J. S. MORRIS, having accepted an invitation to the new chapel built by the London Association at Leyton, has resigned the pastorate of Romney-street Chapel, Westminster, after labouring there for eleven years and a half.

MR. J. WILLIAMS, of Haverfordwest College, has accepted the pastorate of the English church, Brynmawr, Monmouthshire.

ON Easter Sunday Mr. George Wainwright, of the Pastors' College, began his stated ministry at Aldershot.

MR. DAVID W. LAING, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the invitation of the church in Alfred-place, Old Kent-road, to become their pastor.

REV. T. G. GATHERCOLE, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Martham, near Great Yarmouth.

CRANFORD, NEAR HOUNSLOW.—Mr. Curtis, being compelled through failing health to retire from the ministry, has resigned the pastorate of this church. Mr. Hewlett, late of Wilderness-row, has accepted an invitation to supply with a view to the pastorate.

MR. S. WRIGHT, after a pastorate of six years, has resigned the charge of the church at Smethwick.

MR. HENRY C. FIELD, who for three years and a quarter has been joint-pastor of the Baptist churches of Burslem and Newcastle, Staffordshire, has resigned his pastoral oversight of the Newcastle church, and has accepted a hearty invitation to become the sole pastor of the church at Burslem.

REV. J. LEWITT, of Scarborough, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Sansom-walk church, Worcester.

MR. C. F. JAMIESON, of Rawdon College, has accepted an invitation from the church at Riddings, Derbyshire.

MR. JAMES LEWITT COOPER, of the Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Wells, Somerset.

REV. CALEB C. BROWN has accepted an invitation of the church meeting in Ebenezer Chapel, Southsea.

REV. EVAN DAVIES, of Presteign, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Grove-street, South Hackney.

REV. W. E. BOTTRILL, of Regent's-park College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Wellington-road, Todmorden.

HARTINGTON, MIDDLESEX.—Rev. W. Crick has accepted the oversight of the church there.

### PRESENTATIONS.

CANTERBURY.—On Tuesday, April 25, Dr. Aveling, president of the Congregational Union, visited Canterbury, and preached at the Baptist Chapel, St. George's-place. At a tea-meeting held on the occasion, the Rev. H. Crosswell, the senior Nonconformist minister in Canterbury, presented Rev. J. F. Smythe, who is leaving for Bolton, with a purse of gold.

REV. W. R. STEVENSON, M.A., late pastor of Broad-street Church, Nottingham, was presented at a meeting held in the Mechanics' Hall with an address, illuminated and framed, expressive of warm affection and high esteem for his ministerial labours; a handsome time-piece bearing a suitable inscription, and a purse of gold. Mrs. Stevenson also was presented with a desk and work-table. The meeting was large and

enthusiastic; at the same time it was pervaded by a strong feeling of sympathy for Mr. Stevenson and his family, as well as of deep regret that an honourable and useful pastorate of nearly twenty-five years in one place should have at length terminated.

THE Rev. J. A. Wilson has been presented with a purse of sovereigns from the church and congregation meeting in the Pound-lane Chapel, Isleham, Cambs. About 300 sat down to tea, the trays being given by the ladies. He had also the pleasure of acknowledging six handsome volumes from some anonymous friends.

REV. W. OSBORNE, on leaving Gamlingay, has received a purse of £25.

REV. JOHN DOWNIE, on leaving Forres for a new charge at Dunbarton, has been presented with a purse of sovereigns by his friends. His wife has also received a testimonial from the ladies of Forres.

REV. J. W. GENDERS has accepted a call to Portsea. At a farewell tea and public meeting at Park-street Chapel, Luton, he was presented with an address and purse of fifty guineas. Mr. Wootten, superintendent of the Sunday-school, presided, and, along with other speakers, testified to the good work which Mr. Genders had done during his six years' pastorate at Luton. The sum of £1,200 had been raised for general purposes, in addition to the regular expenses of the church, and a hundred young people had joined the church from the Sunday-school. Mr. Genders said the sole cause of his leaving Luton was the health of his family. Two of his children had been removed by death, and the two survivors were unable to live in Luton.

#### RECOGNITIONS.

REV. W. SATCHWELL was publicly recognised on Easter Monday as pastor of the church in Grange-road, Jarrow-on-Tyne. J. Angus, Esq., J.P., presided. A bazaar is about to be held in aid of the building fund for a new chapel, towards which £500 and a good site have already been obtained.

Rev. W. C. H. Anson has been publicly recognised as pastor of the church meeting in Howard-street, North Shields. The public meeting was presided over by J. Angus, Esq., J.P., of Newcastle.

WESTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—The ordination of Rev. J. Longson, late of Rawdon College, took place on the 20th of April. Reva. S. G. Green, D.D., A. North, J. Lea, E. R. Broom, W. Fiddler, J. Dodwell, W. H. Payne, and J. T. Felce were present on the occasion. In the afternoon the charge was given by Dr. Green. Mr. Giles gave the statements on behalf of the church, and Mr. Longson related his experience and call to the ministry. A public tea was held, and in the evening addresses were delivered.

TROWBRIDGE.—Mr. A. English having lately accepted the pastorate of Bethesda Church, a recognition service and tea-meeting was held on Tuesday, April 18. The Rev. W. Barnes presided, and several other neighbouring ministers, including the Revs. T. C. Page, J. Thomas, and J. Hanson were present. Mr. George Nash, the senior deacon, stated the reasons for inviting Mr. English to the pastorate; and Mr. English having responded, the Revs. T. C. Page, J. Hanson; and the chairman spoke.

#### NEW CHAPELS.

REV. JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A., and his congregation in Praed-street, have secured a fine site for a new chapel in Westbourne-park-place. Designs for the building have been obtained; it will cost £8,000, and seat more than 1,000 persons. The memorial-stone will be laid this month. The price of the site, £2,560, has already been paid, and one-fourth of the cost of the edifice procured. The old chapel in Praed-street will not be given up.

THE new chapel and schoolrooms at Morton, near Bourne, Lincolnshire, were opened on the 14th and 16th of April. Revs. Dr. Buckley and W. R. Stevenson, M.A., of Nottingham, were the preachers. The cost, exclusive of

ground and school furniture, was about £700.

THE new chapel at Ipswich, erected for the congregation under the pastoral care of the Rev. T. M. Morris, has just been opened, when Rev. A. Maclaren, B.A., preached two sermons to large congregations. The day's collections amounted to £100. More than 1,300 people were present at the evening service.

TAUNTON.—The new Albemarle Baptist Chapel, the second in Taunton, has just been opened, the preacher being the Rev. R. Glover, of Bristol. The congregations were large. In the evening a tea-meeting was held, at which about 250 persons were present, the principal members of the church providing trays. Taken as a whole, the opening proceedings were very successful, when it is considered that the church numbers as yet only thirty members. The corner-stone was laid by Mrs. Taylor, on May 4, 1875, so that it has taken about a twelvemonth to complete the building, which is adapted for the accommodation of 500 persons. The structure is of plain white brick, with freestone dressings. The interior, which is fitted with open pews, contains a plain rostrum, and is so constructed that the introduction of galleries when required will not interfere with the present arrangements for lighting. The cost of the building, independently of the site, which is valuable, being close to the railway station, has been £1,200, and of this sum Mr. Taylor has contributed £400.

WOOD GREEN, LONDON.—On Monday, May 8, the foundation-stone was laid of a chapel for this increasing suburb of the metropolis. The effort has grown out of the necessities of the church under the pastoral care of the Rev. James Pugh, who has laboured for years in the district under conditions that must have greatly cramped and discouraged both pastor and people. Latterly they have met in the Temperance Hall, a small hired building. The services were inaugurated by a cold collation, and shortly after half-past three an adjournment took place

to the site of the new building. The stone was laid by Mr. John Edwards, the Rev. J. P. Ohown delivering an eloquent address of congratulation and encouragement on the occasion. Mr. Edwards gave £20, and purses were laid upon the stone to the amount of £24 12s. 3d. Tea was subsequently served in the Temperance Hall, and at seven o'clock a public meeting was held in Trinity Wesleyan Chapel, under the presidency of Mr. J. P. Bacon, who was supported by Revs. J. D. Gracey, T. V. Tymms, R. Wallace, J. R. Wood, F. Pugh, T. O. Taylor, and J. R. Cox; with Messrs. G. A. Hutchison and J. Bailey. After singing and prayer by Mr. Wood and an address by Mr. Bacon, Mr. Brown, the treasurer, submitted his statement, from which it appeared that the chapel, to seat 360 persons, with a schoolroom, class-rooms, &c., is estimated to cost £2,500, inclusive of the freehold site. Towards this they have received in cash and promises, prior to the day's services, £787 16s. 3d., and that day £82 8s. 9d. The population of Wood Green was estimated at 6,500, and the total accommodation provided for the religious wants of the place was under 2,500 sittings, while there was no Baptist chapel whatever in the district. Addresses followed by Mr. Wallace, Mr. Tymms, Mr. Gracey, Mr. F. Pugh, &c., and the collection made between the speeches amounted to £11 3s. 9d., bringing up the total for the day to a trifle over £94. The services were continued on Sunday, when the pastor, Rev. James Pugh, preached in the Temperance Hall in the morning, and the Rev. F. Tucker in the evening.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

KISLINGBURY, NORTHANTS.—Re-opening services in connection with the alteration and improvement of the Baptist chapel at a cost of £200 were held on May 3rd, Revs. A. Mursell, J. T. Brown, J. Lea, J. T. Felce, W. H. Payne, W. J. Mills, A. Smith Harpol, and A. J. Causton pastor, took part in

the engagements of the day. The whole of the debt was cleared off.

**BUGBROOK.**—The third anniversary of the pastor's settlement was held on the 7th May, when sermons were preached appropriate to the occasion.

**PATTISHALL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—The first anniversary of the Rev. D. Mace as pastor was held on May 8. After a public tea a religious service was held, Revs. J. T. Brown, W. H. Payne, D. Mace, A. J. Causton, W. Fiddler, and Messrs. Mason and Darby taking part in the meeting. During the past year the chapel and minister's house have been improved, at a cost of £70, but a few pounds of debt remaining on the place.

THE annual tea meeting of the Martam Church was held on Good Friday. Many friends from Yarmouth were present, and a large company partook of tea together in the schoolroom and chapel, which were very nicely decorated. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. S. Vincent, of Yarmouth. Addresses were delivered by several friends from the neighbourhood, and Mr. T. G. Gathercole. The chapel was filled to overflowing, and the meetings were quite a success.

THE three hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of the ancient church at Eythorne, Kent, was celebrated on Good Friday, and was attended by a very large number of persons. Rev. J. T. Wigner preached in the afternoon. Over 400 friends sat down to tea, and in the evening at the public meeting, presided over by the pastor, Rev. J. Stubbs, addresses were delivered by neighbouring ministers on "Christ our Life," "Christ our Strength," "Christ our Pattern," "Christ our Master," "Christ our Judge," and "Christ our Rewarder."

**LUTON.—PARK-STREET CHAPEL.**—On Sunday, May 14, the annual school sermons were preached by Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford. The congregations were large. The collections amounted to £41.

## BAPTISMS.

*Aberdare.*—April 23, at Carmel English Chapel, Ten, by T. Jones.

*Aberavon, Glamorganshire.*—April 23, at Ebenezer Welsh Chapel, Eighteen, by S. Jones.

*Ararah Wauntrean.*—April 23, Seven, by Reea Davies.

*Avening.*—April 12, Three, by E. Edginton.

*Bacup.*—May 7, at Zion Chapel, Ten, by C. W. Gregory.

*Beaufort, Breconshire.*—April 30, Three, by J. Edwards.

*Bettus, Salop.*—April 30, One, by Thos. Rowson.

*Birmingham.*—April—, at Bond-street Chapel, Five, by G. Wheeler.

*Bishop Stortford.*—March 30, Two, by B. Hodgkins.

*Blaenavon.*—April 9, Eight, at the English Chapel, by W. Rees.

*Boston.*—April 9, Seven, by G. West.

*Bradford.*—At Stion Jubilee Chapel, March 26, Ten; April 30, Sixteen, by J. W. Ashworth.

*Bramley, Leeds.*—April 9, Two, by A. Ashworth.

*Bridgend.*—April 30, at Hope Chapel, Three, by Mr. Cole.

*Bristol.*—April 30, at Philip-street Chapel, Bedminster, Ten, by W. Norris.

*Canterbury.*—April 10, at St. George's-place Chapel, Three, by J. F. Smythe.

*Carmarthen.*—April 30, at the English Chapel, Two, by E. Thomas.

*Carmarthen.*—March 12, at Peniel, Priory-street, Three; April 9, Seven; April 6, at Priory-street Chapel, Eight, by G. H. Roberts.

*Cammere, near Abergavenny.*—April—, Four, by W. J. Price.

*Cefnmaor.*—April 30, at Ebenezer English Chapel, Eight, by G. Davies.

*Coventry.*—April 2, at Gosford-street Chapel, Five, by H. W. Meadow.

*Cranford, near Hounslow.*—April 3, Three, by Mr. Miller.

*Cwndare, Glam.*—April 9, Nine, by J. Evans.

*Dunfermline.*—April 19, Three, by J. T. Hagen.

*Fleet.*—March 26, Three; March 30, One, by T. Watkinson.

*Frankbridge, Radnorshire.*—April 23, One, by E. Bebb.

*Gladestry, Radnorshire.*—April 9, Two, by T. Jermine.

*Glascoed.*—April 26, One; April 30, Four, by J. Tucker.

*Goitre, near Pontypool.*—April 30, One, by I. Richards.

- Grandham*.—April 30, One, by G. B. Bowler.  
*Grandham*.—March 23, Four, by G. B. Bowler.  
*Graves rd.*—March 29, at Windmill-street Chapel, Four, by Noah Heath.  
*Gravesend*.—April 19, at Windmill-street Chapel, Two, by N. Heath.  
*Great Leigh, Essex*.—May 4, Two; May 9, One; May 14, One, by B. C. Sowerby.  
*Halifax*.—April 30, at Trinity-road Chapel, Two, by J. Parker.  
*Hastings*.—March 30, at Wellington-square Chapel, Five, by W. Barker.  
*Hayle, Cornwall*.—April 30, Three, by W. Pontifex.  
*Holyhead*.—April 16, at Bethel, Seven, by R. Thomas.  
*Ipwich*.—April 30, at St. George's-street Chapel, Five, by J. Manning.  
*Jersey, St. Heliers*.—April 5, at Grove-street Chapel, Five, by G. H. Weatherley.  
*Liverpool*.—April 30, at Soho-street, Two, by E. Walter.  
*Leeds*.—April 12, at Burly-road Chapel, Four, by W. T. Adey.  
*Lenton*.—April 2, Six, by J. Parkinson.  
*Llandefan, Anglesey*.—April 23, Eleven, by D. Davis.  
*Maesteg*.—April 9, at the English Chapel, Two, by J. E. Jones.  
*Mansfield*.—April 27, Nine, by H. Marsden.  
*Measham*.—April 30, Two, by W. Millington.
- Metropolitan District:*—  
*Acton*.—April 9, Thirteen, by Caleb M. Longhurst.  
*Barnes*.—April 23, Four, by F. J. Brown.  
*Church-street Chapel*.—April 23, Five, by Dawson Burns.  
*Finsbury-park, N.*—April 30, Two, by — Wilson.  
*Hackney-road*.—March 31, at Providence Chapel, Nine, by W. Cuff.  
*Hansell*.—April 25, Five, by G. R. Lowden.  
*Penge Tabernacle*.—May 3, Three, by J. Collins.  
*Richmond*.—April 9, at Parkshot Church, Three, by J. H. Cooke.  
*Stoke Newington*.—April 19, at Wellington-road Chapel, Three, by I. E. Rawlings.  
*Stratford*.—April 9, at the Grove Chapel, Seven, by J. H. Banfield.
- Middleton, Cheney*.—April 30, Four, by the Pastor.  
*Mountain Ash (English)*.—April 30, Three, by J. W. Williams.  
*Mountain Ash, Rhos (Welsh)*.—April 23, Two, by W. Williams.  
*Narberth*.—April 9, Six; April 30, Two, by B. Thomas.
- Neath*.—April 2, Three, by A. F. Mills.  
*Netherton, near Dudley*.—April 16, Four, by E. Farnell.  
*Newbury*.—April 30, at Northbrook-street Chapel, Six, by G. Howe.  
*Ogden, near Rochdale*.—April 30, Four, by A. E. Greening.  
*Oldham*.—April 23, at Manchester-street, One, by E. Balmford.  
*Oswaldtristile*.—April 2, Two, by J. Naylor.  
*Pembroke Dock*.—April 20, at Bethany Chapel, Two, by W. Davies.  
*Pembroke*.—March 5, at Mount Pleasant Chapel, Eleven; April 9, Nine, by E. Thomas.  
*Penycu, Eusbon*.—————, Eighteen (ten for the English, and eight for the Welsh church), by G. Davies.  
*Peterborough*.—April 16, Fourteen, by T. Barrass.  
*Pole Moor, near Huddersfield*.—April 2, Three, by J. Evans.  
*Port, Rhondda Valley*.—April 16, Six for English Church, and One for Welsh Church, by J. Williams.  
*Radford, Nottingham*.—April 9, at Prospect-place Chapel, Thirteen, by A. Britain.  
*Rhyl*.—April 30, at the Welsh Chapel, Six, by W. Roderick.  
*Royston*.—April 23, at Oldham-road Chapel, Two, by H. Webster.  
*Ryde, Isle of Wight*.—March 30, at Park-road Chapel, Four, by J. Harrison.  
*Salisbury*.—April 14, at Berwick St. John, for the church at Bower Chalk, Five, by T. King.  
*Shipley*.—April 30, at Rosse-street, Four, by W. Jackson.  
*Southampton*.—April 23, at Carlton Chapel, Twelve, by E. Osborne.  
*Southsea*.—March 26, at St. Paul's-square Chapel, Three, by R. F. Jeffrey.  
*Stafford*.—March 1, Four; March 12th, Four, by Mr. Richards.  
*Thornbury, Gloucestershire*.—April 16, Three, by G. Rees.  
*Tonypandy, Rhondda Valley*.—April 9, Three, by J. Howell.  
*Trarbert, Rhondda Valley*.—April 23, at the English Chapel, Two, by H. Bosser.  
*Treorkey, Rhondda Valley*.—April 23, at Horeb English Chapel, Three, by D. Davies.  
*Warrington*.—April 30, at Rylands-street Chapel, Three, by A. Harrison.  
*Watchet and Williton, Somerset*.—May 2, Seven, by Robert John Middleton.  
*Whitchurch*.—April 30, (English), Ten, by Henry Davies.  
*Whitehaven*.—April 9, Two, by J. W. Cole.  
*Whitwick*.—March 26, Three, by J. S. Lacey.  
*Yarmouth, I. W.*—April 26, Six, by Mr. Dean.

## RECENT DEATHS.

REV. DANIEL CRANBROOK, who was pastor of the Bethel Baptist Church at Maidstone for nearly a quarter of a century, died on the 7th of April in his 89th year. The Rev. George Walker writes: "During the last six years of his life this venerable servant of the Lord was entirely dependent upon the

beneficence of others, and thanks to generous friends, known and unknown, his modest wants were daily supplied. The brook, though often low, was never dry, and the barrel, though frequently reduced, was never empty. Thanks are due, and are hereby given, to all who so generously helped our friend. May his prayers on their behalf be answered! Old and attached friends carried our departed brother to his burial on the 15th inst."

## PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from April 19th, 1876, to May 19th, 1876.

£ s. d.			£ s. d.			£ s. d.					
Mr. W. C. Murrell	10	0	0	Mr. W. Fowler	100	0	0	Mr. B. Venables	1	1	0
Miss Murphy	0	5	0	A Friend	1	10	0	Mr. B. Smith	1	1	0
Mrs. Silibourne	1	10	0	Mr. J. Lewis	0	10	0	Mrs. Hinton	0	10	0
Mr. & Mrs. Congreve	5	5	0	Mr. J. Seivwright	0	9	11	Collection at Ramsey			
Miss Jessie Congreve	2	2	0	Mrs. Lyndge	0	2	6	per Rev. J. Sankey	10	0	0
Miss Minnie Congreve	2	3	0	Mr. J. Turner	1	0	0	Collection at Luton,			
Mr. W. C. Parkinson	10	0	0	The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0	per Rev. J. W. Genders			
Mr. C. E. Webb	10	10	0	Mr. Freeman	0	10	0	Part Collection at			
Mr. W. Izard	10	10	0	The Misses Johnson	3	0	0	Arthur-st., Gray's-			
Mr. S. Shoobridge	5	0	0	Mr. & Mrs. Huntley	21	0	0	inn-road, per Rev.			
Mr. R. May	10	0	0	Mr. E. Evans	10	10	0	H. E. Stone	5	5	0
Mrs. May	5	0	0	Mr. W. Bickott	10	0	0	Collection at Chol-			
Miss May	2	0	0	Mr. Fisher	3	3	0	tenham, per Rev.			
Miss Hannah May	2	0	0	Miss Rodwell	0	2	6	H. Wilkens	11	10	0
Miss M. May	2	0	0	Mrs. S. Powney	0	5	0	Enon Chapel, Monk-			
Miss Fentiman	2	0	0	Mr. J. Germain	5	0	0	wenmouth	2	0	0
Mr. Mills	5	0	0	Mr. C. Ashby	0	5	0	Rev. J. Jackson	2	0	0
Mr. C. Crocker	1	0	0	White, 68590	100	0	0	Per Rev. G. D. Cox,			
Mr. W. Mills	2	2	0	Mr. Dunsmore	1	0	0	Sacramental Offg	1	1	3
Mr. & Mrs. Bess	8	0	0	The late Mrs. Watson,				A Widow's Mite	0	0	10
Mr. Masters	3	3	0	per J. E. W.	2	0	0	Mr. Lea	0	1	0
Miss Splieth	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Dodson	25	0	0	Mrs. Robinson	0	2	0
Mrs. Green	3	3	0	Mr. W. Bamford	0	15	0	Mrs. Biggs	0	1	0
Mr. H. McKay	2	0	0	Mrs. Marshall	1	0	0	Per Rev. H. Winsor,			
A. B.	0	5	0	R. J. F.	0	5	0	proceeds of lecture			
W. B.	0	13	4	Mrs. S. Taylor	5	0	0	at Milton	1	6	0
Mr. B. Hammet	0	10	0	Miss Splieth	10	0	0	A Friend	1	0	0
Ebenezer	0	2	6	Mr. & Mrs. Haldane	5	0	0	Weekly Offerings at			
H. H.	0	2	6	Mrs. Priestman	0	10	0	Metropolitan Ta-			
Mr. F. N. Charrington	5	0	0	Mr. H. Amos	1	13	10	bernacle:—April 23	20	11	1
Mr. A. Richardson	0	5	0	Mr. W. Osmond	2	2	0	" "	30	30	2
Mr. E. Burkett	3	3	0	Mr. J. Benham	10	10	0	" " May	7	29	5
Messrs. Kollings and				Mr. F. Benham	10	10	0	" " "	14	34	19
Brock	5	5	0	Mr. John Benham	5	0	0				
Mr. J. Fulus	1	0	0	E. B.	50	0	0				
Mr. T. D. Galpin	10	0	0	Miss E.	10	0	0				
Mrs. Gale	0	10	0	Mr. E. J. May	5	0	0				
Mrs. Robinson	2	0	0	Rev. A. G. Brown	5	0	0				
Mr. Evered	1	0	0	Mr. & Mrs. Cress	15	0	0				
Mr. & Mrs. Spurgeon	100	0	0	R. P.	10	0	0				

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



## THE FULNESS AND THE FILLING.\*

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

“And of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.”—1 JOHN 16.

ONE Sabbath-day I was staying in an Italian town on the other side of the Alps. Of course the whole population was Romish. Two or three of us, therefore, being Protestants, held a little service for the worship of God in the simple manner that is our wont. After this I went out for a walk. The weather being hot and sultry, I sought the outskirts of the town to get to as quiet and cool a spot as possible. Presently I came to an archway at the foot of a hill, where there was an announcement that any person who would climb the hill with proper intentions should receive the pardon of his sins and five days' indulgence. I thought I might as well have five days' indulgence as anybody else, and if it were of any advantage, to have it laid by in store. I cannot tell you all I saw as I went, first one way and then another, up that hill. Suffice it to say, that there was a series of little churches, through the windows of which you might look, as one in his boyish days looked through a peep-show. The whole scene and circumstance of the passion and death of Christ were thus modelled, beginning with His agony in the garden, where He was represented in a figure as large as life, with the drops of bloody sweat falling to the ground; the three disciples a stone's throw off, and the rest of the apostles outside the garden wall. Every feature looked as real as if one had been standing upon the spot. I scrutinised each group narrowly, and carefully read the Latin text which served as an index, till I reached the top of the hill, where I saw a garden, just like an English garden, and as I pushed open the door I faced these words, “Now, there was a garden, and in the garden there was a new sepulchre.” Walking down a path I came to a sepulchre; so I stooped down and looked in, as Peter had done. There, instead of seeing a picture of the corpse of Christ, I read in gilded letters these words—of course in the Latin tongue—“He is not here, for He is risen; come, see the place where the Lord lay.” Passing on, I came to a place where His ascension was represented. On the summit was a large church, into which I entered. No one was there, yet the place for me had a marvellous interest. High up in the ceiling there swung a rude representation of the Lord Jesus Christ, and round it were statues of the prophets, all with their fingers pointing up to Him. There was Isaiah, with a scroll in his left hand, on which was written, “He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.” Further on stood Jeremiah, and on his scroll was written, “Behold and see if there was ever sorrow like unto My sorrow, which was done unto Me.” All round the church I read in great words, that were large enough to be seen though they were blazoned on the top of the ceiling, “Moses and all the prophets spoke and wrote concerning Him.”

Now, though I cannot take you to see that remarkable sight, which I shall never forget, I would fain bring before your minds' eye something

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like it. Suppose that all the saints who lived from the days of Adam down to the times when Malachi closed the Old Testament, and that all the saints who lived in Christ's time, and then on through the early ages of the Church in the days of Chrysestom, and Augustine, and all the holy men who afterwards gathered around the Reformers, and all who in every place have served God since then—suppose they all stood in one vast circle; to whom do you suppose they would every one point? to whom would they all bear witness? Why, with outstretched arm, every one of them would turn to the Lord Jesus Christ, and speak His praise. Could you then inquire into their individual history, you would find among them characters exceedingly diverse, though all remarkably beautiful; some renowned for courage, others for gentleness; some for patient endurance, others for diligent labour, and yet all inspired by a common faith; all of them aglow with fervent gratitude; all of them looking with steadfast gaze and love intense towards ONE from whom they had received every gift that profited them, every grace that adorned them, every honour that ennobled them; and that ONE, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of men. The rule would admit of not a single exception. From each man in his own proper position, from every man in his own particular calling, from all the individuals severally in their own personal experience, the innumerable voices, distinct but blending in chorus, would go up from earth to heaven, saying, "Of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." Then methinks from the excellent glory would come a response. The inhabitants of heaven would echo back the strain, "Of His fulness have all we, the glorified spirits, received, and grace for grace." This is the testimony of the Church militant and of the Church triumphant; yea, it is the testimony of all who in every place and at every time have come and put their trust under the shadow of His wings.

Our text seems to suggest two thoughts—the *fulness*, and the *filling*—upon each of which I will attempt to say a little; a very little. With so infinite a theme we can do no more than children do when they take up a little sea-water in a shell; their tiny scoop cannot embrace the ocean. I stand on the narrow edge of a vast expanse, and leave the boundless depths to your contemplation. *His fulness!* an inexhaustible reservoir. *Our filling!* an illimitable endowment. Beloved, the river of God, which is full of water, can well supply the little canals that are fed from such a fountain with grace for grace.

THE FULNESS I said. It is His fulness, the fulness of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Oh, what a fulness He has! The fulness which *belongs to Him personally!* Note this well; forget it not. Our Redeemer is essentially God. By nature He is Divine. He has condescendingly taken upon Himself our nature, and He is most truly and assuredly man. Very God! for to Him belong all the attributes of Jehovah. Very man! for when He took our flesh and blood, He accepted the entire sympathies of our creature-ship. In His complex nature He possesses fulness. In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. He has the fulness of omnipotence, and all power is given unto Him as Mediator in heaven and in earth. Omnipresence is His to perfection; "for where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I (said He) in the midst of them." He has essential wisdom. Even when on earth, "He did not commit Himself, because He knew all men, and needed not that any should testify

of man; for He knew what was in man." In Him is fulness of justice. The Father hath given all judgment unto the Son. "Shall not God judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained, whereof He hath given assurance unto all men in that He hath raised Him from the dead?" In Him is fulness of mercy, for "through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." The attributes of God make up a perfect total. The unity, with all its uniqueness, is His. Divisions and subdivisions are ours. The fractional parts of which we take account are but the breaking up of a great fact to our weak understanding. Think as you may, your thought cannot describe or compass God; for God is all that is good and blessed. And as is God, so is Christ. All the Divine attributes are contained and represented in Christ Jesus in their fulness, not diminished by His humiliation, but resplendent by His triumph.

"In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead." He is the express image of the Father's person, the brightness of His Father's glory; not mere glory, but the brightness of His Father's glory. What confidence this ought to inspire in our hearts! The fulness from which you and I derive the grace we receive is none other than the infinite fulness of God over all blessed for ever, whose name is Immanuel, God with us. There was a fulness also in Christ in respect to His manhood. Nothing was lacking to Him that is involved in being by nature and constitution a perfect man. He was pure; He did not inherit any sin; His disposition did not tend towards any evil. Still, all that pertains to the original creaturehood of man as created by God did Christ possess in the fulness of development. Hence, my brethren, there is in Him at this moment a fulness of sympathy. He is not such a high-priest as cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, but He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. Do not suppose that Jesus is less human than you are yourselves; He is fully human. Do not imagine that He is less tender than you would be towards the weak and suffering; He is full of tenderness; His bowels melt with love. A mother has often a tenderness that we do not find in a father. Masculine strength and courage do not always blend with the gentle, sympathetic qualities of woman. Howbeit when God created man in His own image, male and female created He them. The virtues, if I may so say, of both sexes were combined in our Lord; the suavity as well as the staunchness—the feminine as well as the masculine of our common humanity. Human nature in its totality and completeness was fully possessed and thoroughly represented by Him. The sympathetic nature which melts at the tear and smiles at the joy of others, was as truly His as the heroic nature that parleys not with fear, but acts with promptitude and suffers with fortitude, like a warrior in the hosts of the Lord. There is thus a fulness of humanity, as well as a fulness of Divinity in Christ Jesus, our Saviour—a fulness of perfection in His blessed person which may well fix your trust and rivet your admiration.

In our Lord, likewise, there is what I may venture to call, for lack of a better word, *an acquired fulness*. He has sojourned on earth, and rendered entire and undeviating obedience to the law of God, having taken upon Himself the form of a servant, and by His righteousness earned wages; a fulness, an everlasting well-spring of merit. Throughout His

whole life He honoured the Divine law, and glorified God on the earth. In doing His Father's will, His action was so voluntary and so vicarious, that He has accumulated an inexhaustible fund of merit, which all of us who believe in His name may plead before the Father's throne. More especially did His death consummate the obedience, and constitute its sterling worth, its intrinsic virtue. His death, with all its surroundings—from the bloody sweat in the olive garden to the last cry, "Into Thy hands I commit My spirit"—was sublime. All through the scourging and the spitting, the shame, the wounding, the crucifixion, the thirst, the desertion, and the death itself, He was working out an atonement for us,

" Bearing, that we might never bear  
His Father's righteous ire."

And now with Him risen from the dead, raised to the right hand of the Majesty on high, there is a fulness of prevalence in His intercession when He pleads His blood; a fulness of cleansing power when the Spirit applies the blood to the guilty conscience; a fulness of peace to the heart when His blood speaketh better things than that of Abel. In that fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins there is a fulness that never can be exhausted by all the sin of man. He has finished the work which His Father gave Him to do. Now the covenant is ratified with Him that He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied. In these respects we are convinced that there is an acquired as well as a personal fulness in our precious Lord.

No less hath He a fulness of dignity, of high prerogative. He is a Prophet. By Him are all His people taught, warned, counselled, and encouraged with a blessed hope. He is a Priest, and by Him they are cleansed from sin, and consecrated to God. Moreover, He is also a King, spreading the ægis of protection over all His liege subjects, and ordaining peace for them. Under His beneficent rule they prosper. Thou good Shepherd! Thou great Shepherd of the sheep! there is no office or obligation that was necessary for our welfare, but Thou hast taken it, and undertaken it in our behalf. Thou art to us all that we require, and all that we could desire. Join all the qualities involved in name or fame that commend themselves most closely to your heart, because they meet your necessities, or draw forth your sympathies, and you shall find that He comprises them all in liberal lavish fulness. Nor hath His prerogative any limit. As a priest, who hath once offered a sacrifice of everlasting prevalence His absolution or His benediction is final and irrevocable. As a prophet His authority is unimpeachable; the authority with which He teaches allows of no appeal. As a king He has right as well as might on His side. In the midst of Zion willing subjects yield to His beneficent sway; in the outer world reluctant rebels must submit themselves to His sceptre. He is no priest whose vain pretence has no valid prescript; He is no prophet whose teaching is uncertain in its tone or limited in its range; He is no king whose prerogative is not sanctioned by his wisdom, and whose government awakens no fealty of love. But in the administration of all His offices our Lord Jesus Christ shows a fulness of qualification, and gives a fulness of satisfaction. In such respects He has no rival; nor is there any room for a rival to arise.

And let me say here that the power with which our Lord exercises these offices may well command our devout confidence. Do you want to learn the truth? Oh, come to the prophet of Nazareth, and you shall find that there is a satiety of truth in His teaching such as was never found in heathen augur or even, to the same extent, in Hebrew seer! Or do you want acceptance before God? Oh, then, come ye to the Priest who is not of the tribe of Levi, but a Priest after the order of Melchisedec, whose royalty confers dignity on His sacerdotal office! He can present your sacrifice with the much incense of His merit that is acceptable before the throne. Or do you want strength? Do you need one to fight your battles, to take hold of the shield and the buckler, and draw out the spear, and handle the bow? Behold the Hero of Israel whose exploits are told in your songs—Jesus, the King by right of conquest as well as by right Divine, hath a fulness of power and majesty with which no adversary can cope. He reigneth. His reign is the consolation of His people,\* the guarantee of their peace. These are bare outlines. Time would fail me to enumerate all His offices. They are very numerous; but, however numerous, Christ possesses them all. He enjoys the prerogatives peculiar to them all in the fullest degree. He possesses the power to exercise them all to the fullest extent.

But in Christ there is verily a blessed fulness of every kind of perfection whatsoever there may be that is lovely or of good repute is to be found in Christ. All that is virtuous or amiable in the character of men; all that is noble and illustrious in the endowments that Heaven bestows on the most privileged of creatures, our Lord possessed. It was said of Henry the Eighth that if all the likenesses of tyrants had been lost out of history, they might have been reproduced out of the one character of that monstrous tyrant-king. So, if all the holy features of patriarchs and prophets, of saints and martyrs, that ever lived were blotted from the canvas of history, they all might be painted afresh from the one life of the Divine person of our ever adorable Lord Jesus Christ. In Him there was not only one perfection, but all perfections meet and blend to make up one matchless perfection. There was not one sweet alone in Him, but in Him all sweets combine in a perfect sweetness. John has love, Peter courage, Paul zeal—each saint has his own peculiarity, but in Christ all the qualities of goodness and grace converge. He exhibits them in the highest degree and the purest harmony. After such manner are they incorporated in Him as to produce a character the like of which was never known before, nor ever shall be witnessed again.

And never forget that a fulness of the Holy Spirit abideth in Christ.

The Lord gives not the Spirit by measure unto Him. He hath the residue of the Spirit. His is the head upon which the anointing oil is fully poured. We, who are but as the skirts of His garments, are favoured with some droppings thereof, but the fulness of the anointing of the Spirit was bestowed upon Jesus Christ our Lord, and from Him His members must receive the portion they enjoy.

His fulness! I linger on the word, for I revel in the meditation. Such a fulness as admits of no diminution, for it is an abiding fulness. What though all the saints of every age have come to Christ, and drawn their supplies from Him, He is just as full as ever. Think not that those who first came drank of a copious fountain that has been partly drained by the

myriads who have since slaked their thirst. The Apostles received of His fulness, and so do we: they without prejudice to us; we without prejudice to those who shall follow after us. When I came to Christ eighteen hundred years after the Apostles came, yet I received of the fulness at just the same rate as when Peter, John, or Paul received it. Should this dispensation last another thousand years, and some poor, trembling wretch should come to the foot of the cross to receive mercy, he will not receive Christ half full, but he shall receive of Christ's fulness, for it is an abiding fulness: It is never less than full; never can be more than full. In Him there is an infinity of grace and truth. Such fulness is there in Him at all times, under all your circumstances of trial, aye, and under all conditions of sin too. The fulness of Christ to supply will always exceed the faith of the believer to seek. And when you feel your emptiness more than you ever did before, then you will set the most store upon His abounding towards us in all wisdom and prudence. Considering then His abiding fulness, His inexhaustible fulness, His available fulness, I entreat you to avail yourself of this fulness now without demur, without delay.

II. As there is a *fulness*, so there is a *filling*. This is to be our second part. I must speak of it with brevity.

"Of His fulness have all we received." Surely, then, *all the saints were empty* before. You are empty, my brother, and so was Abraham, so was Paul. Grace, the free grace of God, has made all the difference between Peter and Judas, though the one repented and the other despaired; the one travelled the heavenly road, the other went down quickly to hell. They stood on equal footing in transgression, till grace made them to differ. What radical difference is there between one man and another from a legal point of view?

"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." All alike have to come to Christ empty of merit, or they would never come at all. That was a pretty tale we heard the other day, and it points a right good moral. A worthy, consistent, industrious woman was married to a low, worthless, dissipated husband. Both of them, however, were alike ignorant of the Gospel. They came together to the house of prayer; they heard together the tidings of mercy; they each believed, and each of them received the Saviour, and they both were saved the same way; they both found mercy on the same terms. To the rich, free, sovereign grace of God they vied with one another in ascribing the praise. That is a fact. It occurred last week. I do not know whether this makes it more convincing to you; but I might say as Elihu said to Job, "Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with men, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living!"

Observe that *the filling is universal*. *All the saints partake of it*. "Of His fulness have all we received." There are manifold diversities of experience among the Lord's people, but in some things they share and share alike. Some saints do not undergo the stress of trial and tribulation that others pass through. Here, however, there is no partiality. They have, every one of them, received out of Christ's fulness. Not one of them could do without receiving it; not one of them could receive it from any other hand than that of the Divine Benefactor. They earned it not. They accepted it. They received it of Jesus Christ.

This is peculiar to the saints. While it says, "Of His fulness have all we received," manifestly a certain body of people have become partakers of a privilege which it is no less evident that all men have not received. What thousands and tens of thousands there are who when invited to the Gospel feast reject the call, "make a wretched choice, and rather starve than come." "All we!" that is all of those who have believed. And who are "we," or what are "we," that such grace should be given to us in preference to anybody else? Ah, brethren, little cause enough have we for self-satisfaction! On the score of desert no choice had ever fallen on us. We were the vilest, the least worthy, the least attractive, and, in some respects, the least hopeful! Oh, grace! it is thy wont into unlikeliest hearts to come, and it is the glory of love Divine to find in darkest spots a home! "All we;" we who were once dead in trespasses and sins; we who were once lost like the prodigal son, lost like the wandering sheep, lost like the piece of money; we who needed seeking, needed finding, need saving; yet of His fulness have all we received. Recollect that the reception is peculiar to believers; it does not go beyond them.

Be it clear, however, that there is, and must be, a *personal reception in every case*. "Of His fulness have all we received." No one of us can receive it transmitted from another, but each one of us receives it directly from Him. Your father's grace cannot save you. It was a wise speech of the wise virgins. When the foolish virgins said to them, "Give us of your oil," they replied, "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you; go rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves." Family piety involves responsibilities, but it cannot stand in the place of personal godliness. Dear hearer, you must go to Christ for yourself. All who ever were saved have done so, and you certainly will not be saved unless you are led to do the same. It is a personal filling. "Of His fulness have all we received."

The bounty is gratuitous. Notice the next words, "*and grace for grace*." It is not said, "Of His fulness have we all purchased," nor "Of His fulness have we all earned a share;" but it is all passive. We have received. What does the vessel do to fit itself for the water that flows into it? Why it does nothing. All its doing can fit it to receive is an undoing; that is to say, it empties itself to prepare itself to be filled. Oh, if any of you desire to find Jesus Christ, the doing must be in the way of undoing. You must be emptied to be filled. The preparation is a consciousness that you are not prepared. In such unpreparedness you are prepared for Christ. This is an enigma and a riddle. Those who think themselves prepared for Him are not so, but those who know that they are not prepared are just the souls upon whom His grace will come. Poverty not riches, blindness not sight, emptiness not fulness, sinfulness not virtue; these are the things Christ looks for. He is come to seek and to save that which was lost; not that which had won victories; not that which was splendid in its own esteem, but that which was defeated, ruined, lost. If thou art lost, He comes to seek and to save such as thou art. Oh, thou who wast once lost, but now art found, bless His name that thou hast received of His fulness!

"*And grace for grace*!" What mean these words? We can only just touch them as a swallow with its wing touches the pool; we cannot pretend to enter into their depth. "Grace for grace." Does that mean that

those who receive grace under the old dispensation were afterwards led to receive the grace of the new dispensation? Does it mean that we who have the grace of conviction with the Holy Spirit as a spirit of bondage shall receive, by-and-by, the spirit of liberty, and get out of conviction, through conversion, into full pardon and enjoyment of peace with God? Is that the grace instead of grace; one grace given instead of another? Or does it mean grace by degrees; grace upon grace; a little grace to begin with, and more grace afterwards? "He giveth more grace;" grace following on grace, and, further on, superabounding grace, when grace turns into glory, and we come before the throne of grace for ever and ever. Does it mean that God leads us on step by step, adding to our spiritual wealth, initiating us first into simple things, and afterwards leading us into deeper matters? "Grace for grace."

Yes, it means that, but it means more. God gives grace to prepare for further grace—the grace of a broken heart—to make room for deep repentance and abhorrence of sin; the grace of hatred of sin to make way for the grace of holy and careful walking, humiliation, and faith in Jesus; the grace of careful walking to make room for the grace of close communion with Christ; the grace of close communion with the Lord Jesus Christ to make room for the grace of full conformity to His image; perhaps the grace of conformity to His image to make room for the higher grace of brighter views of Himself, and still closer incomings into the very heart of the Lord Jesus. It is grace that helps us on in grace. When a beggar asks you for a penny, and you give him one, he does not ask you for a sixpence; or if you give him a shilling, he would not consider that an argument why you should give him a sovereign. But you may deal thus with God. If you have only got, as it were, an ounce of grace, that is a reason why you should then pray God for a great weight of grace, and afterwards for a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Believe that He gives grace for grace; that is, grace that you may open your mouth for more grace. The grace you have expands your heart, and gives you capacity for receiving yet more grace. Do you not send your child to school to learn A B C? You may call that the grace of learning his alphabet. Yes, but it is preparatory to his learning to read the spelling book. Well, but what does he learn to read the spelling-book for? Why, that is a preparation for something else. That is only preparing him to go on to arithmetic, and geometry, and algebra, and those still higher forms of mathematics. If you begin to teach him Latin, it is generally with a view that you may teach him Greek, and thus one thing is always a preparation for another thing. So one grace gives us a preparation for another grace, and thus as we have more grace we realise the blessedness of this Divine filling out of His fulness.

Or, suppose we read the passage thus—grace answerable to grace—and even this will admit of two constructions. Let God give me grace to be a preacher; He will surely give me grace to discharge the office. Perhaps He has given you grace to teach in a Sabbath-school, then you want a further supply of grace to enable you to be an efficient teacher. Peradventure you have the grace of resignation to suffer for Christ's sake, you will need the grace of patience to support you in the midst of pain or persecution. You are called to pray, and you yield yourself up to be a wrestler with God in prayer. This is a great grace.



Oh! may you have grace answerable to that grace, that when you get with the angel by the brook Jabbok, you may take hold of His strength, plead His promise, His covenant, and His oath, and never let Him go until He bless you. Thus, a halt and fainting Jacob comes off as a prevailing Israel. May we thus ever have grace answerable to grace. "Grace for grace" may imply grace received by us answerable to the grace that is in Christ. Oh! that we Christians had grace in some measure commensurate with the grace that is treasured up for us in Him. All that is in Him belongs to you. Then the degree of your daily supplies ought to be proportionate to His ample unlimited wealth and fulness. A young heir to a large estate, though not of full age, generally gets an allowance made to him by the executors, or the trustees, or the Court of Chancery, suitable to the position he is presently to occupy. If he has £100,000 a year in prospect, he would hardly be limited to a penny a week, like a poor man's child. We cannot suppose that he would have a mean allowance made him such as would barely enable him to live in a humble cottage on the rich domain he is entitled to. Oh! no; that would be a meagre pittance out of all proportion to his position. When I see one child of God always mourning, another always doubting, and yet another always scheming, I feel a kind of disappointment; I see they are living below their privileges. They do not seem to have grace in possession answerable to the grace they have in reversion. We always inculcate the propriety, on the part of all our people, of living within their incomes; but I will defy the child of God to live beyond his income in a spiritual sense. You that have but little spending-money are like the elder brother in the parable. You say, "Thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends;" and your Father replies, "Son, thou art ever with Me; and all that I have is thine." If you do not have it it is your own fault; it is all there, and is freely yours. You have but to ask, and you shall receive; to seek, and you shall find. Oh! could we once get grace in us at all like the grace that is in Christ, what Christians we should be! no longer starlight Christians and moonlight Christians, but sunlight believers, letting our light shine before the sons of men. Oh! to be among the three Mighties of our royal David. May each of us covet such a position as this, and God grant it to us for His love's sake!

"Grace for grace" obviously means *grace in abundance*. Like the waves of the sea, when one comes there is another close behind it. Before you can say that one is gone there is another coming to fill its place. There they come. Who shall count them? In long succession wave follows wave. So is God's grace. "Grace for grace." One grace has hardly come into your soul but what there is another one. You have heard the story of Rowland Hill having a hundred pounds entrusted to him for the benefit of a poor minister. He thought that if he sent him the hundred pounds it would be too large a sum to give him all at once; he would scarcely know how to husband it, and perhaps he would not be so thankful for it as if he had it doled out in smaller amounts. So he sent him five pounds, and wrote in the letter "More to follow." Letters did not come often in those days of ninepenny or eighteenpenny postage, but in about another week he forwarded another five pounds, and a note with it, "More to follow." After a short interval he did the like again, still saying, "More to follow." So it went on for ever so long, always with

"More to follow," till the dear, good man, I should think, must have been at his wits' end to know what could follow when so many good presents came to one who needed them so much. Now, that is just how God has done with me, and I believe He is just doing the same with all of you who are His people. He has sent you a mercy, and when He sent it, you might have seen, if you had looked at the envelope, that it was an earnest of further benefits and benefactions—"More to follow." The mercy you have received to-day has written upon it legibly—"More to follow," and that which will come to-morrow will have upon it—"More to follow." "Grace for grace." Oh! sing unto Him a new song. Let Him have fresh songs for fresh mercies, and as He multiplies the mercy, so do you multiply the praises you ascribe to His name.

"Grace for grace!" Does it not mean *grace from Him to produce grace in us*? We receive from the fulness of Christ, of His grace, in order that it may be a living seed that shall produce grace in us as its natural fruit. The grace of gratitude should be produced in us by the grace of generosity from God. We ought to be gracious with a holy joyfulness for all His goodness. I hope we shall have the grace of patience under all sufferings, and the grace of zeal in all our labours. At a time like this, my brethren, when we are seeking the conversion of sinners with special efforts, may we have grace from Jesus that shall make all the graces fruitful and fragrant in us! So shall we be to the Saviour as a garden of olives and pomegranates, of lilies and sweet flowers, and may He take a delight in us! When Cyrus took the Greek ambassador through his garden, he challenged him to admire its charms. The Spartan approved all he saw, but still his admiration was cool and critical. "This garden," said its master, "yields me more pleasure and satisfaction than you can imagine, or I can express." "And why?" asked the visitor. "Because," replied Cyrus, "I planted every tree in it myself. I planned all the paths, and all the flowers have I reared. No hand but mine has dug the soil, tended the plants, pruned the trees, or done aught beside but my own." His toil and his trouble thus endeared the place to the king. So, truly, Christ can say when He looks upon His people, "There is a fruitful bough there: I pruned that. He was sick, long laid aside from business, he feared his family would be starved; I was pruning him then; but I love the fruit that is on him because I know how it came there. That plant yonder which is blooming now and shedding such a sweet perfume of love, well do I recollect when it was drooping and ready to die. I came and watered it. She, timid disciple, would say, 'Blessed be the gentle hand that shed the dew and poured nourishment on my poor, parched, and withered root!'" Yes, the Saviour gives us "grace for grace" that we may produce grace. I leave the thought with you for meditation, and the issues for your edification, only praying that His Holy Spirit may work in you "grace for grace."

Oh! that all of you might receive grace from Him. You will never get grace anywhere else. Go to Him at once by faith, with humble prayer. Plenteous grace with Him is found; all the grace you shall ever require between now and glory you shall find stored up in Him. His grace is our benediction. Of it may you one and all partake! Amen.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### GRAPHIC SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

#### THE MAN OF ONE TALENT.

##### PART III.

It was quite a treat to pay a casual visit to the infant class room after the new teacher, Sam Spring, had become familiar with his professional duties. Not having been accustomed to teach so many children at once, it must be confessed at first he felt rather awkward; but it was not long before most of the difficulties were got over, and then he felt, as the superintendent had predicted, thoroughly at home in the work. It has been well said, "Difficulties, will present themselves, but difficulties are very much what people make them—bolts and bars that prevent the progress of a timid spirit, or stepping-stones which a man of sterner resolves sets his foot upon, and stands the higher for his climbing. We gain physical strength, not by things easy to grasp, but by those which develop our powers by exertion; and a great soul is made greater still by coming in contact with a great difficulty and mastering it." To master difficulties as he came in contact with them was the infant class teacher's aim, and the result was that they became helps to him rather than hindrances, proving beneficial to himself as well as to others. His greatest difficulty was indisputably his want of education; and to remedy this defect he frequently

sat up hours in the night when most persons were asleep, studying the Bible with all the Biblical helps which in his humble station he was able to get hold of. Occasionally his pastor invited him to spend an hour or two in his study, and then he was in the habit of saying "he got helped rarely." Finding the practical benefit of this visit and conference, he usually prepared for it by carrying about with him a piece of paper on which in pencil he wrote various questions which from time to time were suggested to his mind; and these, if possible, he invariably found Mr. Parsons willing to answer. Then in addition to this, an educated young man in the congregation kindly conducted a grammar class for the benefit of all the young men in the church and school who, unhappily, were strangers to the renowned "Lindley Murray;" and Sam Spring was among the number who had never been privileged to form the acquaintance of that learned man's book, he gladly availed himself of this opportune chance of obtaining the necessary introduction. There was, however, one item in connection with his scholastic education, which to omit noting, we fear, would almost be the committal of an unpardonable sin. Not being a believer in the old-bachelor theory that "it is good for man to be alone," but believing, rather, that it would materially contribute to his domestic comfort to make the venture, Sam Spring entered the matrimonial state, and took to his

new and neatly-furnished cottage a young wife, who, though decidedly not "accomplished," had received a somewhat superior education to himself. At his express desire, from time to time she gave him lessons in several elementary branches of human learning, and specially in musical notation; and as will be readily believed, under her mild, patient, and agreeable tuition, he not only made manifest progress, but, as he declared, spent "some of the happiest evenings of his life." Being a member of the same church as himself, he found his partner in all respects a suitable helpmeet, and thus realised the truthfulness of that Scripture—"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." To aid him in any way in his laudable endeavours with his one talent to be useful, and win the young for Christ, was to her a great joy; and no one was more pleased to hear that the Lord blessed those endeavours than was Mrs. Spring, even though she often found herself seated alone by the fireside, when, if it had not been for her husband's scholastic engagements, she would have been cheered with his pleasant and welcome company at home.

Twelve months having elapsed since the infant class teacher had been engaged in his work, it may not be amiss if in imagination we pay a visit to the class, and see how he conducts it.

It is just half-past two, and a fine Lord's Day afternoon. In troop the little ones, some seventy in number, and not one above five years of age. Boys and girls mingle together, little brothers leading still smaller sisters by the hand. In they troop with straw hats, flowing ribbons, divers coloured frocks, broad belts, rosy

cheeks, laughing eyes, and chattering tongues. Now they clamber, now they tumble; some stand up, and some sit down. But there at the door stands their teacher, welcoming all as they enter, saying a kind word to one, cheering another, and making a domestic inquiry of a third. As one enters, the teacher's attention is called to a new frock, the lucky owner lifting up the skirt in order to get it favourably noticed. A little girl assures him that her brother Tom cannot come this afternoon, "because he has hurt himself by tumbling off a ladder which his mother told him not to climb." A fat-faced and evidently well-to-do urchin has brought teacher a nice apple which he asks him to eat, and teacher accepts it with thanks, but promises to eat it at a more convenient season—namely, when he gets home. A scholar of four years and a half has a doleful tale to tell. His eyes are red, and his cheeks are smudged with hand-rubbing; and, sobbing as if his little heart would break, he tells teacher about a bigger boy in the school who "threw him down, and ran away without picking him up again!" To this one a word of comfort is given, the teacher threatening "what he will do to that wicked boy if he can only catch him!"

In this way the scholars are gradually gathered in, and now the full time has arrived for commencing the afternoon's devotions and exercises.

"Are you all seated?"

(*Chorus of voices*).—Yes, sir.

"All looking at me?"

"Yes, sir."

"All ready to sing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you all read the verse of the hymn with me first?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can any of you read the first line on the hymn-roll without me?"

A pause. A little girl then rises, and holds up her hand.

"That's right. Go on, Susan. Now all listen while Susan reads."

"God loves"—(a pause)—

"Spell the word, Susan."

"L-i-t-t-l-e."

"That is right: 'little.' Go on."

"C-h-i-l-d-r-e-n."

"Who can tell me what that word is? What, no one! Well, then, I must tell you: 'children.' Now let me read the verse to you word by word, and all repeat it after me."

"God—loves—little—children,—  
Loves—us—every—one;—  
He—to—seek—and—save—us—  
Sent—His—only—Son.—  
Holy—blessed—Father—  
Thanks—and—praise—we—give—  
to—Thee."

"Now that is the verse. But I want to ask you a question or two about it to see if you understand it. Who does God love?"

"Little children."

"How many does He love?"

"Us all."

"Not one left out?"

"No, sir."

"What did He do to seek and save us?"

"Sent Jesus."

"What did Jesus do for us?"

"He died for us."

"On what did He die?"

"The cross."

"Now, who does this verse say we should praise for this?"

"The Father."

"That's right. Now, Teddy, you mustn't be pulling your sister's hair. She doesn't like it, I am sure; do you, Polly?"

"No, sir."

"I knew she didn't, so look at

me, there's a good little lad. Now we will sing this verse. I will sing each line first by myself, as we come at it. Then we will sing each line three times, and you will all sing with me. Are you all ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then all rise. Now, my little girl, stand up. That's right! Let us all be careful, for this is a new hymn and a new tune."

The verse in this way is soon got hold of, and another is learnt in the same fashion. Then silence being enjoined and obtained, the little ones sitting with folded hands, a brief prayer is offered not exceeding three minutes in duration. The prayer is so simple and child-like, and the petitions have such bearing on the children's needs, that we do not wonder at their being quiet and even interested in it. Thanks being returned for mercies received, the Lord is asked to bless little Annie Scott and Willie Cook, both of whom are sick at home, and to make the little boy better who through disobedience had tumbled down the ladder. A solemn reference is also made to the death and burial of a little girl, who, a fortnight before, had been in the class; and who, though bidding fair to live as long as any present, had suddenly been cut off by fever; and prayer is offered for the parents to be sustained under the painful bereavement. The prayer over, the next exercise is to lift up the lid of the box that contains the letters with which the text is to be printed, or rather lined out in the grooves fitted for their reception. The golden text selected is taken from the lesson appointed by the Sunday School Union, which on this occasion is Prov. viii. 17: "*I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me.*" As each

word is printed by being slipped within the grooves, the children with united voices repeat it; and when the text is finished, by means of question and answer repeat it again and again in parts, or as a whole until it is learnt by heart. The explanation follows, and the children are well drilled into its meaning by the use of one or two touching stories and simple illustrations, by singing one or two sweet hymns, and by an appropriate chalk drawing made on the black board intended to give force to a story which the teacher tells of a lost child seeking its father, and of the father's joy when the child was at last clasped safely in his arms. The lesson having thus been brought to a close, two verses of "*Safe in the arms of Jesus*" are sung with spirit, the infantile voices blending in sweetest harmony; and then the little scholars march home, some of them, it may be, to rehearse on their parents' knees, in child-like language, some sweet story they have heard of a Saviour's love, taught them that afternoon by their teacher in the class. It is this kind of rehearsal that has been made a blessing to many parents; and we have no doubt that when the great multitudes gather on high, their "robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb," not a few will be found who will acknowledge with gratitude and joy that to the child's simple Gospel message brought fresh from the infant class they owe it, not only that they themselves are saved, but that they have that unspeakable mercy, "unbroken families before the throne."

(To be continued.)

## A MEMORABLE FACT.

BY REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

"To the poor the Gospel is preached."  
LUKE vii. 22.

YES: "to the poor;" but not exclusively. Not to them alone. The Gospel was meant for the rich as well as for the poor. We may be quite sure of this for two reasons. Here is one: *God loves the rich and poor alike.* To Him the outward distinctions of wealth and want; plenty and poverty are nothing, absolutely nothing. He pays no regard to them. Whether the head is encircled by a king's crown, a queen's diadem, a peer's coronet, or a bishop's mitre, or merely covered by the cheap, coarse cap of the artisan; whether the hand is white, delicate, and jewelled, or hard, rough, and horny; whether the raiment is "purple and fine linen," or rent and ragged, is to God of no consequence at all. He takes little account of display, pays small heed to millinery. He looks quitethrough and right beyond these things to the man himself; and because he is a man, a rational and responsible man, a man made in His own image, a man adorned with a sublime and awful immortality, He loves Him. We, in our weakness and folly, are continually making wealth and poverty media through which we look at our fellows, stand-points from which we survey them, standards by which we measure them. Not so God. He is "no respecter of persons." He has neither more nor less affection for any in consequence of affluence or penury.

That is not all. *The rich need the Gospel as well as the poor.* "All have sinned." The traces of the deadly serpent are to be found everywhere. Aristocrat and democrat are equally fallen beings. Let us not

be misled by appearances. The heart may be as far from God in a palace as in a prison, as far from God in a castle as in a cottage. Of princes and paupers it may be truly said, "There is no difference." The most potent sovereign in existence, whose word is law, whose armies are invincible, whose subjects are millions upon millions, needs the Gospel every whit as much as blind Bartimæus by the wayside, or Lazarus sitting at the rich man's gate. Belgravias not less than Whitechapel, St. James's not less than St. Giles, must have the Gospel or perish. The Redeemer approaches all classes with one message: "You are dying. You are lost. Look unto Me and be ye saved." Archimedes rebuked regal impatience by the oft-quoted remark, "There is no royal road to mathematics." Neither is there any royal road to heaven.

There are many plain and simple doctrines to enunciate. They are among the very "first principles of the oracles of God. Does not everybody know them? Perhaps so. Nevertheless, they are often ignored. People require reminding of them. Mr. Ruskin says, "The simplest and most necessary truths are always the last believed." When that holy woman, the Countess of Huntingdon, urged a certain high-born and opulent lady to seek salvation, the latter was astonished and indignant. She could not at all see that *she* required regeneration. She had always been accustomed to regard faith and repentance as things needed only by the poor, the ignorant, and the criminal! It is to be feared that some share her delusion now. "Let no man deceive himself." If any imagine that they dwell in a spiritual altitude so exalted as not to need the Gospel, if they fancy that they are a sublime exception to the general rule and want no Divine

influences to renew their souls, they are destined, sooner or later, to find out their mistake. They will find it out when they travel the lonely valley of the shadow of death; they will find it out when they appear before the tribunal of the Supreme Judge; they will find it out when they hear the appalling question, "How camest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment?"

"To the poor the Gospel is preached." The statement is a very suggestive one. It deserves careful attention. It has several characteristics which we shall do well to think about. Look at the fact indicated.

IT WAS A NEW FACT.—There was never anything like it. It was perfectly unique. A greater novelty cannot be imagined. The poor had no Gospel preached to them before Christ came. They were miserably neglected at the time of our Lord's advent. Among the Gentiles this was the case. To the great masses of the people, proud philosophy gave no heed. The teachers of classic Greece and imperial Rome instructed only a favoured few. They gathered around them select circles. The grove, the porch, the academy, were not thrown open to the vulgar multitude. Princes and patricians were welcome, but as for the humbler classes of society, they were practically excluded. Something remarkably like "property qualification" was essential to entering them. To use the words of Coleridge: "Across the night of Paganism, philosophy flitted on, like the lantern-fly of the tropics, a light to itself, and an ornament, but alas, no more than an ornament of the surrounding darkness." Do we turn to the Jews? a similar and saddening spectacle greets us. In direct opposition to the impartial spirit of the Mosaic dispensation

the poor were frequently wronged and forgotten in the Saviour's day. The priests, pharisees, and religious teachers cared little for them. They preached no Gospel, no good news to them. To the poor tithes and offerings were preached; to the poor rites and ceremonies were preached; to the poor a hollow, heartless, formalism was preached, but nothing mentioning the name of a Gospel. The Pharisees had a wicked tenet that "Poverty but showeth reprobation." Hillel, a great rabbinical authority, and the founder of an extensive sect, said, "No man of the people can be pious."

In utter contrast and bold relief to all this Christ addressed Himself as much to the poor as to the rich. He proved himself "a leader and commander for the people." The populace found in Him a friend. He sought rather than shunned the plebeians. To the astonishment of all, and to the disgust of narrow-minded bigots, "to the poor the Gospel" was "preached." Tidings of God's love, messages concerning a Divine provision for human pardon and salvation, were made known by the Master irrespective of the rank of his hearers. Here was a "new thing under the sun."

IT IS A CONVINCING FACT.—We are reminded of this by the circumstances under which the text was first uttered. John the Baptist was in prison. During his unjust and cruel confinement, either he or his followers were the subject of perplexing doubts as to the Messiahship of Jesus. Olshausen remarks: "In the life of every believer are to be found moments of temptation, in which even the most firm conviction will be shaken to its very foundation. Nothing is more natural than to suppose such moments or periods of internal darkness even in the life of John." The

Redeemer did not give an immediate reply. He proceeded to perform certain miracles. "And in the same hour He cured many of their infirmities." He then sent the answer: "Go and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the Gospel is preached." All this was predicted of the Messiah. If you turn to Isaiah xxxv. 5, 6, and also to Luke iv. 17, 18, you will find that it was foretold of them. It was, therefore, a proof of His heaven-sent mission that our Lord worked the very miracles predicted by prophets, and also preached the Gospel to the poor.

In passing we ought to note a lesson taught by our Saviour's conduct to John and his disciples. It shows us how we should act toward those who are in error. It plainly tells that the course for us to adopt is not persecution but persuasion. Do you say that a certain man is a heretic? Very well: do not hate him, pity him. You declare that such and such a one is not orthodox. Be it so: try to make him orthodox. Raising a foolish hue and cry against him does no good, quite the contrary. Let us act in this as in the affairs of ordinary life. If you knew that a traveller wished to go to a certain place, and you saw that he was on the wrong road, what should you do? Should you call him ugly names? Should you begin to pelt him with stones? Not unless you had been bereft of your senses. You would inform him of his mistake, and show him the right route. Nor ought we to do otherwise as regards theology. If, in seeking the city of truth, a man gets on a false track and wanders in the dreary desert of doubt, don't calumniate, but help him.



To return. In John's case the test was a convincing fact. It is so still. It has lost none of its force. Eighteen hundred years have made no difference to it. Unless you can prove one of those things—either that Isaiah never predicted what he is said to have done, or that he lived after our Lord's time, or that Jesus did not work miracles or preach to the poor—the statement is at once an evidence of Isaiah's inspiration and the Gospel's Divine origin.

But, if you like, put this aside for the time being. Make no reference to the fulfilment of prophecy. Nevertheless, there is something in the preaching of the Gospel to the poor which bears witness to the heavenly origin of Christianity. Do you ask how? In this way: the fact of the Gospel being preached to the poor as well as to the rich, agrees so well, harmonises so utterly with what we see of God's dealings in nature: From all that we can learn of God's operations, as manifested in creation, it seems so exceedingly likely, so extremely probable, that if He gave the world a Gospel at all, it would be for rich and poor alike.

Look at nature. What do you speedily find? Why, as it has been pointed out over and over again, on the very surface of things this fact meets you—the best blessings are the commonest. What we most need is most abundant. Can we do without light? Is not air indispensable? Where is the human being who does not require water? These possessions are essential. And are they not also widespread? The sun shines as brightly, the wind blows as refreshingly, the river flows as plentifully for the poor as for the rich. In beautiful accordance with this it is written, "To the poor the Gospel

is preached." The beams of the Sun of Righteousness, the river of the water of life, the invigorating atmosphere of spiritual influences are for men of every grade and rank. What, then, is the conclusion most natural to draw? Paipably, it is this—that as the operations of Nature and the operations of the Gospel are so much alike, they spring from one source, and unite in exclaiming, "The Hand that made us is *Divine*."

IT IS AN INSTRUCTIVE FACT.—Perhaps more so than any within the two covers of the Bible. Many and important are the trains of thought which it awakens. Let us dwell on one of them. It teaches us that to make men what they ought to be, the Gospel must be preached to them.

What was the grand aim of Christ's life? What was the one object which He ever kept before them? It was this—to effect a great saving change in men. He sought to make them good: loving and obedient toward God, loving and useful toward their fellows. He laboured to deliver them from all forms of sin, wrong, and vice. "For this end was the Son of God manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." And how did He seek to accomplish these sublime ends? The verse in question answers: "To the poor the Gospel is preached." He preached the Gospel. He published the good news of a great Father, who pitied sinners, of a great ransom to be offered on their behalf, of a great forgiveness which they might have if they would come to Him. It was thus, by declaring the Gospel, that Jesus arrested men in wickedness and crime, turning their feet into the ways of righteousness and peace.

Solemn lesson: may we never forget it! Human nature has not

changed; what it needed then it needs now. If men are to be made what they should be, it must be, by God's blessing, by the same means that our Lord employed. "To the poor the Gospel is preached"—there lies the world's hope. Merely telling men their duty will not lead them to do it. Inculcating virtue does not necessarily secure it. Moral rules and precepts are frequently quite impotent. Teach noble and exalted forms of piety and morality. What will follow? Not the wide extension of them; your fellows will hear, agree, admire, and that is all.

Nothing short of the Gospel can meet the case; it alone has a motive-power equal to human emergencies. Get a man to see God's love to him, get him to receive it, enable him to fix his attention upon it habitually, persuade him to realise it in all its fullness, and *then* there is hope for him. Love begets love, and love leads to obedience. That distinguished scholar and eminent Christian, Dr. Chalmers, bears memorable and weighty testimony to the truth of this. For some years after he entered the ministry he was content with preaching little more than morality. After a time, however, his eyes were opened, he saw his error, and, finding the Gospel such a blessing to himself, he preached it to others. What was the result? One not to be mistaken or misinterpreted. A complete revolution took place in his parish. He says that, while he descanted on virtue, the people who heard him sat listless and unmoved; but when he proclaimed the glad tidings of God's love and pardon, they were aroused, stirred to the very centre of their being, and found the Gospel to be "the power of God unto salvation."

The text will bear a different

translation from the one found in our English version. It may be rendered thus: "The poor are evangelised." An old divine, in explanation of it, says, that as when you say a man is Italianised, you mean that he has become like the Italians, like the Italians in manners, speech, and dress; so, when a man receives the Gospel, he becomes Gospelised, or like the Gospel. No doubt of it. He becomes holy, as the Gospel is holy; loving, as the Gospel is loving; useful, as the Gospel is useful.

Let all Christian men and women imitate their Master and preach the Gospel. How honourable a work! Paul said, "I magnify mine office." Well might it be. How could he do otherwise? None is equal to it. If it is honourable to be the ambassador of a potent monarch, the exponent of great national laws, or the representative of an illustrious prince, what shall we say of his dignity who is the ambassador of Christ, expounds the very laws of heaven, and cries in the spiritual wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord"? Such a privilege is confined to no class or order. Every believer may enjoy it. "This honour have all the saints."

How important a work it is! Do we believe the Bible is from God? Have we faith in its declarations? If so, how solemn is our duty to others, for "he that believeth not shall be condemned." "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." As the great want of the sick is medicine, as the prime need of the famishing is bread, so the grand necessity of man is the Gospel. With it they are saved, without it they perish. Let us, then, preach the Gospel. Woe to that disciple who dares to be mute when his

Master bids him speak! Be it ours to avert from our heads the curse pronounced on unfaithfulness and indifference. Learning, eloquence, genius may not belong to us. It

matters not. We can all imitate the conduct of him who, pointing to Christ, exclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

## Tales and Sketches.

### THE LITTLE FRENCH DRUMMER BOY; A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY M. E. B.

#### CHAPTER VII.

AT the sight of this brave little drummer the soldiers regained their wonted courage, and marched quickly after him, even running towards the fatal battery. At a single shot these six pieces of cannon were discharged, and the ranks of these intrepid sharpshooters were broken never fully to re-form again. The smoke, impelled by the wind, completely enveloped them, whilst they were deafened by the noise of the cannon. But the smoke vanished, the uproar ceased for a moment, and they saw Frolut—the brave little Frolut—standing twenty paces before them sounding the charge; and they heard his drum, the noise of which seemed to set at defiance all the din of the cannons that had been fired off so recently. Forward, forward, rushed the sharpshooters; and still, ever in front of them, was the drum, with its terrible Pan! pan! rantanplan! One, two—one, two.

At length a second discharge broke forth from the battery, penetrating through the eager remains of the two companies with a fearful shower of grape-shot.

Turning round at this moment, Frolut saw but about fifty men left out of the brave 200 who had followed him, and instantly, as if moved by a spirit of revenge, he redoubled his Pan, pan, Rantanplan! Any one would have imagined there were about twenty drums being beaten all at the same time.

Again the soldiers made a rush and took the battery, Frolut entering it the first, screaming out with all his might to the Russians—

"The pieces are very good; here they are; stop, stop!"

Napoleon was looking on from a rising ground at this heroic capture, mounted on his favourite charger, "Isabelle."

At each discharge he started. When the brave fellows had taken the battery, he lowered his telescope, saying, in an undertone, "Brave fellows! brave fellows!" And 10,000 soldiers of the Guard behind him began to clap their hands, and to cry out, "Bravo, bravo; these sharpshooters know well what they are about!"

Napoleon gave orders to an *aide-de-camp* to gallop off to the battery and see how many were left. He was soon back again.

"How many are left?" inquired the Emperor.

"Forty," replied the *aide-de-camp*.

"Forty Crosses\* to-morrow!" said Napoleon to the Major-General.

Accordingly, on the morrow, all the regiments formed an immense circle around the survivors of the two brave companies of sharpshooters, and the names of the forty heroic fellows were called, when each received the Cross of the "Legion of Honour."

The ceremony was just over, the men were dispersing, when a voice was heard from the ranks, saying, in a tone of the utmost surprise and indignation—

"Am I to have nothing at all, then?"

The General who had distributed the crosses, turning round and seeing our little friend Frolut, inquired,

"What dost thou want?"

"But, General, I was there too," said Frolut, half angry. "I sounded the charge forward; I was the very first to enter the battery. Am I to have nothing at all?"

"What wouldst thou wish to have, my boy?" asked the General.

Seeing the little drummer looked disappointed and surprised, he added—

"They seem to have forgotten thee, altogether. However, thou art only a child; thou shalt be sure to have it as soon as thou hast a beard on thy chin. Meanwhile let this console thee," offering Frolut a piece of money worth about twenty francs. The boy looked at it, but never attempted to touch it.

There was profound silence, and every one wondered what would come next. As to Frolut, he re-

mained motionless in front of the General, while large tears stood in his eyes.

Even those who had been accustomed to make fun of him seemed moved with compassion, and perhaps there would have been a universal appeal on his behalf, when he quickly raised his head as though he had just made up his mind, and said to the General:

"'Tis all right, I'll take the money, and have better luck next time;" and, without more ado, he pocketed the Napoleon,\* and returned to the ranks, whistling a lively tune in a satisfied and deliberate manner.

From that day no one made a joke of little Frolut; but this change of behaviour in his comrades towards him had no effect in making him less reserved; on the contrary, he always seemed cogitating some important undertaking, and, instead of spending the piece of twenty francs among his companions, as they had hoped and expected, he put it away very carefully.

His cousin Lisette questioned him, and tried to induce him to tell her what had made him decide upon accepting the money, after having refused to take it at first, when the General had offered it; but he did not choose to entrust even the kind *cantinière* with his intentions in keeping the money; nor could she get him to confide his secret to her, for she felt certain that he had fully made up his mind how to appropriate the money, and wondered at a mere child like him having a secret from her.

\* The cross of the *Légion d'honneur* had been instituted by Napoleon, May 19th, 1802.

A gold coin worth twenty francs.

(To be continued.)

## Poetry.

### PRAYER.

THE weapon of the Christian warrior, on the battle-field of life,  
 Whilst around him all is darkness, and above him all is night,  
 The stout staff of the weary pilgrim, though no other friend beside;  
 He passes through life's toilsome journey,—prayer his watchword, Christ his  
 Guide.

The outburst of a stricken conscience, just awaked from Satan's snare,  
 Imploring God's full, free forgiveness, for Jesus Christ's sake—such is prayer.  
 A gentle little child's first pleading in a Father's listening ear,  
 Telling all its little wishes, free from doubt, and free from fear.

Prayer is the electric current, by which our wishes all ascend  
 In an instant, to our Father, to our best, our heavenly Friend.  
 'Tis by prayer we guide the rudder of our little bark through life,  
 Till at last we reach the haven, safe from care, from toil, from strife.

'Tis in prayer we ask forgiveness for our many sins and faults;  
 For our numerous backslidings; for our sinful deeds and thoughts.  
 The *asking* of all trusting spirits, the *having* all things needful given.  
 Until at last, through Jesu's merits, by prayer, through faith, we enter heaven.

C. M.

## Reviews.

*The Book of Hebrew Roots.* Showing the Ideal Meanings and various Manifestations of the Principal Hebrew Radicals. By Burlington B. Wale. (S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster-row.)

THE writer is widely known as a Baptist minister, also the author of *The Christian's Hand-book of Philology, Biblical Outlines, &c.* He says: In the course of his preparation for the pupil he has found great benefit and pleasure in the constant study of the Hebrew, and in the analysis of its most important and suggestive roots. The examination of the various shades of meaning has often cast a light upon otherwise obscure passages of Scripture, and revealed a beauty and a force previously undetected. Its intention is to aid those who have not the advantage of being Hebrew scholars. A worthy aim, thoughtfully exe-

cuted. It contains a mass of well-arranged matter, exhibiting considerable research and industry, and will be sure to repay the confidence of the readers.

*Elvira; or, The Power of the Gospel.* A Story of the new Awakening in the Land of the Cid. By Mrs. Hun-Morgan. (Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.)

THIS story is told with marvellous power. The relation of its incidents glow and teem with life, and hold in spell the reader until the last word is told. Nor is this fascinating influence produced by the unreal, but the grand principles of the glorious Gospel are presented in the purest and most interesting manner. It is admitted on all sides that we must have stories written to meet the large and increasing demand for them by old and

young. Let us then have works holding forth the true word of faith and salvation, and the perusal of them must yield good fruit. The work deserves and doubtless will have a large circulation.

*Protestantism and the Church of Rome.*

The Last Battle of the Old Papacy. A Discussion between the Hon. and Rev. E. Spencer, D.D. (Father Ignatius of St. Paul, Passionist), and Rev. Alex. King. New Edition, with Notes on New Papalism and Anglican Priests. (Elliot Stock.)

If the Word did not tell us of some who should be given over to "strong delusions, that they should believe a lie," we might be utterly at a loss to understand how some intelligent and sincere minds can embrace and abide by the *soul-enslaving, soul-ruining* doctrines of the Romish Church. In this discussion the reader reaps considerable advantage by its being carried on through the press, and therefrom the writers left to present their reasoning, unmoved by an erected assembly. Why the Hon. Rev. C. Spencer, D.D., retreated from the field of battle we do not pretend to say, but perhaps discretion was the better part of valour.

"He who fights and runs away,  
Lives to fight another day;  
But he who in the battle's slain,  
Never lives to fight again."

We are right glad to see this new edition.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

*The Baptist Magazine.* (21, Castle-street, Holborn.)

*The Sword and Trowel.* (Passmore and Alabaster.)

*The General Baptist.* (E. Marlborough and Co., Ave Marie-lane.)

Each is worthy. *The Sword and Trowel* has a specially interesting paper, by Mr. Spurgeon, in the inaugural address delivered to the pastors at the College. *Ministers, read it.* The Sermon by John Ploughman, on "Beware of Dogs," is very good, with the exception that we don't think Dr. Watts ever wrote—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God has made them so."

*The Appeal.* (Elliot Stock.) *The Teachers' Storehouse.* (Elliot Stock.) Good. Beyond praise.

*Prospective Pardon.* A refutation of one of the tenets of the Plymouth Brethren. By Rev. J. McLELLAN. (Duncan Grant, Edinburgh.)

The men ought to be put to rights who fail to see the difference of pardon in hypothesis in God's mind and pardon as evolved by God in the sinner's mind. We shall be glad if this pamphlet has a wide circulation.

*Sermon on Baptism.* Preached at Byron-hill Chapel, Harrow-on-the-Hill, by Rev. T. H. MORGAN. (Elliot Stock.) Nothing new. We are sure the writer could do something better. Sermons on baptism must not only be good and watery, but overwhelmingly good, and immersed in excellencies.

*Truth and Progress* still reaches us from the South, with a number of refreshing things therein.

## Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. J. H. BLAKE, of Bow, London, has accepted the pastorate of the church in Park-street, Luton, Beds.

MR. MAKEPEACE, of Regent's-park

College, has received an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Bluntisham.

REV. DAWSON BURNS, son of the late Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D., has been

unanimously appointed minister of the Church-street Chapel, Edgware-road, London, in succession to his late father.

REV. C. STOVELL has resigned the pastorate of the church in Mint-lane, Lincoln.

REV. T. PIPE has resigned his pastorate at Hay-hill Chapel, Bath.

REV. JOHN MURRAY, late Congregational minister of Old Cumnock, has been inducted to the pastoral charge of the Baptist church at Leith.

MR. G. B. RICHARDSON, of the Pastors' College, has entered on the pastorate of the united churches of Charlbury and Chadlington, Oxon.

REV. E. PROBERT, late of Great Staughton, Hants, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Rattlesden, Suffolk.

REV. JAMES CAVE has resigned the pastorate of the South Parade Church, Tenby, in order to accept a call from the church at Kingsbridge, South Devon.

MR. J. H. PLUMBRIDGE, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Southwell, near Nottingham; and Mr. G. T. BAILY, of the same institution, an invitation to the church at Smethwick, Birmingham.

BIRMINGHAM.—REV. J. B. BLACKMORE has resigned the charge of the church assembling at Cannon-street, after a pastorate of three and a half years.

MR. BRAINE has resigned the pastorate of the church at City-road, Winchester.

MR. FRANK WHITE (formerly of Chelsea) has accepted the pastorate of the church meeting in Talbot Tabernacle, Talbot-road, Notting-hill.

CHELSEA.—REV. H. WARDLEY, pastor at Lower Sloane Street Chapel, has resigned.

NOTTINGHAM.—REV. F. G. BUCKINGHAM, formerly minister at Circus-street Chapel, has resigned his office there, and has become the minister of the church now worshipping in the Mechanics' Lecture Hall, some of his former friends having also removed. The two sections are now united as one

church, and are about to build a chapel at the junction of Alfred-street and Woodborough-road.

REV. BENWELL BIRD, of Birmingham, has accepted the cordial invitation of the newly-formed Baptist church at Mutley, Plymouth.

REV. J. J. DALTON, of Bradford, requests us to say that he is open to supply destitute churches.

MR. D. E. JENKINS, student, Llangollen College, has been invited to the pastorate of the church at Wauntrodan, near Cardiff.

REV. W. JACKSON, of the Tabernacle, Willingham, Cambs, and brother-in-law of Mr. Spurgeon, has resigned his charge, and is open to an invitation to another sphere of labour in a more populous neighbourhood.

MR. W. EWENS, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Uley Gloucestershire.

MR. R. C. ROBERTS, of the North Wales Baptist College, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Bush-street, Pembroke Dock, and will commence his labours there in September.

MR. D. E. JENKINS, of the same college, has accepted a cordial invitation from the Welsh Baptist Church, Wauntrodan, near Cardiff, Glamorganshire.

MR. D. LLOYD, of the same college, has accepted the pastorate of the Welsh Baptist Church, Salem, Cardiff.

MR. T. DECIMUS JONES (of Llangollen College), has received an invitation from the Baptist Church, Machynlleth, and will commence his labours there in October.

## RECOGNITIONS.

REV. H. O. MACKEY was publicly recognised as pastor of Portland Chapel, Southampton, on the 15th of May. Professor Rogers, of the Pastors' College, gave the charge, and several neighbouring ministers took part in the services. At the evening meeting the chair was occupied by Major-General Tryon, J.P., and addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Heaton, S. B. Stribling, J. H. Patterson, G. W. F.

Gregg, J. B. Burt, E. Osborne, E. Boon, D. Jones, and H. M. Barnett, B.A.

REV. F. W. GOADBY, B.A., late of Bluntisham, was publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Watford on Wednesday May 24th. Rev. H. Platten, of Birmingham, was the preacher.

MARTHAM, NORFOLK.—A service in recognition of the settlement of the Rev. T. G. Gathercole was held on Whit Monday. Tea was provided in the afternoon, and a public meeting was held in the evening. Mr. Welch (deacon) stated circumstances that led to Mr. Gathercole being invited to take the oversight of the church. Mr. Gathercole gave an account of his conversion, call to the ministry, also stated his doctrinal views. The Rev. W. Scriven gave an address upon "The Duties of a Church Member to the World, to his Brethren in the Church, and to the Minister," and the Rev. S. Vincent upon "A Good Minister of Jesus Christ."

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, CHADWELL-HEATH, ESSEX.—On Tuesday, July 4th, 1876, the anniversary of the above place will be held, when sermons will be preached, afternoon and evening, by Rev. W. Cuff. Tea will be provided, and, if possible, a short meeting will be held, presided over by Rev. J. Davis, of Romford. The church has lately incurred the sum of ninety-five pounds in enlarging and improving the place. A good opportunity will, therefore, be given for Christian friends, to aid a struggling cause, as well as enjoy a visit to a rural district.

MROPHAM, KENT.—The 48th anniversary will be held (D.V.), on Tuesday, July 18th. Three sermons. Morning and afternoon by J. S. Anderson; evening, by C. Masterson. Services at 11, half-past 2, and 6. Collection after each service. The attendance of friends is cordially invited.

#### NEW CHAPELS.

PIDDLETRENTHIDE.—The new Baptist Chapel has just been opened for

public worship. For many years the Baptists had held their services in a small room in an adjoining village, not making any great progress, and being much impeded in Sunday-school work by the inconvenience of the chapel premises, a few years ago Mr. Davis, the pastor, resolved to endeavour to make an improvement. Circumstances favoured his efforts, and an excellent site became available. Mr. C. H. Mayo gave up his interest in it, and laid the memorial stone. The chapel is built of flint, stone, and stucco on the outside; nearly the whole of the materials were carted by a few farmers of the parish, showing the interest they took in the work. The chapel will seat about 210 persons, and at one end is a schoolroom, twenty-four feet by twelve feet, with folding doors, so that it can be thrown into the chapel if required. Over £550 will be the total outlay. The opening services were held in the chapel when Rev. R. James preached. Tea was provided, and a public meeting was held. The chapel was crowded, and addresses were delivered by Revs. R. James, J. Harrington, D. Thomas, Mr. Davis, Mr. W. Hamilton, and Mr. H. Davis. The chair was taken by Mr. J. Pitman. The meeting broke up soon after nine o'clock. The collections during the day amounted to about £20. It is intended to erect a fence-wall round the chapel and schoolroom, which will cost about £60.

THE new church in Cambridge-street, Glasgow, has been opened; the services were conducted by Revs. Francis Johnston, Alex. Wylie, M.A., the pastor, and S. Chapman. A public *soirée* was held on the following Monday evening. This is the first ready for occupation of the four new churches at present being erected in Glasgow for the denomination.

A HANDSOME new church is about to be erected in Marshall-street, Edinburgh, for the congregation of which the Rev. Francis Johnston is pastor. It will seat 628 persons, is to be in the Lombardic style, and its estimated cost is £3,000.

THE church at Launceston, Cornwall, which has hitherto had no place for



public worship, has recently obtained possession of a room previously used by the "Brethren," and Mr. Wilson, of the Pastors' Collego, has been chosen pastor. Special services in connection with his settlement have been held, when Rev. J. Aldis preached in the afternoon, and at night a well-attended tea and public meeting was held in the Western Rooms, under the presidency of Mr. W. D. Hanson. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Messrs. Aldis, Parkor, Betts, and Wilson.

THE opening services in connection with the new chapel in Walsworth-road, Hitchin, began with a devotional service, at which Rev. J. H. Atkinson, pastor of the church, presided. On the Wednesday morning Dr. Landels preached, after which there was a public dinner; and the preacher in the evening was Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B. On Wednesday next, a sermon will be preached by Dr. E. Mellor, and on the succeeding Sundays, the preachers will be Revs. J. C. Jones, Giles Hester, and George Gould.

AN excellent site has been purchased for a new chapel by the young but vigorous church at North End, Finchley, of which Rev. John Chadwick is pastor. This is a suburb with an increasing population, and we are glad to learn that Mr. Chadwick and the friends have resolved to build a chapel that shall be worthy of the denomination. The effort is worthy of sympathy and help.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE largest and most attractive bazaar ever held in Ipswich was open three days of last week on behalf of the building fund of the recently-opened chapel in London-road, of which Rev. T. M. Morris, B.A., is pastor. The proceeds amounted to £305. There were seven stalls, on which were displayed not less than £600 worth of stock, including contributions from friends at long distances, and some from local adherents of the Established Church. At the opening ceremony, Rev. J. P. Chown gave an address, in which he expressed the affectionate re-

gard he had had for Mr. Morris ever since the time when the latter became a student at Horton College. There will probably be a supplementary sale of the stock left unsold.

WELLINGTON-ROAD CHAPEL (Shacklwell), Stoke Newington, has just been repewed and otherwise improved. On Thursday, 11th inst., the first of the reopening services was conducted by Rev. W. H. Burton, and on the following Sunday the preachers were Revs. Jesse Hobson and T. Vincent Tymms. Mr. George Gowland presided at a tea and public meeting on the following Wednesday. £135 has been expended, towards which sum £80 has been secured.

THE debt resting on Providence Chapel, Hounslow, has been cleared off at special services, when sermons were preached by Rev. Dr. Angus, of Regent's Park College, and Mr. Walter J. Mathams. The students of Regent's Park College supply the pulpit every Sunday as one of their preaching stations.

THE church at Bugbrook, Northamptonshire, have acquired an organ at the cost of £40. It was used for the first time on Sunday, June 11th, when Mr. T. Bull presided as organist, and an appropriate sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Payne, from Ps. xcii. 1-3.

HURSTWOOD (Burnley).—Two sermons were preached on behalf of the Sunday School, June 4th, by Rev. J. Batey, of Finchley, when collections were made amounting to £42 13s. 4d.

SHOULDHAM-STREET CHAPEL (London).—The anniversary was held on Tuesday, June 6th. Tea was provided and a public meeting held, when addresses were given by Rev. W. A. Blake, Rev. G. Russell, Rev. W. Frith, Mr. A. Towers, Mr. W. H. Mills, and other friends.

LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The quarterly meeting was held on Tuesday, June 13th, in Ramsden-road Chapel, Balham, which was built under the auspices of the Association. There was a fair attendance of ministers at the morning meeting, when the Rev.

R. H. Marten, B.A., of Lee, read a paper on "The Song of Songs: an Idyllic Drama for Springtide." Dinner was served at two o'clock, and at half-past three o'clock an address was delivered by the Rev. J. P. Chown on "The Duty of the Church to the Young." It was announced that a site for the chapel for this year had been secured at Lower Norwood, near to Dulwich, and a committee had been formed to make the necessary preparations for a commencement. After tea the brethren paid a visit to Mr. Spurgeon's grounds in Nightingale-lane, and at seven o'clock the chapel was well filled. Prayer was offered by the Revs. A. G. Brown and J. Collins, after which the chairman (the Rev. J. T. Wigner) addressed the meeting. The Rev. J. R. Wood gave a suggestive address on the importance of the churches looking after those who had been erased or excluded from their list, and keeping up, as far as may be, a communication with such as had removed from the neighbourhood. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who was sufficiently recovered from his recent severe illness to say a few words, spoke in the same strain, and the meeting was concluded with a short address by the Rev. Dr. Cuiross on the kind of work which it was possible for young converts to do in their churches.

### BAPTISMS.

*Abercanaid*.—April 30, in the River Taff, Two, by J. Parrish.  
*Aberdare*.—At Carmel (English), May 24, Five, by T. Jones.  
*Abertillery*.—June 4, at the English Church, Two, by L. Jones.  
*Aldershot*.—May 28, Three, by G. Wainwright.  
*Amersham*.—May 7, at the Lower Chapel, Six, by M. H. Whettrall.  
*Ashford*.—May 31, Four, in Norwood-street Chapel, for the Assembly Room Church, by E. Roberts.  
*Ashtater*.—June 4, Two, by Mr. Bray, sen.  
*Bacup*.—May 7, at Zion Chapel, Ten; May 28, Seven, by C. W. Gregory.  
*Banbury*.—May 21, Two, by J. Davis.  
*Banger*.—May 11, Five, by C. Davies.

*Barnsley*.—May 28, Seven, by B. W. Osler.  
*Barrow-in-Furness*.—May 3, at Abbey-road Chapel, Five, by James Hughes.  
*Barton Mills*.—April 30, One, by J. Johnson.  
*Bethania*, Maestren.—April 30, Three, by J. Jones.  
*Beverley*.—May 24, at Well-lane Chapel, Four, by W. C. Upton.  
*Birmingham*.—May 24, at Hope-street Chapel, Four, by S. Powell.  
*Birmingham*.—June 4, at Bond-street Chapel, Six, by G. Wheeler.  
*Birmingham*.—May 3, at Longmore-street Chapel, Four, by W. Oates.  
*Bishop Auckland*.—May 28, One, by H. Gray.  
*Blackley*, Yorks.—June 2, One, by R. Briggs.  
*Boston*.—May 28, at Salem Chapel, Seven; June 1, Two, by G. West.  
*Boxmoor*.—May 31, Seven, by W. Thomas.  
*Bradford*.—May 14, at Heaton Chapel, Four, by J. J. Dalton.  
*Brandon*.—May 4, Three; June 1, Three, by J. Sage.  
*Brierly Hill*, Ebbw Vale.—April 30, at Zion Chapel, Nine; June 4, Ten, by T. Garnon.  
*Bures*.—May 28, Two, by J. Kemp.  
*Burslem*, Staffordshire.—May 7, Thirteen, by H. Field.  
*Burton* (near) Bridgwater.—May 7, Two, by F. H. Sowby.  
*Burton-on-Trent*.—May 4, at Salem, Seventeen, by G. T. Owers.  
*Burwell*.—June 11, Five, by G. T. Bailey.  
*Calstock*, Cornwall.—June 7, Five, by D. Cork.  
*Cambridge*.—May 3, at St. Andrew's-street Chapel, Nine; May 24, Two, by John P. Campbell.  
*Carmarthen*.—May 28, at the English Chapel, Three, by E. Thomas.  
*Chatham*.—May 3, at Zion Chapel, Sixteen, by J. Smith.  
*Cheam*, Surrey.—June 1, One, by W. Sullivan.  
*Cheltenham*.—May 31, at Cambray Chapel, Nine, by W. Julian.  
*Chester*.—May 28, at Pepper-street Chapel, Two, by W. Durban.  
*Church*.—June 3, Three, by H. Angus.  
*Cinderford*.—May 7, Six, by C. Griffiths.  
*Coate*, Oxon.—May 28, Six, by B. Arthur.  
*Cold Inn*, Pemb.—May 14, Two, by J. Phillips.  
*Conig*, Ireland.—May 14, One; June 4, Two, by John Harris.  
*Corton* (from Chitterne).—May 14, Six, by S. King.  
*Corwen*.—April 30, Two, by H. C. Williams.  
*Cosley*.—June 1, at Providence Chapel, Six, by J. Cole.  
*Crockerton*.—May 21st, Two, by S. King.  
*Cullompton*, Devon.—June 4, Eleven, by Mr. Miller.  
*Dawley*, Salop.—June 4, Two, by W. Wootton.  
*Deal*.—May 3, Seven, by N. Dobson.  
*Denbigh*.—May 21, One, by Hugh Jones.  
*Derty*.—May 7, at St. Mary's Gate, Eight, by J. B. Myers.  
*Devonport*.—June 1, at Morice-square, Six, by E. A. Tydeman.  
*Dolgelly*.—April 30, Three, by H. Morgan.

*Dumfries*, West-park.—June 7, One; June 9, Twelve, by W. Milligan.

*Eady*.—May 20, Five, by George McDonald.

*East Hartlepool*.—May 28, Two, by H. Dunnington.

*Eastcomb*.—June 4, Two, by J. E. Brett (both from the Sunday-school).

*Elgin*, N.B.—June 11, Three, by G. McDonald.

*Exeter*.—May 21, at Bartholomew-street Chapel, Eight, by E. S. Neale.

*Eye*.—May 28, Four, by W. W. Haines.

*Frome*.—May 21, at Naishes-street Chapel, Seven, by S. Littleton.

*Foulsham*.—June 4, Two, by E. Everett.

*Galashiels*.—May 8, One, by C. Hill.

*Gladestry*, Radnorshire.—May 7, One, by T. Jermina.

*Gravesend*.—May 3, at Windmill-street Chapel, Three, by N. Heath.

*Great Leighs*.—May 4, Two, by R. C. Sowerby.

*Guildford*.—May 21, at Commercial-road Chapel, Two, by C. Slim.

*Hill Cliff*.—May 7, Three, by A. Kenworthy.

*Higher Openshaw*.—May 31, Five, by R. Stanton.

*Hinckley*.—May 7, Fourteen, by J. Staines.

*Holywell*.—May 28, Five, by E. Evans.

*Horncastle*.—May 31, Six, by D. Jones.

*Huntingdon*.—May 26, Four, by E. B. Shephard.

*Jarrow-on-Tyne*.—April 29, One; May 14, One; May 21st, One, by W. Satchwell.

*Kingshill*, Bucks.—May 7, Six, by G. Phillips.

*Liverpool*.—June 7, at St. Paul's-square Chapel, One, by L. W. Lewis.

*Long Sutton*.—May 31, Seven, by G. Towler.

*Lumb*, Lancashire.—June 4, Six, by D. George.

*Lydbrook*, near Ross.—May 7, Six, by Thos. Reeves.

*Lynn*.—June 1, Three, by H. Davies.

*Lymington*.—May 21, Three; May 28, Seven, by J. J. Fitch.

*Maidstone*.—May 31, at Union-street Chapel, Ten, by G. Walker.

*Maldon*, Essex.—May 28, Four, by H. Charlton.

*Malton*.—May 3rd, Six; May 31, Five, by W. Smith.

*Manchester*.—May 31, at Round Chapel, Five, by Seth Backhouse.

*Manchester*.—May 28, at Moss Side Chapel, Seven, by R. Chonery.

*Measham*.—June 4, Two, by W. Wellington.

*Meltham*, Yorks.—May 4, Three, by J. Alderson.

#### *Metropolitan District:—*

*Berley Heath*.—May 31, Seven, by W. Jeffery.

*Chiswick*.—June 11, Two, by E. George.

*Clapham Common*.—May 20, Seven, by R. Webb.

*Dacre-park*, Blackheath.—May 27, Six, by W. Usher.

*Dalston Junction*.—May 28, Five, by A. Carson, M.A.

*Finchley*.—June 1, Three, by J. Chadwick.

*Finsbury-park*, N.—May 3, One; May 28, One, by J. Wilson.

*Lower Edmonton*.—May 28, Four; May 29, One, by D. Russell.

*Metropolitan Tabernacle*.—May 25, Fourteen; May 29, Seventeen; June 1, Twenty-one, by Rev. J. A. Spurgeon.

*New Wimbledon*.—May 24, Five, by A. Halford.

*Old Kent Road*.—May 24, at Alfred-place Chapel, Two, by D. W. Laing.

*Old Kent Road*.—May 31, Eleven, by C. F. Styles.

*Peckham*.—May 4, at Park-road Chapel, Eight, by T. Tarn.

*Richmond*.—May 28, at Parkshot Chapel, Two, by J. H. Cooke.

*Waltham*.—May 28, at Wyndham-road Chapel, Seven, by H. W. Childs.

*Middleton*.—May 28, One, by W. Pilling.

*Milton*, Oxon.—June 1, Two, by H. Winsor.

*Milwood*, Todmorden.—May 7, Eight, by H. Briggs.

*Mirfield*.—May 2, Seventeen, by E. Davis.

*Moelfre*.—May 28, Two, by D. Lloyd.

*Nantymoel*.—April 28, Two, by J. Jones.

*Nantymoel*.—May 21, One, by the pastor.

*Neath*.—June 8, Six, by A. F. Mills.

*Newport*, Mon.—May 24, at Alma-street Chapel, Three, by J. P. Thomas.

*Newport*, Mon.—May 28, at Stow Hill Chapel, Four, by John Douglas.

*Newland*.—May 25, One, by M. H. Jones.

*New Maldon*, Surrey.—May 14, Four, by G. Simmer.

*New Whittington*.—May 14, Five, by R. T. Lewis.

*Oldham*.—May 28, at King-street Chapel, Six, by R. H. Bayly.

*Oldham*, Manchester-street.—Four, by E. Balmford.

*Paulton*, Bristol.—May 7, Four, by J. Kemp-ton.

*Piddletrenthide*, Dorsetshire.—May 21, One, by J. Davis.

*Pole Moor*, near Huddersfield.—May 7, Two, by J. Evans.

*Portsmouth*.—May 31, at Lake-road, Landport, Five, by T. W. Medhurst.

*Princes Risborough*.—May 21, at the Free Church, One, by D. Jeavons.

*Quainton*, Bucks.—May 14, Seven, by G. Dunnnett.

*Red Hill*, Surrey.—May 2, at London-road Chapel, Seven, by C. T. Keen.

*Rhondda*, Hopkinstown, May 7, Two, by G. Williams.

*Risca*.—May 7, at Bethany English Chapel, Four, by T. Thomas.

*Rochdale*.—May 28, at Drake-street Chapel, Sixteen, by W. Stokes.

*Sabden*, Lancashire.—May 11, One, by J. Norton.

*Saffron Walden*.—May 31, Eight, by A. Rollason.

*Salisbury*.—May 31, at Brown-street Chapel, Eleven, by George Short, B.A.

*Sandy Haven*.—April 30, Three, by W. Harris.

*Shepton Mallet*, Somerset.—May 7, Four, by G. Law.

*Southport*.—May 7, Ten, by L. Nuttall.

*Southport*.—May 29, Four, by L. Nuttall.

*Southsea*.—April 30, at St. Paul's-square, Two; May 31, Three, by R. F. Jeffrey.  
*Stoke-on-Trent*.—May 7, Six, by W. March.  
*Studley*.—May 31, Four, by Wm. Piggott.  
*St. Neots, Hunts*.—June 8, at East-street Chapel, two, by J. Raymond.  
*Sunderland*.—May 17, at Sans-street Chapel, Seven, by H. Lyon.  
*Swanwick*.—May 7, Twelve, by T. Hayden.  
*Swansea*.—May 3, at York-place Chapel, Five, by B. D. John.  
*Taunton*.—May 20, at Albemarle, Chapel, Three, by O. Tidman.  
*Thaxted, Essex*.—May 2, Eleven, by C. H. Hook.  
*Treorchy, Rhondda Valley*.—May 14, at Howell English Chapel, Five, by D. Davies.  
*Tverton-on-Avon, Bath*.—May 7, Two, by W. Owen.  
*Tymewydd*.—May 28, One, by J. Jones.  
*Uxerston*.—May 17, Three; May 21, Three, by T. Lardner.

*Waterford*.—May 14, One, by John Douglas.  
*Walsall, Stafford Old Cross* (kindly lent for the occasion).—June 1, Seven, by T. Williams; Four for the newly-formed cause at Hednesford, three for the church under the care of N. Lees, Stafford-road.  
*Walsall and Wuliton, Somerset*.—May 2, Seven; June 8, ten, by J. Middleton.  
*Westray*.—May 28, Three, by G. M'Donald.  
*Whitbourne, Corsley*.—May 7, Four, by S. King.  
*Whitmoor*.—May 28, Four, by W. Sieling.  
*Whittlesea*.—June 4, at Zion Chapel, Two, by F. Shaw.  
*Whitwick*.—May 14, Three, by the pastor.  
*Willurton*.—June 4, Six, by J. Stocker.  
*Wisbech*.—May 3, Six; June 8, Ten, by W. B. Winks.  
*Wootton, Beds*.—May —, Two, by J. H. Readman.

## PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

*Statement of Receipts from May 20th, 1876, to June 19th, 1876.*

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
A Young Farmer and his Wife.....	1 0 0	M. M. Dufftown .....	1 0 0	A Member, per C. H. S.	0 10 0
A Friend in Scotland	20 0 0	Mr. D. G. Patterson .....	0 5 0	John Ploughman's	
Mrs. Whitaker .....	0 2 6	Mr. H. B. Frearson .....	5 0 0	Horse Shoes .....	1 12 4
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Mrs. Brown .....	0 10 0	Mr. J. West .....	0 10 0	Mr. G. Medley .....	5 0 0
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## ASSURANCE SOUGHT.\*

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

“Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.”—PSALM XXXV. 3.

DAVID knew where to run to for shelter in his hour of difficulty. Many were there that opposed him, he had been much slandered, his course was rough. So, after spreading his case before the Lord, as Hezekiah did Rabshakeh's blasphemous letter, he turns to the Most High, and he cries to Him for succour with one request, as if this would suffice to relieve him from all his troubles, “Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.” He thus invokes God to give him a word from His own mouth, to take the buckler and the sword in his defence, and to be his Champion. “Oh, my God! speak to my soul some assuring word, and it shall be enough for me.” It is a sign of adoption, a mark of the residence of the Spirit of God within us, if in our times of trouble we fly to our God. Soul, dost thou find any difficulty in doing so? Is this not one of thy spiritual instincts? Then, be afraid lest thou be an alien and no true-born child, for the true-born child seeks its Father's face, cries out for its Father's notice, and creeps into its Father's bosom.

This short prayer I commend to every one present—to saint and sinner, to the young and the old, to those who are assured and to those who are doubtful—“Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.” It appears to me to imply *certain doctrines*, to express *certain desires*, and to suggest *certain practical lessons* upon which we may profitably meditate.

I. “SAY UNTO MY SOUL, I AM THY SALVATION.”

Is it not very clear on the surface of the text *that we need salvation?* Salvation is the great necessity of the human race. We need to be saved from the consequences of the fall, from the results of our own transgressions, from the penalties due to our guilt and the indwelling power of sin and the domination of our corrupt nature. You all know this by the witness of your conscience, therefore I need not argue or attempt to prove it; but the main question is, whether we know it experimentally, for it is one thing to know the letter but quite another thing to know the spirit; one thing to know a matter with the head and another thing to be affected by it in a lively manner in the soul. Answer me, then, hast thou learned experimentally that thou needest to be saved? Didst thou ever see thy past sins in their true colour? Didst thou ever behold what a future sin opens up before thee, till thou didst start back alarmed and terror-stricken? Hast thou perceived that thou needest just such a salvation as Christ came to bring? Truly we never seek it till we see we need it. We are usually driven into the port of grace by a storm. It is not often that we fly to Christ if there is any other door open. In the sore straits of poverty we have to cry to Him for sustenance; when we are sick we resort to Him for health and cure. Moreover, beloved, we continue to require a continuous salvation. It is well for the Christian to remember that in a certain sense he too needs to be saved—not from hell,

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for we are saved from that; nor from the guilt of our sins, for, thank God! that is purged by the blood once shed for our remission—but we need to be saved every day from the temptations that assail our souls, from the trials that beset our path, from the corruptions of our nature. Mr. Whitefield said he hoped he was converted, but conversion was a thing to take place every day—not regeneration, mark you! that is once for all, but conversion. “Why,” said he, “I need to be converted from lying too late in bed in the morning, and converted from idleness all the day long.” So do we. There is something or other we need to be converted from; some wrong thing that we need to be saved from; and until we get within the gates of pearl we shall still have need to cry for salvation from some evil that harasses us. Salvation by blood we have got: salvation by the might and the power of the Holy Ghost, who is to conquer and to destroy all our dire iniquity and innate depravity, we still need. Do we feel that we need it? Believer, dost thou feel that thou needest it? Beware of getting spiritually rich in thyself. Nothing is so near akin to soul-poverty as this. Beware of thinking that thou art increased in goods. Thou art nigh to bankruptcy when thou thus makest account of thy possessions. I counsel thee, therefore, still to bow thy knee and cry unto the great Saviour, “Lord, save me, or I perish!” That prayer should never be in advance of the most advanced Christian.

Another doctrine lies on the surface of the text. *His own personal salvation should be the matter of a man's highest thoughts and greatest earnestness.* “Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation,” should be the uppermost and the uttermost cry of thy heart. Ask not the Lord to make thee rich, thou mayest well reckon that this would involve too high a position and too heavy a responsibility for thee to bear with equanimity. Seek not a pinnacle from which thou mightest be in peril of falling. Didst thou ask to be learned in all the knowledge and languages of the ancients thou mightest miss the road to heaven; for oftentimes the shepherds are guided to the place where the Holy Child is, while the wise men miss their way, going to Jerusalem instead of Bethlehem. I will not crave the Lord to give me food for my vanity, or good fortune for my wishes, or aught beside for which my passions yearn, but, Lord, give me salvation. This is a boon I must have. It is essential to my instant and my endless welfare. Let not Thy servant be put off with any inferior blessing. If Thou pleasest to keep me poor on a scanty pittance, or bid me toil hard for slender wages, so let it be. Yet deny me not a draught from the upper springs. Give me the heritage of Thy chosen. Grant me Thy salvation. Salvation! Oh, salvation! This should be the chief, the insatiable longing of each man's spirit! Alas, for the ignorance and callousness that can trifle with salvation as though it were a matter of no immediate concern. Are ye mad enough to imagine that whether ye have an interest in Christ or not is a question that may be solved in a few minutes in a fearful emergency upon a dying bed. Ah! it is not so. Wisdom should urge us or peril should drive us to seek shelter from a calamity that would leave us a total wreck. Nothing lies so near to our interest and our happiness—nothing, therefore, should press so closely on our hearts as to be in Christ, and be made through Him partakers of everlasting life. Dear hearer, this question, then, I press upon thee. Be pleased to answer it. Hast thou been led by the Spirit of God to see

to this thy first concern? Art thou saved? Or art thou anxious to be saved with an anxiety that will not rest or abate? Art thou striving and struggling in thy heart to find the Saviour, without whom thou art utterly lost, ruined, and undone? Unless God's Holy Spirit clothe it with power, preaching reaches no farther than the ear. Oh, that He would speak to your souls! With what energy ye would then be filled!

A third doctrine is couched in these words. Salvation, if it be worth the having, *must come entirely from the Lord Himself*. "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." The eye of the suppliant here is evidently turned to God alone, and rightly so, for salvation cometh not from the hills, nor from the multitude of the people, nor yet from the prowess of individuals. Surely in the Lord alone is the salvation of Israel. Never did salvation spring from the devices of this poor heart. In vain do ye seek to obtain it by any religious ceremonies or by any bodily exercises. The source and fountain of salvation are only to be found in the eternal purpose of God. In the covenant of God it was resolved, in the wisdom of God it was planned, in the great redemption of God it was effected, and by the Spirit of God it is applied. Jonah went to a strange college to learn this masterpiece of sound theology, that salvation is of the Lord. As for Israel he could destroy himself, but he could never save himself. In his God he found help, in his God alone. Happy the man that knows this! thrice happy he who knows it experimentally! He will turn his eyes alone to the Lord. My hearer, art thou seeking salvation by works—by aught that is meritorious or meretricious? Thou art spending thy money for that which is not bread. Art thou seeking a knowledge of salvation by thine own feeling? Dost thou consult thy frames of mind, hopeful or desponding, as one marketh the rise or fall of a barometer. Dost thou dream of being prepared for Christ, and fitting thyself to receive mercy? This is to impose on thyself, and to insult the Saviour. Christ wants nothing of thee; He comes to bring everything to thee. Even thy sense of need He gives thee. All thy fitness is to be unfit; all thy preparation for washing is to be foul; all thy prerequisite for enriching is to be poor as poverty can make thee. Come thou as thou art to thy God through Christ the Mediator, and in Him thou shalt find salvation. Do notice particularly that the words are not, "Say unto my soul, I am thy Saviour," but more than that—"I am thy salvation." As if God were not only the giver of salvation, but absolutely salvation itself. To get a hold of Christ is to get salvation. To get God on our side is to be saved. Salvation does not merely come from God as a gift, it absolutely involves the appropriation of God Himself as the portion of one's own soul. How wonderful this is! Who can find out God? Who can imagine, much less describe, His infinite perfections? Salvation proceeding from THE LORD, from JEHOVAH, from the GREAT I AM, communicates the wealth of His adorable attributes. "Say unto my soul, I"—our translation reads—"I am." Ask, what art Thou, Lord? the answer comes, "I am thy salvation." No title, however noble, could enhance the description. He is the "I AM." His existence is original and pure. "He sits on no precarious throne, or borrows leave to be." From everlasting to everlasting He is God the Most High. To Him there is neither past nor future, but one eternal Now." The God who can save us must be the only true and living God. So great a salvation you cannot realise

without a clear apprehension of Jehovah in all His attributes; and if any speak of Christ as delegated Deity, discredit His eternal power and Godhead, or deny that He made the heavens and the earth, and beareth them on His shoulders, they bring to us a Christ who cannot save. We must have a Redeemer as mighty as the Creator and the Preserver. We must have the strong Son of God, immortal and eternal, to rescue our souls from going down into the pit. If thou art leaning on any arm but an eternal one, it will fail thee. Poor silly heart, if thou art depending on anything for salvation but the selfsame God who bears the earth's huge pillars up, thy dependence will fail thee when most thou needest its help. The strongest sinew of an arm of flesh will crack; even an angel's wing will flag; the earth itself will grow dim with years; this globe with all her granite rocks shall melt with a fervent heat. The eternal God must be thy refuge, and underneath thee must be the everlasting arms, or else the salvation thou pretendest to have is worse than useless. "Say unto my soul, I, the glorious Jehovah, I am thy salvation."

These doctrines may seem to some of you so commonplace that you will say, "We have heard them ten thousand times." But I refer to them now to press the question—Do you know the vital force of these great truths in your own hearts? Beloved, let each man, let each woman, inquire, "Do I know my need of salvation? Do I know that it must come from God? Have I got it from Him? Have I applied directly to Him for it? Have I received it at His hand in such a way that I have seen the glory of God therein, so that my salvation shall be to me for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off?" If thou hast had no dealings with God, thy soul is in bad plight. Thou hast not been partaker of any saving benefit. If thou hast never come into His presence, if thou hast never grasped the Saviour's hand by faith, if thou hast never looked with thy tearful eye into His dear wounds, thou hast need to begin again, for thou knowest nothing of His grace. He has not become thy salvation.

#### II. Let us turn now to observe the DESIRE EXPRESSED IN THE TEXT.

It was David's wish not only to have God for his salvation, but to know it for a fact, and that on the most conclusive evidence, with the best possible assurance, by a positive communication from God Himself—"Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." There are some who doubt whether full assurance of faith can be obtained. They need not discredit an attainment which multitudes possess and daily enjoy. Others suppose that if they could experience a full assurance it would be dangerous; and yet there are thousands of the saints who, so far from finding the privilege perilous, constantly prove its sanctifying, elevating power while they walk by faith and live near to God. Some have conjectured that any man who knew himself to be saved would inevitably grow listless in character and negligent of his conduct, but it is not so. A man who knows that an estate is really his own, does not become indifferent about its culture. He tills and farms it all the more sedulously. The fact is this—he who knows himself to be saved, being rid of that curse and burden of fear which often renders him incapable of serving God, passes beyond the sphere of a servile bondage. No more does he selfishly seek his own interest. His labour is free, cheered by love, and lightened by song—

"Now for the love I bear His name,  
What was my gain, I count my loss."



Out of sheer gratitude he devotes himself to the service of the good God, by whom so great a blessing has been bestowed. If thine assurance should make thee remiss, dilatory, careless, you may attribute it to the devil. If thy confidence in thine own salvation make thee walk without tenderness of conscience, then rely upon it you have mistaken vain boasting for pure faith, and haughty presumption for true assurance. They who are really possessed of this grace are always very tender of the Lord's will. It constrains them to walk humbly with God. A king's courtier knows that conduct is expected of him far beyond that of ordinary subjects. He would not encroach upon the freedom he enjoys in approaching his sovereign, lest by any negligence or impropriety he should forfeit the good esteem and grateful smile of his royal master. He is not afraid that the king would kill him, nor is he in terror as if his majesty were a tyrant. But he is jealous of himself, lest he should provoke the king to take away the light of his countenance from him. And to any child of God who has once enjoyed the favour of heaven's eternal King, and basked in the light of that countenance which beams with grace and glory, there is no attraction in all the world that can compare with the peace and pleasure in which he abides. True assurance of faith is a humble thing, a comforting thing, a sanctifying thing, and it should therefore be the desire of all faithful hearts.

*This assurance of which the Psalmist speaks is a personal matter.* "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." Oh, beloved! we must have personal dealings with our God. No proxy will avail. Churches may invent what ordinances they please to gratify their notions of expediency, but there can be no sponsors in godliness: the thing is irrational, it is impossible. Every vow and every offering to be acceptable must have its own proper individuality. No eyes but thine own can acceptably weep for thy sin. No heart but thine own can acceptably be broken and contrite for thy transgressions. Thou thyself must repent. Even the Holy Ghost cannot repent for thee as some seem to imagine. He works repentance in thee, but thou must thyself repent. And as to faith, that must be the looking with the spiritual eye to Christ, and resting on Him with thy whole heart. Another cannot do it for thee. National religion—if it be depended upon for personal acceptance—is the most deceitful of all delusions. What availeth it that we call ourselves a Christian nation if God does not call us so? Might we not be pronounced a heathen nation if we were polled? Take a survey of this great city, and see how many there are who never enter the House of Prayer, who spend the entire Sabbath in idleness, or seek their own pleasure in sensual pursuits. What multitudes there are who scarcely know the name of Jesus! Are these Christians? It is a pity we should lend the slightest sanction to such an empty profession. While men live as heathens, we ought to deal with them as such, and seek to convert them from darkness unto God's marvellous light. And as to the religion which descends in families, this will not suffice, though it be perpetuated from generation to generation. Not a drop of true religion comes in the blood. You are all born of a corrupt stock, and you naturally bear the image of the earthy. If, however, you are born of God, it is not of flesh nor of blood, nor of the will of man, but of God. "Ye must be born again" is as true of the child of a long generation of godly ancestors, as it is of the young Hottentot in the

kraal, who never heard the Saviour's name. "Ye must be born again" is of universal application. A personal work of the Spirit of God in each individual soul there must be, and the assurance we ought to pant after is our own personal assurance, our own individual interest in the salvation of Jesus Christ. Hast thou thought of this, dear hearer, or, thinking of it, hast thou trifled with it? Let me urge thee, since thou wilt have to die alone, since through the iron gates thou must pass as solemnly as others, since in the awful balances thou must be weighed alone, and before the last tribunal thou must come as a separate spirit—I beseech thee seek Christ, seek union with Him, that so thou mayest have a blessed companion in thy death, and in thy everlasting destiny. These vast congregations are made up of units. Oh! that I knew how to reach your conscience one by one. O man! awake to righteousness. Thy brother's conversion, thy sister's salvation, thy mother's piety, thy father's grace—how will these avail thee? Thank God if so be thou hast such relatives, for therein God has been so kind to thee. But how will they comfort thee, if thou be cast out? What drops of water can they administer to thy burning tongue, if thou be cast away into the place of torment thyself? Oh! I beseech thee, be eager, be earnest, be anxious with a sacred covetousness, to make thine own calling and election sure. It is a personal assurance that we must seek after; so shall our souls be joyful in the Lord, and in His salvation we shall exceedingly rejoice.

But, remember, lest any should be mistaken, that the assurance David sought was *purely spiritual*. When he says "Say," it is "Say unto *my soul*." We do not expect that God will make fresh revelations to us. We are far from believing that voices heard, or visions seen, or supposed to be seen, or dreams can give any satisfactory evidence of the Divine love to any man. I am ashamed of such ministers as would encourage their hearers in the conviction that their fancies are to be taken as assurances from God. Why, were you to dream to-night that you were in hell, thank God it would not send you there. Or, were you to dream that you were in heaven, it would not carry you there. If you think that you see angels, or that you hear voices—well, there is much pretence in your tales, but little profit you will ever derive from them. Think as you like about your own experiences, but attempt to build any inference upon them, and your construction will prove a baseless fabric. Such things furnish no grounds of dependence. Whether there may ever be supernatural manifestations of this kind to some men, or whether they can have a good effect upon their minds are questions which I will not discuss, but that these visionary things can afford any evidence of the favour of God I utterly deny. The voice which alone can confirm you is the voice of God to your soul, to your mind, to your spirit; not to your ears, not to your eyes. Salvation is a spiritual thing. It belongs not to external sounds, nor to external impressions upon the eye. There is an eye inside the eye, an ear far quicker than this organ of sense. It is with that inner eye that thou must see God, and with this inner ear that thou must hear the voice of God saying unto thy soul, "I am thy salvation." Be sure that you cultivate always a spiritual religion. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship Him." The assurance that comes from God is addressed to the heart, to the mind, to the con-

science, to the soul—it is purely spiritual. Seek not, therefore, after visions, fancies, miracles, signs, and wonders, but believe when God speaks to your heart, according to all the statutes and testimonies, the precepts and promises which are contained in the sure word of revelation.

And now mark this well, the assurance craved is *Divine*. “Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.” Do you ask in what manner does God Himself tell a man that He is his salvation? He does it simply enough through His Word. If I read in God’s Word I shall not find my name enrolled there among the saved; if I did I should be suspicious that perhaps I was not the person intended. I should be rather dubious as to the spelling of the name, or I might be apprehensive that there was another individual of that same name. But when I find myself properly and fully described, then I cannot doubt my own identity. For instance, it is written “He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved.” Very well, I have believed—I know I have—I know I trust Christ with all my heart. I have also, in obedience to His Word, been baptised. Therefore, if the testimony of God’s Word be true—plain and designed to make mistakes impossible—that “he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved,” the conclusion is reached, the problem is solved, the evidence is transparent. When you find a description answering to yourself, you have only to accept the distinct statement of God’s Word. And, mark you, God’s Word in that old Book—this blessed Bible—is as good as if He rent the heavens and spoke right out from the excellent glory. It is just as sure and as steadfast to the souls who believe it to be His Word as if He did speak with a trumpet, or as if He sent a message through an angel. “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.” Thou hast but to make sure that thou believest on the Son and thou hast God’s assurance that thou hast everlasting life. But, over and above the testimony or Word, which is as clear as a mathematical demonstration—though Euclid is not more reliable than Moses and the Prophets—there comes a vital force to God’s people with the Word, constraining them to perceive the meaning and to accept it. This mysterious energy comes from the Holy Ghost Himself. Of this we cannot speak to those who have not proved it, for we only know it and understand it by its effect—quickenings us, enlightening our understanding, speaking to us, and saying of God to our soul that He is our salvation.

Moreover, it is an *immediate assurance*. “Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.” That is a pressing cry for prompt succour. It meant in David’s case that present moment. We, reading it, take it for this very hour. Beware of postponing the expectation of assurance until when you are about to die. You have no more reason to expect it then than to expect it now. If you are content to live in doubt and slur over the disquietude of your soul in the vigour of your days, you will probably be haunted with gloomy misgivings when the time of your departure arrives. It is your duty and your privilege as a believer not to stand wavering over God’s promise, but, knowing it is truthful, to accept it with unstaggering faith. I can understand a man doubting whether he is truly converted or not, but I cannot countenance his apathy in resting quiet till he has solved the riddle. You may say—

“’Tis a point I long to know.”

But, oh! beloved, how can you trifle, how can you give sleep to your eyes till you have known it? Not know whether you are in Christ or not;—perhaps unreconciled, perhaps condemned already, perhaps upon the brink of hell, perhaps with nothing more to keep you out of Tophet than the breath that is in your nostrils, or the circulating drop of blood which any one of ten thousand haps or mishaps may stop, and then your career is closed—your life story ended. What, sit on such a volcano, take it easy on the brink of such a precipice, and content yourself with merely saying—“I am but a doubting one”? I entreat thee, I beseech thee shake off this sluggishness. Ask the Lord to say unto thy soul to-night, “I am thy salvation.” He is able, and He is willing; you know that, beloved. He will do it for you when you eagerly seek it from Him. How often does He suddenly disperse the doubts that overshadow us like clouds? An autumnal day like yesterday. What a strange, fitful atmosphere we breathed. How fiercely the wind blew; how heavily the rain fell! and then, how quickly afterwards, the soft sunshine made the earth look cheerful and the heart of man feel glad. Perhaps you may be dull and heavy, or the rain-drops of your weeping, and the winds of your fears howling about you. Of a sudden the rain may stay, the clouds disperse, the clear shining come about you. God, by His dear Son, through His Spirit, may shine unto your soul at once. You may come in very heavy-burdened, and go out very light-hearted. You may be exceedingly depressed, and, on a sudden, your soul may be like the chariots of Amminadab. Your attire may be changed from mourning to dancing, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. You may rejoice in tribulation, if the light gleam from His chambers. Pray, then. Let your soul now breathe out the prayer—“Oh! my God, if indeed I have relied upon Thy dear Son to be all in all to me, whisper to my heart the full assurance of my everlasting safety and my present acceptance in the Beloved.”

The Lord answer such a petition to every troubled spirit.

III. And now, WHAT LESSONS DOES THE TEXT TEACH? Surely it teaches us this:—

*If we want boons from God let us pray for them.* David wanted assurance, he wanted comfort, and he prayed for both one and the other. The quickest road to spiritual wealth is prayer. Every prayer is like a ship sent to the Tarshish of spiritual riches to bring us back treasures better than gold or silver, or precious stones. Let us not be lax in the commerce lest our wealth decline. Every cry to God from the true heart brings a result. You see the men in the belfry sometimes down below with the ropes. They pull them, and if you have no ears that is all you know about it. But the bells are ringing up there; they are talking and discoursing sweet music up aloft in the tower. And our prayers do, as it were, ring the bells of heaven. They are sweet music in God's ear, and as surely as God hears, He answers; for indeed, in Scripture, to hear and to answer are precisely the same things. Praying breath is not spent in vain. They that truly cry shall find that passage true, “The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.” If a man may have anything for the asking, and he will not ask, he deserves to go without. Why, if thou mayest have assurance of every precious thing merely for the asking—and assuredly thou mayest—

if thou wilt not knock and intercede at mercy's door, if thou be such a fool, who is to be blamed but thyself? Be much in prayer, beloved. What I say unto you I say especially unto myself. Yet I would press this home upon believers with the more earnestness, because these times are so full of labour and anxiety that they rob Christians of the opportunity for much prayer. Oftentimes, too, we get so fatigued and weary that we have not the inclination to pray as we should. I like to think of Welch, who used to cast a Scotch plaid over the bed where he rested at night, and would always rise in the night and cast this plaid about him, and pray for one or two hours; and he says in his Biography, "I cannot understand how a man can sleep through the night without prayer." That is a point to which few of us have ever thought of coming. David Brainerd, too, speaks of rising one morning by four of the clock, and the sun had not risen at six, and he says that in those two hours of prayer he had so wrestled with God that he was wet with perspiration. Such was the earnestness of his spirit as he pleaded before the Lord. I am afraid we do not practise much of this sacred importunity. We are sad hands at this devout exercise, whereby saints became famous in the days gone by. God restores to us the spirit of prayer, and all other blessings will come as the result.

Another lesson is this. *Let every one of us be satisfied when we get a word from God.* This was all David wanted. Would God only say, though not do anything. He did not ask Him to interfere practically, or put out His hand to help, but only to say. If you go into the city you may find plenty of merchants who, by simply writing their names, can enable you to get from the Bank shovelfuls of gold. Think ye not, then, that God's promises always stand to us as good as their fulfilment? Will ye blow upon His credit? Will ye refuse to take Him at His word? I think I heard a brother ask the other day—I know I did—at family prayer, that we might trust God where we could not trace Him. I have heard that prayer many times before. I have prayed it myself, I am sorry to say. But is it not rather a wicked prayer, if you scan it narrowly? Should any one say at our Monday-night prayer-meeting, "Grant, O Lord, that we may be able to trust our minister when we cannot see him!" I think I should want to know a little about what that brother thought of me. I am sure if I prayed like that for any of you I should be likely to see you in the vestry before long to learn my cause for suspecting your character. How dare we, then, pray such a thing about our God? Yet I suppose this never struck us in that light. It seemed very proper. That is just because we have not learned yet to believe in God. If the Son of Man were to come into this world, would He find pure faith among His disciples? Talk of Diogenes with his lantern looking for an honest man! Were God to look with the sun, He could hardly discover a believing man. Mr. Muller, of Bristol, believes in God for the support of his benevolent institution, and God supplies him with all his needs; but whenever you speak about him you say, "What a wonderful thing!" Has it come to this, that in the Christian Church it is accounted a marvel for Christians to believe in the promises of God, and something like a miracle for God to fulfil them? Does not this wonderment indicate more clearly than anything else how fallen we are from the level of faith at which we ought constantly to live? If the Lord wants to surprise His people, He

has only at once to give an answer to their prayers. No sooner had they obtained their answer than they would say, "Who would have thought it!" Is it really surprising that God should keep His own promise? Oh, what unbelief! Oh, what wretched unbelief on our part! We ask and we receive not, because we do not believe in God. We waver; we must not expect to receive anything at His hand except what He chooses to give as a gratuity; an act of sovereign mercy, not a covenanted blessing. We do not get what we might have as the reward of faith, because we have not got the faith that He honours. I like that story of a godly old woman, who, when told of God's answering prayer, supplemented with a reflection—"Is not that wonderful?" replied, "No, it is just like Him. Of course He answers prayer; of course He keeps His promise." We ought to consider it a right, natural, and blessed thing that believing prayer should be answered, and that faith should have its reward. Christian, rest content with a word from God, and be satisfied therewith. And as for those of us who have been living in the enjoyment of the full assurance of our own salvation (and, God be praised! there are some of us who do not often have doubts and fears), how thankful we should be! God likes to give to those who are grateful. Men like to put their jewels into a good setting, and a grateful heart is a fit setting for so gracious a mercy. God loveth to pour the river of His bounty along the channel of grace in the soul. Be thankful, and you will keep your assurance—perhaps, keep it untouched till you die. It is a rare thing, I suppose, though I have known one or two holy men of God who have told me that they did not remember, for the space of thirty years, having been left to question their interest in Christ; they had enjoyed unbroken communion with Him. Wherefore, then, should they doubt it? May we even come to that assurance, if so it please the Master!

In what way, however, can we better *show our gratitude than by comforting and assisting such as have not this blessing?*

"Thousands in the fold of Jesus  
This attainment ne'er could boast;  
To His Name eternal praises,  
None of these shall e'er be lost,  
Deeply graven  
On His hands their names remain."

Hast thou faith? Thou art saved, even if thy faith should not develop into assurance. As the Puritan well said, "Faith is necessary to the being of a Christian, assurance is necessary to his well-being." Yet, mark you, it is a great necessity. Let us try to comfort, then, such as are distracted, and distressed, and bowed down. When the Lord seeth that we are using our strength and our joy for the help of the rest of the family for whom He cares, He will give us yet more abundantly, and make us to be stewards of the manifold grace of God in the midst of the Church. Thus shall we glorify His name while we cultivate happiness in our own bosoms.

I would that all whom I now address could have this assurance. Some of you, alas! have not faith. "All men have not faith," said the Apostle. Too true is this testimony! Soul, wouldst thou have faith?

Consider what it is. Thou hast to believe in God made flesh. Think of the Son of God bleeding on the tree. It is at the cross-foot that faith is brought to light. If thou wouldest get faith, Christ must give it thee. Look to Him for the power to believe as well as for the grace to receive all the benefits that follow. May He give it to thee now! To thee, oh, seeker, He will give it. While thou art seeking salvation, thou shalt find it nigh thee. He will say to thy soul, "I, even I, am thy salvation."

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### GRAPHIC SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

#### THE MAN OF ONE TALENT.

##### PART IV.

IN conducting the infant class Sam Spring found out the latent talent that he possessed. His *forte* was evidently amongst the young. He felt drawn towards them as the magnetic needle is drawn towards the north. And they were equally at home with him. If through illness or any other cause he was unavoidably absent from his class, and a substitute had to be found, numberless inquiries were sure to be made about the cause of his absence, and he was certain to receive a glad welcome when once more he put in an appearance. But when he found himself well versed in his infantile duties, he longed to do something more for Jesus. Could he not do, in some humble way, more still to show his love for Him? Might not this talent be still further developed in some other useful direction? Should he become a preacher? Well, it was possible that he might be able to preach, at least to rustic congregations; but then if he did so on Lord's days he would have to give up his infant class, and that was a sacrifice he could never make. No; it must be something that he could do on the week day, and what

was that? For some time the question was pondered over, and at last the answer came. But this time it did not come through Mr. Parsons; he had not to go to him to solve the riddle. It came to him in another way, and one too that proved quite as effectual.

In the Sunday-school library was a little work, written by the Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, entitled *Working for Jesus: or, Individual Effort for the Salvation of Precious Souls*.<sup>\*</sup> This volume having been recommended to him by the librarian, he took it home for perusal. And very delighted he was with it. He read it, and re-read it, and read it again, until he had almost mastered its contents. It showed him how he might be useful and win souls for Christ without donning the white necktie, mounting the pulpit, or being dignified with the title of reverend! That was just what he wanted. The last thing he desired was to be anything like a professional. If he could but win souls for Christ without that he should be happy. And this book said it could be done. It started by putting the question, "How are the masses to be Christianized? How are all the grades of society, from the lowest to the highest, to be brought to Jesus?" This was the

<sup>\*</sup> Religious Tract Society. Price 8d.

question that he had often put to himself, and he longed not only for its solution but to know how he might have some hand in bringing it about. The preface to the book served to open up the matter to his mind distinctly and clearly. It said,—

“It is acknowledged that when ministers of the Gospel have done their best there is still a vast outlying field untouched. The ordained ministry is only a part of God’s plan. Here the mistake has been made. Ministers have had all the work cast upon them, and thus one of the chief channels of vitality has been taken from the Church, leaving it cold, heartless, and dead. The ministry has its place in the Divine order, and we should grievously err if we were to disparage it. But God’s plan is broader, deeper, and more thorough than mere clerical service; it embraces ALL who believe, ALL who know, and love, and live in Jesus. Upon each one in his peculiar sphere He calls for ministry. And believers being of every rank and grade in society, through them in their own position He seeks to subject the world to His sceptre. This is the natural way, and therefore the easiest. It has been proved so in the labours of Harlan Page and others who have imbibed his spirit. Like draws to like. The poor sympathise most with the poor—the rich with the rich. These natural laws are to be put under tribute in the service of the King. The renewed heart of the beggar, or the merchant, or the prince is to act in fullest freedom, under the power of the truth in the hand of the Spirit, in the proclamation of the good news, each saying to his neighbour ‘Know the Lord.’ Then all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest. The great work shall be compassed.

Individual effort for the salvation of precious souls is what is wanted to-day. Then shall public preaching be more prolific, churches better filled, thousands of souls saved, and the earth blessed.”

This extract sufficed to show him that in his humble sphere, without moving out of it at all, or giving up a fraction of his special work in the Sunday-school, he might be made use of by the Lord to extend His kingdom. It could be done by working with individuals. He must not wait until he could find opportunities of talking to hundreds, or even tens, about Christ; he must take every opportunity afforded him of talking to “the ones.” Man must grapple with man; heart must be brought in contact with heart. It is by individual talk on the part of the children of darkness that tens of thousands are ruined; it must be by individual talk on the part of the children of light that multitudes must be saved. And for this, as the book showed, there was Scriptural precedent. It was in this way that Christianity was first made known and extended. It was in this way that Andrew brought Peter to Jesus; that Philip brought Nathanael; that the woman of Samaria brought a rich harvest of the Samaritans. It was in this way, too, that Philip brought the eunuch to the knowledge of the Saviour, and sent the first-fruits of Africa’s sable sons “on his way rejoicing.” And then what a host had been gathered in since through the same individual instrumentality! This book pointed out to him many such successful labourers and their methods of working. For instance, he read with joy the following:—

“The examples of successful working recorded in the Word and elsewhere strengthen faith. Look at that carpenter who is ever at work



in the vineyard of the Lord: Harlan Page is his name. In the Sabbath school, in the factory, in the boarding-house, in the work-room of the Tract Society, in the monthly concert of Sabbath school teachers, he is ever busy, instructing, winning, and inciting both sinners and saved. Consider that day labourer, Robert Annan: with tracts in hand for distribution, with chalk in pocket to write Scripture sentences on the pillars and pavements, and with love in his heart and ready words on his tongue, he is ever engaged for the glory of his Lord. No time is lost—his daily labour is dignified with duty for Christ performed; his nightly toil is that of angelic ministry in the lanes and closes of Dundee. Time would fail to speak of William C. Burns, Adelaide Newton, John Milne, Murray M'Cheyne, W. H. Hewitson, Rowland Hill, William Carvosso, David Sandeman, Asahel Nettleton, Hedley Vicars, and the long line of Christ's Legion of Honour who have blessed this earth with their seraphic zeal, and saintly presence, and clustering fruits. What they accomplished is within the reach of every one of us, if we would but use our talents and opportunities well. What man has done, man may do."

This short, stirring quotation, and several more of like character which any reader can peruse for himself by simply ordering the book, set Sam Spring's soul on fire to follow in the footsteps of these great and good men. He knew many in the district in which he lived to whom he could, at fitting opportunities, speak individually about Christ, give a Gospel tract, or try to bring to the Lord's house. But before he could hope to succeed in this "home missionary" work he felt that he must first of all take the matter to the Lord. Without Him he could

do nothing. His love must first fill his soul; His grace must dwell richly in his heart; His truth must give light to his understanding; He must ever be present to teach him when to speak and when to be silent—what to say, and how to say it—what to do, and what to leave undone. But once having given himself to this work, as God might help him, he would not, let his success be small or great, be easily induced to give it up. It should be with him a life work. To put his hand to the plough and look back would be to prove himself unfit for the kingdom of God. That must never be. He saw now, as he had never seen it before, that every Christian was placed in a given locality to do that locality spiritual good. It was his duty *there* to be "a burning and shining light." There was not the slightest necessity for a removal to a "more congenial sphere," or a more likely neighbourhood. If that ever came to pass, God, by His providence, would plainly indicate it. *The fact of being fixed in a place is a proof that God would have the Christian resident work in that place.* All in the house should know that a Christian dwelt in it. All in the street should become acquainted with the same fact. And, as far as practicable, the same blessed fact should, by the believer's Christlike life, influence, and work be spread all around. These are the Christians the world wants to see and would believe in. They would indeed be "lights in the world," and as the "city set upon a hill, that cannot be hid." The reading of this book was the means of leading our friend, Sam Spring, into this truth; and in our closing chapter we hope to show how, with his one talent, he put it into practice.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## PRIESTLY ABSOLUTION.

BY T. W. MEDHURST.

"Why doth this *man* thus speak blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God only?"—MARK ii. 7.

IF Christ had not been "over all, God blessed for ever," the scribes had been justified in charging Him with blasphemy when He said unto the man sick of the palsy, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." They but stated a fact when they asked the question, "Who can forgive sins but God only?" To pardon the sinner is the most glorious display of the whole of the attributes of God.

The melancholy history of error teaches us this great and instructive lesson, that the moment we depart from "that which is noted in the Scripture of truth," and commit ourselves to other teaching than that contained in the Word of God, we become involved in a labyrinth of difficulty and contradiction, we are plunged into a sea of perplexity and doubt, and are become the sport of every wind of doctrine and of every wave of unbelief. Then, if God interpose not His sovereign grace to stay our onward progress, we shall soon be dashed to pieces on the bleak, rock-bound shore of utter scepticism. God will abandon the daring adventurer to ceaseless, agonising doubt. It is the very nature of error to propagate itself. One false doctrine invariably leads to another. The notion that ministers are "priests," leads to the notion of baptismal regeneration, to the erection of an altar, to the idea of a sacrifice thereon, to the practice of confession of sin, and to the fancied power of being able to give absolution. These are heresies naturally springing the one from the other. Scripture plainly teaches that we have but one Priest, our Lord and

Saviour Jesus Christ, and that He alone can absolve the sinner from his sins, and that He freely and fully pardons every sinner who believes in His name. He refuses forgiveness to none. It would be easy to trace the blasphemous and monstrous assumption of Tractarianism and of Ritualism to two causes. The substitution of the Church for Christ, and the unwarrantable exaltation of a Christian ministry into a priesthood. The following extracts from Tractarian sources will prove its bold assumption of priestly power. Out of their own mouth we condemn them:—

One writer says—"It is the Church to which we are to look for the fulfilment of those gracious words, 'He shall not break the bruised reed, nor shall He quench the smoking flax.' When once this glorious and ennobling view of a Christian's relation to Christ in His Church has been received, it must seem superfluous to draw distinctions between confession to God and confession to man." Again, "Christ is continually incarnate in His Church." Once more, "In the hands of whose rulers the ordinances of life are deposited." Again, "The Confessor is the Church." Again, "The Reformers refused to discern in the Catholic and Apostolic Church the one body of Christ in her priesthood, the authorised dispensation of His power, and the abiding capability of His functions."

We have searched the New Testament through to discover some proof that any order of men under the Christian dispensation are entitled to be called priests. We have searched in vain. Scripture knows nothing of any other priesthood under the Gospel dispensation than the priesthood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that of all be-

lievers in Him. There can be no priests in the Church of Christ, seeing there is no sacrifice now to be offered, Jesus having offered Himself the one only and perfect sacrifice for sins for ever. The Greek word, *heireis*, is used in the New Testament to denote three orders of priesthood. The Jewish, to which none could belong but those of the family of Aaron and the tribe of Levi. Paul says perfection was not by the Levitical priesthood, hence there was a necessity for another priest who was not after the order of Aaron, or of the tribe of Levi. The Jewish priesthood is therefore done away to make room for the priesthood of Christ, who is "a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedec, whose is an unchangeable priesthood, a priesthood which passes not from one to another." The third order of priesthood is the Pagan, as in the Acts xiv. 13, "The priest of Jupiter."

We have been unable to find in the New Testament one solitary passage teaching us that we should make confession of sins to man. Scripture does enjoin us to confess our faults "one to another," but that is another and altogether different thing from making confession. Confession of sins must be made to God, who alone hath right and power to forgive sins. Nor have we met with even an isolated text that seems to favour the idea that "our Lord Jesus Christ has left power to His Church to absolve sinners." There is no such text to be found. To absolve from sin is the sole prerogative of God.

Learn the absolute folly of going to man for absolution. If you go, what benefit will accrue? You go and you return as you went, your sins still remaining in all their number, heinousness, and guilt, in all their aggravation and woe: not

one is blotted out, not one is cancelled, not one is lessened. Man may have absolved them, but they are not pardoned by God. Man may have pronounced them forgiven, but God has declared He will by no means clear the guilty." You have to do in this the greatest and most solemn of all transactions with God, through the mediation of Jesus, and with God only, through the mediation of Jesus. He who calls himself a "priest," is but a man, a poor, guilty, mortal man like unto yourself. Absolve you? monstrous absurdity; why he cannot absolve himself! Forgive you? awful delusion! he needs to be forgiven himself. If he can save you from hell, surely he can save himself. If he cannot save himself, how can he save you, unless he be in the place of Jesus, who would not save Himself and come down from the cross, because He would save those whom His Father had given Him? Ask him first to save himself, then to save you, and you summon him to a work which only Omnipotence can perform, thus making a mortal, sinful man equal with the Almighty God. Be deceived, be cheated, be deluded no longer. Let no man keep you from going at once to God, through His only and well-beloved Son Jesus Christ, of whom alone is it declared, "He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all who believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." "This man receiveth sinners," and He will receive you if you go to Him. Go to Him just as you are, and He will not cast you out, because He is mighty to save.

*Landport, Portsmouth.*

## GRACIOUS TREATMENT.

BY REV. W. ABBOTT.

"A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench, till He send forth judgment unto victory."—MATT. xii. 20.

THE two sides of the Redeemer's character are brought out with much force and interest in the paragraph before us. He is here the Prince full of Majesty, the Saviour full of mercy. He is able and willing to save, rich and generous to bless; powerful to help, and as compassionate to befriend.

We have also the adaptation of His Gospel to all states of mind, classes of life, and in all ages and all parts of the world. It brings good news, and sets the Saviour before them all. Facts also show its adaptation; cases to the point of saved sinners are reported to us. For this aspect of the Gospel we thank God.

The text is both prophecy and history—a prophecy that has come true, and as true is most precious, "a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance."

The Redeemer is here represented in the exercise of His grace; in its objects, process, and issue.

*First.*—The *objects* of the Redeemer's grace. Those persons whose states of mind are described by the metaphors, "bruised reed," "smoking flax." The subjects gathered into His spiritual kingdom are here represented by these figures of speech. This is not the class of subjects a haughty monarch would select, but just the opposite—those full of spirit and bravery. Concerning Christ's it is said, "Not many mighty, not many noble are called. God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

These metaphors may apply to

many cases, but in a spiritual sense to those minds bruised under a conviction of sin, who feel the pressure and burden of it, who long for pardon, freedom, and salvation through Jesus Christ, there are many bruising, crushing troubles, temptations, persecutions, that require the compassion of Jesus to bind up and bear up the broken spirit.

It has been said that the bruised reed represents the negative side of religion, and the smoking flax the positive. We may add that the one may represent the passive, and the other the active state of the soul under the influence of the grace of Christ. There is in a bruised and contrite spirit a deep and powerful sense of sin; a living, though feeble desire for the Saviour, for pardon, healing, and revival.

In many Christians this is the state of mind for years, and perhaps through life. There is a little life, but many fears; there is hope in Christ, but much depression. There is a feebleness of gifts and graces. There may be gleams of joy, but no continued sunshine; glimpses of heaven, but many obscuring clouds; hopes of heaven, but many fears of getting there. Such need the compassion of the Saviour to help them on.

*Second.*—The *process* of the Redeemer's grace. "He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." He will deal patiently and gently with them. He will not treat the bruised reed as useless, nor the smoking flax as offensive; but will bind up the one, and raise the other to a bright and useful flame.

"He'll never quench the smoking flax,

But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed He never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name."

What proof and illustration this prophetic description of the Redeemer's character received during His public ministry, in the many applicants that sought His mercy and power to help and succour them. His heart is still touched with our griefs, and is ready to supply our needs. His grace is great, near at hand, and freely bestowed.

*Third.*—The *issue* of the Redeemer's grace. "Till he send forth judgment unto victory," intimating that His Gospel shall be successful, and His grace victorious. How often the power and peace of religion are proved on a sick and dying bed. During the life the experience may have been fearful and desponding, but in death the

all-sufficient grace of Christ has raised the dying above weakness and pain, and given calm, sure joy, if no ecstasy.

Here is the spiritual victory; the enemy seeks to perplex and depress the weak and timid, but the Captain of salvation renews their strength, so that "out of weakness they become strong." "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

So shall His cause succeed, and His kingdom extend in the world; His truth shall propagate and prevail; its light shall impress, its sunshine give joy, and its genial influence be seen in myriads of converts doing ceaseless honour to the Saviour.

*Blunkam.*

## Things Grave and Pleasant.

### SUPPLY EXPERIENCES.

#### II.

GEORGE SCOTT.

THE beneficial results of religion in the present life are often spoken of, but perhaps are not enforced with all the emphasis they deserve. While the greatest result of conversion will be reaped in the future, numerous blessings in the present life may be traced to the same source. The following simple incident has deeply impressed this fact upon my mind.

No one in the little village of L— was better known than George Scott. His notoriety was not the result of his remarkable talents, nor was it due to any manifestations of superior cleverness. He was famous simply because he was the laziest

and most mischievous lad in the whole village. It was very seldom that he crossed the threshold of the parish school, and as there was at that time no School Board officer to look up the truants, he contrived to lead a lazy, purposeless life. His widowed mother, a respectable hard-working woman, was sorely puzzled to know what to do with him; but as it was evident that he would not go to school, she sought to obtain some work for him in the village. Out of consideration for her several farmers and tradesmen agreed to give him a trial, but very speedily were compelled to get rid of him again. Farmer Barnard, to whom he went first, declared that such an outrageous young scamp would come to no good end; and Mr. Foxley, the grocer, who caught him one day scattering pepper about when the shop was full of customers, as-

serted that it was utterly useless to attempt to improve such a rascal.

It was about this time that I first remember to have seen young Scott. I had been sent down to stay with some friends at L— in order to recruit my health during the mid-summer holidays, and just after I arrived my friends were persuaded by Mrs. Scott to give George a trial on their farm. As I had the full run of the establishment I was frequently brought into contact with this incorrigible scapegrace, and I am afraid that I used to listen to the stories of his rebellion and mischief with more of admiration than displeasure. My acquaintance with George was not attended with any beneficial results to myself. I became the instrument by which he effected his mischievous tricks, and on more than one occasion received the blame and punishment which in justice ought to have been his. One day he induced me to mount a skittish colt that had the run of the paddock in the rear of the farmhouse, and no sooner had I mounted than he startled the horse into a violent gallop. Being a Londoner, and almost of consequence an unskilful horseman, it was not long before I was deposited, with soiled and torn clothes, in the bottom of a ditch. This exploit, coming on the top of other faults, secured George's dismissal from the farm, and as my stay at L— was not prolonged I saw no more of my companion in mischief. It did not, however, occasion me any great surprise to learn soon after that, in consequence of the robbery of an orchard and other petty acts of dishonesty, he had been sent to a Reformatory for several years.

A considerable time had elapsed since these events, and I had almost forgotten the existence of George Scott, when one Sunday I went to

supply the pulpit of a friend in the town of W—, not a very great distance from the metropolis. On the Sunday afternoon a person came to the house where I was staying, with the request that I would go at once to see a man who was very ill and appeared to be dying. I readily followed the messenger, who led the way to a back street of the town and into a house which bore every mark of poverty. At the bidding of my guide I ascended the stairs to a room—half garret, half loft—at the top of the house, and here, stretched upon some straw in the darkest corner, lay the man I had come to see. It was evident at once, from the little notice he took of my entrance and the gruff manner in which he replied to, or rather repelled, my inquiries, that I had been summoned at the wish of the woman who kept the house, rather than his own. Seeing, however, that he was very weak and evidently dangerously ill, I was determined to press the truths of the Gospel upon his notice, and accordingly began to speak of the great change which awaits us all but which seemed to be so very near him, and the importance of being ready whenever we might be called. Such words seemed to rouse his anger as well as his fear, for, turning round suddenly, he exclaimed, in a voice in which wrath and terror were strangely blended, "I'm not a-going to die yet; I'll get better without any of your cant." Almost as soon as he turned his face to the light I recognised him. Sadly altered, indeed, by the indulgence of vice and the inroads of disease, but still it was George Scott plainly enough. In my astonishment I uttered his name; he looked up in surprise, as he was passing in his lodgings under a false one. He did not at first remember me; but when I re-

minded him of where we had met he was evidently glad to see me, and not a little affected at the memory of his earlier life and of his good old mother, who some years before had been called to her rest. To all my endeavours to impress the truths of religion upon him he seemed to turn a deaf ear. On the Monday morning, before leaving W—, I called to see him again, but came away with little hope that the Word had found an abiding place in his heart. I left a note for the minister, telling him of the case and asking him to see George from time to time.

Two years had elapsed before I again met my friend, the minister at W—. One of the first inquiries I made was concerning George Scott. It was with deep pleasure, and also with no little surprise, that I learned that he had become a member of my friend's church, and was reckoned one of their most active and efficient workers. He had obtained a situation in the town, and

discharged his duties in such a way as to give complete satisfaction to his employers.

From this time I heard none but good accounts of him. In a few years, so steady had been his progress that, with the assistance of a few friends, he was able to establish himself in business and to take to himself a wife. Strange to say, he married a daughter of Farmer Barnard, who had before pronounced him "a young scamp who would come to no good," but who now willingly gave his consent to the match.

Not long since I paid a visit to George, and was pleased to observe the manifest tokens of the prosperity which surrounded him. "Ah, sir," said he, as he showed me into his comfortably furnished parlour and introduced me to his pretty wife, "there's a deal of difference between this and the place you found me in at W—; but it's religion that's done it all!"

J. E. M.

## Tales and Sketches.

### THE LITTLE FRENCH DRUMMER BOY;

#### A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY M. E. B.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

SOME time after, the victorious French troops entered Smolensk.

The Bishop of Smolensk managed to escape in a coach closely shut up, with the sacred image of the Mother of God, who had the repute of having wrought many miracles, but now she was quite unable to save

herself or her superstitious votaries. Still, she was as much an object of worship and veneration as ever!

The little drummer started off for a walk about the town the very day of their arrival; he seemed quite satisfied with the result of his solitary ramble.

He had carefully studied the faces of all the men he saw; he had looked at them with a smiling countenance, and appeared to examine them as minutely as a merchant does the wares he intends purchasing.

It was those blessed with hand-

some flowing beards that excited his interest and admiration.

He saw several Russians with thick, bushy beards, but of so ugly a reddish colour that, after criticising them attentively, he turned away in disgust, and resolved upon going further.

At length, after going up a winding street, he came to the part of the town assigned to the Jews, for here, as in other places in Russia and Poland, they are the chief dealers in every species of merchandise, and have a quarter specially set apart for them to live in.

No sooner had Frolut entered this neighbourhood than his eyes brightened with pleasure.

Picture to yourself the most splendid beards in the world, and moreover as black as ebony; for the Jewish people, scattered among all nations, according to what was foretold by their inspired prophets, and our Saviour Himself, still preserve in a remarkable degree their peculiar features in every respect, even to the shade of their complexion and their lustrous black hair.

So our little drummer was in ecstasies.

At last he seemed to have fully made up his mind how to proceed. He entered a shop where he had noticed a tradesman with a magnificent long black beard.

The shopkeeper came forward, and inquired, in an humble tone and in wretched French—

“What may you want, my little gentleman?”

“I want your beard,” replied Frolut, bluntly.

“My beard!” exclaimed the astonished man; “you are surely joking.”

“I tell you that I mean to have your beard,” replied the proud victor, laying his hand on his sabre; “but I don’t wish to steal it. There is a piece of twenty francs—you can give me the change out of it.”

The unfortunate shopkeeper tried to induce his customer to listen to reason; but he was as obstinate as a mule, and the dispute became so noisy as to attract the attention of some soldiers who were passing. They entered the shop to find out what was going on, and were so highly diverted at the little drummer’s original idea of making the poor Jew sell his beard, that they forced him to sit down, and the barber of the regiment, pulling his razors out of his pocket, began to shave the unhappy Jew; then, with mock solemnity, he presented the splendid black hair to Frolut, who carried it off in triumph.

When he joined his regiment he asked the tailor to sew the hair on a piece of skin off a drum that he had reserved on purpose; and without saying a syllable to any one of his intentions, he deposited the precious beard at the bottom of his knapsack.

For several days this curious adventure was the subject of general gossip with the soldiers; but soon other things had to be thought of; and though Lisette made a point of asking the little drummer what he meant to do with his extraordinary purchase, she could obtain no satisfactory reply from this reserved boy. The utmost he would say on the matter was—

“Time will prove.”

He had evidently determined to keep his secret to himself.

*(To be continued.)*



## Poetry.

## T I R E D.

"*In weariness and painfulness.*"—2 Cor. xi. 27.

Tired! oh, so tired, so weary oft am I,  
Then sweetly comes the thought, there'll be resting by-and-by;  
Rest for the weary limbs, rest for the aching head,  
Rest from all toil and labour, among the quiet dead.

Tired! oh, so tired, oh, how I long for rest,  
When shall I find it, Saviour, upon Thy loving breast?  
When wilt Thou give me wings, that I may fly away,  
To that blessed place prepared, where I shall rest for aye?

Tired! oh, so tired, ah, when will cease this pain?  
Will ease, and health, and strength be ever mine again?  
Cease, cease, my soul, to question. *It is thy Father's will*  
That thou shouldst bear this languor, therefore be still—be still.

Tired! oh, so tired, of the weary strife with sin,  
Of trials from without and temptations from within,  
When shall the fight be finished, and all the strife be done?  
When shall the race be over, and the crown of victory won?

Tired! oh, so tired, and Satan whispers in my breast,  
"Cease for awhile this struggle and take a little rest;  
Thou canst not ever be on guard, nor always watch and pray;"  
Oh God, my God, hold Thou me up, or I shall fall away.

Let me feel that underneath is Thine everlasting arm,  
Shield me in every conflict, protect myself from harm;  
Help me, with meek submission, to rest upon Thy love,  
To bear the cross while here below, then rest with Thee above.

Soon, soon will come the glory of the long-expected day,  
When the gladsome morn shall break and the shadows flee away,  
When the Saviour in His glory with all His saints shall come,  
To gather in His people to their everlasting home.

There we shall no more hunger, shall never thirst again,  
There we shall no more weary, and never feel a pain;  
But day and night unwearied, we shall for ever raise,  
To Him who loved and bought, eternal songs of praise.

S. ox S. August 29, 1873.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. J. MARSHALL, of America, has accepted the invitation of the church at Notherton to become their pastor.

Rev. J. K. Chappell has resigned the pastoral charge of the church at Fakenham, Norfolk, having accepted a call to Shore Chapel, Todmorden, Yorkshire.

Rev. W. M. Lewis has resigned the pastorate of the church at Bridgwater.

Rev. John Evans, of Glyn, Neath, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Tabernacle, Pontypool.

Rev. W. H. Payne, of Bugbrook, Northamptonshire, has accepted a call to the church at Lyndhurst, Hants.

Rev. J. Hart, of Stantonbury, has accepted a call to the church at Potter's-bar, N.

Rev. W. P. Laurence has resigned the pastorate of the church at Gillingham, which he has held for seven years.

Rev. A. Brains, of Winchester, has accepted a call to the church at Holy-road-street, Chard.

Rev. A. F. Mills, of Neath, Glam., has accepted an invitation from North Frederick-street, Glasgow.

Rev. A. Knell, after nearly twelve years' pastorate at Bildeston, has accepted the invitation of the church at Ridgmount, Beds.

Dr. S. G. Green has resigned his connection with Rawdon College, and accepted the office of general editor for the Religious Tract Society, vacant by the appointment of Dr. S. Manning to the secretariat.

An elderly Baptist minister would like to supply a vacant Baptist church two Sundays and longer, provided there be fair promise of fruit and unanimity. Suitable references on application. Sigma, 15, Bedford-terrace, Ealing, Middlesex.

### NEW CHAPELS.

LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE GENERAL BAPTIST WESTBOURNE-PARK CHAPEL.—The church meeting in Praed-street Chapel, under the pastorate of Rev. John Clifford, M.A., LL.B., have succeeded in purchasing a freehold site for a new place of worship at the junction of Porchester-road and Westbourne-villas, near the Royal Oak Station of the Metropolitan Railway. The ceremony of laying the foundation stone took place on Monday, July 10th, when Sir H. Havelock, M.P., attended to discharge this office in the presence of a large assembly. Dr. Landels gave an address, and a statement of some length was made by Mr. Clifford. When built this house of God will seat 1,000 persons, besides giving ample space for schools, class-rooms, &c. The expense will be £8,000. A tea meeting was held in the school-room of Praed-street Chapel, and in the chapel a public meeting, addressed by Mr. Daniel Grant (chairman) and a number of ministers and other friends. The day's collections amounted to £1,120. It is expected that the new church will be opened in about a year. The architect is Mr. J. Wallis Chapman, whose plans promise the erection of a structure noble in appearance and sensibly adapted for its intended purpose.

The foundation stone of a new chapel in White Horse-road, Croydon, to be used as a mission station in connection with Rev. J. A. Spurgeon's church, was laid on Monday, July 10. It is being built at the expense of Mrs. Guerrier, in memory of her father, the late respected Mr. Joynton, of St. Mary Cray. The stone was laid by Mrs. Guerrier's son, and an address delivered by Rev. J. A. Spurgeon.

## PRESENTATIONS.

REV. SAMUEL SKINGLE, on leaving the pastorate of the church at Irvine, Ayrshire, on which he entered about twelve months ago, has been presented at a public meeting in the Town Hall, Provost Paterson presiding, with an address and a purse of thirty-five sovereigns. Rev. H. Reid, M.A., made the presentation. The address was signed by all the ministers of Irvine and Fullerton, and by nearly all the elders of the various churches. Mr. Skingle's Bible-class gave his wife a silver cake-basket; and the Good Templars presented Mr. Skingle with an address, printed in gold and framed. Finally, the personal friends of the pastor and his wife, to the number of about a hundred, entertained them to tea in the Good Templars' Hall, Mr. J. Yuille, senior deacon, presiding.

Rev. H. Dolamore preached farewell sermons on the 11th inst. at the chapel in Stafford, and on Monday was presented with an illuminated address from the members of his theological class, and a purse of £17 from the church.

At Commercial-road Chapel, on the 27th ult., the pastor, Rev. J. Fletcher, on behalf of the friends, presented to Mr. Quiney, the senior deacon, a purse containing £20. Mr. Quiney has been a member of the church forty-seven years, and a deacon twenty-two years.

Rev. J. D. Rodway, of Ramsgate, has been presented, at the second anniversary of his settlement in that place, with a purse of gold.

Rev. J. Argyle has been presented with a testimonial on leaving the pastorate of the church at Chadlington.

## RECOGNITIONS.

CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS.—A pleasant service has recently been held, when the recently-elected pastor was set apart to the work of the ministry. The devotional service was conducted by Rev. J. W. Walker. Rev. R. Colman explained the circumstances under which the building had been erected, and Mr. Thompson invited to become

the pastor of the united church at East Parley and Christchurch; Mr. Thompson stated his reasons for accepting the call of the church; Rev. J. B. Burt offered the ordination prayer; and the Rev. Professor Gotch, of Bristol College, delivered the charge to the pastor from the words, "We then, as workers together with Him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." Tea was also provided in the chapel, and at seven o'clock a public meeting was held, presided over by Dr. Gotch. Rev. J. H. Osborne, of Poole, gave an address on the words, "Encourage your Minister;" Rev. J. B. Burt, of Beaulieu, spoke on the Right and Duty of Dissent; and Rev. J. J. Fitch, of Lymington, urged the importance of church work. Rev. R. Colman, of Bournemouth, then gave the financial statement, from which it appeared that various necessary additions and alterations had increased the debt upon the building to £100. The collection amounted to nearly £4. Brief addresses were afterwards given by Revs. T. Evans, H. C. Leonard, J. W. Walker, and J. Thompson. The meetings were largely attended, many friends having come over from Lymington, Bournemouth, and Poole.

SHREWSBURY.—Services connected with the recognition of Rev. W. W. Robinson as pastor of the church at Claremont-street were held on July 2nd and 3rd. Rev. G. Rogers preached twice on the Sunday, and on Monday evening a pleasant service was held in the chapel. Rev. J. Nisbet Wallace offered the opening prayer, Rev. G. Kettle read the Scriptures, after which Mr. Rogers gave the charge to the pastor, founded on the text "A good minister of Jesus Christ." The charge to the church was delivered by Rev. E. D. Wilkes, secretary of the Shropshire Baptist Association. Nearly every Nonconformist minister in Shrewsbury was present, and several of the Baptist ministers in the county.

REV. W. HILLIER received public recognition on the 12th June as pastor of the church in Prince's Risborough. Among the speakers who welcomed the

new pastor was Mrs. Jackson, sister of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Mrs. Jackson occupied the pulpit of the church on the previous Sunday morning and evening, and preached two excellent sermons.

REV. THOMAS BRAY was recognised as pastor of the church at King's Sutton, Northamptonshire, on the 13th of June. About 212 sat down to tea. W. Cubitt, Esq., took the chair, and the new pastor was very warmly welcomed by the ministers around.

CRANFORD CHAPEL, NEAR HOUNSLOW.—A public meeting was held on Tuesday, July 4th, to recognise Mr. Edgar Hewlett, late of Wilderness-row Chapel, London, as pastor of the church, George Eaton, Esq., presided. The following ministers took part in the proceedings:—Revs. T. G. Atkinson, of Hornsey, T. Davies, Poplar, E. Thomsett, Slaithwate, W.A. Blake, Brentford, and A. Hill, Hayes.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### THE GENERAL BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

It may not be known to all our readers that in 1770 a secession from the General Baptist Assembly took place on account of the growing tendency of many of the ministers and churches to low views of the divinity and sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ. The seceding churches numbered fewer than 2,000 members, but the "New Connexion" now embraces upwards of 22,000 members, and can compare worthily as to its pastorship, village preaching agency, and Sunday-school activities with any other Evangelical communion. Its Foreign Mission in Orissa (British India), though not numerically large, is a model as to the systematic efficiency of its preaching, printing, and school arrangements. The 107th Annual Association (as the General Baptist annual gathering is called) was held at Derby this year, commencing on Monday evening, June 19th, and closing on Thursday night, 22nd. A wonderful amount of useful work was packed into these forty-six business hours, including intermissions

for necessary refreshment. On the Monday evening, besides devotional exercises, a thoughtful paper dealing with sceptical objections to prayer, was read by Rev. W. E. Winks, of Wisbeach. At seven on Tuesday morning an hour's social meeting was occupied with prayer, praise, and a telling address on "Spiritual Life" by Rev. G. W. McCree, of Borough-road Chapel, London. After breakfast the Association was formally constituted and the Presidential chair taken by Rev. W. Buckley, D.D., one of the Orissa missionaries, about to return to his field of loved and lengthened labour. His address to the members of the Association, consisting of ministers and representatives, laid great emphasis on the maintenance of Scriptural views of the atonement, and vigorously repudiated all Romish substitutions for the one great work of the Divine Head of the Church. Mr. F. Thompson, of Derby, was elected vice-chairman of the Association, and Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, acted as secretary. The morning session was held in Osmaston-road Church—an elegant and spacious structure built in Church of England fashion, spire and all—and concluded with an address from Dr. Landels, who attended from the Baptist Union to ask the support of the General Baptists for several of the Union's schemes, particularly the Pastors' Annuity Fund. The doctor met with a cordial welcome, and received some practical responses to his appeal. The afternoon was spent in St. Mary's Gate Chapel—a capacious building of the "meeting-house" order, and circular in shape—where the subscribers to the Foreign Mission, listened to the annual report, and discussed several important questions in relation to Missionary operations, including the work of Father Grassi in Rome, to which the General Baptists are contributing pecuniary aid. In the evening Osmaston-road Chapel was filled to listen to excellent speeches on behalf of the Home Mission, but an unequal division of the time taken by the speakers gave some more than their proper share and others less. Chairmen should guard

against this injustice by regulating the oratory on such occasions. On Wednesday at 7 a.m. a large assembly again met to sing and pray, and benefit by a stirring address by Rev. W. Evans, of Leicester, on the fuller use of Christian privileges and a more grateful enjoyment of their promised blessings. At 9 o'clock a conference on Sunday-school work was held in the London-road Chapel (Congregational). Then back the tide rolled to Osmaston-road Church, where the first and principal Association sermon was preached to a congregation densely filling the entire edifice, service commencing at 11 o'clock. The preacher was Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., of Spalding, who took as his text the words of Jesus: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly" (John x. 10). The sermon was argumentative, eloquent, and impressive; but as the delivery lasted an hour and a half, following a prayer half an hour in duration, all on a broiling day—its perusal will give more enjoyment than was possible in listening to it, though the attention of the congregation was retained to the last. Had it been shorter, however, it had been sweeter; a principle of which preachers are often sceptical in regard to their own productions. In the afternoon St. Mary's Gate Chapel was filled with communicants at the Lord's Supper, the address being given by Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., of Nottingham. In the same place in the evening a crowded meeting was held on behalf of the Foreign Mission, when a storm of thunder and lightning raging outside was symbolic of the rolling rhetoric and flashing wit of the speeches, especially those by Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., of London, and Rev. Giles Hester, of Sheffield. On Thursday morning the Rev. G. Needham winsomely discoursed in St. Mary's Gate Chapel at 7 a.m. on the subject of family religion; and the rest of the day was spent in Osmaston-road Church in hearing the report of the College Committee, discussing, and augmenting the Chapel Building and Loan Fund, reconstitutionising the Home Missionary Society, with a variety of

other matters too numerous to mention here; but allusion must not be forborne to the circular letter on "Christian Giving," read by Rev. J. Fletcher, of Commercial-road Chapel, London. This was humorous, graphic, and persuasive, and just the thing to circulate freely with an assurance of a good return. It is reprinted in a tract form, and can be obtained from Winks and Son, Leicester, at 5s. per 100. The Association concluded its last sitting about 10 o'clock, after resolving that a new hymn-book should be prepared for publication. The report as to the *General Baptist Magazine*, the denominational organ, edited by Rev. J. Clifford, LL.B., was very satisfactory. The Osmaston-road Temperance Society had arranged for a special Temperance meeting in the Temperance Hall, which was largely attended the same evening, and addressed by several ministers in attendance on the Association. Many Baptist and other Christian residents in Derby showed commendable hospitality in providing for the bodily comforts of the members of the Association. An excursion to Melbourne had been planned for the Friday, but this was shorn of its attractions by a disagreeable change in the weather. The great bulk of the visitors did not remain to verify a predicted clearing up at noon, but departed their several ways, glad that they had taken part in engagements so congenial to the Christian spirit, and contributive, as they had reason to believe, to the progress of that Kingdom which is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

ALPERTON, SUDBURY, MIDDLESEX.—The first anniversary meeting was held on Thursday, June 22, when visitors flocked in from Harrow, Brentford, and other adjacent places, as well as from London. The afternoon sermon was preached by Rev. J. R. Wood, of Holloway. Tea was afterwards partaken of in a spacious marquee, and at half-past six a public meeting was held in the chapel. Mr. Harvey, of Greenwich, was to have presided, as he did at the opening last summer, but in his unavoidable absence his place was filled

by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, of Camden Town, addresses being given by the chairman, and the Revs. W. A. Blake, of Brentford, J. Smith, T. R. Finch, and T. Morgan, Lieut.-General Copland-Crawford, and Mr. John Chapman. The collections and donations reached about £250, which, added to the amount previously raised, leaves but a small debt.

**HEYFORD, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**— Jubilee services, in connection with the 50th anniversary of the opening of the chapel, were held July 12th and 13th. The children of the Sunday-school had dinner, tea, and gifts on the former day, and on the 13th the Rev. R. E. Bradfield, of Rushden, preached from Zec. x. 4. Tea was held in the day-school, about 250 being present. An open air meeting was afterwards held, the Rev. J. T. Brown, vice-president of the Baptist Union, presiding. The pastor, Rev. W. H. Payne, read a history of the church, and addresses were delivered by Revs. J. Hedges, of Spratton, T. Henson, of Buckley, and R. E. Bradfield, and Mr. Cosford. There were liberal collections towards the recent renovation of the chapel.

**MR. JOSEPH PETERS** presided, for the eleventh time, being every year since the chapel was erected, at the anniversary of the Kilburn-park Church. It was reported that during the eleven years 1,400 scholars have passed through the Sunday-school. The proceeds amounted to £80, about £60 of which was given by the chairman. The Revs. T. Hall and E. W. Turbox are working together happily as co-pastors. The chapel has been renovated at a cost of £70, and £100 has been paid off the schoolroom debt.

VERY successful meetings have been held to celebrate the opening of the chapel in York, and the first anniversary of the settlement of Rev. T. E. Cozens Cooke as pastor. Rev. G. W. McCree preached twice to large congregations. The proceeds were nearly £40.

THE anniversary of the Sunday-school, Rickmansworth, was held on Lord's-day, July 9th, when two sermons

were preached by the Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford. In the afternoon a meeting was held, when a number of selected pieces were recited and sung by the children, the Wesleyan and Mill-end schools being united with them. An address was also delivered by the Rev. W. A. Blake.

THE first number has appeared of the *County Quarterly*, an organ of the Huntingdonshire churches, edited by Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A., of Huntingdon. Its contents are varied and attractive, and full of local interest.

**FRANKSBRIDGE, RADNORSHIRE.**— Special services were held in the Baptist Chapel, on Thursday and Friday, June 15th and 16th. Sermons were preached to large congregations, by Revs. J. Jones, W. Jenkins, and W. H. Price. A goodly number assembled.

## BAPTISMS.

*Attleborough, Norfolk.*—June 18, One, by E. Mason.

*Bangor.*—June 29, Two; July 2, Three, by C. Davies.

*Bangor.*—July 2, at the English Chapel, Two, by W. H. Bishop.

*Bath.*—July 9, at the Widcombe Chapel, Six, by Jno. Huntley.

*Belfast.*—July 9, at the Regent-street Church, Two, by G. W. Cross.

*Bishop Auckland.*—June 18, Five, by H. Gray.

*Bradford.*—June 25, at Zion Chapel, Twenty-three, by J. W. Ashworth.

*Brynhyffryd, Ebbw Vale.*—June 25, One, by John Griffiths.

*Burford, Oxon.*—July 2, Two, by J. Flory.

*Cardiff.*—July 2, at Bethany Chapel, Ten, by Thos. Phillips.

*Caerwas, Montgomeryshire.*—June 4, Five, by Jacob Nicholas.

*Carlton, Beds.*—June 18, Four, by John Jull.

*Carmarthen.*—June 18, at the Tabernacle, Three; June 21, One, by J. Thomas.

*Chatteris.*—June 25, Four, by H. B. Robinson.

*Chatham.*—June 26, at Zion Chapel, Nine, by James Smith.

*Christchurch, Hants.*—July 1, Three, by J. Thompson.

*Clay Cross*.—June 22, Four, by W. Williams.  
*Cold Inn*, Pemb.—June 11, One, by J. Phillips; July 9, Five, by J. Phillips.

*Conlig*, Ireland.—June 25, One, by John Harris.

*Cullingworth*, Bingley, Yorks.—June 25, Six, by C. B. Berry.

*Derby*.—July —, at Agard-street Chapel, One, by H. A. Blount.

*Doigelly*.—July 2, Two, by H. Morgan.

*Dover*.—July 4, at Salem Chapel, Ten; July 5, Nine, by J. F. Frawin.

*Dunfermline*.—June 21, One, by J. T. Hagen.

*Exeter*.—June 18, at Bartholemew-street Chapel, Five, by E. S. Neale.

*Eye*.—June 25, Two, by W. W. Haines.

*Glascoed*, near Pontypool, Mon.—June 25, Four, by J. Tucker.

*Glasgow*.—June 25, at North Frederick-street, Three, by T. W. Medhurst, of Landport.

*Great Leighs*, Essex.—June 22, Three, by R. C. Sowerby.

*Hamp Stocelmsland*, Cornwall.—June 13, Six, by E. Dingle.

*Holyhead*.—July 2, One, by W. B. Saunders.

*Holyhead*.—July 9, at Bethel, Nine, by R. Thomas.

*Horeb*, Llanelly.—July 2, Seven, by J. G. Phillips.

*Hull*.—June 18, at George-street Chapel, Six, by John Odell.

*Ischam*.—July 2, Four, in the River Lark, by W. E. Davies.

*Launceston*.—June 18, Eight, by J. Wilson.

*Landbeach*, Camb.—June 4, Four, by Mr. Williams.

*Leeds*.—June 29, at Hunslet Tabernacle, Six, by J. Hillman.

*Leeces*.—July 9, Eight, by W. J. Scott.

*Lifton*, Devon.—July 2, Nine, by G. Parker.

*Little Staughton*.—July 4, Three, by W. G. Coote.

*Liverpool*, Old Swan.—June 25, Eight, by D. Jones.

*Liverpool*.—May 31, at Soho-street Chapel Four, by Eli E. Walker.

*Maidstone*.—June 23, at Union-street Chapel, Nine, by G. Walter.

*Malton*.—June 28, Seven, by W. Smith.

*Manchester*.—July 12, at Union Chapel, Six, by A. McLaren, B.A.

*Meltham*, Yorks.—June 29, One, by J. Alderson.

*Melton Mowbray*.—June 18, Five, by J. Tansley.

*Meopham*, Kent.—June 27, Six, by W. K. Dexter.

*Metropolitan District*.—

*Acton*.—July 9, Fourteen, by C. M. Longhurst.

*Barking-road Tabernacle*, Plaistow, E.—June 25, Nine, by R. H. Gillespie.

*Bermondsey*.—June 25, at Drummond-road Chapel, Eight, by J. A. Brown.

*Camberswell*.—June 18, Wyndham-road Chapel, Four, by H. W. Childs.

*Dalston Junction*.—June 25, Six, by A. Carson, M.A.

*Kilburn*.—July 2, at Canterbury-road Chapel, Six, by T. Hall.

*Old Kent Road*.—July 5, Three, by C. F. Styles.

*Metropolitan Tabernacle*.—June 26, 16; June 29, 22.

*Peckham*.—June 29, at Park-road Chapel, Six, by T. Tarn.

*Richmond*.—June 18, Four, by J. Hunt Cooke.

*Trinity Chapel*, John-street, Edgware-road.—March 30, Five, by J. O. Fellows; May 7, Seven, by W. Stott; June 2, Three, by F. Knight.

*Providence Chapel*, Hackney-road.—June 22, Ten; June 29, Nine, by W. Cuff.

*Monmouth*.—June 14, One, by W. Morgan.

*Newport*, Mon.—June 25, at Stows' Hill Chapel, Three, by John Douglas.

*Newport*, Mon.—June —, at Alma-street Chapel, Four, by J. P. Thomas.

*Norwich*, St. Clement's.—June 11, Seven, by Geo. Taylor.

*Nottingham*.—June 1, at Broad-street Chapel, Thirteen, by F. G. Buckingham.

*Nuneaton*.—June 25, Five, by Carey Hood.

*Ogden*.—June 18, Six, by A. E. Greening.

*Old Swan*, Liverpool.—May 29, Six, by D. Jones.

*Paincastle*, Radnor.—July 9, One, by W. Jenkins.

*Parley*, Hants.—July 9, Two, by J. Thompson.

*Pole Moor*, near Huddersfield.—July 2, Two, by James Evans.

*Poliphant*.—July —, One, in the river, by J. Wilson.

*Porth*, Rhondda Valley.—June 11, Two, by D. Thomas.

*Presteign and Stansbach.*—May 14, One; July 2, One, by S. Watkins.

*Riddings, Derbyshire.*—July 2, Three, by C. F. Jamieson.

*Ryeford, near Ross, Herts.*—July 6, Seven, by E. Watkins.

*Shrewsbury.*—June 25, at Claremont-street Chapel, Seven, by W. W. Robinson.

*Southampton (East-street).*—June 18, Six, by J. H. Patterson.

*Southport.*—June 28 and 30, Four, by L. Nuttall.

*Stogumber.*—July 2, Four, by George Hider.

*Swanwick, Alfreton.*—June 22, at Loscoe, Nine, by T. Hayden.

*Tamworth.*—July 2, Four, by Isaac Dixon.

*Thaxted, Essex.*—June 27, Eleven, by G. H. Hook.

*Thurleigh, Beds.*—July 2, Two, by G. Chandler.

*Todmorden.*—June —, at Wellington-road Chapel, Seven, by W. E. Bottrill.

*Torquay.*—June 2, at Upton-vale Chapel Five, by L. Edwards.

*Tredegar.*—June 18, at Bethel Chapel, Georgetown, Three, by E. Lewis.

*Treherbert, Rhondda Valley.*—June 18, at Bethany English Chapel, One.

*Waenarhyd, near Swansea.*—June 25, at Zion Welsh Chapel, Two, by J. Davies.

*Westmacote.*—June 29, Five, by W. E. Wheeler.

*Westpark, Dumfries.*—July 5, Two, by W. Milligan, Jun.

*Wisbech, Ely-place.*—May 28, Four, by W. E. Winks.

## RECENT DEATHS.

BLUNHAM, BEDS.—March 17th, Mrs. ELIZABETH NORRIS aged sixty-nine. She was baptised at the Old Meeting, June 16th, 1844, and had been a member nearly 32 years. Her husband was also a member, and died in March, 1870. She had long been in a state of feeble health, but her last illness was short; she suffered acute pain, but felt peaceful in mind, resting in the Saviour, speaking of heaven, and desirous of meeting the members of her family there. The hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," was much upon her mind. A funeral sermon was preached on Sunday evening, March 26th, by her pastor, W. Abbott, from Matt. xii. 20.

## PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th, 1876, to July 15th, 1876.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. Dowsett	1 0 0	W. G.	0 5 0	Mrs. Gooding	0 5 0
Mr. Ives	2 10 0	Mr. J. Hoise	1 0 0	Miss McWall	0 10 0
Mrs. Bells	0 1 0	Mr. Willson	1 1 0	Mr. Paton	100 0 0
Miss Love	1 0 0	Legacy, late Mary		W. J. B. Hanwell	0 5 0
Ebenezer	0 5 0	Donald	5 0 0	Collection at Stockton-on-Tees, per	
Miss Bowley	0 10 0	Mrs. Melville	1 0 0	Rev. H. Moore	6 0 0
Mrs. Wilson	0 10 0	Mrs. Miller	0 10 0	Part Proceeds of Lecture at Stockton-on-Tees, per Rev. H. Moore	4 0 0
E. A. T.	0 10 0	T. B. V.	5 0 0	Collection at Park-road, Peckham, per Rev. T. Tara	8 1 0
Collected by G. H. Stanley	0 3 0	Mrs. Brown	1 0 0	Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—June 25	40 0 3
A Friend, per Mr. L. Eyres	0 10 0	Mrs. Tinker	5 0 0	" " July 2	30 2 9
T. M.	5 0 0	Sermon Readers, per Mrs. Gibson	0 10 0	" " "	3 40 0 3
Mr. Perkins' Class	15 0 0	Mr. J. Bowman	1 0 0		
Mr. J. G. Hall	1 1 0	Mrs. Lewis	1 1 0		
Mr. Sedcole	0 5 0	A Friend, per Mr. H. Moore	0 10 0		
Mrs. Allen	1 2 6	Mrs. Hurrell	2 2 0		
A Friend	0 1 0	Miss A. McLelland	0 13 6		
A Friend	1 6 0	Mr. J. Campbell	0 6 6		
Mr. Gwillim	0 5 0	Mrs. Salmon	0 5 0		
Late Mr. J. Ferguson, per Miss Ferguson	10 0 0	Mr. Stuart	5 0 0		
		Mr. A. Jamieson	1 5 0		
					£302 12 9

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



## A MEMORABLE INTERVIEW.\*

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

"Then saith He to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side; and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered, and said unto Him, My Lord and my God."—  
JOHN XX. 27, 28.

WE are all of us apt to fall into a wrong state of heart, not because we are unconverted, nor yet because we are false to Christ, but simply because of our natural infirmity. As long as we are in this body, exposed to trial and temptation, we shall be prone to start aside like a broken bow. Thomas was a true-hearted follower of Jesus. He loved his Master. It had been a severe shock to his sensitive disposition and his thoughtful mind to see his Master betrayed, arraigned, scourged, crucified, dead, and buried. He could not at once rally from the agitation it caused him, or think it possible that Jesus could have risen from the dead. Pondering the matter scrupulously it seemed to him to involve too great a miracle to be credited—far beyond anything to be expected. He would require, he said, very clear and satisfactory proofs before he would believe it. In like manner you and I have each of us our characteristic faults. We may not be too thoughtful, like Thomas; we may, perhaps, be too thoughtless, and that is quite as mischievous. Even our pleasing qualities which adorn us as virtues may become our temptations. The best point about us, as a sound judgment was in the case of Thomas, may become the very snare that entangles us. Let no man judge his fellow. Above all, let no man exalt himself. He that is in his best estate to-day may be in spiritual poverty to-morrow. He who rejoices in God and walks in holy consistency may, ere another sun has risen—few though the hours of interval be—have felt his feet slide from under him, and so fallen from his steadfastness as to have dishonoured his God, and pierced himself through with many sorrows.

God grant that our meditation may be for the comfort of some present, while we proceed to notice *the Master and the servant*—Jesus and Thomas—*narrowly looking at the actions of them both.*

I. Let THE MASTER FIRST ENGAGE OUR ATTENTION—THE MASTER IN THE PRESENCE OF AN UNBELIEVING DISCIPLE WHO HAS TREATED HIM WITH NO LITTLE PRESUMPTION AND RASHNESS.

How exquisitely touching His gentleness! Does He upbraid Thomas? Is there indignation in His tone? Is there petulance in His chiding? Does He exclaim, "How darest thou doubt that I am alive?" Or turns He upon him with some rough sentence, asking, "Whence this impertinence that thou shouldest speak of putting thy finger into My wounds, and thrusting thy hand into My side? Unworthy servant, from this moment I disown thee for having spoken so disrespectfully of thy Lord and Master." No, far from it. He rather takes Thomas on his own ground; considers his infirmities, and meets them precisely as they are,

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No. 214, NEW SERIES.

without a single word of rebuke until the close, and even then He puts it very lovingly. The whole conversation was indeed a rebuke, but so veiled with love that Thomas could scarcely think it so. He speaks to him as if nothing had occurred to give any cause of offence, or by his presumption to occasion any estrangement.

Dwell for a moment on the mercy which our Lord must have shown, and the blessed patience He must have exercised, to bear thus with Thomas. Ought he not to have known from the Old Testament that the Christ would rise from the dead? Had He not been reminded once and again by his Master of the prophecies which spoke concerning the death of Christ and the glory that should follow? Had he not heard the Master Himself frequently say that the third day He should rise again? He must have been present with the other Apostles when they turned His oracular sentences over in their minds, and said one to another, "What doth He mean by this, that He shall suffer and that He shall rise?" And had he not just before seen the women and conferred with the Apostles, who testified that they had found an empty tomb, that they had been told by angels that Jesus had risen—yea, more; that when they were sitting together Jesus had appeared in their midst? Yet, so strong was his unbelief, that he puts his own judgment against their assertion of fact, against the inspired Scriptures, against the thrilling words that fell from the Master's own lips, against the united concurrent acknowledgment of all the brethren. And think ye not, brethren, that our wilfulness is sometimes as irrational and unwarranted as his? We harbour doubts in the teeth of accumulated evidences, and then credit ourselves with being wise and right, while we disparage all others as being foolish and wrong. The principle which lies at the root of all the heresies and the schisms that rend and divide the Church is just that self-confidence which will not let us yield, even though better men than ourselves—yea, though the united consent of the whole Church should bear testimony to a fact or a truth to which we demur. Through some lack of information or through some flaw of judgment we judge differently from our companions; and forthwith our self-approbation is unyielding, and our conduct is intolerant. It was no small scandal thus to put his own self in opposition to the Master, in opposition to the Scripture, and in opposition to all his fellow-servants. Still our Lord Jesus Christ forbears to utter a word of denunciation. He just says, "Reach hither thy finger and behold My hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into My side; and be not faithless, but believing." Softer words He could not have spoken. He responds without reproach. Such lovingkindness and tender mercy as David was wont to sing of old, did our blest Redeemer show.

Another ground for admiring our Lord's great patience with Thomas is that he had dared to dictate the terms upon which he would believe, and he had selected such terms as must have been most offensive had Jesus Christ been of a lofty, imperious, uncondescending spirit. Who is Thomas that he should put his hands into those wounds so lately healed; into that side pierced by the soldier's spear? Is Thomas to make a road again to that sacred heart? Strange that he should have asked so mysterious a sign to strengthen his faith! What! was there no other way of believing in his Lord but that he must pass into the very wounds of that blessed body his finger and his hand? Ah, see how presumptuous the servant; see, also,

how sympathising the Master! Was it not asking too much—far too much? Such a prayer ought not to have come from a disciple who had never forsaken his Master, much less from Thomas who had fled with the rest, and had been absent when the Apostles had gathered together and seen the Master. But yet Jesus is so forbearing towards him. I know not whether to wonder more at the impertinence of the servant, or the clemency of the Master. Let us take the lesson to ourselves. Have we during the past week fallen into a signal state of gross unbelief? Have we been thinking hard thoughts of God? Has some sin suspended our communion with our Saviour? Are we now cold at heart and void of spiritual emotion? Do we feel quite unworthy to draw near unto Him who loved us with so great a love? Be not desponding. The God of all patience will not desert you. The love which our Lord Jesus Christ bears to His people is so great that He passeth by their transgression, iniquity, and sin. No; there is no anger on His part to divide you from your Lord. Behold, He cometh over the mountains of your sins, He leapeth over the hills of your follies. Since He thus graciously comes to you, will you not gladly come to Him? Do not think for a moment that He will frown or repulse you. He will not remind you of your cold prayers, your neglected closet, your unread Bible, nor will He chide you for losing occasions of fellowship; but He will receive you graciously and love you freely, and grant you just what at this moment you need. I pray you notice the Master's patience. Come to Him, dear child of His, thou beloved disciple of His, and have fellowship with Him now.

While we are speaking of the Master I should next like to call your attention to *the Master's great care*. He had been to see His disciples once; He had stood in their midst, and said, "Peace be unto you;" He had given them their commission, had breathed upon them, and given them the Holy Ghost. But there was an absent one. Well, "what man of you having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go and seek after that which has gone astray?" There was one away, and Jesus must come again. There must be the same salutation of peace, there must be the same blessing bestowed again, for Thomas must not be left out in the distribution of spiritual gifts. Thomas ought to have sought after Christ, especially after having been absent on the first occasion when He visited them. He surely ought to have said, "My Master came to me and I was not there, I will therefore seek Him be He where He may, and I will tell Him how I regret that I should have missed the golden opportunity of His presence." But, beloved, Thomas did not seek his Master. Therein He was just like to us. It is preventing grace, brethren—it is grace that is beforehand with us—even with our faint desires, which comes to us from Jesus Christ. Oh, how our Lord outruns us! Our sense of need is not so swift of foot as His perception of our need. Long before we know we want Him He understands that we do require Him, and He comes to us to bless us. It was for one He came, and for that one who did not seek Him. He was found of one who sought Him not. You might have thought that Thomas would have been as well left alone a little while. We should have said, "Well, if he be so obstinate as to lay down such conditions, let him cool a bit; let him just stop awhile in the cold till he is willing to come in at the door, and not to make conditions that he must come in at the

window, or by some way of his own. So let him wait, for beggars ought not to be choosers, nor should impertinent disciples be tolerated." Yes, but Jesus will tolerate what we will not, and He will put up with us when we cannot put up with our brethren. We have not half so much to bear with from them as He has from us. Though Thomas might thus have been left, and deserved to have been left, yet Jesus came to him because He knew that His coming to him would be much better than letting him stop away. So, disciple, do not say to yourself, "I cannot come to the table to-night, I do not feel fit; I shall not strive after fellowship with Christ; I do not feel as if my soul could enjoy it." Nay, but it will do you no good to stay away. Will you turn aside from the Master? Will you refuse the symbols of His death? Be not so rash and inconsiderate, I entreat you. Why should He not come to you? Before that bread is broken you may have experienced a delightful change in the state of your heart, and with pleasing surprise you may be crying out like Thomas, "My Lord and my God." And, oh! is it not blessed to think that Christ does not stop till His disciples invite Him? He does not wait for them to get ready for Him. Nay, He comes to them and meets them, and finds them or ever they have sought Him. If you are in the mood of Thomas, perhaps you may be insisting upon some signs and wonders, as he did. Know thou that the Master can give you His own sign, unfold His own wonder, and bestow upon you such a blessing that your heart shall scarcely have room enough to receive it. His tenderness and His care baffle all our thoughts and expectations.

Though we have already observed it, linger, I beseech you, upon the Master's matchless condescension. Behold the Lord of life, who had overcome the sharpness of death, and passed out of the portals of the tomb in triumph, having spoiled principalities and powers, and overthrown sin, death, and hell, the Son of God, at whose resurrection angels had attended, glad to wait as servants upon His royalty, that Lord—what think you? He must needs unrobe Himself to gratify a disobedient, unbelieving disciple—yes, He must strip Himself. 'Twere not enough to show His hands—that were kindness; but those hands must be touched, and those wounds themselves must be probed by a finger all too curious. It would have been profane, had it not been for the Divine pity that allowed it. The way into His heart must be revealed. Well, well, but He did it. Angels must have been shocked when they heard a man say, "I will not believe unless He bare His side to me"—still He did it. Yes, just before He died you will remember how He laid aside His garments, and took a towel and girded Himself, and washed His disciples' feet. Now that He is risen from the dead He is the same Christ; and if He condescended then to wash His disciples' feet, He will condescend now to bear with a disciple's ill manners, and will even meet him in his infirmities. If they cannot be healed without a sight of His wounded person, he shall gaze upon His side again. He will do anything for the love of His people. There is no kindness too costly for Christ to show. Now, then, you who, while eagerly longing for His company, hide your face; and blush for very shame, do you say, "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof; my heart is not worthy to receive Thee as a guest"? True, you are not worthy; neither was Thomas. Yet you shall have His favour, and rejoice in the light of His countenance, if

you sigh and cry for it. Doubtless you have been very far, during the week, from what you yourself wish you had been, nevertheless "He will blot out your iniquities like a cloud, and your transgressions like a thick cloud." Your old friend may have passed you in the street and did not recognise you, because you are now so poor; but Jesus knows you. No one, peradventure, knows the privations you have had to put up with, poor Christian. You fancied you were despised and neglected by everybody—perhaps it may be your fancy, yet it is cutting to the heart even to think that your Christian brethren look down upon you. But Jesus never looks down contemptuously on His people. He condescends to stand on their platform, and put Himself on a level with them with a sacred familiarity suited to their case. Full often He draws most near with most engaging smiles to those who are in saddest plight. This is how Jesus is wont to act. He never speaks proudly and loftily. His condescension unto His children, like His watchfulness over them, is unvarying.

Once more. The Master's bounty challenges our admiration and our confidence. When Thomas had received what he asked for, you might easily have conjectured that he would be put down in the second class of disciples. Instead of that, however, he was well commended in the Apostleship, and though not present when Jesus breathed on them, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," yet on the Day of Pentecost Thomas received the same cloven tongue and the same power as the rest. Indeed we have reason to believe that Thomas became as earnest an Apostle, as faithful a witness, and as blessed a martyr of the faith of Christ, as either Peter or James. The Master will not stint His goodness because we once and again betray our meanness. No, beloved; He will give us according to our ability to receive. If we are not able to receive to-day, He will enlarge our desires and expand our capacities, till to-morrow we may be able to receive from His fulness, and grace for grace. Come, then, ye hungry, starving souls, ye believers who are coming near to penury and spiritual bankruptcy, draw near in the spirit of love to Christ, who is as certainly present in this place with us as He was with them in that chamber where the twelve were gathered. Draw nigh in spirit and in truth to Him, and your souls shall be enriched to your own profit and to the glory of God.

II. And now I have a few words to say about THE SERVANT.

Thomas, struck with the Master's knowledge of what had been going on in his heart, and overwhelmed with the manifestation of the Master's presence and His power, exclaimed, "My Lord and my God." These five words are full of meaning. Let me endeavour to interpret them to you. First, *they were an expression of faith.* Thomas now avows the faith which aforesaid he had disclaimed. "I will not believe," said he, "except—except—except—." Now he believes a great deal more than some of the other Apostles did; so he openly avows it. He was the first divine who ever taught the Deity of Christ from His wounds. Nor has ever divine since then been able to see the Deity of Christ in His wounded humanity risen from the dead. This Thomas did. He declared the proper humanity of Christ when he touched Him, and he declared His proper Deity when he avowed Him to be both Lord and God. Thomas was slow in arriving at facts, but he had a comprehensive mind,

and when he did arrive at a conviction he grasped it thoroughly in all its bearings. Peter would be impetuous, and leap to a result, but Thomas must consider the circumstances, weigh the testimony, try, judge, and prove the evidences before he acknowledged a truth. When his judgment did yield, assent he was firm, there was no shaking, he understood the truth he adhered to better than others. Delightful in the ear of Christ, my brethren, is the expression of our faith. Let none of us hesitate to go over in our minds our avowal of faith in Him "who liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore." It will become us sometimes to perform what the Catholics call "acts of faith." I mean in holy contemplation and quiet meditation, to declare before the Lord that we believe in the facts that are made known to us, and the doctrines that have been delivered to us. We believe that Jesus is the Son of God—for ever be His name adored; that He is self-existent, and full of power and glory; we believe that He laid aside that glory, and became a man in the likeness of sinful flesh; that He did not disdain to sleep upon His virgin mother's breast. He lived a life of holiness, and died a death of scorn and ignominy; He slept in the tomb, and the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; He sitteth at the right hand of God, even the Father; He reigneth over all things for His people, having power over all flesh that He may give eternal life to as many as the Father hath given Him; He shall shortly come to judge the quick and the dead; amongst the sons of men He shall reign, He shall sit upon the throne of His Father David; prayers also shall be made for Him continually, and daily shall He be praised.

The short but expressive avowal of faith which Thomas made suggests to me a word of counsel, that we should frequently make before God a declaration of our faith in the Deity of our Lord Christ, and in all the glories which surround His character. Let this be done vocally when you can—or otherwise mentally—for the exercise is profitable. But these words, "My Lord and my God," sound a little different to me from a simple avowal of faith. It was, as some one has said, *like the cry of a dove that at last had found its mate*. Poor Thomas, He doubted His Master, but he wanted Him, and could not be happy without Him. Now he has come flying back, and he has found Him, and he seems to put his head, as it were, into the bosom of his Master, and to begin to weep and sigh like a poor child that has lost its mother in the streets of London, and when it is brought back again cannot say anything else but "My mother, and my mother, and my mother," and feels so happy to think it has found again the dear bosom on which to rest. So Thomas seems to say, "I have found Thee, my Master, my Lord, and my God." He seems to humble himself, as though he would say, "How could I doubt Thee? Where have I been? What have I been thinking of? What has my obstinate mind driven me to? What did I say? What did I ask? How could I be so impertinent? My Lord and my God! Thou hast forgiven it all, and in Thy presence I seem to moan it out in those few words. Thy silly servant, Thy foolish servant, but Thou my blessed Master, my condescending Master, my Lord and my God!" Well now, beloved, there is something very sweet in this. Though I called it moaning, yet there is much music in it. Come now, you that have wandered, come and tell Christ at the table about it. Come and

tell Him that you are grieved, and that you are not so grieved as you ought to be. Tell Him you are sorry that you should not have lived with Him day by day. Your self-reproach may well be keen.

“Wretch that I am to wander thus  
In search of vain delights.”

Penitently bewail before Him that you should have been so bewitched as to cleave to things below, and let your God, your Saviour, go. Intense feeling commonly finds expression in few words. Silence is sometimes more thrilling than speech. “My Lord and my God” is the breathing of a contrite heart relieved in having found the grace it needs.

The ejaculation, however, “My Lord and my God,” is the outcome of more than one emotion. If it involved a pang, it included an intense pleasure. Was it not a *joyous astonishment* which begot those words? It was so sweet to Thomas that he hardly thought his fellow-disciples would be able to appreciate so great a wonder. It was too much for himself, so he addresses himself to the Master, as if He alone, being the greatest marvel, could sympathise with him. “I marvel!” he seemed to say. “I could not have believed it! I saw the traitor kiss Thy cheek. I saw Thee dragged off with staves and lanterns to that lion’s den. I saw Thee when Thou wast in Pilate’s hall, tried and mocked. I saw Thee when Thou wast fastened to the tree; I stood there, and I saw Thee bleed and die. I saw Thy body taken down and wrapped in spices; and is it the same, the very same? Oh! yes; I recognise Thee. I know Those hands. I took those loaves from them when the thousands were fed in Galilee. I know that face; full many a time have I looked with beaming eye on that loving countenance of Thine. I know that side; it is the same side I saw the soldier pierce, and I know it. It is the same; it is Thyself, Thyself, Thyself, the risen Christ! Oh! wonder of wonders! I can say no less; I can say no more. ‘My Lord and my God’” Well now, holy wonder, beloved, is no mean kind of worship; it is, perhaps, no mean part of the worship of heaven. I like that verse we sing—

“Then let me mount the starry way,  
To the bright worlds of endless day;  
And sing with rapture and surprise  
Thy lovingkindness in the skies.”

Will it not be a surprise when we get there? Though, indeed, we shall see nothing in heaven but what we have been told of on earth, for it will be just such a heaven as God has told us of, yet we shall say that the half was not told us because we did not understand what we heard, and could not enter into the meaning of deep spiritual revelations. Oh! what astonishment might seize upon us now if we could really grip the thought, and I hope we shall. “Jesus hath loved, and lived, and died for me, and now He lives and pleads for me.” Oh! believer, get to see Christ now with the optics of your mind; see Him now exalted on the highest heavens, though once rejected of men, and as with astonishment you behold the ineffable splendour of that starry throne, surrounded by ten thousand times ten thousand of the chariots of God, and cohorts of messengers of fire, all waiting to obey His sovereign will; as you see the Man whose head was once crowned with thorns, from the highest

seat that heaven affords claiming eternal sovereignty, bow your head, in devout astonishment, fall at His feet, and, giving tongue to your rapture, exclaim, "My Lord and my God."

And did not Thomas, by such an exclamation as this, *renew his personal affiance to Christ, and his positive consecration to His service?* "My Lord," saith he, "Thou art, and I am Thy servant; my God henceforth Thou art, and I am Thy worshipper as long as I live." Beloved, years ago some of us were first espoused to Christ spiritually. Fain would I remember those blessed hours when my young heart went out after Him, and His blessed heart of love was revealed to me. We ought not to forget those times, for He does not forget them. He saith to Israel, "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, and the love of thine espousals." With what enthusiasm we sung—

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

Perhaps many years have passed over you since then, but whether they have been many or few, I am sure we have not been invariably true to those vows and resolutions; our memory of Him has not been equal to His mindfulness of us. Now, if the Lord should come to you afresh and give you a choice season of fellowship with Him, would it not be a most suitable response to give yourself up to Him afresh? Should we not often do this? Would not the freshness of close fellowship be peculiarly suitable for the renewal of our covenant with our Lord, and of our consecration of ourselves to His service? On that night you were baptised, you could sing sincerely—

"High heaven which heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear;  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear."

Oh! that God's Holy Spirit would enable you now to say in your soul—"Jesus, the despised of men, whom the great ones of this world know not, in whose blessed Person and redemptive work they will not believe, I take Thee, my Master; I acknowledge Thee to be my Lord; Thy people shall be my people; Thy God and Father shall be my God; Thy blood shall be my confidence, and Thy law my rule; Thy love shall constrain my love; Thy life shall be my example; Thy glory shall be the one object for which I strive; Thou, O Christ, art 'my Lord and my God.'" So shall your faith abound and all your graces flourish.

Do I hear some timid voice from this congregation whispering a complaint? "Ah! there is nothing for me; He is speaking to the disciples. When the doors are shut, I am shut outside as a stranger. There is nothing for me; I am a sinner." Oh! but I tell you, if you will but knock, Jesus Christ will come outside to you. The doors are not shut to keep out poor sinners from the presence of the Saviour. Dost thou want Jesus to reveal Himself to thee? Exalted in the highest heavens He looks down upon thee now. His voice is calling thee, "Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest." Oh! poor sinner, if thou canst not put thy



finger into the print of the nails, yet believe that Jesus died ; then trust Him and rely upon His merits. Cast thyself flat at His feet. Stay thyself upon His passion and atonement, and thou shalt be saved—saved now—saved without a moment's delay. So shall all these other joys be thine, for thou, too, shalt be numbered with the family, and thou shalt feast upon the children's meat, and be partakers of all the privileges of the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### GRAPHIC SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

#### THE MAN OF ONE TALENT.

##### PART V.

HAVING through the light that he had received come to the conclusion that it was his duty to turn home missionary, on his own account, in the district in which he lived, Sam Spring forthwith set himself to work. In laudable imitation of Harlan Page, he resolved to commence by striving, with Divine help, to win, at least, *one* soul for Christ. But with whom was he to begin ? On what man's shoulder should he first lay his hand ? That was a matter to be brought before the Lord. For some days, therefore, he put up the earnest petition, "Lord, send me to the man to whom thou wilt make me a blessing !" It was not long before the answer came ; but it hardly came in the way that he expected. Instead of him being sent to the man, the man was sent to him. One morning the postman knocked at the door, and handed in a letter. It was from his brother Tom, and it contained news not at all pleasant to read. In it he informed Mr. and Mrs. Spring that he had

just been discharged for misconduct from his situation ; and gave them to understand that he felt exceedingly desirous of knowing whether they would kindly take him in until he had the "good luck" to get into another. The worthy couple, as may be easily imagined, knowing the value of having the house "all to themselves," were by no means desirous of taking in even a good lodger, much less a "scapegrace," who hitherto had, unfortunately, proved a trouble to himself, and to all connected with him. But was he to be cast adrift upon society ? Might not this be the Lord's way of answering prayer, and turn to the young man's salvation ? True, it was a disagreeable mode of answering prayer, but had the Lord promised always to make answers to prayer agreeable ? They both knew that this was not to be expected ; so, trusting that the "hand of the Lord" was in it for the young man's good, they send him word to come ; and it was not long before he arrived with his trunk, and became the occupant of the spare room.

For the first week or so, wisely considering himself to be "on his good behaviour," the new lodger conducted himself with a certain degree of propriety. But this did

not last. Outward restraints are, at the best of times, but poor checks. What is bred in the bone is certain, sooner or later, to come out in the flesh. In spite of remonstrance he came home late at nights, and on one or two occasions the worse for liquor. A little inquiry showed that he had got into bad company, and frequented not only the public-house, but the dancing-saloon and the theatre. Sunday mornings were usually spent in bed, and the remaining part of the day in strolling about the country. To his brother and his wife this was a sad trial, and they hardly knew what to do. They tried one plan and then another, and another still; but all apparently in vain. Instead of growing better under their admonitions, he appeared to be growing worse. Mrs. Spring, at last, declared that she could not stand it much longer; it was affecting her health, and leave he must.

"Not just now," said Sam, "let me give him a final warning, and we will both ask God to bless it."

It was late at night, and earnestly was heartfelt prayer put up for the erring prodigal. They had hardly risen from their knees before there was a noise in the street. Confused voices were heard, and the shuffling of feet. A loud knock came at the door, and it was opened. Mrs. Spring trembled, and turned pale, for two policemen were carrying a senseless body into the room. It was none other than the prodigal himself, who, under the influence of drink, had fallen into a quarry, and now lay helpless in the arms of the officers, with a deeply wounded head, a broken arm, and two broken ribs. It was some time before he came to himself, and then the surgeon declared that he had not only had a narrow escape for his life,

but that if inflammation set in on the brain, he feared even now that he would die.

"Pray for me, Sam," said the poor lad, in agony; "oh! pray for me, Sam, I ain't prepared to die."

And Sam did pray for him, and wrestled time after time with God on his behalf. For a week he seemed to hover between life and death. Then, through Mrs. Spring's motherly nursing and care, there was a slight change for the better. Now Sam sat by the pale-faced lad's bedside, and read the Word of God, and by expounding it strove to lead him to the Saviour. And he did not strive in vain. He spoke to the sufferer of the love of Christ, and of His willingness to receive and bless the returning penitent, until the lad's heart was broken. With a crushed and subdued spirit, he sought for mercy, and found it. Two months passed away before he was well enough to leave his bedroom and come down stairs, his arm, however, being then in a sling. But on that evening, at the family altar, a scene was witnessed that might have made angels rejoice. At that altar, for the first time, both brothers knelt and prayed. When Sam had finished, Tom began, and in broken language thanked God for all the kindness He had shown him in preserving his life, in bringing him under his brother's roof, and making him the means of leading him to the Saviour. He could not say much more; but when both, with Mrs. Spring, rose from their knees, tears were rolling down each one's face, and, with a heart overwhelmed with gratitude, Sam took hold of his brother's hand, and said,—

"Thank God, Tom, my prayer is answered. I little thought when I prayed to Him to make me the instrument of saving one soul, at

least, that the first He would give me would be my own dear brother. Now let us both seek to try and win more. Shall we? What do you say, my boy?"

Tom could only give one answer. From that night they both made a vow that, as long as God might spare them to dwell together, they would be partners in a spiritual firm, both labouring together in earnest effort to advance in that locality the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom.

As soon as his arm was capable of bearing the strain, Tom procured a situation in the establishment of a Christian employer, who, upon hearing of his change, had gladly placed it at his disposal. Then he and Sam set to work systematically for the Lord. Their first work was to set up a cottage prayer-meeting in their own house, and it was not long before they induced a few more Christian cottagers in other streets to follow their example. In these, in the course of time, Tom, as well as Sam, gave brief exhortations, which were not delivered without good results; for they served to quicken the Christian inhabitants of the houses themselves, and led to the conversion of several young men and women. Their next endeavour was to open a room in a low and degraded street, in which they undertook two evenings in the week to teach adults to read and write, and on a third to hold a brief evangelistic service, when, sometimes, they officiated themselves, and at other times got help from others. One element in the service soon made it so successful that the room became uncomfortably crowded. It happened, providentially, that both brothers were blessed with that enviable gift from God—"good voices," and at these

services they generally sung, either individually or unitedly, the popular spiritual songs and melodies of the day. These being interspersed with homely addresses, well suited for the classes gathered to hear them, made the services cheerful and lively; and thus it came to pass, in the course of time, that some of the lowest characters in the neighbourhood gave evidence of a Divine change. One man sold his dogs, and, instead of racing them, set out himself on the heavenly race, which, at an evangelistic meeting, he declared was "a style of runnin' that paid him far better." Another man, whose Sundays had invariably been spent in bird-catching and bird-selling, gave his larks, linnets, and canaries sudden liberty, to their unbounded delight, sold their cages by auction, and with the money bought himself a suit of clothes, in which to go to the house of God. A noted prize-fighter relinquished the brutal art of scientifically defacing and bruising men made in God's image, for the nobler art of fighting against his own vices, under the spiritual training of the Captain of Salvation. The conversion of these men, and a few of their comrades, could not fail to make a stir in the neighbourhood; and when the new converts themselves, under wise leadership, were set to work, in several ways, for the Lord, the pleasing effects were soon made manifest in the conversion of more still. Other signs of progress also followed. One publican was reluctantly compelled to pull down the swinging sign of "The Conquering Hero," and to surrender his license, for want of customers. The building thus happily evacuated for the public good, was at once, for the benefit of the same public, transformed by some enterprising Chris-

tian speculators into a "British Workman." The owner of a travelling theatre, who had, at a stated season, yearly set up his demoralising structure on a waste plot of ground in the neighbourhood, found himself at last, to his great chagrin, shut out, in consequence of the ground being purchased for the laudable purpose of erecting on it a larger room, in which to hold Messrs. Sam and Tom Spring's evangelistic services. By these and other like satisfactory measures, a good work was, and is to this day being, done; and though, as the reader may shrewdly guess, the brothers do not now dwell under the same roof, each having his own separate and increased domestic responsibilities, they still, from time to time, help each other in divers kinds of spiritual labour, and, with constant fruit springing up around them, they have the sweet assurance that they do not "labour in vain in the Lord."

Reader, we here take our leave of "The Man of One Talent." But we cannot take leave of you without asking—What are *you* doing for the Lord with *your* talent? That you have one cannot be doubted. For its use the Lord holds you to be responsible, and for its use or disuse He will call you to an account. Will He in the last great day say to you, "Well done, 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"? Or will He say, "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth"? According to the use or neglect of the talent, or talents, He may have given us, will be the verdict delivered, either joyous or

condemnatory. It is for us to say which it shall be. He that uses God's good, physical, mental, and spiritual gifts well, on him more shall be bestowed; but he that hides even his one talent in the earth, can only justifiably look for the severe sentence of that great and righteous Being, who will, as the Book solemnly declares, "render to every man according to his deeds."

\* \* The next sketch will be entitled "Miss Hope's Bible Class."

## THE SPIRITUAL HOUSE, AND THE DIVINE TEMPLE.

BY REV. JOHN COX.

AMONG all nations, and from very remote ages, temples have been erected for religious worship. Some of them were very simple, and cost little labour, while others took a long time to build, engaged thousands of people, and were the occasion of much cruelty and oppression.

In our own country are still to be found what are called "Druids' temples," which consist of large upright stones, placed in circles, with an altar stone near the centre, on which, we fear, human sacrifices were offered. What great things has God done for Britain since these deeds of darkness were practised here!

How sad to think that idolatry is creeping back among us under a Christian name. Let England beware; for God is jealous of His rights, and will not brook rivals.

In Athens many temples were built to various gods, the remains and ruins of which, even now, call forth much admiration. In

all these ancient temples such abominable things were done as part of their worship, "that it is a shame even to speak of them." How thankful ought we to be for a religion of purity and love.

Turning from these monuments of sin and folly, we come to the one temple of the true God. We are told in Scripture, that "Solomon built Him an house." Concerning it, that Monarch said, "The house which I build is great, for great is our God above all gods." He was seven years engaged in erecting it, and spared neither wealth, labour, nor skill, to make it "exceeding magnificent." On account of the sins of Solomon and his successors, this temple was destroyed about four hundred years after its dedication. How sad to think that a man who knew so much, gave so liberally, and prayed so devoutly, should fall a prey to "divers lusts and pleasures;" and should even patronise idolatry. We trust that God gave him repentance at last, but the consequences of his sin survived him, and his history is still a solemn beacon.

Solomon's temple lay in ruins for seventy years, when another was erected by Zerubbabel, which was enlarged, or nearly rebuilt, by Herod. Concerning this last structure, the Jews said to our Lord, "Forty and six years was this temple in building." Within its sacred courts the Saviour walked; here He taught heavenly truth, and wrought many miracles of mercy. Before His death He predicted its downfall (Matt. xxiii. 38; xxiv. 3), which took place about forty years after His ascension to heaven. What little importance did the Lord attach to great buildings, and external services, as compared with holiness of heart, and beauty of character!

But we wish to call attention to another temple, far more grand than any ever reared by the hands of men; yea, more glorious than the firmamental dome, or even the vast universe. This temple has been building for many thousands of years, it is not yet finished; but it shall be in God's own time, and then it will be the admiration of eternity. It is called "the house of God—the Church of the living God" (1 Tim. iii. 14). Every true Christian "is a temple of God," yea, "the bodies of the saints are the temples of the Holy Ghost" (1 Cor. vi. 19); but true saints of all ages gathered together will form this one grand temple, for thus it is written, "Ye are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone, in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord" (Eph. ii. 20, 21); and again, "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house."

Whenever a sinner is brought to repent of his sin, and constrained, under a sense of guilt and want, to go to the Saviour; whenever, under the teachings of the Holy Spirit, he relies simply on Christ for salvation, commits the keeping of his soul to Him, and chooses Him as his Saviour and Lord, he is then laid upon the immutable foundation, he is united to Christ, and becomes part of the spiritual temple. Dear reader, do the following words describe you? "To whom (that is to Christ) *coming* as unto a living stone, disallowed, indeed, of men, but chosen of God and precious." This is the great point. The sure proof of your having really come to Christ, is that you come to Him again and again. If you cannot do without Him, if you live upon His fulness,

and delight in Himself, this proves that you are safe in Him, being "accepted in the beloved."

It is not by coming to ordinances or having anything done to us by man that we become part of this temple. There are no human official priests now. Hereditary religion has no place here. The most fatal error of our times is putting the Church before Christ, and putting a human priest or anything else between the soul and Christ. A religion without personal and vital union to the Saviour will be a religion without holiness here, and without heaven hereafter. Only the Holy Spirit can effect this union. He brings each stone out of the quarry of Nature and unites it with the building, thus the structure "grows into a holy temple in the Lord." It progresses from age to age, and in due time it will be finished.

When a sinner is converted and endowed with spiritual life then he should have to do with the ordinances as Christ instituted them. He should be baptised into Him on whom he relies, and thus personally and intelligently profess the Lord Jesus. Then, in fellowship with true saints, he should gather round the table of the Lord, seeking in those and all Heaven-appointed ordinances his own edification and that of all who are partakers of the same grace.

How glorious will this heavenly temple appear when it is completed! It will be a vast structure. No one will be able to measure its "length, breadth, depth, and height." It will be very beautiful. All will be order, harmony, proportion, and perfection. But its peculiar glory will consist in this, that it will be *a living temple filled with, and manifesting forth, the glory of God.* Decay shall never touch it, nor

time injure it. It is living, and must for ever live, because united to the living One. God will never forsake this temple, for there will be nothing to offend Him in it, but everything will be pleasing to Him. All the stones of this temple will give the God of love—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—the entire praise for placing them there, and evermore sustaining them.

When Solomon's temple was dedicated there was a grand outburst of melody from the multitude of priests and Levites so long trained for that day. But if, in addition to all this, every stone and beam, every plate of gold—yea, every nail and ornament of the temple had become vocal, and sung with more than angelic sweetness, how great would have been the melody! When the living temple shall be completed, every part of it shall swell the praises of eternity.

The whole building will rest for ever on its foundation of redeeming love; and this wonderful fact will never be lost sight of by one of the living stones for one single moment. The constant thought of it will fill each heart with overflowing joy, and make the temple resound with everlasting praises. From this magnificent edifice thus filled with God, a glory will beam forth on which angels will love to gaze. They will learn from the Church the manifold wisdom, and the manifold grace of God.

Reader, have you good reason to hope that when this present world with all its grand buildings and gay glories shall have passed away, you will form part of this temple? If so, you must be prepared for it now. If you do not belong to the living temple then, where will you be? and what will you be through eternity? Ponder these questions, I beseech you, and rest not until

you know what you are now, and where you will be for ever.

Some years ago a missionary in the West Indies was addressing a large congregation mostly composed of Negroes. His subject was that which I have laid before you—the building of the spiritual temple. After describing the erection of the building by showing how one sinner after another was brought to Christ and formed and fashioned by the Holy Spirit, he reminded them of the fact that during the progress of a large building much rubbish generally accumulates around or near it. He then in a very solemn manner put the question, "What will be done with the rubbish?" He paused at these words, and there was evidently a solemn feeling pervading his sable congregation. They seemed to realise that it would be a very awful thing indeed to be found at last among the rubbish. There *must* we be found if we are not stones in the living temple. Ponder the questions—"Where will the ungodly and sinner appear?" "What shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God?" "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" *Now* God invites us to make Christ our foundation, and declares that "whoever does so shall not be confounded." Let us make sure of this, and all will be well for time and eternity.

A still more solemn thought grows out of the consideration of the scaffolding used in erecting a building. Ministers may lay out their talents and use their tongues, people may give their money and show much zeal, God may make use of them both; and the preachers, the hearers, and the givers may be only scaffolding, and not part of the temple. The tongues of men

and angels, the bestowing all our goods to feed the poor, are all nothing without heart penitence and heart love.

"Not Solomon's seas of brass or  
worlds of stone  
Are half so dear to God as one good  
groan."

Mary's ointment and the widow's mite were more to Christ than all the works of the Pharisees or the gifts of those who did not "give themselves." Christ looks not only at *what* is done, but *how* it is done, and *why* it is done. The present is an age of show and excitement. Zeal for that which is external and formal suffices for many, and true Christians are in danger of being ensnared. We are all prone to underrate the spiritual, and to be pleased with the superficial. The Lord Jesus gives us a good key note at the well of Samaria, showing that "worship in spirit and truth" is the great point under this dispensation (see John iv. 21, 23). *Place* is of small importance in God's eyes; He looks for *persons*, even those "who tremble at His word," Isa. lxvi. 2. Concerning the homage of the lips without the heart, God says, "In vain do they worship Me." When Paul preached with the matchless temples of Greece standing in their glory all around him, he exclaimed, as Stephen had done before, "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands," and adds, "neither is He worshipped by men's hands." (Acts xvii. 24, 25.) Not what the lips can utter, or what the hands can rear or mould; no harmony however sweet, no building however beautiful, are anything to Him without the heart.

No one in his senses would denounce or depreciate buildings to meet in for worship, and also to

preach the Gospel in, but it should be borne in mind, especially considering the tendencies of the present day, that during the two first centuries of the Christian era, the followers of Christ had scarcely any buildings of their own to meet in; and that it was in the two darkest centuries of the Dark Ages, that the grandest specimens of Gothic architecture were reared professedly for God's worship.

Next to making quite sure that we form part of this living temple, our concern should be to be used as God's instruments to bring others to rest upon the only true foundation. In the day of the Lord and through eternity it will be esteemed a very high honour to have instrumentally placed one or more stones in that living temple.

Several temples have been mentioned, but *one* other remains surpassing them all, not excepting even the last. More glorious than the universe, more excellent than "the living temple," the Church, is that glorious Person who stood on earth, and said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." The fearful deed was accomplished. By wicked hands they brought into the ruin of death, the Prince of Life, the true Temple, in whom nothing but excellency had been manifested, and in whom God dwelt, an apparent ruin. But on the third day the Temple was raised up, and will remain in glory for ever. What was done by Him when on earth also remains. In Him is all our hope.

There are a few other words uttered by Christ on this subject well worthy to be pondered. "I say unto you that in this place is One greater than the temple." (Matt. xii. 6.) What a daring claim must this have appeared to

the Jews! But this assertion was true then of that temple which they almost worshipped, and it is true now of every other building, yea of heaven itself. But as the Jewish temple was a typical building, it may be profitable just to glance at our Lord's words in relation to that. Two thoughts are suggested by this claim; which are, that the Lord Jesus excelled the temple in those very things for which it was most celebrated—and that there is a greatness to be ascribed to Him that in no wise belonged to the temple. The Jewish temple was remarkable for its magnificence and beauty, for being the place where sacrifice was offered, and acceptance granted. It was also a place of Divine manifestation. Here were found the Urim, the Priest, and the Shekinah. It was the gathering centre for all Israel, the *one* place for the nations. It contained sacred furniture, and was in a sublime sense a "national museum." On all those accounts it was much spoken about and delighted in by God. In all these things it shadowed forth Christ. His Person is infinite, His character perfect, His greatness and beauty unsearchable. The tabernacle of Moses sets Him forth in lowly form—"pitching His tent among us" (John i. 16), there being no external beauty that man could delight in. The temple of Solomon shadows forth His glory in heaven, "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

God who hath accepted His one sacrifice now accepts for His sake all who rely on Him. He is the Altar, the Sacrifice, and the Priest. In Him the propitiatory and parental character of God is revealed. In Him we see God's glory, by Him



we hear of His grace, and through Him we have access with boldness. He is the true Shiloh, the one stable centre, in whom God will gather all things. (Ephes. i. 10.) In Him is room for all who come to Him, and He will bind them to Himself for ever. In Him all fulness dwells. (Col. i. 19.) All treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hid in Him. (Col. ix. 3.) Of Him God continually testifies, in Him He hath ceaseless delight. His eyes and His heart are on this true and glorious temple continually. (Isa. xlii. 1; Matt. iii. 17, xvii. 3.)

But the contrast between Christ and the temple teaches us as much of Him as the parallel. The temple, after all, was earthly; Christ is heavenly—yea, Divine. (Heb. ix. 1—11.) The temple was temporary, Christ is eternal. (John ii. 19, 20.) He stands for ever in resurrection glory. (Rom. vi. 7, 8.) The temple was a vain object of confidence to self-righteous Israel. Christ is a sure ground of hope to every self-renouncing sinner. The temple sanctified only externally; Christ sanctifies really and perfectly. (Matt. xxiii. 17.)

Jesus is indeed *great*, exceedingly GREAT; and God's main design is to impress our minds with a sense of His greatness. As a Saviour He is greater than sin; as an advocate, greater than our accuser; as a Redeemer, greater than death; as a friend, greater than all our foes; as a theme, greater than all sciences or subjects; as a relative, He combines in Himself all relations at once, and fills them up as we need them; as a portion, He is

greater, far greater than the whole world.

In Him God may be seen in the glory of His holiness, the tenderness of His love, and the depth of His wisdom. Here the voice of mercy may be heard speaking in tones of invitation to the distant, and pardon to the penitent. Here is the only refuge for those whom the law curses and God's just vengeance pursues. Here communion with God may be realised, and consecration to God attained unto. Glorious temple! stored with all blessing, filled with all wonders, shining with all beauties, possessing all attractions. To it may millions come and find sure welcome, a full acceptance by a holy God, free access to a loving Father, and blessed employment to the highest glory of the Governor of the universe.

Such are now on their way to the city that hath foundations, there to serve God day and night in His temple, for "the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof." What wonders will then be unfolded! what worship will then be rendered who can even imagine? There will be infinity to study and possess, and an eternity to contemplate and realise. In Christ we now have infinity and eternity combined. He is "*all*," and He will be "*in all*" now, who abide in Him, and come to God by Him.

"He is my temple! I adore  
Th' indwelling majesty and power;  
And still to this most holy place,  
Whene'er I pray I'll turn my face."

*Watford.*

## Tales and Sketches.

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### THE LITTLE FRENCH DRUMMER BOY;

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG  
FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY M. E. B.

#### CHAPTER IX.

The French were now marching on Moscow, the ancient capital of the Russian empire. Not a doubt was entertained that they would take possession of it, and the city was already more than half deserted. Several French residents had been murdered by the populace in open day, for the inhabitants were highly enraged at the prospect of their devoted city falling into the hand of the enemy; and the general in command had resolved to burn Moscow.

What a chapter of horrors was then opened! Hemmed in on all sides, for the fearful Cossacks were swarming around, everywhere annoying the French outposts, and cutting off their foraging parties; cold misery, if not absolute starvation, only left them the choice of dying by slow degrees or of retracing their steps.

I do not wish to describe the disasters of this terrible retreat, it is too painful as well as too great an undertaking in this simple story; it is enough for me to inform you that each returned as best he could, that scarcely any regiments found their way back to France under the command of their officers.

Frolut's regiment, however, was one of the rear-guard of this immense army, whose chief duty was to hinder the ferocious Cossacks from harassing the fugitives and

massacring the unfortunate soldiers who had become separated from their comrades. One day they had crossed a small river, and to prevent being pursued by their foes, the French had tried to blow up two arches of a wooden bridge that they had passed; but the barrels of gunpowder had been hurriedly laid, so that the explosion produced scarcely any effect; it is true that the arches were a little displaced, but the whole of the timber work still remained over an immense beam, which served to prop it up; and if the Russians had arrived, very soon they would have rebuilt the bridge, and been in hot pursuit of the retreating enemy.

The general in command, seeing that the safety of a part of the army depended on this bridge being destroyed without loss of time, determined to send several sappers to undermine the beam, and so displace the remainder of the timber work.

They were on the point of starting for that purpose, when suddenly the foe came in sight on the opposite bank; and then began so terrible a discharge of musketry that it appeared quite improbable that the sappers could ever reach the fatal beam; they were about to retreat when a soldier was seen in the river, his axe upon his shoulder; he dived, but soon reappeared, and by his immense beard, it was supposed that one of the sappers had resolved to devote himself for the safety of the others.

All the men in the regiment kept their eyes fixed upon him as he swam, while the Russians made the water around him hiss with their

shower of bullets; still the brave fellow did not seem to hesitate on that account. At length, after superhuman efforts, he reached the foot of the pier of the bridge, and with a few blows from his axe, he beat down the rest of the beam, which, in the distance, seemed of a tremendous size, but in reality it was already three parts broken.

Immediately after this intrepid exploit, the timber-work of the two arches fell into the river, and the water spurted into the air with a loud noise. The courageous sapper was no longer to be seen anywhere; however, ere long, the wreck of the beam and arches floated on the surface, and the soldier, who was evidently making for the bank; there was a general rush to encourage and help him with poles, etc.; at length he gained the river's brink.

Amid the numerous misfortunes that had befallen the retreating army, it was refreshing to witness such a deed of heroism; so the general approached the edge of the stream, to welcome the noble fellow, and was greatly amazed to see our friend, the little drummer Frolut, emerge from the river, with a long, flowing, black beard on his chin.

"Whatever is this?" inquired

he; "what is the meaning of this masquerade?"

"I am Frolut," replied the little drummer, "Frolut, to whom you promised to give the cross of the Legion of Honour as soon as he had a beard on his chin; I think he's got a famous one now; there's your money's worth, I'm sure; your piece of twenty francs went to pay for it."

The general was thunderstruck at such a mixture of bravery and ingenuity. He took the little drummer by the hand as though he had been a grown-up man, and unfastening the cross he was in the habit of wearing in his own button-hole, and which he had earned by great bravery and many services to his imperial master, he bestowed it upon Frolut.

From that hour the seniors of the regiment made a great deal of our hero, and the drum-major gave him no more canings.

One of his comrades, a young French soldier, named Henri Chabot, who had been wounded in an encounter with the enemy, was struck with admiration at the boy's heroic conduct, and took him under his special protection the rest of the way. It was fortunate for Frolut he had so true a friend.

*(To be continued.)*

## Things Grave and Pleasant.

### CHRIST DEEP IN THE HEART.

It is related of a French soldier who fought in the wars of the first Napoleon, that having received a bullet in his breast, he was carried off to have it extracted by the

surgeons, and that in extracting it they cut again and again until he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, cut a little deeper, and you will find the Emperor." So it should be with our hearts and Christ. If they were opened would Christ be found there? Would His name be en-

graven there? The prayer of the Apostle was that "Christ might dwell in our hearts by faith, that we being rooted and grounded in love, might comprehend with all saints the breadth, depth, length and height of His love." Blessed are they in whom it is fulfilled.

#### HOW TO SPELL HEAVEN.

OH! if you want to know what heaven is, know what Christ is, for the way to spell heaven is with those five letters that make up the word Jesus. When you get Him, He shall be all to you that your glorified body shall need, and all your glorified spirit can conceive.

SPURGEON.

#### USELESS KNOWLEDGE.

As gold which he cannot spend will make no man rich, so knowledge which he cannot apply will make no man wise.—JAY.

#### THE UNERRING FOOL.

In a village in Buckinghamshire, there lived a poor idiot, who looked such an object of pity that the people tried to persuade the minister to forbid him coming to their place of worship, but the minister would not do that. One day however he took this verse for his text. "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." On hearing this the poor creature got up and, regardless of those around him, clapped his hands and cried out, "Then I shall be saved: then I shall be saved." Blessed be

God, many such poor fools have found their way safe to glory.

#### HARSH PREACHING.

"I BELIEVE," says Cooper, "no man was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, and scolds again. A surly mastiff will bear, perhaps, to be stroked, though he will growl even under that operation: but if you touch him roughly he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than religious zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for Christ and he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks that he is skilfully searching the hearts of others when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own, and charitably supposes his hearers destitute of all grace, that he may shine the more in his own eyes by the comparison. When he has performed this notable task he wonders that they are not converted: he has given it them soundly, and if they do not tremble and confess that God is in him of a truth, he gives them up as reprobate, incorrigible and lost for ever. But a man that loves me if he sees me in an error will pity me, and endeavour calmly to convince me of it and persuade me to forsake it. If he has great and good news to tell me, he will not do it angrily, and in much heat and discomposure of spirit. It is not therefore easy to conceive on what ground a minister can justify a conduct which only proves that he does not understand his errand. The absurdity of it would certainly strike him if he were not himself deluded."

## Reviews.

*Words of Life*. No. 2. On Hope. By DOWSON MASSY, D.D., late Rector of Hackelstown. (Hamilton, Adams and Co., 32, Paternoster-row.)

THIS work deserves an extensive circulation. It is carefully written, shows the high spiritual tone of the author's mind, and is well calculated to cheer and build up the Christian in his hope in the Gospel of Christ. The subject is dealt with in chapters on "The Riches of Hope," "The Pleasures of Hope," "The Patience of Hope," and "The Hope of the Early Church."

*My Dear Old Home, and The Sisters.* By J. B. L., Author of *Lottie Wilson, The Unexpected Legacy*, and other Tales. (Elliot Stock, Paternoster-Row.)

WE have here a little book, well got up in strong binding, good letter-press, on fine-toned paper, and the contents showing the usual care and talent of J. B. L. Its lines are instructive, its aim good, and we believe it will form a choice present book for girls.

*The Valley of Death Railway.* A Dream by an Old Traveller. (Elliot Stock.)

A CURIOUS but profitable publication; fanciful, yet real. Contains solid truth, forcibly put. The illustrations are natural and striking. To read the first page means reading to the end of the volume.

### MAGAZINES, PAMPHLETS, &c.

VARIOUS reports have reached us of Christian work. We have read with pleasure that of the *Soldiers' Friend Society*.

*The Naval Scripture Readers' Society.* *The Golden-lane Mission.* Most interesting. *Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society.* *The Ragged*

*School Union Quarterly Record*, with coloured chromo of King Edward Industrial Schools, Albert-street, Mile-end New-town. *The Young Men's Missionary Advocate*, and *The Missionary Herald*. God speed them all.

*Christian Giving.* By JOSEPH FLETCHER, Minister of Commercial-road Chapel. (E. Marlborough and Co., 4, Ave Maria-lane.) We are heartily thankful to our brother for this outcome of his mind. It is on a subject on which, after all our giving, instruction is needed. The views of the writer are well sustained by solid argument, earnest appeal, and striking illustration, and we hope for the sake of the Church and godliness it will have a large circulation.

*Apostolic Succession.* By ANGLO-SAXON. (Elliot Stock.) *A New Testament Church in its Relation to the Needs and Tendencies of the Age.* By JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A., LL.B. In the former of these we have the question of Apostolic Succession vigorously dealt with, and the pretensions of certain ecclesiastics plucked up by the roots; and in the second the Church of Christ is put before us distinct from a thing of tithes, glebes, livings, and politics, but as a body quickened by the Spirit, alive unto God, and burning with desire for every good work. We commend them both.

*A Dialogue Between a Baptist and a Pedobaptist.* By DAVID YOUNG, twenty-four years Minister of the United Presbyterian Congregation of Kinclaven. A revised edition. Second thousand. We are glad to find this well-reasoned and useful pamphlet has reached a second edition. We hope still further advances will be called for. It must do good.

*The Quarterly Register of the Baptist Tract Society, with Summary of Work and List of Subscriptions.* Also

specimens of new tracts, good and useful.

TRACTS :—555. *Ritualistic Sapping and Mining*, 8pp. 556. *Fact Stranger than Fiction*, 4pp. 557. *What the Prayers of a Sunday-school Teacher Did*, 4pp. 558. *A Christian Mother's Influence*, 8pp. 559. *The Sailor's Story*, 8pp. 560. *An Old Man's Story*, 4pp. 561. *Christ—Not Sacraments*, 4pp. 562. *Not Doing, but Trusting*, 4pp. 563. *Ladies' Mission Work in the Public Houses of Calcutta*, 8pp.

HANDBILLS :—*How the Invalid Horse Clipper Found Peace*, 2pp. *I Choose the World*, 2pp.

*The Teachers' Storehouse*. (Elliot Stock.) Continues well stored with valuable materials for Sunday-school teachers.

*The Biblical Museum*. (Elliot Stock.) Still worthy.

*The Baptist Magazine*, 21, Castle-street, Holborn. Quite an average number.

*The Sword and Trowel*. (Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster-buildings.) The letter from Mr. Spurgeon will be read with both sympathy and interest.

*The General Baptist Magazine*. (E. Marlborough and Co., Ave Maria-lane.) Contains its usual measure of stirring and useful matter.

*The Baptist and Freeman* are still working well side by side in the Baptist field, and we hope never to suffer the loss of being without either.

## Poetry.

### THE SWEETEST VOICE.

"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."  
—I SAM. 3—9.

WHEN toss'd on life's tempestuous sea,  
Its surging waves roll over me;  
I lift a hopeful eye to Thee—  
Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

When darkness veils this soul of mine,  
Speak that commanding word of Thine,  
"Let there be light." Shine, Saviour,  
shine.  
Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

When weakness lays my spirit by,  
When peace, and joy, and comfort fly,  
And faith itself seems near to die,  
Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

If Thou, Great Searcher, see'st within  
This heart some secret lurking sin,  
By me unnoticed and unseen,  
Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

If e'er, in my rebellious pride,  
I dare neglect my faithful Guide,  
And wander farther from Thy side,  
Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

If tempted and about to fall,  
Yielding to the seducer's call,  
His boasted victory forestall:  
Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

Speak, Lord, and give the weary rest;  
Thy voice can comfort souls distress;  
Relieve the burdened and oppressed:  
Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

Come from the palaces above;  
And with Thy voice of melting love,  
To warn, to solace, or reprove,  
Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

WM. LUFF.

“FEAR NOT, FOR I AM WITH THEE.”

“Fear not, for I am with thee,”  
The Lord declares to him  
Who of His grace has tasted,  
And now is dead to sin.

“Fear not, for I am with thee;”  
And thou, my child, must learn,  
In all life's various changes,  
My presence to discern.

“Fear not, for I am with thee,”  
Though in thy earthly life  
Events should in My Providence  
E'en provoke to strife.

“Fear not, for I am with thee,”  
Though enemies should rise;  
And by their artful practices  
Thy peaceful soul surprise.

“Fear not, for I am with thee;”  
Whate'er thy state may be;  
If pleasant or unpleasant,  
I'm ever near to thee.

“Fear not, for I am with thee;”  
The Lord omnipotent;  
And all that thou dost suffer  
My Providence hath sent.

“Fear not, for I am with thee;”  
And have the acts of men  
At My control and pleasure,  
What need'st thou fear for, then?

“Fear not, for I am with thee;”  
The cause of fear permit;  
But also make the cause of fear  
To Sovereign Power submit.

“Fear not, for I am with thee;”  
Remember in thy fear  
The God who all thy fears allows,  
With aid and comfort's near.

AGNOS.

August, 1876.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. E. MORLEY, having accepted a call to the church at Halstead, Essex, has resigned the pastorate of the church at Redditch.

Mr. E. George, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the invitation of the church at Burwell, Cambs, to become their pastor.

Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A., eldest son of the Rev. G. Gould, of Norwich, has accepted an invitation to assist the Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., in the pastorate of the Baptist church meeting at Bournemouth and at Boscombe.

Rev. D. George has resigned his charge at Lumb, and accepted an invitation from the church at Milnsbridge, Yorkshire.

Rev. S. A. Swain has resigned the pastorate of the church at Wantage,

and accepted a call from the church in Great Victoria-street, Belfast.

TENBY.—Rev. H. M. Barnett, B.A., formerly of St. Jude's, Mildmay-park, London, who has been lately delivering a series of anti-Ritualistic lectures in this town, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the South Parade Church.

BATH.—Rev. Spencer Murch having received an invitation from the church at Hay-hill Chapel (originated by the labours of Drs. Winslow and Leechman), and being encouraged by liberal promises from friends towards the reduction of the debt, has consented to accept the pastorate.

Rev. G. T. Edgeley, of Swindon, has accepted the pastorate of the Church at Bow, rendered vacant by the removal of Rev. J. H. Blake to Luton.

ASTLEY BRIDGE, BOLTON.—Rev. J. G.

Hall, after four years' labour, has resigned the pastorate of the church.

Rev. J. Collins, of Penge, has received and accepted a very cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at John-street, Bedford-row, W.C.

#### NEW CHAPELS.

A NEW chapel at Bourton-on-the-Water, calculated to seat 330, was opened on Tuesday, 1st August, when two sermons were preached to crowded congregations by the Rev. Dr. Stoughton. The cost of the building, including the site and schoolrooms, is £2,600. The proceeds of a bazaar, which was held in the afternoon, together with the collections, amounted to nearly £200, leaving a small debt still due on the building.

The new church at Bournemouth, of which Rev. H. C. Leonard is pastor, has been dedicated by a series of services. Rev. A. Maclaren preached two sermons on the opening day to crowded congregations of about 400 persons. Several ministers of other denominations took part in conducting the worship. On the following Sunday the Revs. W. Walters and G. P. Gould preached.

At Station-end, Harrow, the Regent's-park College Preaching Station Society have conducted services for over four years. The place of meeting being an upper room, incommodious and difficult of access, it has been decided to erect a chapel at a cost of about £400. To aid in furnishing this amount a bazaar was held on July 18th and 19th, and a tea and public meeting on the Wednesday evening. Rev. T. H. Morgan presided, and the speakers were Messrs. R. D. Peckett, the secretary; J. H. Dineen, of Regent's-park College, superintendent; Smith, Spratley, Trenniman and Comfort. A letter was read from Mr. Spencer, a Churchman, expressing deep sympathy with the cause, and enclosing £5 as a second donation. He also promised a further sum, to be paid when the building is finished. The total receipts amounted to £35.

#### RECOGNITIONS.

DOLAU, RHAYADER.—Services were held on July 13th to recognise Rev. Jabez Jenkins, late of Welshpool, as pastor. Sermons were preached by the Revs. D. Davies, D. Davies, E. W. James, W. Prosser, and T. T. Davies, the devotional parts being conducted by the Revs. E. W. James, T. T. Davies, and D. Davies. The congregations were large, and the church, which has been for some time without a pastor, appears to be reviving.

Mr. William James, of the Collego, Haverfordwest, was ordained to the pastorate of the church at Langunider, on the 17th July. Revs. Dr. Davies, J. Jones, T. Davies, D. B. Edwards, J. Williams, R. Richards, and J. D. Jones took part in the services.

NORTH BRADLEY.—The settlement of Rev. J. Hanson was publicly celebrated on Wednesday, August 9th, when a sermon was preached in the afternoon by Rev. J. Bloomfield. A tea was held in the schoolroom, and at six a public meeting in the chapel. Behind the desk, or school pulpit, was a group of portraits of former pastors of the Bradley Church, whose remains are interred in the graveyard in front of the chapel, including the Revs. J. Clift, J. Wilkins, and G. W. Rodway. In the centre of these were inscribed, in large characters, the following words: "Their works do follow them." Mr. J. S. Whitaker presided, and, in introducing the speakers, offered some words of Christian salutation in welcoming Mr. Hanson, their new pastor, amongst them. Mr. Hanson spoke of his former sphere of labour in Huddersfield.

#### PRESENTATIONS.

FAREWELL OF THE REV. J. H. BLAKE AT BOW. — Valedictory services were held on Wednesday, August 2nd, at Bow Baptist Chapel, London, to take farewell of the Rev. James H. Blake, who, after sustaining a successful pastorate there for nearly thirteen years, has become the pastor of Park-street Baptist Chapel, Luton. Addresses were



delivered by the Rev. E. M. Erskine (Presbyterian), the Rev. B. Edwards (Congregational), Rev. W. T. Lambourne, the Rev. R. Finch, the Rev. W. A. Blake, the Rev. J. W. Inglis (Baptists), Mr. Thos. Fletcher (one of Mr. Blake's former deacons), and Mr. James Cookson, one of the deacons of Park-street Chapel, who was present with Mr. Simpson, Mr. Souster, and other friends from Luton. During the evening Mr. Blake received an album with emblazoned address, inscribed also with the names of a number of his friends contributing to a purse, among whom were the Rev. E. T. Driffield, the rector of Bow, who expressed the highest regard for Mr. Blake, and regret at his removal. The purse contained £64. Mr. Blake also presented on behalf of a few young friends, a gold Albert chain to Mr. Thomas Fletcher. It must have been very gratifying to Mr. Blake to find himself surrounded on this occasion with so many earnest and attached friends, and equally satisfactory to the rev. gentleman's new friends in Luton to hear the reiterated expression of the love and esteem in which their new pastor was held at Bow. It appears that during Mr. Blake's ministry a chapel has been built at a cost of nearly £7,000, and a sum of between £5,000 and £6,000 has been raised for the chapel debt and interest. The pastor seems also to have thrown his energies into every work of the neighbourhood for promoting the moral and physical as well as the religious interest of mankind. So amidst the sincerest affections of his people, and the highest regard of his brethren of all denominations, and the best wishes of the parishioners of Bow, Mr. Blake transfers himself from his former to his present charge. Letters of apology at absence from the meeting were read from the Rev. B. Preece, Mr. G. T. Edgeley, and Mr. W. R. Marsh.

REV. C. STARLING, on the occasion of leaving Henrietta-street Chapel, London, where he has laboured for seven years, was presented on the 31st of July, with a purse containing 28 sovereigns, as a token of the regard

in which he is held by the church and congregation.

REV. W. M. LEWIS, who has lately resigned the pastorate of the church at Bridgewater, was presented on the 9th of August with a purse containing £50; also with an illuminated address bearing testimony to his piety, catholicity, and ministerial ability, and expressing the regret which the church and congregation and town at large feel in consequence of the separation. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Messrs. Lillington, J. E. Odgers, M.A., and E. S. Prout, M.A., who all spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Lewis.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

IN Church-street Chapel, Edgware-road, the scene of Dr. Burns's energetic ministerial labours for more than forty years, a very elegant marble tablet has been erected to his honoured memory by the ladies of the congregation.

#### LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN.

*To the Editor of the BAPTIST  
MESSENGER.*

DEAR SIR,—Will you permit me to answer through your paper some of the questions being asked me in reference to the proposed evangelistic work in connection with the London Baptist Association. Doing so will save much future letter-writing on the part of all.

1. The services will be limited to churches in the Association.
2. They are only intended to be held on week days.
3. They are to be of a purely evangelistic nature.
4. They are not to be accompanied with collections.
5. The only expenses incurred by having such services will be the cost of the bills announcing them—the same to be drawn up and circulated by the churches applying—and simply the travelling fare of the brethren who come.

Will you also allow me to say to

brethren in the country that I cannot undertake any fresh engagements this year, as I purpose holding myself free for this work, so as to take any date that may not be provided for, or supply the place of any brother who, having promised, may, through illness or other causes, be unable to fulfil his engagement. I ask this as it will save me much correspondence. Begging the prayers of your readers for this campaign, and asking the associated churches to make speedy arrangements,

I remain, yours very sincerely,  
ARCHIBALD G. BROWN.

2, Mornington-road, Bow-road, E.  
August 15th, 1876.

#### TEMPERANCE REMINISCENCES.

THE Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste, of Sydney, writes:—"The Rev. Edward Robinson is one of our oldest total abstinence advocates. I found him active in the temperance cause when I came to Sydney in 1854, and I find him active still, although threescore years and ten rest on his energies. The celebrated Dr. Johnson, of lexicographical and other fame, once said, we are informed, of the celebrated Wesley, that there was one thing he did not like about him, and that was that, when they met, Mr. Wesley had always some engagement nearing him, so that 'they could never have their chat out.' Occasionally, I and the Rev. Edward Robinson do have our chat out, and would he consent, I think he would be just the man to write a capital and copious volume of interesting temperance reminiscences with which a long and useful life has furnished him. We were conversing the other day on the altered hold which total abstinence now has upon the public heart and mind, compared with its position thirty or forty years ago. 'Well,' said he, 'now, if you will allow me, I will relate an anecdote to the point which transpired under my own immediate observation. Of course you knew by fame, if not by familiar personal acquaint-

ance, that great leader of Congregationalism, the late Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool.' I assented. 'Well,' continued my friend, 'I remember meeting the Doctor on two occasions, and those two occasions were twenty years apart. The first occasion was an annual meeting in connection with the Congregational Union of England and Wales, Dr. Raffles in the chair. The toast of the Queen was of course the first toast, and, in proposing it, the Doctor said, with many sparkles of his often exuberant wit, "I believe there are a few weak brethren present who do not take wine, so let them, if they please, respond to the toast by charging their glasses with cold water." Twenty years afterwards I attended a great Congregational college meeting, Dr. Raffles again in the chair. The same loyal toast was proposed, but how completely had twenty years turned the tables; the doctor said, "Most of the brethren present are total abstainers, who will of course respond to the toast in their favourite beverage, water; I must confess to a lingering weakness for a little wine." The weak brethren in the doctor's estimation twenty years before were the total abstainers; now the tables are turned indeed, and the censor himself apologises for taking a little wine on the score of lingering weakness."—*Victorian Temperance Year-Book, 1876.*

#### BAPTISMS.

*Aberdare*.—July 26, at the English Chapel, Three, by Thos. Jones.

*Abersychan*.—July 26, Two, by J. Jones.

*Bangor*.—July 30, at the English Chapel, Two, by W. H. Bishop.

*Bedminster*, Bristol.—July 23, at Philip-street Chapel, Eight, by W. Norris.

*Billingboro'*.—August 6, One, by C. Horne.

*Birmingham*.—July 5, Five, at Longmore-street Chapel, by W. Oates.

*Birmingham*.—July 30, Two, at the New Chapel, Little Sutton, by N. Snape.

*Blackley*, Yorks.—August 4, One, by R. Briggs.

- Blasnavon*.—July 2, Four; 13, Two, at the English Chapel, by W. Rees.
- Bradford*.—August 6, Two, at Tetley-street Chapel, by B. Wood.
- Brighton*.—On August 2, at Bond-street, Five, by J. Glaskin.
- Bristol*.—August 3, at Thursell-street Chapel, Eight, by W. Osborne.
- Brymhyfryd, Ebbw Vale*.—July 16, Fourteen; August 13, Seven, by J. Griffiths.
- Bulwell, Notts*.—July 23, Three, by C. D. Crouch.
- Chepstow*.—August 5, Three, by W. L. Mayo.
- Chester*.—July 30, at Pepper-street, Three, by W. Durban.
- Cinderford*.—August 6, Six, by Cornelius Griffiths.
- Commerau*.—August 6, Two, by W. J. Price.
- Countes horpe, Leicester*.—July 16, Three, by H. Hughes.
- Corentry*.—August 6, at Gosford-street, Three, by H. W. Meadow.
- Darford*.—July 31, at Highfield-road, Three, by A. Sturge.
- Derby*.—July 13, at Osmaston-road Chapel, Two, by G. Hill.
- Do'au, Rhayader*.—July 16, Two, by J. Jenkins.
- Dunfries, West-park*.—July 20, One; 28, One, by Wm. Milligan, junior.
- Dunfermline*.—August 9, Five, by J. T. Hagen.
- Eastcote*.—August 13, Six, by D. Mace.
- East Hartlepool*.—July 30, Four, by H. Dunnington.
- Ebenezer, Pembroke-shire*.—July 23, One, by J. E. Griffiths.
- Et, thorne, Kent*.—July 23, Three, by J. Stubbs.
- Falmouth*.—August 3, Three, by W. Gooch.
- Glastonbury*.—Aug. 10, Four, by G. Pring.
- Haverigg, Cumberland*.—July 23, Three, by R. Richardson.
- Hay*.—July 30, Three, by J. Mathias.
- Horncastle, Lincolnshire*.—July 3, Two.
- Horsforth, near Leeds*.—July 2, One, by J. Harper.
- Jarrow-on-Tyne*.—July 23, Two; 30, Three, at Grange-road, by W. Satchwell.
- Kirton Lindsey*.—June 28, Ten, by J. Young.
- Launceston*.—July 16, Three; 30, One, by J. Wilson.
- Lifton, Devon*.—August 6, Five, by G. Parker.
- Little Leigh, Cheshire*.—August 6, One, by A. Spencer.
- Liverpool*.—July 30, at Soho-street, Five, by E. E. Walter.
- Llanelli*.—July 30, at Horeb, Five, by J. G. Phillips.
- Lycnypia*.—July 16, at Jerusalem Chapel, Ten, by J. R. Jones.
- Loughwood*.—August 6, Two, by R. Baatable.
- Manchester*.—July 19, at Hamer-street, Eight, by W. Birch.
- Marloes*.—July 18, One, by W. Harries.
- Metropolitan District*.—  
*Barking*.—July 20, Three, by W. J. Tomkins.
- Blackheath*.—August 1, at Dacre-park Chapel, Five, by W. Usher.
- Borough-road*.—July 22, Three, by G. W. McCree.
- Camberwell*.—July 30, at Wyndham-road Chapel, Three, by H. W. Childs.
- Commercial-road*.—July 30, Six, by — Fletcher.
- Dulwich*.—August 13, at Lordship-lane Chapel, Six, by H. J. Tresidder.
- Finchley (North)*.—August 3, Four, by J. Chadwick.
- Hartington*.—August 3, Seven, by W. Crick.
- Hounslow, Providence Chapel*.—August 13, Two, by W. A. Blake, of Brentford.
- Metropolitan Tabernacle*.—July 31, Twenty-two; August 3, Thirteen, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon.
- Richmond*.—July 16, at Parkshot Chapel, Three, by J. H. Cooke.
- Sarbiton-hill*.—July 30, Five, by W. Baster.
- Middlesbro'*.—July 30, at Boundary-road, One, by G. W. Wilkinson.
- Mills Hill, near Manchester*.—August 9, Nine, by W. Wiggins.
- Milton-under-Wychwood, Oxon*.—July 13, Three; August 10, Three, by H. Winsor.
- Monmouth*.—July 23, Six; August 2, One, by W. Morgan.
- Mortley*.—July 30, Three, by the pastor.
- Mount Pleasant, Pembroke*.—August 3, Two, by E. Thomas.
- Narberth*.—July 2, Three, by B. Thomas.
- Netherton, near Dudley*.—July 16, Eight, by J. Marshall.
- Newhaven, Sussex*.—August 13, One, by H. G. Blackie.
- New Whittington*.—July 23, Two, by R. T. Lewis.
- Northampton*.—June 29, Ten; August 3, Twenty-one.
- Nottingham*.—July 20, at Exeter Hall, Fourteen, by E. J. Silvertou.
- Ogden*.—August 6, Three, by A. E. Greening.
- Oswaldtwistle*.—August 6, Two, by J. Naylor.
- Oldham*.—July 30, at Manchester-street, Three, by E. Balford.
- Old Swan, Liverpool*.—July 30, Three, by D. Jones.
- Preston*.—May 28, at Pole street Chapel, Two; July 31, Two, by H. Dunn.

Quantock, Bucks.—August 8, Six, by G. Dunctt.

Ramsbottom.—Jan. 2, Four; May 7, Four; June 11, Ten; July 1, Eleven, by R. Maden.

Rattlesden, Suffolk.—August 6, Three, by E. Probert.

Rhos, Mountain Ash.—July 23, Five, by W. Williams.

Riddings.—August 6, Three, by C. F. Jamieson.

Risca.—August 5, at the English Chapel, Four, by T. Thomas.

Royton.—July 30, at Oldham-road Chapel, Eight, by H. Webster.

Ryeford, near Ross.—August 2, Four, by E. Watkins.

St. Helen's, Lancashire.—August 6, at Park-road, Three, by W. C. Taylor.

St. Neol's, Hant.—August 4, at East-street Chapel, Three, by J. Raymond.

Shepton Mallet.—August 2, at the Old Chapel, Crocombe, Three, by G. Lane.

Shoreham, Sussex.—July 16, Three; 30, Four, by J. W. Harrauld.

Skewen.—June 4, Two, by J. E. Griffiths.

Southampton.—July 30, at Carlton Chapel, Eight, by E. Osborne.

South Molton, Devon.—July 30, Three, by H. Hawksworth.

Sutton-in-the-Elms.—August 6, Seven, by W. Bull, B.A.

Sutton-on-Trent, Notts.—July 23, One, by H. A. Fletcher.

Swansea.—July 26, at York-place Chapel, Eight, by B. D. John.

Taunton.—July 30, at Albemarle Chapel, Five, by O. Tidman.

Thurleigh, Beds.—July 2, Two; August 6, One, by G. Chandler.

Treherbert, Glamorganshire.—August 13, at the English Chapel, Three, by H. Rosser.

Treorky, July 16, at the English Chapel—Two; August 13, Two, by D. Davies.

Trowbridge, Wilts.—August 6, Seven, by A. English.

Trubury, Worcestershire.—August 6, Two, by A. T. Head.

Ullerton.—June 24, Four, by W. Sharman.

Wedmore, Somerset.—August 2, Four, by T. J. Hazzard.

## PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from July 16th, 1876, to August 19th, 1876.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
A Thursday Night		Proceeds of Anni-		Mr. Sommerville .....	0 10 0
Hearer.....	5 0 0	versary, per Mr. E.		Mr. Feltham .....	0 10 0
Mrs. Mackenzie .....	1 0 0	Brown .....	3 3 0	Mr. A. Fowler .....	0 10 0
Dr. Beilby .....	2 0 0	Mr. T. Ledsham .....	0 6 6	Mrs. Glennan .....	1 0 0
Mr. Sykes .....	0 2 6	A Sister, Balkhead...	0 2 6	M. C. Crediton .....	0 5 0
Mr. Berry .....	1 0 0	Mrs. McIntyre .....	0 2 6	Mr. Robert Miller ...	20 0 0
J. M. Otago .....	1 10 0	Mr. Wyatt.....	2 2 0	Mrs. Bathbone Taylor	2 10 0
Mr. R. L. Combe .....	2 0 0	B. A.....	0 5 0	R. W. M.....	2 0 0
A. B.....	0 10 0	C. M. M.....	0 5 6	Mrs. Sims .....	5 0 0
An Invalid Lady .....	10 0 0	C. E.....	0 10 0	Mrs. Harding .....	1 0 0
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## SIMPLE FACT AND SIMPLE FAITH.\*

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

"As it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses."—ACTS xiii. 38, 39.

APOSTOLICAL preaching was widely different from the common sermonising of this age. Doubtless, when the Apostles addressed assemblies of believers, they took distinct subjects and kept to them, opening up and expounding the particular truths they had in view. But when speaking to the outside world, and making their appeals to unbelievers, they do not usually appear to have selected any one doctrine as their topic. The manner in which they preached did not so much consist in inculcating a specific doctrine, and showing the inferences that would naturally arise from it, as it did in declaring certain facts of which they had been actual witnesses themselves, and had been chosen to bear witness to others. Turn to Peter's sermon at Pentecost, or the same Apostle's sermon to Cornelius, or to the record of Paul's preaching at Perga or at Antioch, you will find these discourses were an argument from the Scriptures that as God had of old promised to send a Saviour, so Jesus Christ had come into the world, had lived a holy life, had been put to death, being falsely accused, had been laid in the grave, after three days had risen again, that afterwards He had ascended, according to the testimony of the Prophets. Of Him they spake, that whosoever believed in this man, who was very God, should certainly be saved by Him. This was the declaration which they made: I do not find them as a rule expounding the doctrine of election in promiscuous assemblies of unbelievers; arguing the subtle questions of free agency and predestination, or striving about words to no profit, to the subverting of the hearers. Their resolute purpose it was to declare those things that pertain directly to the salvation of the soul, this being the all-important matter which they would have all men to heed. Thus they charged every one who heard them, at the peril of his soul, to accept the revelation and embrace the faith of the Gospel. Listen to the Apostle Paul in that famous fifteenth chapter in the first Epistle to the Corinthians, which is usually read at funerals. He says there—"Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the Gospel which I delivered unto you." Now you expect him to begin a long list of doctrines; but instead of that he says, "How that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that on the third day He rose again according to the Scriptures." This it is that he emphatically describes as the Gospel. To assert these facts, to exhort men to believe them, and to put their trust in the Man who thus lived, and died, and rose again, was the preaching of the Gospel which of old shook the hoary systems of superstition, fastened though they seemed to be upon their thrones most securely; which enlightened the darkness of heathendom, and made, in those first ages of Chris-

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tianity, the whole world to be astonished with the light and the glory of Christ.

Let us, then, strive to imitate the Apostles, and endeavour to preach a simple Gospel sermon, if not with their ability, or with their inspiration, yet with their earnestness, and with the same desire as burned within their bosoms, that men may be saved thereby. We shall accordingly have to deal first with the *history of Jesus whom we hold forth as a Saviour*. Secondly, with the *claims of Jesus*; and thirdly, with the *blessings which Jesus brings*.

I. In respect to THE HISTORY OF JESUS, if you will kindly refer to your Bibles you will find that the Apostle here commenced his sermon by noticing that *many prophets had gone before to speak concerning the coming of Jesus*. In the twenty-third verse he especially mentions the promise made to David, that of his seed God would raise up a Prince and a Saviour to the house of Israel. Let me remind you, brethren, that full often in the world's history sages have appeared, claiming a Divine inspiration, whose announcements fostered the hope of a coming man who should redeem the world from thralldom, and become the Saviour of our race. All the seers whose eyes were anointed of God to look into the future herald the advent of a great Prophet, a Prince, and a Saviour, whose claims to homage it would be alike perilous and preposterous to reject. These prophets have appeared at divers times and various places, and without any collusion they have one and all proclaimed the same thing. The most of them sealed their witness with their blood. "Which of the prophets did not your fathers slay?" Yet in the teeth of suffering extreme or of violent death, they seem to have been impelled by a Divine *furor* within them to proclaim, even to the last, that One was coming who would overturn the old reign of terror, and the old order of outward ceremonies, to introduce a spiritual kingdom, and to redeem the world from its sins and sorrows.

In the favoured land of Judæa that bright star of hope beamed most brightly through the dark night of long years and dreary watches. At length there appeared a remarkable individual who had been foreshown by some of these prophets. They had signified that before the promised Man, the Messiah, arrived, there would be a harbinger—one like unto Elijah. Elias would first come. Now the Tishbite whose career had been so memorable in Israel was a man of much sanctity, but little polish. His raiment was rough, his diet frugal, his bearing austere, and his address earnest or even vehement. He seemed to be fire embodied, if such a thing could be—so strong was his passion and so dauntless his courage. He laid the axe at the root of every sin, nor did he quail before any man's face, however high his station or lofty his pretensions. Let him but detect a wrong, he denounces it with all his might. Eighteen centuries have transpired since there appeared in the wilderness, near the river Jordan, a man whose raiment was of camel's hair, and whose meat was locusts and wild honey. A child of the desert, ascetic in his habits, with a ministry all his own, rebuking the vices of the age with defiant air, and summoning men to repentance in trumpet tones, till the whole of Judæa was startled with the phenomenon, and the multitudes poured forth from town and village to hear his preaching, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The one culminating point of his exhortations was

this—"Behold the Lamb of God!" Look for Him, gaze at Him, resort to Him. He taketh away the sin of the world. His mission it was to make straight in the wilderness a highway for the coming of the Lord, whose shoes' latchet he declared himself not worthy to unloose. At length the Saviour came—the Saviour promised long. From the privacy of His home at Nazareth where He had been brought up He came to the river of Jordan. Of His miraculous birth and His infancy I forbear to speak. He appeared in the wilderness where John ministered by the fords of Jordan, and demanded baptism; and as He came up out of the water the Holy Spirit descended upon Him like a dove, and a voice was heard by many witnesses, "This is My beloved Son. Hear ye Him." This man, this wonderful individual, who had now become openly manifest, lived for three years a public life of extraordinary benevolence, in which there was a combination of deep humility and Divine power—the most memorable life on record. Imagination has never dreamed its equal. Those who have thought much on virtue have been utterly unable to construct the story of a life out of their invention that could at all resemble it, or compare with it for purity or symmetry—a life in which there was not so much any one prominent virtue, as all the virtues divinely blended. As gentle as a lamb, as bold as a lion, stern against hypocrisy, always tender towards the sinner, especially when the tear-drop of repentance glistened in the eye. A man who rent to pieces all the old formalities, denounced the learning of the Rabbis, and came with nothing but His own force of character and the witness of God, to speak truths which, like light, are self-evidential—truths which stand the test of time, and weather the changes of circumstance; truths which will endure unimpaired when the old world has passed away; truths which have set free human minds from the shackles of superstition; truths which have gladdened the daughters of despair; truths which have always been most acceptable to the poor and needy; truths which have elevated humanity from the very hour in which they were first proclaimed; truths which have drawn disciples through the ages, and have filled heaven with His admirers, who fall down before the glorious Son of God and worship Him; truths which will yet make this world bright in the light of heaven.

Now that Man lived a perfectly blameless life—so blameless that when His enemies sought His death they could not find anything to lay to His charge, and therefore by false witnesses they accused and condemned Him. The great point in His history to which we always call your most devout attention, and to which the Apostles always bore the most vehement testimony, was this—that He was crucified. It would be policy, some suppose, to conceal this. This great Teacher, this Promised One, this Divine Man—for He was man yet God, perfect God and perfect man—actually died a felon's death. He was taken by wicked hands, scourged, mocked, made to carry His cross, and then on Calvary was fastened to the tree, and there He died. But we must tell you the interpretation which lends a charm to the information. He died there as a substitute for man. He had no guilt of His own, but He was appointed by God to bear all the sins of all His people—of all men, in fact, who will believe on Him. He was punished that they might not be punished. He bore the penalty for all believers that they might be released from the dread punishment that justice demanded of them. He did, in fact, go up to

that tree with the load of all the guilt of all who had believed and all who should believe piled upon His shoulders; and owing to the excellence of His nature, being God, His sufferings made atonement for all the guilt of all that vast multitude. It was as much a vindication of God's justice as if all those ten thousand times ten thousand had been cast into hell for ever. Here was the fact. The punishment due to all those souls was put into one bitter cup, and Jesus on the tree put that cup to His lips and—

“At one tremendous draught of love  
He drank damnation dry.”

—drank to the very dregs all the wrath which God had towards His offending, sinful, guilty, and condemned people, and they were therefore clear. This is the great doctrine of the Cross. “God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.” When taken down from the cross He was laid in the tomb. There His sacred body remained for three days, but on the morning of the third day, by His own eternal power and Godhead, He rose again from the grave since He could not be holden by the bands of death, and now He liveth—henceforth He ever lives. At this moment, the Man who was born of the Virgin at Bethlehem, who was put to death in weakness by Pontius Pilate, but was raised in power, having ascended on high after His resurrection, sits at the right hand of the Father, where as man, though God, He pleads with God incessantly for us, and by His eternal merit saveth so many as put their trust in Him. These are historical facts which the Gospel holds forth to be surely believed. Some think them old wives' fables. Let them think so; they miss the benefit which simple faith would certainly confer. On their own heads be the blame, for on their own souls will come the smart. Many of us can aver, with our hands on our breasts, that we have proved the truth of all that is written in the Book. These precious truths have exerted a potent spell over our own lives. Our believing has enabled us to overcome our passions, and it has been the leverage which has lifted us up out of our depravity. These verities are our unflinching solace while as creatures we are subject to vanity, and in the hour of death they shall be our succour and support as tens of thousands before us have found them to be.

II. With the history of Jesus thus clearly in our view, let us now ask—

WHAT ARE THE CLAIMS OF JESUS?

He claims, as the Ever-living One, that we should accept Him as being what He professes to be, if we would derive any benefit from Him. He professes to be the Messiah anointed and commissioned of God. Dost thou believe that? Reading the prophecies concerning Him, dost thou see how exactly He fits them as the key fits the wards of the lock? If thou seest that, I am glad. Moreover He demands that thou shouldst receive Him as God. This is His profession, that He is God over all blessed for ever, God incarnate. He trod the waves of the lake of Gennesaret; He raised the dead; He healed the sick; He multiplied the loaves and fishes; He stayed the winds; He lalled the storm. He hath done all things that God only can do. He was almighty even here below as a man. Accept Him, then, as very God. If thou dost so intelligently, sincerely, I am glad. And now wilt thou accept Him as thy Priest, and none upon earth beside? To have Him you must renounce all else, for know of a surety



our High Priest will not stand side by side with any other priest. Resort to Him only for atonement, for intercession, for benediction. He offered Himself as a sacrifice, gave Himself up for the sins of His people. Believe in Him as thy Priest, and in His sufferings and death as thy Sacrifice. Avaunt, ye priests of Rome! Begone, ye priests of the Anglican order! Away with every vain pretender to the priesthood! To Him who hath entered into the holy place not made with hands pertaineth the exclusive privilege of the priesthood. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the only Priest over the house of God. His people become priests through Him—every one of them. Yea; kings and priests after the Melchisedec type, but we own no priestcraft now. The religion of Jesus disavows and denounces all prelatical pretences. It proclaims for ever the putting down of the hierarchy of men, with all their empty conceits and their inflated arrogance; their frocks and their robes, their lawn sleeves and their fine millinery, their vain boasting and their sanctimonious finger-play, with all the preternatural influence that is supposed to emanate from a bishop's hands. Jesus is the only Priest. Wilt thou take Him to be such? Then I rejoice that thou art thus enlightened. Yet know that He claims to be thy King. Thou must do what He bids thee. Thou must be His subject, observe His statutes, and keep His commandments. Art thou His subject? He will be thy Friend. Thou shalt even be His brother, and thou shalt live near to Him as one dear to Him, in affectionate intercourse with Him. Though He be in heaven yet will He reveal Himself to thee on the earth. Now, art thou willing to accept Him as such?—thy Prophet, so that thou shalt believe what He teaches thee; thy Priest, so that thou shalt confide in His mediation; thy King, so that thou shalt serve Him. And oh! in what accents of tenderness does Jesus claim *that we should trust Him*. This is a blessed message to some of you who may not have heard it before. If you will but trust this glorious Man, this blessed God, you shall this moment be saved. To trust Him is what He demands. He saith—"I am God: rely upon Me implicitly. I am perfect Man: I died for Mine enemies out of love to them. I have all power given to Me in heaven and in earth, and with My blood sprinkled on My Father's throne I reign supreme in the realm of mercy. Only trust Me, and I will save you—save you from the guilt of the past, save you from the power of passion in your soul, save you from the dominion of sin; and in the future I will change you—make you a new man. I will give you a new heart and a right spirit. All of My grace shall be yours, if you will but trust Me." Even the power to trust, Jesus Himself gives—for it is all of His grace from first to last—but whoever trusts Him shall be saved. My Master has a right to this, and nothing short of this will He take, for these are His own words—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." He does not admit of any medium. Thou must either believe or not believe; and if thou believe not, His wrath falleth upon thee. "He that believeth not hath made God a liar, because he hath not believed on His Son Jesus Christ." "He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already." "He that believeth on Him shall never perish; he shall never come into condemnation, for he hath passed from death unto life." I do hope I am making

this plain. It is my fervent desire and my heart's prayer that you may all know the Gospel if you never knew it before. If you have known it before, I would that ye might discern it more clearly. Should you reject it, the fault shall not be mine. God is my witness I have eschewed every idea of trying to be eloquent or oratorical in my preaching. I care nothing whatever about the gaudy show of speech-making. I only want just to tell you these truths in unvarnished speech. It may be that they awaken prejudice, and you who listen to them perhaps are saying they are dull and trite. Such trite truisms, however, contain the very pith and marrow of the Gospel whereby you can be guided to heaven. Dull as you may account them, if rejected, dark and dreary indeed will be the ruin of your souls. I charge you, therefore, before Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead, that ye remember these few simple things, seeing they involve your hope or your despair, your salvation or your perdition, for eternity. Door of heaven there is none, but this; gate of Paradise there is none, beside it. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation." He hath devised for us a way of redemption. Trusting in Him we shall be saved; rejecting Him we are lost.

Jesus claims of you that you do not trust in yourselves; that you do not think that you are good enough; that you should not imagine that you ever can be good enough of yourselves; that you rely not in any ceremonies; that you will not depend upon any man; that you do not encourage a hope of heaven by any reasoning or resolution of your own, but that you just now put your sole trust in Him. Though it seems too good to be true, yet true it is, that if you be the worst of sinners, defiled with vilest lusts, and degraded with heaviest crimes; though your sins be of scarlet dye, and their remembrance haunts you like ghostly spectres, yet if you will trust in Jesus whom God hath set forth for a propitiation, you shall have perfect forgiveness from God the eternal Father, and power shall be given you to overcome those very trespasses to which you were prone, that you fall not into them again. Oh, glorious Gospel of the ever-blessed God! would that men had hearts to receive and welcome its gracious provisions!

III. THE BLESSINGS WHICH JESUS CHRIST BRINGS TO ALL WHO TRUST HIM may well exceed our power to enumerate them. "*By this Man is preached unto you forgiveness of sins.* Not lenience, but pardon—the forgiveness of all sins. From your childhood to your old age; the sins of fourscore years, if you have lived so long; your public misdemeanours, your private trespasses, your overt acts, your secret thoughts, your uttered words, your smothered wishes; the enrolled catalogue all unrolled of your transgressions and obliquities—shall be at once blotted out from the book of God's remembrance, if you trust in Jesus Christ. They shall not be laid to your charge. However black the list or long the inventory, do but trust in this Man they shall be all forgiven thee. He that confesses his sin and comes to Jesus shall find mercy, shall find mercy now. Is there one here who feels his guilt? What grateful news this must be to his aching heart. I wish that ye all knew how guilty you have been, and how deeply stained ye are. A real broken-hearted sinner is a gem wherever you meet with him. There is no music in the world like the notes

of pardon to the conscience-stricken, self-convicted sinner. Jesus gives pardon for all sin. To those that believe in Him He gives *immediate pardon*—not pardon in prospective, not pardon to be revealed when you come to die, but pardon now, pardon reaching sins yet to come, pardon comprehending the whole of your sinful life, given into your hand to be read by the eye of your faith, and to be as distinctly known as though it were delivered to you on parchment written by an angel's hand, sealed with the Saviour's blood. Christ Jesus will give a pardon which never shall be revoked, a pardon that cannot hereafter be cancelled. God never plays fast and loose with men. Whom He once pardons He never condemns. If He pronounce a man forgiven, forgiven he is and forgiven he shall be when the world is on a blaze. What joy unspeakable shall fill the soul of him who hails this hallowed hour a pardon from the skies. His burden gone; his manacles struck off; his fetters loosed; the fever cured; his health restored; how he will leap with delight, dance with pleasure, and sing with holy mirth. Believe in the slain but ever-living Son of God, poor sinner, and this heavenly rapture it shall be yours to prove. This is a pardon of pure good-will that retains no dregs of animosity. A man forgives his child and foregoes the rod, but he may say, "I shall not forget your conduct, for in the future I cannot trust you." But when God forgives He does not reproach. He takes the prodigal to His bosom. He does not set him at the farther end of the table to remind him of his waywardness, but He kills the fatted calf for him to convince him of His welcome. In some of us who were the very chief of sinners He puts such confidence that He gives us a commission to preach the Gospel to others by which we are saved ourselves, and sends us about the business which lies nearest to His heart, and most concerns His own glory. Oh, yes! it is a blessed pardon which sweeps the whole extent of human ruin and redeems us, restores us, and recoups us for the losses we sustained by sinning. And not only so, but by Him, by Jesus, all that believe are *justified* as well as forgiven—justified from all things from which we could not be justified by the law of Moses. Here we have a comparison, or, rather, a contrast. What does this mean? When man came, according to the law of Moses, they brought a bullock which they offered for their sin. This done, with what feelings would they depart from the altar. Conscious of guilt the man came; convinced that he had complied with a statute he went away. But his conscience was not cleansed. The stain was not removed. Though the blood of the beast quieted some of his scruples and eased some of his terrors, it did not, could not give him perfect peace. He must have known that the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of a heifer could not take away sin, neither could it atone for its guilt or eradicate its venom. By so much is the Gospel of Christ better than the law of Moses. If you will come and trust Christ you shall feel that you are no longer guilty. Up till now you have lived in guilt and sin, henceforth the whole force of sin upon the conscience shall be gone. You shall have peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord. You shall feel that for the past it is so obliterated that you have it no longer on your conscience. You can sing—

"Thro' Jesu's blood I'm clean."

What a mercy this is—this perfect cleansing of the conscience from guilt.

He that came to the altar under Moses' law did not always feel that he could come to God. The blood was sprinkled, and there was the way of access; but only the high priest went within the veil once in the year. The law of Moses could not so justify a man as to let him have access to the mercy-seat, but Jesus Christ so justifies His people that they come right up to God and speak to Him as a child to a father; tell Him all their wants and weaknesses, all their gratitude and joy. Into His very ears they pour out their loving hearts. How sweet the access of the creature man to his covenant God, when once he knows Christ. I do avow that some of us have as truly talked with God as ever we spoke to men; and have been as sure that we were in the presence of our heavenly Father, and as conscious of that wonderful overshadowing as ever we have been conscious that we have been in fellowship with any man or woman born. Oh! if you did but know it, God would not seem far off from you when you once trusted Christ. You would not think of Him as the God of thunder driving His rattling car over the sky with a flashing spear of lightning, but you would sing of Him—

"The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when He please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas,

"This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down His heavenly powers  
To carry us above."

You would see Him everywhere about you with the eyes of your spirit, and rejoice in Him.

They that came by the law of Moses to the altar were not justified from apprehensions of the future; but each worshipper as he went home, after all the killing of lambs, and rams, and bullocks, was afraid to die. But he that trusts in Jesus feels that so far as the future is concerned he is perfectly secure. "Now," saith he, "God has promised to save those who trust Christ. I do trust Christ, God must save me. He is bound by His justice to do so." On the lion of justice rides the fair maid of faith, and she hath no fear. While God is just no disciple of Jesus can be destroyed. What if Justice charge me with being a sinner? I reply, "Tis true I am, and yet I am not amenable to judgment, for all my sins are taken from me. They were laid on my blessed Surety. I have not one left. Christ has been punished for my sin, shall two be punished for one offence? Shall my Substitute die, and I die too? Shall Christ be condemned and I be condemned too, for the one and selfsame offence? God is not so unjust as to punish first the Substitute, and then the man for whom the Substitute stood. Oh! this is something to roll back on. Tis a pillow for an aching head; this is a safe boat to sail in amidst the storms of life and across the seas of death. Jesus Christ in my stead without the gate of the city poured out His heart's blood as God's great Victim. I trust in Him. Trusting in Him I cannot perish. He has sworn and will not repent. By two immutable things wherein it is impossible for God to lie, He hath given strong consolation to them that

flee for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel. Oh! beloved, surely we can live on this promise, and on this promise die.

Would to God that you all trusted Him! May full many of you trust Him now for the first time. The preaching of this Gospel is trustworthy, because the promise is trustworthy. I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth. Do you believe? Say "Yes," or "No," for there are signs following in either case.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### GRAPHIC SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

#### MISS HOPE'S BIBLE-CLASS.

##### PART I.

MR. DAVID SAMPTON, superintendent of Broad-street Sunday-school, was nearly at his wits' end. He had encountered difficulties in connection with his responsible office before, and mastered them, but had never met with any so formidable as those he had to face at the present. Here was he, superintendent of a school containing one hundred and ninety scholars. Up to a recent date there were eighteen teachers, but five had been suddenly removed from the locality, and when Mr. Proctor was gone he would have but twelve left. But it was Mr. Proctor's class specially that bothered him. By dint of management and tact he thought he might in a little time be able, out of the church and congregation, to supply the five vacant classes, as they were all junior ones; but how to secure a fit teacher for Mr. Proctor's class was the puzzle. The eight lads who composed it required more than an ordinary teacher. Whoever undertook to teach them must be up to the mark. They were mostly

sharp lads, tolerably well-educated for their age and position, and thoroughly capable at the shortest notice of making any teacher feel as if he "sat on thorns," or was surrounded by stinging-bees, if he could not prove himself in all respects to be their superior and master. From what quarter, then, was the required teacher likely to be obtained? In vain Mr. Sampson looked to the east, west, north, and south. Look in what direction he would not even the shadow of such a teacher could his weary eyes behold. For once he was fairly nonplussed.

Mr. Sampson had been superintendent of the school for four years. Under his able management the school had increased to double its original number. When he first came there was but one room, in which all the scholars were taught; but, owing to the gradual increase, it had been found necessary to build and attach to the schoolroom two class-rooms for the male and female senior Bible-classes, and also an infant class-room. For some time after the enlargement, things went on smoothly and more comfortably. Each class had its regular teacher, and there was more breathing-room for all. But with little warning, as already intimated, five of the teachers were called upon to remove from

the town. They happened to be railway servants, and were summoned to enter upon fresh duties in connection with a new station opened by the company some miles off. First came a call for two of them, then for a third, and then for the remaining two. Scarcely, however, had the superintendent got over this series of unexpected blows before a sixth came, and unfortunately this proved the worst of the lot. Mr. Proctor, who occupied a good position in a respectable firm in the town, was suddenly called upon to take a still higher position in a house belonging to the same firm, situated in another part of the kingdom; and in about a fortnight he too would bid the school farewell! How Mr. Sampson felt under these scholastic bereavements may be gathered from the following remarks made by him to his esteemed pastor, into whose sympathetic ear he thus poured the tale of his sorrows:

"You see, sir," he said, "Sunday-schools in the present day are not what they used to be. I can remember teaching a class when but a very young man. We used to have no regular lessons, but it was quite common for a teacher, as soon as he was fairly seated in his class, to say, 'Now, my boys, what chapter shall we read?' and the boys would select either one at random or just what they liked. Then that chapter would be read, and perhaps another, and in some classes I have known three to be read straight ahead. The reading finished, there would be a bit of spelling; and then the teacher, to eke out the time, would probably tell them a tale or read one out of a book which he had brought for the purpose; and this over, would look anxiously at the clock to see if the time was up! But that sort of thing won't do

now. The scholars, as a rule, are far better educated in our day than they were then. They go to secular schools, where they are well instructed and disciplined by government masters and pupil teachers, and they thus get to learn what teaching should be. As soon as a new teacher takes his seat in a class they instinctively take stock of him. If he is their superior in intelligence and education, and has tact to know how to deal with scholars in their various moods they will respect him: but woe be to him if he is their inferior! It has often made me sad to see a poor fellow try to manage a class for which, through deficient education or intellect, he was incompetent. The questions that scholars will ask him in order to confound him—the tricks they will play—and the remarks they will make for anything but his edification would astonish many not conversant with Sunday-school work. Some persons are surprised that there is such a lack of teachers in our Sunday-schools; but knowing what I do, on the contrary I am surprised that there are so many. As I have stood at my desk and cast my eye down the classes, and beheld the teachers sticking to their posts in spite of all the difficulties they have to encounter, my heart has swelled with gratitude to God to think that so many are willing to encounter them. Some of the teachers, perhaps, have been hard at work part of the night before, and stand more in need of bed than aught else; others have had little time to prepare the lesson, and have to do the best they can—and frequently a sorry best it is. If a teacher is well up in his lesson, and *feels* that he knows enough to interest a class, and has his illustrations at his tongue's end, then there is a good chance of his spending a happy

time with his class: but what can the teacher expect who has little or nothing to teach? Why, he is worse off in his class than a minister in a like condition would be before his congregation——”

“Stop, Mr. Sampson,” said the pastor, smiling; “pardon me for interrupting you. I can hardly see that. How do you prove it?”

“Very easily, sir. Let us suppose that a minister for once is hard up, and has not had time to study a discourse. What is he to do? He *must* preach, for the time has arrived for commencing the service and the congregation are waiting. Well, he enters the pulpit, takes some familiar text, talks about it, and gets through. Now, it may have been a poor sermon, and the people may have felt it to have been so too; but at any rate they have listened to him respectfully throughout, and all that he may suffer for the time being may be the secret consciousness that some of his intelligent hearers are saying things about his sermon not intended at all to reach his ear. But how is it with the poor Sunday-school teacher? Will he get off as well as that? Not very likely. The probability is that in the course of a few minutes some of his class will find out that on this occasion the teacher is empty; and they will take on the spot certain methods of letting him know of their having made the discovery, which, if he isn't a very good-tempered and forbearing man, will make him feel as if he would like, for his own personal gratification, to thrash them all round. That sort of thing I have seen again and again, and I should say it has been observed in every Sunday-school. Do you wonder, sir, when so many good Christian teachers are thus made painfully to feel their incompetence for the work, that they should so often

throw it up and say that ‘*they have had enough of it*’? The marvel is that so many stick to it under so many disadvantages!

“Then there is another thing that earnest teachers have to combat with, calculated to try a teacher's metal, and that is ‘the mischievous scholar.’ In most classes there is at least one of this unmanageable tribe, and some teachers think themselves well off if there is but one. Now, perhaps, just as the teacher is in the midst of the lesson, and has got hold of nearly all in the class, this urchin either says or does something that creates uncontrollable laughter or great confusion, and the whole class is put out; the impression that was being produced is lost, and the teacher really perspires in his endeavours to restore order. Now, sir, how would a minister feel if he had to meet with this sort of thing Sunday after Sunday when addressing his congregation? Only imagine your state of mind, sir, if you had the constant *dread* of some mischievous person rising in the midst of your discourse and by his word or action producing such disastrous effects! The fact is, no minister would stand it for *two* Sundays—once would be enough. But the Sabbath-school teacher often thinks himself well off if he can get through one Sunday without it! Depend upon it, sir, Sunday-school work in the nineteenth century is no sinecure, and they are earnest church members who tackle it, stick to it, and succeed in it. Take, for instance, Mr. Proctor's class. He has done tolerably well in it for the last twelve months, and I wish he could have stayed with us twelve years longer. But he has suddenly been called upon to remove, and where to meet with a suitable teacher to supply the vacant post I know not. Confident I am that not

one in the school can take it, and I have tried in vain to secure one from any other quarter."

"You are certain, then, Mr. Sampson, that you have applied to all likely male members of the church?"

"Certain, sir."

"Have you ever thought of supplying the vacancy with a female teacher?"

"I cannot say that I have, sir. Do you know of one?"

"I think I do, if you can secure her. What do you say to Miss Hope?"

"The daughter of Mrs. Hope, the widow?"

"Yes; the same."

"But what makes you think that she would do, sir?"

"For this reason. It has long been my opinion that lady teachers for lads of a certain age—say from twelve to sixteen—are far more likely to do good in such a class than male teachers. A little while ago a clergyman's daughter, writing to a Sunday-school magazine, urged the general adoption of female teachers for such classes, in preference to male teachers, on this ground: She said she had found out by experience that the love and reverence big lads feel for a lady teacher fills up a gap in their lives at a very dangerous time, and prevents them falling a prey to the enticements of bold and forward girls who would make them most unworthy wives. You will admit, sir, there is a great deal in that. Then another lady teacher, who has in a measure been successful in such a class, gave me her views in this form: She said that one reason why a lady is often more successful with elder boys than a man is, because she has naturally more individual love for them—not merely love for their souls, but a deep, earnest, personal love for each indi-

vidual boy. On that account she is, and must be as a rule, more capable of bearing with each boy's different kind of waywardness as well as the badness of the class as a whole. In fact, to my mind she put the whole thing in a nutshell when she made the sage remark, 'she does not think so much about her *class* as about her *boys*.' I would also add that, without doubt, the feeling, in a measure, becomes reciprocal. The lady's refinement tends to refine the lads; her love begets their love; her quiet and steady rule tends to make them steady and sober; and her emotional nature is certain, more or less, to act powerfully upon their feelings. Do you think I need say anything more, Mr. Sampson?"

"No, sir. I think you have said enough to vindicate your views, and have made out a good case. So, thanking you for your suggestion, I will at once be off to Carlton Terrace and see if I cannot capture Miss Hope!"

*(To be continued.)*

## THE DIACONATE.

BY REV. J. ROBINSON.

Acts vi. 1-7; 1 Tim. iii. 8-13.

IN the first of these Scriptures we have an account of how the primitive Church chose certain individuals to attend to the temporal concerns of the Church. In the second we are told what character these individuals must bear. In the early days of Christianity there were but two orders of officers in the Church, "Pastors and Deacons." For some time there was only the first, but when the number of the disciples increased to several thousands, it was not possible for the



Apostles to attend to everything so efficiently as was requisite, hence there "arose a murmuring" of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministrations.

To prevent this undesirable state of things growing to a very serious extent, the Apostles, without delay, called the disciples together and said, "It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out from among you," &c. This suggestion or advice met with general acceptance. "It pleased the whole multitude," and they at once made choice of seven men whom they set before the Apostles, and "when they had prayed, they laid their hands upon them," and thus ordained or set them apart to the work unto which their fellow-Christians had called them. Here we have the Christian Church in Jerusalem instituting the office of the "Diaconate."

I. The manner in which these good men were introduced to office.

1. They were chosen by a *vote of the Church*. "Wherefore, brethren, look ye out." The Apostles appear to have done nothing in this election except to advise and direct. Here, then, we have a true and safe pattern for all Christian Churches. Certain men should be nominated and then chosen to the office by a vote of the Church. It is a matter that requires and should command the serious, devout, prayerful attention of every member of the Church. Let no one say it can be done without me, rather say it shall *not* be done without my presence and my vote, for the electing of persons to fill the office of deacons is not something that affects the Church to-day only but for years to come.

2. After they were chosen they

were set apart by prayer and the imposition of hands. They prayed and laid their hands upon them.

II. The character which deacons must sustain. Any member of the Church is not to be elected, but those according to our best and impartial judgment that are duly qualified to fill the office efficiently to the profit of the Church, and glory of God.

"They must be grave," solemn, serious, sober. "Not double-tongued." Not say one thing to this person, and another to that, as self-interest may suggest. "Not given to much wine," but temperate in all things. Not greedy of filthy lucre, but free from avarice—not too fond of money. "Holding the mystery of the faith with pure conscience." Have a practical experimental acquaintance with the doctrines of the Gospel; be honestly and strongly attached to them. "Men of honest report," of unblemished character, free from reproach, such as are looked upon by their neighbours as men of integrity, uprightness, faithful men,—well spoken of for everything that is virtuous and praiseworthy. Lights in the world that cannot be hid. "Full of the Holy Ghost." Filled with such gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost as will enable them efficiently to discharge the duties of their office without blame. Men of ability, of courage, like those that were to be made judges in Israel; men that fear God; men of truth, hating covetousness, Exod xviii. 21. Thus manifesting that they have the spirit of Christ Jesus dwelling within them. His love constraining them to do all things with a single eye to His glory. "Full of wisdom," discreet, judicious, men that cannot be imposed upon. Men of stable mind, sound judgment, strong in

faith, substantial pillars in the Church. "Let them first be proved." The choice is not to be made from those who are young, inexperienced, and untried; but from those whose soundness of judgment, zeal for Christ, devotedness to His interests, and blamelessness of character is undoubted. Men who have given evidence in their walk and conduct since they first made a profession of faith in Christ that they are willing to spend and be spent in the service of the Lord. "Husbands of one wife:" in an age and among people where polygamy was common this advice was important. "Ruling their children and their own houses well, for they that have used the office of a deacon will purchase to themselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus.

Brethren, seeing you have the character of deacons thus portrayed in holy Scripture, take it as your model, your guide, and look ye out from among yourselves a number who are most fit to have the affairs of the Church committed to their care, and then you may feel confident that God will ratify your choice. The word of God will increase, the number of the disciples will be continually multiplying, and the faith, the weal and prosperity of the Church, will be spoken of to the praise and glory of God.

III. The duties of this office. Every office has its duties and corresponding liabilities. A deacon should be a *co-worker and helper* of the minister. His character should be as upright, as blameless, and free from reproach as the minister. He should be as diligent, as vigilant, and be as much concerned in promoting the interest of the Church as the pastor. How is he to purchase to himself a good degree,

and manifest boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus, if he does not to the best of his ability help his pastor in his great work of faith and love, in trying to build up believers, and winning souls to Christ.

We know that Philip was an evangelist. Probably Stephen, and for aught we know, all the seven chosen by the primitive Church sometimes preached the Gospel, and why should not the deacons of our Churches be such students of the word that they might occasionally speak to the edification of the Church and good of the congregation?

A deacon may greatly help and encourage his pastor by inviting those to chapel who attend no place of worship, that the empty seats may be filled; by looking and speaking to inquirers, then informing the pastor of them, telling him of the difficulties and doubts that harass the seeking soul. These things would help him in his study. A deacon should *never be absent from the prayer meeting* without being able to give a very good reason for his absence. His example in this respect will have considerable influence with the members. If the pastor should speak to any member for his non-attendance it is very possible he will excuse himself by saying the deacons are not regular, go and talk to them, that the officers of our Church may set us a better example. A deacon should be able to read well, have a good gift in prayer; then, when the pastor is in a state of bodily indisposition, he might read the lessons, lead the devotions, that the pastor might reserve his strength for the sermon.

Deacons, in the absence of the pastor, or when there be none, are "moderators of the Church," and should preside at all meetings.

When the pastor is from home, filling an engagement that falls on the evening of the week-night service, the deacon should be able so to conduct the service, that none should think they can excuse themselves from attending because the pastor cannot be there. It is too frequently the case that the pastor in a country village is obliged to have the week-night service on some other evening if he cannot be at home on the regular evening. This ought not to be.

Deacons should distribute the sacramental elements to the communicants. This they have done in all ages of the Church. Nor do I see that there can be any valid objection to their sometimes administering the ordinance of baptism. Deacons should attend to all the temporalities of the Church: collect funds to meet the different expenses connected with the work of the Church; make periodical collections as necessities require, that they may be able to meet all dues and demands; see that the minister's salary is paid promptly. They should keep an account of receipts and expenditure. Once a year present a financial report at a Church meeting called for the purpose; and if the receipts have not met the expenditure an effort should at once be made to make up the deficiency. In connection with the Church of Christ there are things temporal and things spiritual. Both should be attended to in as business-like manner as possible. This will help much to the prosperity and usefulness of the Church. The object of the deacons should be to enliven as much as possible the practical sympathy of every member of the Church.

Deacons should distribute the alms of the Church to its suffering

and needy members. If the Christian Church of to-day was to do as the primitive Church did, not one of its members would have to depend upon the miserable pittance of parish relief. "As we have opportunity," says Paul, "let us do good to all men, especially to the household of faith." Gal. vi. 10. Now, concerning the collection for the saints, as "I have given order to the Churches of Galatia, even so do ye," &c. 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2. The rich Churches should help the poorer. The Churches of Macedonia and Achaia made contribution for the poor saints at Jerusalem. Rom. xv. 26. This appears to have been the universal practice in the early Church. Paul, speaking of Peter, James, and John, says, "They would that we should remember the poor, the same which I was always forward to do." We have further proof that this was their practice by the directions given concerning the reception of widows into the number of the poor supported by the Church in 1 Tim. v. This duty is further enjoined in Rom. xii. 8. "He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity," with disinterestedness and impartiality, or liberally. And he that showeth mercy, relieves the sick, the afflicted, the widow and fatherless, let him do it with cheerfulness. As you give out from the Church's treasury, speak a word of comfort and consolation to the recipients.

In the times of the Apostles there were no Boards of Guardians to which poor saints could apply for relief out of a common fund raised for the purpose, as our poor's rates professedly are, and as they would get no relief from their heathen or unbelieving neighbours, the practice might in part arise from the necessities of the case. As the members of our Christian

Churches have to pay as large a rate as non-members, we are not bound to wholly support our poor members, but relieve them according to our means, we therefore have a collection at the close of the Lord's Supper for this purpose. The Church is a family, we are brothers and sisters, having one Lord, one Saviour, one Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren, travelling toward one eternal home, where we shall be for ever with the Lord.

*Great Sampford, Essex.*

### "BUT A STEP BETWEEN ME AND DEATH."

BY REV. W. FRITH,

*Author of "Tears of the Pilgrims."*

"SUDDEN death, even to those who are ready, is very solemn! Indeed, death in any form is solemn. Few persons have the courage and nerve to think of it without feelings of deep solemnity; even the most firm and assured seldom rise above this. But there is a certain state of heart that will sanctify this solemnity, and calm all the fears of the agitated spirit. When the heart is so brought, by Divine discipline, *culture*, and *chastening*, into entire harmony with the Divine will, so that all its *desires*, *hopes*, and *purposes* find their hallowed centre in the "things which are above; then the soul, in a certain and important sense, is already in heaven—it has fled away and is at rest. But even to *such*, death is still a solemn thing; for although in that case it has "cast its anchor within the veil;" as, like a bird of paradise, it has left the stormy scenes of earth, and gone to that "better land" where "the sun shall no more go down,"

and lives there, more or less, *in its hopes and anticipations*; yet even to these death is a solemn thing. And though such can say with Agag, but with a better hope and more truth, "Surely the bitterness of death is past," yet there is a *dark shadow* that often terrifies the soul.

*Then, too, few feel so prepared as to desire to depart at any moment.* There are few indeed who, if asked if they would like to go at any moment, would answer, *Yes*. But it is the lot of some of the Lord's people thus abruptly and suddenly to be taken away. Without one day's—often without one hour's—warning they are called to go down into "the valley of the Jordan," or up into some Pisgah-height, and die there. In the very midst, it may be, of the duties of life, while filling some post of service, or discharging some office, the dark messenger of death touches them with his cold and icy hand. But who would say this is desirable? Is there not something awfully solemn that, at any moment, you may be taken away without any warning from all you love and hold most dear? Brethren, when we duly ponder even the possibility of this, is there not something overpoweringly solemn in the very thought of it? To be caught away and drop into the grave in the midst of life's *duties*, *engagements*, *purposes*, and *pleasures*! Not does the fact that we *feel* and *realise* a good measure and degree of hope and faith in the *Risen One* raise us altogether above this. Composed as we are, partly of *material bodies*, and linked so closely as we are to all *material things*, there is, somehow, a strong tendency to "*clare unto the dust.*"

Well for us if, when life's 1st hour shall come, like the pious and sainted Samuel Rutherford, we can

exclaim, "I hear Him saying, Come up hither!" Blessed are they who are thus ready. When Dan O'Connell died he said, "My body to Ireland—my heart to Rome—my soul to heaven." Brethren, we shall be satisfied with the last, "My soul to heaven."

But are we ready for this? Should death come so suddenly and abruptly to us as to the pious and devout Sir Donald M'Leod, are we ready? It is possible we may pass away thus abruptly. If so, is Jesus our hope?

Have we fled to Him as the "Rock of Ages"? Has His life become our life? His righteousness our righteousness? His peace our peace? Have we stood under the shadow of His cross, and there found it to be "the tree of life"? Has His Spirit made us new creatures, and "afore prepared us unto glory"? If these things are true, let death come—"sudden death will be sudden glory."

*Gunnarsbury.*

## Tales and Sketches.

### THE LITTLE FRENCH DRUMMER BOY;

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG  
FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY M. E. B.

CHAPTER X.

BUT the clouds were gathering fast, and much trouble was still in store for the little drummer so far from his native land.

The Russians had destroyed the great bridge of Borisov, and occupied the principal points near the river Beresina, but in spite of all opposition the French constructed two bridges over this river.

The soldiers were dying of exposure to the intense cold of an unusually severe winter, being insufficiently clad and more than half starved, for provisions were exceedingly scarce.

It was at this spot that Lisette, the *cantinière*, was struck dead in her cart by the bursting of a shell near her just before attempting to cross the bridge.

The little drummer felt her loss keenly, for she had done him many kindnesses during this terrible campaign.

The crowd at the Beresina was so great, and the bridge so choked with the dead and dying, that it was very difficult to advance.

The enemy pressed the corps forming the rear-guard, and these brave fellows, though enfeebled by numberless privations and fatigue, made a stout resistance: but several were killed, and among them Victor Delisse, Lisette's courageous husband.

Poor Frolut now felt doubly bereaved. But there was no time for sorrow; and, after all, he consoled himself by reflecting that even death was far preferable to falling alive into the hands of the Russians, their hateful and implacable foes.

Self-preservation was at this moment his first consideration, and, after immenso efforts, he succeeded in reaching the opposite bank of this fatal river, where he had witnessed horrors that never would

be forgotten by the survivors as long as they lived.

The pursuing Russians now set fire to the bridge, and thus having become masters of the field, the dispirited French continued their homeward march, being harassed by the Cossacks and Tchitchagoff, so that out of this army of 400,000 infantry and 260,000 cavalry only 30,000 men remained to cross the Niemeu under Murat, and they did not make a permanent halt until they reached the Elbe.

By this time our little friend was worn out with all he had suffered, and was too ill to march; so he was placed in an ambulance. His great ally was a young man whose home was situated in one of the fairest and most picturesque villages within a few leagues from Verdun.

Henri, the soldier, was dangerously wounded, and he was to stop at his parents' house. Seeing the wretched condition of the drummer, he asked the superior officer of the regiment for Frolut to accompany him to the village instead of continuing with the regiment.

Permission was granted, and thankfully did the poor lad accept the offer of Henri's hospitality until he should have recovered his health and strength.

The evening was beginning to close in when Henri and Frolut reached a small cottage in this lovely village. The fire burning on the hearth cast a pleasant light on the window, and a voice was heard within repeating some verses of Scripture; but the little drummer did not recognise this fact, for up to this period of his life he had never heard any of God's Word read or repeated.

"Stop a minute," said Henri, "that is my father. They are at evening prayers. We will not disturb them."

They waited a few minutes, and then they both entered the cottage.

How joyfully they welcomed their soldier son! How thankfully they found him spared when so many thousands had perished! And the stranger met with a kind welcome too.

*(To be continued.)*

## Things Grave and Pleasant.

### CECIL'S MOTHER.

"My first convictions on the subject of religion," says the Rev. R. Cecil, "were confirmed by observing that really religious persons had some solid happiness among them which I felt the vanities of the world could not give. I shall never forget standing by the bedside of my sick mother. 'Are not you afraid to die?' I asked. 'No.' 'No! Why does the uncertainty of another state give you

no concern?' 'Because,' said she, 'God has said, "Fear not, when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."' Let me die the death of the righteous."

### ACTS OF KINDNESS.

SAID an old merchant one day, "I never did an act of kindness to any human being without finding myself the happier for it afterward."

A single friendly act, cheerfully, pleasantly, and promptly done to a fellow-creature in trouble or difficulty, besides the good to him, has thrown a streak of sunshine into my heart for the remainder of the day, which I would not have taken a five-pound note for." The old merchant teaches us how to be happy even if we are not wealthy.

### RESULT OF "INVITING PEOPLE."

INVITE people to attend the house of God. A young man was standing on a Sabbath-evening at a corner of one of the London streets; he was invited to go to a neighbouring sanctuary; he went, became converted, gave himself to Missionary work, and became famous through the world as the martyr of Erromanga. About a hundred years ago a young man entered a place of worship in Birmingham. When the service was over, a person who sat with him in the same pew said a few words concerning the sermon, and invited the young man to come again. Pleased with the politeness of the stranger, the young man went again; he received spiritual good, became a member and an officer of the church, and had the privilege, later in life, of paying for the publication of Dr. Carey's address upon missions to the heathen, which many look upon as one of the first steps in the sublime career of the Christian Church in modern times, which is to end in the conversion of the Pagan world.

### WORDS TO PREACHERS.

MAKE no apologies. If you have the Lord's message, declare it; if not, hold your peace. Have short prefaces and introductions. Say your best things first, and stop before you get prosy. Do not spoil

the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup. Leave self out of the pulpit, and take Jesus in. Defend the Gospel, and let the Lord defend you and your character. If you are lied about, thank the devil for putting you on your guard, and take care that the story shall never come true. Do not grumble about your pay. If you want more money, go to work and earn it. Let your beard grow. Throw away your cravat. If you do not want to "break down," make your shirt collar an inch larger, and give your blood a chance to flow back to the heart. Do not get excited too soon. Do not run away from your hearers. Engine drive-wheels whirl fast on an icy track, but when they draw anything they go slower. It takes a cold hammer to bend a hot iron. Heat up the people, but keep the hammer wet and cool. Do not bawl and scream. Too much water stops mill wheels, and too much noise drowns sense. Empty vessels ring the loudest. Powder isn't shot. Thunder is harmless. Lightning kills. If you have lightning, you can afford to thunder. Do not scold the people. Do not abuse the faithful souls who come to meeting rainy days, because others are too lazy to attend. Preach the best to the smallest assemblies. Jesus preached to one woman at the well, and she got all Samaria out to hear Him next time. Ventilate your meeting room. Sleeping in church is due to bad air often rather than to bad manners. Do not repeat sentences, saying, "As I said *before*." If you said it *before*, say something else after. Do not end sentences, passages of Scripture, or quotations with "and so forth;" say what you mean, and stop. Leave out all words that you cannot define. Stop *preaching* and *talk to folks*. Come down from your stilted ways and sacred tones, and be-

come "as a little child." Tell stories; Jesus did, and the common people heard Him gladly. Relate your experience; Paul did, and you can hardly do better than he. One fact that you have seen or felt is worth a bushel of mouldy ideas dug out of mouldier books. Change the subject if it goes hard. Do not tire yourself and every one else out. Do not preach till the middle of your sermon buries the beginning, and is buried by the end. Beware of long prayers, except in your closet. Where weariness begins, devotion ends. Look people in the face, and live so you are not afraid of them. Take long breaths. Fill your lungs and keep them full. Stop to breathe before the air is exhausted. Then you will not finish off each sentence with a terrible gasp, as if you were dying for want of air, as some good people do, and so strain their lungs, and never find it out, because their friends dare not tell them, and so leave them to make sport for the Philistines. Inflate your lungs. It is easier to run a saw-mill with a full pond than with an empty one. Be moderate at first. Hoist the gate a little way. When you are half through, raise it more. When you are nearly done, put on the full head at water. Aim at a mark; hit it! Stop and look where the shot struck; then fire another broadside. Pack your sermons. Make your words like bullets. A board hurts a man most when it strikes him edgewise. A pound of feathers is as heavy as a pound of lead, but it will not kill a man as quickly. An ounce bullet will kill quicker than a sack of wool. Do not condense too many words into a few thoughts. Make your discourse proportionate. If

your talk is narrow and shallow, do make it short. If it is deep and strong, the stream may run longer. Do not think every brook is deep, because you cannot see the bottom of it, nor call a man a deep diver because he always brings up mud. Have a clear head, and your words will be clear. Know what you are talking about; then you can make others understand you. Stand for God, if you stand alone. Keep out of the clutches of party hacks and religious politicians. Preach a straight Gospel, and live up to it. Keep your distance from sin. Do not play with edge tools, nor fool with temptations. Look to stars instead of weather-cocks for guidance. Be in earnest, but not wild. Keep open ears, and a close mouth. Do not be a clown. Let the devil make his own fun, carry his own mail, settle his own quarrels, and foot his own bills. Make few promises. Learn to say no very sweetly. Keep out of debt. Do not let any one owe you more than you are able to lose. Speak to the people like your Master, as they are able to hear. Do not feed bones to babies. Do not abuse people for believing what you once believed yourself. Respect honest convictions. Judge no man. Be patient towards all. Make friends with the children. Be cheerful with the young. Keep clear of gluttony, dyspepsia, and pious grumbling. Remember, each sermon may be the last you shall preach, or your hearers shall listen to. Keep the judgment in view. Please God, and you will please Christians. Let others praise you. Live for Christ. Preach the Word. H. L. H.



## Reviews.

*Sundays Spent About the World.* By FREDERICK HASTINGS. (London: Book Society, 28, Paternoster-row. Price 2s. 6d.)

THE author of this interesting little volume is now pastor of the Congregational Church at Weston-super-Mare, where a handsome new chapel has just been built for him, at which the Rev. Newman Hall conducted the opening services a few weeks ago. He formerly held a ministerial charge at St. John's, New Brunswick. In this small octavo of about a hundred and fifty pages he has given twenty-three short but lively sketches of Sundays passed in various countries widely distant, where it has been his pleasant lot to ramble. Thus, in the Old World, in the New World, and in the Mid-Atlantic he has collected reminiscences of men and manners in relation to the day of rest and the hour of worship. The pictures he has drawn are exceedingly cheerful; he is evidently no cynic, but is anxious "to find good under all guises." Such jottings of a facile pen will be none the less attractive because they are written in cities best known to fame and refer to individuals who have made their mark before the public. With a thoroughly genial disposition, our author appears to be at home anywhere, and, with a sprightly conversational power, he is pretty sure to make his readers feel at home with him wherever he conducts them.

*The Lancasters and their Friends.* A Tale of Methodist Life. By S. J. F. (Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.)

DEDICATED to the young ladies of Methodism. The tale is well told, the object of the writer worthy. We have no doubt but that it will receive a hearty welcome in hundreds of Methodist families. It beautifully shows how

the solicitude and tender care of a pious mother and the loving prayers of a pious father are rewarded in the bringing up of all their children into the kingdom of heaven. Our only drawback in reading it was the regret that such wholly good families are very rare.

*Is the Soul Immortal? or, A Biblical Analysis of Man.* By WILLIAM WENTUR FELLOW, of the Royal Historical Society. (Robert Banks, Raquet-court, and H. Davies, Chapter-house-court.)

IN the midst of such yearnings after some new thing it is most refreshing to read a work of this kind, in which the writer shows aptness to teach and a rigid abiding by the teachings of the Bible, thus avoiding all speculation on the deeply thrilling themes on which he writes. We commend this treatise to all who wish for safe guidance on the subjects indicated at the head of each chapter. Among others, we have "The Affinity of the Spirit with Mind," "Conscience," "The Soul of Man," "Memory," "Immateriality of the Soul," "Saints Sleeping in Christ," "Eternity of Future Punishments," &c., &c.

*Biblical Outlines; or, The Distinctive Characteristics and Mutual Relations of the Books of the Bible.* By BURLINGTON B. WALE. (Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row, and Partridge and Co.)

WE are pleased and gratified. The chapter on the Parables is a specially good one. The work is crowded with well-arranged thoughts and with much originality. The writer always gives a reason, and always makes plain his meaning. If you wish for a profitable volume get this one.

*The Christian Hymnal.* Five Hundred Hymns for the Church and Home. Five Hundred and Four Hymns and Three Hundred and Forty Tunes. Selected from the best Ancient Sources. (J. N. Shaw and Co., Paternoster-row.)

A SELECTION from the treasuries of English hymnology, printed on good paper, strongly bound, and clear, plain letter-press. The melodies are fine, the harmonies good. It has also the advantage of most perfect indices of words and authors. We are charmed with the selection. Of course the Baptists will not use the hymns inserted for baby-baptism, though the lines have as much to do with baptism as the Scriptures have which are sometimes quoted in its favour. We think the work will stimulate and help greatly in the service of praise both in the congregation and the home.

*Portrait Group of Baptist Ministers, and Key Volume.* By E. HOLDEN PIKE. (E. Marshall, Office of *The Lantern Readings*, 78, Queen Victoria-street; Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.)

WE are well satisfied with this work of art, and delighted by the effect of such striking likenesses bringing us into the company of many with whom we have walked, and talked, and held sweet counsel, and feel additional interest from the fact that of those to glory gone since the work was begun we have preserved to us such lifelike

portraits. Mr. Marshall has done his work well, and deserves our thanks. The key volume contains a mass of information. We observe some errors, and perhaps our *Hand Book* is answerable for some of them. We think there are omissions, however, which the personal knowledge Mr. Pike has might have supplied. As one instance, we give the Rev. Christopher Woollacott, the oldest Baptist minister in the metropolis. Was it not possible to have given a little more information? We know it would have been acceptable. Yet we believe the Baptist public will show their indebtedness both to Mr. Marshall and Mr. Pike for their excellent work by a large demand for copies.

#### MAGAZINES, &c.

*The Baptist Magazine.* (Publishing Office, Castle-street, Holborn, E.C.) *The Sword and Trowel.* (Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster-buildings.) *The General Baptist Magazine.* (Marlborough and Co., Ave Maria-lane.) The first contains an interesting memoir of the Rev. W. W. Evans. *The Sword and Trowel* is enriched by a paper by the Rev. G. Rogers on "The Advantages of Cultivating a Love of Nature;" and *The General Baptist* has a very stirring article on "How may Sunday-school Teachers most effectually Secure the Conversion of their Scholars?"

*The Biblical Museum, The Teachers' Storehouse, Truth and Progress,* have still our sincerest best wishes and approval.

### Poetry.

#### HOPE.

'Tis hope sustains the seaman  
While traversing the deep;  
'Tis hope supports the widow,  
Though often called to weep.  
'Tis hope that cheers the merchant  
Across the briny main,  
To brave the stormy ocean  
Earth's riches to obtain.

'Tis hope sustains the needy  
When pining for supply;  
And points to heavenly bounty  
That heeds the raven's cry.  
'Tis hope upholds in sickness,  
Though often racked with pain;  
And whispers to the mourner  
That health will come again.

'Tis hope that cheers the sinner  
When guilt has laid him low;

'Tis hope that points to Jesus,  
His Comforter in woe.

'Tis hope consoles the dying  
When sinking to the grave,  
And points the soul to glory,  
Where Jesus lives to save.

'Tis hope that helps the parent  
To train his infant race,  
Depending on the Spirit  
To aid him by His grace.

'Tis hope supports the servant  
Of Jesus Christ the Lord,  
Who bears abroad the Gospel—  
Glad tidings through the Word.

Through burning climes he hastens  
To tell to Adam's race  
Of hope through Jesu's merits,  
Of pardon through His grace.

'Tis heavenly hope discloses,  
Amidst his toils and fears,  
His crown and his rejoicing  
Beyond this vale of tears.

The Saviour's robe around them,  
And washed in His rich blood,  
They join in praise to Jesus  
Before the throne of God.

Loud, long, and deep, their chorus  
Swells through the courts above,  
Where hope, no longer needed,  
Is perfected in love.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. JOHN HARPER, who has been pastor of the church at Horsforth, near Leeds, upwards of twelve years, has accepted an invitation from the church at Rotherham.

Rev. W. E. Winks, who has held the pastorate of Ely-place Chapel, Wisbech, for nine years, has resigned the appointment, and accepted an invitation to the ministerial charge of the church at St. Mary's-street, Cardiff.

Mr. H. Tarrant, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church, Romney-street, Westminster.

Rev. James Cave, who, owing to a failure of health, has been residing for some time past at Tenby, has accepted the charge of the church at Kingsbridge.

The Rev. G. H. Malins having resigned the pastorate of Marlborough-crescent church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, has accepted the call of the church meeting in Stoney-street, Nottingham.

Rev. E. Dyson has resigned his charge of the church at Ossett, near Wakefield, and has accepted the invitation of that of Stanningley, near Leeds.

Rev. J. Berryman, of Nantyglo, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Caerwent.

On account of failing strength, Mr. Hoddy has resigned the pastorate of the church, at Horham, after twenty-one years' ministry, and accepted an invitation from the church at Clare.

### PRESENTATIONS.

A MEETING has just been held at Waterbarn, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Rev. J. Howe over the church and congregation meeting there. In the course of an address, Mr. Howe said nothing but harmony had existed in the congregation, and he trusted the bond between pastor and people would only be severed by death. During the evening, Mr. Howe was presented with a purse containing £100 as a mark of the esteem in which he is held. Quite recently the congregation paid off a debt of £3,500 incurred by the enlargement and decoration of the chapel, and the erection of new schoolrooms.

Rev. J. Davis, on retiring from the pastorate of Manvers-street chapel,

Bath, at a close of ten years' ministry, was presented on the 22nd of August with an electro-plated epergne and an illuminated address. Mrs. Davis, at the same time, received a handsome gold locket.

Rev. A. Braine has been presented by the church at Winchester with a purse of twenty guineas, prior to his departure to undertake the pastoral care of the church at Charl.

Rev. A. S. Swaine, on leaving Wantage, was presented with a gift of money, to expend as he might think proper, as a memento of his ministry in that place.

### RECOGNITIONS.

LYNDHURST, HANTS.—The recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. W. H. Payne, formerly of Bugbrook, Northamptonshire, were held on August 31. After a public tea, numerously attended by friends from the adjacent villages, a religious service was held, the pastor presiding. Mr. Short, who had just reached his jubilee as a Sunday-school teacher in the Baptist chapel, gave a statement of the unanimity of the invitations of both church and congregation, and addresses of welcome to the pastor; and of practical advice to the people, were delivered by the Revs. J. B. Burt, J. J. Fitch, E. Boon, and J. Power. Letters expressive of esteem for the pastor were read from Rev. J. T. Brown, vice-president of the Baptist Union; J. B. Myers, secretary; and R. E. Bradfield, moderator of the Northamptonshire Association.

On Thursday evening, September 7, a tea and public meeting were held at the Bournemouth church, for the purpose of welcoming Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A., as assistant-minister to the pastorate of the joint churches of Bournemouth and Boscombe. The public meeting was presided over by the pastor, Rev. C. H. Leonard. The other speakers were the Revs. S. B. Brown, B.A., W. Jackson, J. H. Osborn, E. Workman, and R. Colman. Mr. Gould,

being introduced by the chairman, thanked them for the sympathy and good wishes they had expressed. The father of Mr. Gould, Rev. G. Gould, of Norwich, also addressed the meeting.

ULEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. William Ewens, of the Pastors' College, were held here on Sept. 11. A sermon was preached by Rev. W. Julian. The congregation was large. Tea was provided, to which about 250 sat down. In the evening a public meeting was held, when the chair was taken by Rev. W. Davy. Rev. W. Williams offered prayer. The pastor gave a short account of his conversion and call to the ministry, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. F. J. B. Smith, Coombes, Florence, Williams, Osborne, W. Cooke, and E. Jones.

LUTON, PARK-STREET CHAPEL.—Services in connection with the recognition of Rev. J. H. Blake, late of Bow, were held on Wednesday, August 23. A large attendance was gathered in the afternoon. Rev. A. G. Brown, of London, preached from Psalm ciii., part of the first verse. A tea was subsequently held in the schoolrooms, which was well attended, several ministers of various Nonconforming denominations of the town being present. In the evening the public recognition meeting was held in the chapel. There was a good attendance. Mr. P. Wootton (one of the deacons) presided, the Rev. J. H. Blake (pastor), the Rev. A. G. Brown (London), the Rev. W. J. Inglis (London), the Rev. H. W. Taylor (Markyate-street), the Rev. Adolphus Brown (Fenny Stratford), the Rev. R. Berry (Congregationalist, Luton), the Rev. J. Tackwell (Union Chapel, Luton), the Rev. D. Morgan (Wellington-street Baptist Chapel, Luton), Mr. T. Fletcher (a deacon of Bow Chapel), &c. A hymn having been sung, and a prayer offered by the Rev. A. G. Brown, addresses were delivered by the chairman, Rev. J. H. Blake, H. W. Taylor, R. Berry, A. Brown, D. Morgan, and Mr. James Wootton.

## NEW CHURCHES.

A few months ago, several persons in Henley-on-Thames were impressed with the desirability of attempting the formation of a Baptist church in that town. In accordance with this feeling, four gentlemen waited upon Rev. W. Anderson, of Reading, to obtain his advice and assistance in the matter. Mr. Anderson consulted with his deacons at King's-road Baptist church, Reading, and the result was a determination to commence the work immediately. After the necessary preliminary arrangements had been made, a tea, followed by a public meeting, was held in the Assembly Rooms, Henley, on January 12. On the following Sunday, the first services were conducted in the same place by Mr. H. Abraham, of the Pastors' Collage. After a few weeks, Mr. George Samuel, of the Pastors' Collage, was invited to take the work in hand, and has continued to conduct the services until the present time. From the commencement success of a very encouraging character has attended the work, and the congregations continue to increase in numbers. On Tuesday, August 29, a sermon was preached in the afternoon, by Rev. J. T. Wigner, President of the London Baptist Association. A meeting was afterwards held under the presidency of Rev. J. T. Wigner, and a church was formed, consisting of twenty-one members. The Lord's Supper was then celebrated, and several friends from Reading, Maidenhead, and other churches, communed with the newly-formed church. An excellent tea was provided by the ladies at five o'clock, in the Corn Exchange, and at half-past six a public meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms, Rev. W. Anderson in the chair, and addresses were delivered by the chairman, Rev. J. T. Wigner, S. Mana, J. Wilkins, W. H. Elliott, Mr. Lamont, and Mr. Geo. Samuel. All the proceedings were very successful and encouraging. The newly-formed church, as at present constituted, is a Branch of the Baptist church, King's-road, Reading.

A meeting was held on Thursday,

31st August, at the chapel, Mostyn-street, Llandudno, for the purpose of forming a church in that place. The chapel has been open about fourteen years, and during the last three winters the services have been conducted by Rev. Francis Wills, and a congregation gathered together, which has become nearly self-supporting. At the meeting Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, presided, and a church was formed, consisting of eighteen members. A unanimous invitation to the pastorate was received and accepted by Mr. Wills.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The chapel at Hay-hill, Bath, built for the congregation gathered by Dr. Winslow and his successor, Dr. Lechman, was reopened on Sunday, September 3rd, after undergoing repair. The morning service was conducted by the Rev. Spencer Murch, pastor, and that in the evening by Rev. H. Quick. The condition of this church has for the last year or two been declining, but an effort is being made to restore it. Promises of more than £800 towards the debt have already been made, and hopes are entertained of soon entirely removing it.

BATH.—A great improvement in Widcombe Chapel has recently been effected in the removal of the old straight-backed pews, and the substitution of more modern ones. The pastor's seventeenth anniversary of St. Clement was celebrated on Monday, September 4, by a tea and public meeting, and notwithstanding the almost incessant downpour of rain, was largely attended. Addresses were given by the pastor, the Rev. John Hunley, and by the Revs. R. H. Powell, Bradford-on-Avon; T. Wallace, Bath; Hobbs, of Missenden, Bucks; and Messrs. Tuck and Littleton, of Bath. During the evening the pastor was presented by Mr. Batten, one of the deacons, with a cheque for £16 10s. as a slight expression of sympathy and esteem from the church and congregation.

ISLEHAM GENERAL BAPTIST CHAPEL.

—The harvest thanksgiving and chapel anniversary was held on Wednesday, Sept. 13th. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by the late pastor, Rev. G. Towler, Long Sutton, from Phil. iii. 13, 14. A public tea was held at five, to which there sat over 300. In the evening the chapel was very full, when several ministers gave very interesting addresses. The pastor, Rev. W. E. Davies, was congratulated on the extent of the material improvements which he had been the means of effecting, and *much more* on the amount of spiritual good done during his pastorate of seventeen months—the church having risen during that time from 88 to 134—and still there is more to follow. The collections were in advance of previous years.

**BAPTIST UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.**—President, Rev. W. Landels, D.D. The Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union will be held in Birmingham, October 4 and 5. Ministers and Delegates desiring accommodation during the Session will please to apply to the Secretaries of the Local Committee, Revs. J. Jenkyn Brown and H. Platten, Birmingham. E. Steane, D.D., and J. H. Millard, B.A., Secretaries.

### BAPTISMS.

*Attleborough*, Norfolk.—September 3, Two, by E. Mason.

*Atworth*, Wilts.—August 24, at Ebenezer Chapel, Five, by J. Smith.

*Barnaby*.—August 27, Nine, by B. W. Osler.

*Bethel*, *Llanfyllin*.—August 13, Four, by M. Jones.

*Bingley*, Yorks.—August 17, at Park-road Chapel, Eleven, by E. F. Cossy.

*Birmingham*.—August 27, at the Circus Chapel, Twelve, by G. Jarman.

*Blackley*, Yorks.—September 2, Three, by R. Briggs.

*Bourn*.—August 19, Two, by W. Orton.

*Bradford*, Yorkshire.—August 27, at Sion Chapel, Sixteen, by J. W. Ashworth.

*Bulwell*, Notts.—August 27, Eight, by C. Crouch.

*Burton-on-Trent*.—August 30, at Guild street Chapel, Two, by J. Asken.

*Bury*.—September 3, Two, by W. Bury.

*Carmarthen*.—September 10, at the Tabernacle, Two, by J. Thomas.

*Clay Cross*.—August 31, Three, by W. Williams.

*Coalbridge*, Scotland.—August 6, Two, by J. M. Howson.

*Dunrossness, Shetland Isles*.—August 13, Three, by J. C. Roger.

*Frome*.—August 18, at Lock's-lane Chapel, Three, by G. Duncan.

*George Town, Trade-gar*.—August 13, at Bethel Chapel, Five, by E. Lewis.

*Halifax, Norland, near*.—September 3, Two, by W. Bottomley.

*Haverfordwest*.—August 16, at Bethesda Chapel, Three, by Dr. Davies.

*Hulme*.—September 6, Eight, by W. Birch.

*Jarrow-on-Tyne*.—Sept. 10, in the Grange-road Chapel, Two, by W. Satchwell.

*Launceston*.—August 17, Two, by E. Peter; August 24, One, by J. Wilson.

*Leigh*, Lancashire.—August 27, Four, by D. Waring.

*Leitiskenny*, Ireland.—August 27 Three September 9, Four, by John Storey.

*Liverpool*.—August 21, at St. Paul's-square Chapel, One, by L. W. Lewis.

*Llanidoloes*.—Aug. 20, Three, by J. Edwards.

*Llanynnia*.—August 13, Fourteen; August 27, Thirty-two; September 10, Twenty-one, at Jerusalem Chapel, by J. R. Jones.

*Louth*.—August 25, at Eastgate Chapel, Six, by A. C. Perriam.

*Lymington*, Hants.—August 27, Seven, by J. J. Fitch.

*Lynn*, Cheshire.—September 6, One, by H. Davies.

*Maeeyberlan*.—September 3, One, by G. H. Llewellyn.

*Malden*, Essex.—August 27, Four, by H. Charlton.

*Malton*.—August 30, Five, by W. Smith.

*Manchester*.—August 30, at Every-street Chapel, Three, by S. Backhouse.

*Meltham*, Yorks.—September 2, One, by J. Alderson.

### Metropolitan District:—

*Barnes*.—August 27, Two, by F. J. Brown.

*Brentford*.—August 31, at Albany Chapel, Four, by W. Sumner.

*Brentford Park Chapel*.—August 31, One, by W. A. Blake; August 31, Five, by W. Frith, for the Church at Gunnersbury.

*Commercial-road*.—August 27, Five, by J. Fletcher.

*Finsbury Park*.—August 27, One, by J. Wilson.

*Harlington*.—August 31, Two, by William Crick.

*Old Kent-road*.—August 30, at Alfred-place Chapel, One, by D. W. Laing.

*Mare-street, Hackney*.—August 31, Five, by Mr. Aldridge.

*Metropolitan Tabernacle*.—Aug. 28, Eleven; 31, Sixteen, by J. Charlesworth; Sept. 14, Six, by J. A. Spurgeon.

*Stoke Newington-road*.—August 27, at Devonshire-square Chapel, Four, by T. W. Henderson.

*Whitechapel*.—August 27, at Little Alie-street Chapel, One, by C. Masterson.

*Milford, Hants*.—August 27, Ten, by T. Evans.

*Netherton, near Dudley*.—September 3, at Ebenezer Chapel, Seven, by J. Marshall.

*Newbald, Yorks*.—August 27, Two, by U. G. Watkins.

*Newport, Mon.*—August 20, at Stow-hill Chapel, Seven, by J. Douglas.

*Old Basford*.—August 30, One, by W. Dyson.

*Portslade-by-Sea*.—September 4, Two, by F. Harvey.

*Portsmouth*.—Aug. 30, at Lake-road Chapel, Eleven, by T. W. Medhurst.

*Poundalos, a branch of Maesyherhelem, Radnorshire*.—August 26, Two, by D. Davies.

*Presteign, Radnorshire*.—September 1, One, by S. Watkins.

*Reading*.—Sept. —, at King's-road Chapel, One, by G. Samuel, for the newly-formed Church at Henley-on-Thames.

*Risca*.—September 3, at the English Chapel, Four, by T. Thomas.

*Shelfanger, Norfolk*.—September 3, Two, by T. H. Sparham.

*Shetland Isles, Lerwick*.—August 27, One, by J. C. Roger.

*Shipley*.—September 3, at Bethel Chapel, Three, by H. O. Atkinson.

*Shoreham, Sussex*.—August 27, One, by W. Harrauld.

*Smethwick, Birmingham*.—Aug. 28, at Cross-street Chapel, Nine, by G. T. Bailey.

*Southampton*.—August 20, in Carlton Chapel, Five, by E. Osborne; August 27, at East-street Chapel, Three, by J. H. Patterson.

*Spaldwick, Huntingdon*.—September 6, Four, by W. Skelly.

*Spennymoor*.—Sept. 3, Four, by M. Morris.

*Tamworth*.—September 3, at the Tabernacle, Four, by I. Dixon.

*Treorkey*.—September 10, Ten, by D. Davies.

*Westbury*.—September 3, at Providence Chapel, Nine, by S. King.

*Westbury Leigh*.—August 31, Four, by W. Thomas.

*Westpark, Dumfriess*.—September 3, One, by W. Millegan, jun.

*Windsor*.—Aug. 16, at Victoria-street Chapel, Five, by W. Criel.

*Worcester*.—August 27, Six, by J. Lewitt.

*Upton-on-Severn*.—September 6, Two, by J. Danckley.

## RECENT DEATHS.

REV. J. C. PIKE, minister of Friar-lane Chapel, Leicester, and secretary of the General Baptist Missionary Society, died on the 11th of August, in the sixtieth year of his age, and was interred on the following Tuesday, in the presence of a considerable number of ministers and a large body of the congregation to whom he had ministered for a period of seventeen years. At the service in the chapel, the Rev. I. Morley Wright, Congregationalist, delivered the address, in which he bore testimony to the faithful service rendered by their departed friend. The funeral cortege proceeded in twenty carriages to the cemetery, where a large concourse of people witnessed the interment. On arriving at the grave, a wreath of flowers was placed on the coffin, which was lowered into the grave as the Rev. Dr. Buckley, the oldest Baptist missionary, pronounced the words, "We commit our beloved friend to his last resting-place in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection."

On the 28th of August died ANNA, the beloved wife of the Rev. W. FRY, of North Curry. She was born at Yarcombe, Devon, in the year 1847. From early childhood she attended the Sunday-school at the little Baptist Chapel, Marsh, a hamlet near Yarcombe. She there became seriously concerned about her spiritual state, and when about sixteen years of age was brought to trust in Christ for salvation. In the year 1865 she was baptised, on a profession of her faith in Christ, by the Rev. Evan Edwards, then of Chard. Soon after she joined the Church she went to live at Wellington, where she earnestly engaged in Sunday-school work. At Rockwell-green she was especially useful in that department of Christian labour, and her happy, earnest efforts will not soon be forgotten by those with whom she laboured. After leaving Wellington she went to reside at Weymouth, where she remained until she became united in marriage to him who now mourns her loss. About eighteen months ago she had an attack of bronchitis, which

greatly impaired her strength. The best medical advice was sought, and hopes were entertained of her complete recovery. Soon, however, it was discovered that the lungs were seriously diseased, and, after a lingering painful illness, she passed away to be forever with the Lord. Her Christian life was bright and exemplary. In every good word and work she actively engaged. Specially was she adapted for the sphere in which she moved. She was a true helpmeet to her partner, and with her well-balanced mind, devoted piety, and judicious, hearty words, greatly inspired him in his labours. Her Christian experience was of a cheerful, trustful nature. Her mind was kept in perfect peace, being stayed upon God. About three months before her decease she became perfectly convinced that recovery was hopeless. Then came a struggle. She thought much about her husband, to whom she was devotedly attached, and also her three little children. Soon, however, the struggle was over, and she resigned them to Him who was her "All in all." In her last days her faith was strong and her realisation of Divine love great. To her sorrowing husband she said, "I feel I need no greater evidence." "I am not afraid to die." "My faith is strong."

The day before she fell asleep she experienced much of the joy of God's salvation. She spoke of it as a "sweet day. Newton's hymn, "Gone, unbelief, my Saviour is near," &c., was specially consoling to her. She remained conscious almost to the last. Seeing her sister weeping, she said, "Don't trouble—meet me in heaven—be particular how you live." For a moment she appeared unconscious, but as soon as she came to herself she said, "Have I been asleep? I thought I should have been home before now," and thus she passed away from her pain and weakness to enjoy the presence of Him in whom she delighted. On the following Saturday her mortal remains were interred in the Baptist burial-ground amidst a large concourse of mourners. The funeral service was conducted by the Revs. T. Baker, E. Curtis, and J. Burnham. On the following day the event was improved by Mr. Curtis and Mr. Baker. The congregations were large, and nearly all wore emblems of mourning. Much true sympathy was felt for the bereaved, and fervent prayers offered for sustaining grace.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast."

## PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—O. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th, 1876, to September 19th, 1876.

			£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0	Mr. John Baker	1	0	0	Rev. W. Hetherington	1	0	0						
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	0	10	0	Mr. Bradford	0	2	6	Mr. Joseph Tristram	25	0	0						
W. G. G.	0	10	0	Mr. Coffe	0	2	6	Mr. Wm. Ladbroke	1	0	0						
Mrs. Wood	5	0	0	Sale of Fancy Needle-work, the Misses Heath			10	0	0	Friends at Millon, per Rev. W. Usher			1	7	0		
H. D. Otago	2	10	0	A Constant Reader, Dundee			0	5	0	Collection at Chelsea, per Mr. Minns			2	15	0		
Mr. D. Tolmece	0	13	0	An Outpost, Mr. Gwillim			1	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—Aug. 29			32	2	3		
Mr. J. Edwards	50	0	0	Mr. J. Hector			1	0	0	" " Sept.			40	0	3		
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0	Collected by Miss Jephs			1	5	0	" " "			55	0	0		
Charlotte Ware	0	10	0	Miss Winslow			2	2	0	" " "			19	50	0		
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0	J. B. E.			0	10	0	" " "			17	27	2		
Mr. R. Stevens	0	4	0	Mr. G. Tice			2	0	0								
A Friend, per J. T. D.	0	10	0	J. C. K.			5	0	0								
Mr. C. Ball	10	0	0														
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## PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.\*

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

"Now He that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit."—2 CORINTHIANS v. 5.

How very confidently Paul contemplates the prospect of death! He betrays no trembling apprehensions. With the calmness and serenity, not merely of resignation and submission, but of assurance and courage, he appears joyous and gladsome, and even charmed with the hope of having his body dissolved, and being girt about with the new body which God hath prepared for His saints. He that can talk of the grave and of the hereafter with such intelligence, thoughtfulness, faith, and strong desire as Paul did, is a man to be envied. Princes might well part with their crowns for such a sure and certain hope of immortality. Could emperors exchange their treasures, their honours, and their dominions, to stand side by side with the humble tent-maker in his poverty they would be great gainers. Were they but able to say with him—"We are always confident, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord," they might well barter earthly rank for such a requital. This side heaven what can be more heavenly than to be thoroughly prepared to pass through the river of death? On the other hand, what a dreary and dreadful state of mind must they be in who, with nothing before them but to die, have no hope and see no outlet,—the pall and the shroud their last adorning; the grave and the sod their destination. Without hope of rising again in a better future, or realising a better heritage than that which should know us no more ere long; no prospects of seeing God face to face with rejoicing; well may men dislike any reference to death. So they shrink from the thought of it; far less can they tolerate its being talked of in common conversation. No marvel that they recoil from the shade of mortality when they are so ill-prepared to face the reality of the soul's departure. But, dear friends, since it is so desirable to be ready to depart, it cannot be inexpedient sometimes to talk about it: and on my part the more so, because there is a proneness in all our minds to start aside from that grave topic which, as God shall help us, shall be our subject this evening—preparation for the great hereafter. "For," saith the Apostle, "God hath wrought us for this selfsame thing;" He has prepared us for the dropping of the present body and the putting on of the next, and He has "given us the earnest of His Spirit."

Our three departments of meditation will be—the work of preparation itself; the Author of it; and the seal which He sets to it, the possession of which may resolve all scruples as to whether we are prepared or not.

I. THE WORK OF PREPARATION stands first. Is it not almost universally admitted that some preparation is absolutely essential. Whenever the death of friend or comrade is announced you will hear the worst-instructed say, "I hope, poor man, he was prepared." It may be but a passing

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No. 216, NEW SERIES.

reflection, or a common saying. Yet everybody will give expression to it—"I hope he was ready." Whether the words be well understood or not I do not know, but the currency given to them proves a unanimous conviction that some preparation is necessary for the next world. And, in truth, this doctrine is in accordance with the most elementary facts of our holy religion. Men by nature need something to be done for them before they can enter heaven, and something to be done in them, something to be done with them, for by nature they are enemies to God. Dispute it as ye will, God knows best. He declares that we are enemies to Him, and alienated in our hearts. We need therefore that some ambassador should come to us with terms of peace, and reconcile us to God. We are debtors as well as enemies to our Creator—debtors to His law. We owe Him what we cannot pay, and what He cannot pardon. He must exact obedience, and we cannot render it. He must, as God, demand perfection of us, and we as men cannot bring Him that perfection. Some mediator, then, must come in to pay the debt for us, for we cannot pay it, neither can we be exempted from it. There must be a substitute who shall stand between us and God, one who shall undertake all our liabilities and discharge them, and so set us free, that the mercy of God may be extended to us. In addition to this we are all criminals. Having violated the law of God we are condemned already. We are not, as some vainly pretend, introduced to this world on probation; but our probation is over; we have forfeited all hope; we have broken the law, and the sentence is gone out against us, and we stand by nature as condemned criminals, tenants of this world during the reprieve of God's mercy, in fear of a certain and terrible execution, unless some one come in between us and that punishment; unless some gracious hand bring us a free pardon; unless some voice divine plead and prevail for us that we may be acquitted. If this be not done for us it is impossible that we should entertain any well-grounded hope of entering heaven. Say then, brethren and sisters, has this been done for you? I know that many of you can answer—"Blessed be God, I have been reconciled to Him through the death of His Son; God is no enemy of mine nor I of His; there is no distance now between me and God; I am brought near to Him, and made to feel that He is near to me, and that I am dear to Him." Full many here present can add—"My debts to God are paid; I have looked to Christ, my Substitute; I have seen Him enter into suretyship engagements for me, and I am persuaded that He has discharged all my liabilities; I am clean before God's bar; faith tells me I am clean." And, brethren, you know that you are no longer condemned. You have looked to Him who bore your condemnation, and you have drunk in the spirit of that verse—"There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Surely this is a preparation for heaven. How could we enter there if our debts were not discharged? How could we obtain the Divine favour eternally if we were still condemned criminals? How could we dwell for ever in the presence of God if we were still His enemies? Come, let us rejoice in this, that He hath wrought us for this selfsame thing, having championed our cause from the cradle to the grave.

Preparation for heaven consists still further in *something that must be wrought in us*, for observe, brethren, that if the Lord were to blot out all

our sins we should still be quite incapable of entering heaven unless there was a change wrought in our natures. According to this Book we are dead by nature in trespasses and sins—not some of us, but all of us; the best as well as the worst;—we are all dead in trespasses and sins. Shall dead men sit at the feasts of the Eternal God? Shall there be corpses at the celestial banquets? Shall the pure air of the New Jerusalem be defiled with the putrefaction of iniquity? It must not, it cannot be. We must be quickened; we must be taken from the corruption of our old nature into the incorruption of the new nature, receiving the incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth for ever. Only the living children can inherit the promises of the living God, for He is not the God of the dead but of the living; we must be made living creatures by the new-creating power of grace, or else we cannot be made meet for glory. By nature we are all worldly. Our thoughts go after earthly things. We “mind earthly things,” as the Apostle says. We seek after the world’s joys; the world’s maxims govern us; the world’s fears alarm us; the world’s hopes and ambitions excite us. We are of the earth earthy, for we bear the image of the first Adam. But, brethren, we cannot go to heaven as worldly men; for there would be nothing there to gratify us. The gold of heaven is not for barter to use, nor for covetousness to hoard. The rivers of heaven are not for commerce, neither are they to be defiled by men. The joys and glories of heaven are all spiritual, all celestial.

“Pure are the joys above the skies,  
And all the region peace.”

Such peace is of a heavenly kind and for heavenly minds. Carnal spirits, greedy, envious spirits—what would they do in heaven? If they were in the place called heaven they could not be in the state called heaven, and heaven is more a state than a place. Though it is probably both, yet it is mainly the former, a state of happiness, a state of holiness, a state of spirituality which it would not be possible for the worldly to reach. The incongruity of such a thing is palpable. Therefore you see, brethren, the Holy Spirit must come and give us new affections. We must have a fresh object set before us. In fact, instead of minding the things that are seen, we must come to love and to aspire to the things that are not seen. Our affections, instead of going downwards to things of earth, must be allured by things that are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. In addition to our spiritual death and worldliness we are all unholy by nature. Not one of us is pure in the sight of God. We are all defiled and all defiling, but in heaven they are “without fault before the throne of God.” No sin is tolerated there; no sin of thought, or word, or deed. Angels and glorified spirits delight to do God’s will without hesitation, without demur, without omission; and we, like them, must be holy, or we cannot enter into their sacred fellowship.

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

But what a change must come over the carnal man to make him holy!  
Through what washings he must pass! What can wash him white,

indeed, but that far-famed blood of the Son of God? Through what purification he must pass! What, indeed, can purify him at all but the refining energy of God the Holy Ghost? He alone can make us what God would have us to be, renewed in His image in holiness and righteousness.

That a great change must be wrought in us, even ungodly men will confess, since the idea of the heaven of the Scriptures has always been repulsive, never agreeable, to unconverted men and women. When Mahomet would charm the world into the belief that he was the prophet of God, the heaven he pictured was not at all the heaven of holiness and spirituality. His was a heaven of unbridled sensualism, where all the passions were to be enjoyed without let or hindrance for endless years. Such the heaven that sinful men would like; therefore such the heaven that Mahomet painted for them, and promised to them. Men in general, be they courtly or be they coarse in their habits, when they read of heaven in the Scriptures with any understanding of what they read, curl their lips, and ask contemptuously, Who wants to be everlastingly psalm-singing? Who could wish to be always sitting down with these saints talking about the mighty acts of the Lord and the glorious majesty of His kingdom? Such people cannot go to heaven, it is clear; they have not character or capacity to enter into its enjoyment. I think Whitefield was right. Could a wicked man be admitted into heaven he would be wretched there; being unholy he must be unhappy. From sheer distaste for the society of heaven he might fly to hell for shelter. With the tumult of evil passions in his breast he could not brook the triumph of righteousness in the city of the blest. There is no heaven for him who has not been prepared for it by a work of grace in his soul. So necessary is this preparation—a preparation for us, and a preparation in us. And if we ever have such a preparation, beyond all question we *must have it on this side of our death*. It can only be obtained in this world. The moment one breathes his last it is all fixed and settled. As the tree falleth so it must lie. While the nature is soft and supple it is susceptible of impression, stamp what seal you may upon it; once let it grow cold and hard, fixed and frigid, you can do so no more, it is proof against any change. While the iron is flowing into the mould you can fashion it into what implement you please; let it grow cold, in vain you strive to alter its form. With pen of liquid ink in your hand you write what you will on the paper, but the ink dries, the impress remains, and where is the treachery that shall tamper with it. Such is this life of yours. It is over, all over with you for eternity, beyond alteration or emendation, when the breath has gone from the body. Your everlasting state is fixed then.

“There are no acts of pardon passed  
In the cold grave to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair  
Reign in eternal silence there.”

We have no intimation in the Word of God that any soul dying in unbelief will afterwards be converted to the faith. Nor have we the slightest reason to believe that our prayers in this world can at all affect those who have departed this life. The masses of priests are fictions,

without the shadow of Divine authority. Purgatory, or "Pick-purse," as old Latimer used to call it, is an invention for making fat larders for priests and monks, but the Scriptures of truth give it no countenance. The Word of God says, "He that is holy, let him be holy still; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still." Such as you are when death comes to you, such will judgment find you, and such will the eternal reward or the eternal punishment leave you, world without end. Preparation is needed, and the preparation must be found before we die.

Moreover, we ought to know—for it is possible for a man to know whether he is thoroughly prepared. Some have said not, but they have usually been persons very little acquainted with the matter. The writings of those grand old divines of the Puritan period abundantly prove how thoroughly they enjoyed the assurance of faith. They did not hesitate to express themselves in such language as the Apostle used: We *know* that if this earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." They were wont to speak as Job doth when he saith: "*I know* that my Redeemer liveth." And, indeed, many of the children of God among us at this present time are favoured with a confident, unstaggering confidence that, let their last hour come when it may, or let the Lord Himself descend from heaven with a shout, there will be nothing but joy and peace for them—no cause of trembling, nothing that can give them dismay. Why, some of us live from year to year in constant assurance of our preparation for the bliss that awaiteth and the rest that remaineth for God's people. Beloved, God has not so left us in such a dubious case that we always need to be inquiring, "Am I His, or am I not?" He has given us good substantial grounds to go upon to make sure work of it. He tells us that "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved;" if we have been obedient to these two commands we shall be saved, for our God keepeth His word. He tells us that such believers, patiently continuing in well-doing, inherit eternal life. If we are kept by His grace, walking in His fear, we may rest assured that we shall come to the ultimate end of such a life, namely, the glory which abideth for the faithful. We need not harbour endless questionings. What miserable work it is to stand in any doubt on this matter. Let us not be satisfied till we are sure and confident that heaven will be ours. Alas! how many put off all thoughts of being prepared to die! They are prepared for almost anything except the one thing for which it is most needful to be ready. If the summons should come to some of you at this moment, how dread it would be! Were we to see an angel hovering in the air, and should we have intelligence by a message from the clouds that some one of us must, on a sudden, leave his body behind him and appear before God, what cowering down, what trembling, what muttering of forgotten prayers there would be with some of you! You are not ready. You never will be ready, I fear. The carelessness in which you have lived so long has become habitual. One would think you had resolved to die in your sins. Have you never heard the story of Archæus, the Grecian despot, who was going to a feast, and on the way a messenger brought him a letter, and seriously importuned him to read it. It contained tidings of a conspiracy that had been formed against him, that he should be killed at the feast. He took the letter, and put it into his pocket. In vain the messenger urged that it was concerning serious

matters. "Serious matters to-morrow," said Archæus, "feasting to-night." That night the dagger reached his heart while he had about him the warning which, had he heeded it, would have averted the peril. Alas! too many men say, "Serious things to-morrow!" They have no mis-giving that when their sport is over they will have alike the leisure and the leanings for these weighty matters. Were it not wiser, sirs, to let these grave affairs come first? Might ye not, then, find some better sport of nobler character than all the froth and frivolity to which fashion leads on? a holy merriment and a sacred feasting that well become immortal spirits? How vain and grovelling the mirth which reduces men to children, pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw; then brings them down to drivelling fools, and degrades them often till they become worse than brutes. I wish I could inprint a solemn thought on the mind of some careless individuals. Reck ye not that time is short, that life is precarious, that opportunities cross your path at lightning speed, that hope flatters those on whom the fangs of death are fixed; that there is no vestibule in which to fit your frame of mind; that the shock will always come sudden at last. What sentence more trite; what sentiment more prevalent; yet what solemnity more neglected than this: "Prepare to meet your God." Propound it, profess it, preach it as we may, the most of men are unprepared. They know the inevitable plight, they see the necessity of preparation, but they postpone and procrastinate instead of preparing. God grant you may not trifle, any of you, until your trembling souls are launched into that sphere unknown but not unfeared, and read your doom in hell.

II. Now, as to THE AUTHOR OF THIS PREPARATION FOR DEATH, the text saith, "He that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God." It is God alone, then, who makes men fit for heaven. He works them to the selfsame purpose. Who made Adam fit for Paradise but God? And who must make us fit for the better Paradise above but God? That we cannot do it ourselves is evident. According to the Scriptures we are dead in trespasses and sins. Can the dead start from the grave of their own accord? Do ye think to see coffins opened and grave-stones uplifted by the natural energy of corpses? Such things were never dreamed of. The dead shall surely rise, but they shall rise because God raises them. They cannot vitalise their inert frames, neither can the dead in sin quicken themselves and make themselves fit for the presence of God. Conversion, which prepares us for heaven, is a new creation. That word "creation" puts all the counsel, the conceit, and the contrivance of man into the background. If any one saith that he can make a new heart, let him first go and make a fly. Not until he has created such a winged insect let him presume to tell us that he can make a man a new creature in Christ Jesus. And yet to make a fly would not demonstrate that a fly could make itself; and it would offer but a feeble pretext for that wonderful creation which is supposed in a man's making himself a new heart. The original creation was the work of God, and the new creation must likewise be of God. To take away a heart of stone and give a heart of flesh is a miracle. Man cannot do it; if he attempts it, it shall be to his own shame and confusion. The Lord must make us anew. Have not we who know something of the Lord's working in us this selfsame thing, been made to feel that it is all of His grace? What first made us think about

eternal things? Did we, the stray sheep, come back to the fold of our own accord? No; far from it:

“Jesus sought me when a stranger  
Wandering from the fold of God;”

And ever since we have been living men in Christ Jesus. To whom must we ascribe our preservation and our progress? Must we not attribute every victory over sin and every advance in the spiritual life to the operation of God, and nothing at all to ourselves? A poor simpleton once said, “’Twas God and I did the work.” “Well, but Charlie, what part did you take in it?” “Sure, then,” said he, “I did all I could to stop the Lord, and He beat me.” I suppose, did we tell the simple truth, we should say much the same. In the matter of our salvation we do all we can to oppose it—our old nature does—and He overcomes our evil propensities. From first to last Jesus Christ has to be the Author and the Finisher of our salvation, or it never would have been begun and it never would have been completed.

Think, beloved, of what fitness for heaven is. To be fit for heaven a man must be perfect. Go, you who think you can prepare yourselves, be perfect for a day. The vanity of your own mind, the provocation of this treacherous world, and the subtle temptation of the devil would make short work of your empty pretensions. You would be blown about like chaff. Creature perfection, indeed! Was ever anything so absurd? Men have boasted of attaining it, but their very boastings have proved that they possessed it not. He that gets nearest to perfection is the very man who sighs and cries over the abiding infirmities of his flesh. No, if perfection is to be reached—and it must be, or we shall not be fit for heaven—by the operation of God it must be wrought. Man’s work is never perfect; it is always marred on the wheel. His best machinery may still be improved upon; his finest productions of art might still be excelled. God alone is perfect, and He alone is the Perfecter. Blessed be God, we can heartily subscribe to this truth, “He that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God.”

But what shall I say to those of you, my friends, who have no acquaintance with God? You certainly cannot be fitted for heaven. Your cause is not committed to Him. He is doing nothing for you. He has not begun the good work in you. You live in this world as if there were no God. The thought, the stupendous thought of His “Being” does not affect you. You would not act any differently if there were twenty Gods, or if there were no God. You utterly ignore His claims on your allegiance, and your responsibility to His law. Virtually in thought and deed you are without God in the world. Poor forlorn creature, thou hast forgotten thy Creator. Poor wandering soul, thou hast fallen out of gear with the universe; thou hast become alienated from the great Father who is in heaven. I tremble at the thought. To be on the wide sea without rudder or compass; to be lost in the wilderness, where there is no way! Cheerless as thy condition is, remember this: Though thou seest not God, God sees thee. God sees thee now; He hears thee now. If thou breathe but a desire towards Him, that desire shall be accepted and fulfilled. He will yet begin to work in thee that gracious preparation which shall make thee meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.

III. And now, thirdly—let THE SEAL OF THIS PREPARATION be briefly but attentively considered.

The Apostle says—"He that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us *the earnest of the Spirit.*" Masters frequently pay during the week a part of the wages which will be due on Saturday night. God gives His Holy Spirit, as it were, to be a part of the reward which He intends to give to His people, when, like hirelings, they have fulfilled their day. Our country friends just before harvest go out into the fields, and they pick half a dozen ears that are ripe, braid the ends, and hang them up over the mantleshef as a kind of earnest of the harvest. So God gives us His Holy Spirit to be in our hearts as an earnest of heaven; and as the ears of wheat are of the same quality and character as the harvest, so the gift of the Holy Spirit is the antepast of heaven. When you have Him you have a plain indication to your soul of what heaven will be. You have a part of heaven—"a young heaven," as Dr. Watts somewhere calls it within you.

Ask yourself, then, dear hearer, this question—"Have I received the earnest of the Spirit? If so, you have the preparation for heaven; if not, you are still a stranger to Divine things, and you have no reason to believe that the heaven of the saints will be your heritage. Come, now, have you received the Holy Spirit? Do you reply, "How may I know?" Wherever the Holy Spirit is He works certain graces in the soul—repentance, to wit. Hast thou ever repented of sin? I mean, dost thou hate it? Dost thou shun it? Dost thou grieve to think thou shouldst once have loved it? Is thy mind altogether changed with regard to sin, so that what once seemed pleasure now is pain, and all the sweetness of sin is poison to thy taste? Where the Holy Spirit is, repentance is followed by the whole train of graces, all in a measure, not any in perfection, for there is always room to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Such is *patience*, which submits to the Lord's will; such, too, the gracious disposition of *forgiveness*, which enables us to bear injuries and to forgive those that vex us; such, likewise, that holy courage which is not ashamed to own our Lord or to defend His cause. In fact, where the Holy Ghost is bestowed, all the graces of the Spirit will be communicated in some degree. Though they will all need to grow, yet there will be the seeds of them all. Where the Holy Spirit is there will be the joy. No delight can be more animating or more elevating than that which springs from the indwelling of God in the soul. Think of God coming to abide in this poor bosom! Why, were a cross of diamonds or pearls glittering on your breast some might envy you the possession of such a treasure; but to have God within your breast is infinitely better. God dwelleth in us, and we in Him. Oh, sacred mystery! Oh, birth of joy unspeakable! Oh, well of bliss Divine that maketh earth like heaven! Hast thou ever had this joy—the joy of knowing that thou art pardoned; the joy of being sure that thou art a child of God; the joy of being certain that all things work together for thy good; the joy of expecting that ere long, and the sooner the better, thou shalt be for ever beyond gunshot of fear, and care, and pain, and want? Where the Spirit of God is there is more or less of this joy, which is the earnest of heaven.

This gift, moreover, will be conspicuously evidenced by a living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The Holy Ghost is not in you if you rely on any-



thing but Jesus ; but if as a poor guilty sinner you have come to Him, partaken of His gracious pardon, kissed His blessed feet, and are now depending upon Him alone, you have received the Holy Ghost, and you have got the antepast of heaven.

Brethren and sisters, it is intensely desirable that we should seek more to be consciously filled with the Holy Spirit. We get easily contented with a little spiritual blessedness. Let us grow more covetous of the best gifts. Let us crave to be endued with the Holy Spirit, and to be baptised in the Holy Ghost and in fire. The more we get of Him the more assurance we shall have of heaven for our peace, the more foretastes of heaven for our happiness, and the more preparation for heaven in lively hope.

Thus have I shown you the need of preparation, the Author of preparation, and the great seal which proves the verity of that preparation. If your honest conscience allows your humble claim to have received this sacred token of salvation, how happy you should be. Do not be afraid to be happy. Some Christians seem to court the gloom of despondency as if they dared not bask in the sunshine of heaven. I have sometimes heard people say that they have *not enjoyed themselves*. No, dear friends ; pity, methinks, if any of us ever should. It would be a poor kind of enjoyment if we merely enjoyed ourselves. But, oh ! it is delightful when you can enjoy your God, and when you can enjoy the mercies that are in Him, and the promises that are in Him, and the blessings which through Him come to you. When you gather round the table of the Lord's love do not be afraid to partake of the feast. There is nothing put there to be looked at. There is no confectionery spread out for show. If you dare conclude that you are living in Christ and living on Christ, do not be afraid to sing as you go home—

“ Now I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.”

It will be a blessing to your family for you to be happy. You may find that something has gone wrong while you have been away. Go home as happy as you can be, and you will be better able to bear the cares and vexations that must and will befall you. Keep your spirit well worked up to the fear of the Lord, and the enjoyment of His presence. Then, if some little cross matter should come to disquiet you, you can say, “ Who am I that I should be vexed and chafed, or lose my temper, or be cast down about such a matter as this ? This is not my sphere of well-being ; this is not my heaven ; this is not my God.”

“ If Thou shouldst take them all away,  
Yet should I not repine ;  
Before they were possess'd by me  
They were entirely Thine.

“ Nor would I speak a murmuring word  
Though the whole world were gone,  
But seek enduring happiness  
In Thee and Thee alone.”

But, oh! suppose you feel persuaded and honestly admit that you are not prepared to die, not made meet for heaven. Do not utterly despair, but be grateful that you live where the Gospel is preached. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Be much in hearing the Word, and be much in earnest prayer that the hearing may be blessed to your soul. Above all, give diligence to that Divine command which bids thee trust in Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. Eternal life lies in the nutshell of that one sentence—"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." All that is asked of you—and even that grace gives you—is simply to trust in Him who as Son of God died for the sins of men. God give you that faith, and then may you meet death with joy, or look forward to the coming of the Lord with peace, whichever may be your lot.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### GRAPHIC SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

#### MISS HOPE'S BIBLE-CLASS.

##### PART II.

WHEN, a month after the preceding conversation had taken place between Mr. Sampson and his minister, Miss Hope quietly entered the school and took her seat in the senior boys' Bible-class, it was clearly made manifest to all parties interested in the matter that the bewildered superintendent had got over his chief difficulty by making a successful capture of the coveted lady teacher.

In appearance the new teacher was not much to look at. Small in stature, rather pale and delicate, and dressed in half-mourning, most persons, if they had glanced at her at all, would have concluded that she belonged to the common order. A close observer, however, would soon have discovered traits of bearing and character calculated to lead him to draw a different conclusion.

Though neither showy, on the one hand, or prim on the other, everything she wore indicated good taste and a love of neatness; and there was an air of refinement in her speech and manners sufficient to prove that she had been brought up in good middle class society. Beneath a square forehead beamed a pair of fine brown eyes which at any time were prepared to look with love and sympathy on the distressed and the afflicted; to give merry twinkles at a little fun and roguery; or to glance with firmness and indignation on wickedness and wrong. The rest of her features were in perfect harmony with the upper portion. No one would say she was positively handsome, or yet, on the other hand, deem her plain. As she sat thinking, with her head slightly drooped and her eyes fixed on the ground, she might have been mistaken for a rather melancholy and studious young lady; but once roused out of this sombre or reflective state, and called upon to speak or act, the change would be marvellous. If interested in her work, the face

would appear to be irradiated with sunshine; the large, bright eyes would flash with pleasure; the firm set mouth would partly open, and display a row of fine teeth that were often the admiration of the beholder; and, with a ready but quiet utterance, she would give vent to her thoughts and feelings in language so chaste and pointed that she was almost certain to command the attention of any who were privileged to hold conversation with her. On the present occasion, as she took her seat in the class and bowed her head in silent prayer, the lads looked at her with mingled feelings of interest and curiosity, each one thinking, no doubt, that it was a very strange thing indeed for them to have a young lady like this for their teacher.

The opening exercises concluded, Miss Hope moved with her class out of the large room, and, as customary, took possession of the classroom. They were hardly seated and the Bibles handed round before she spoke. In a low, soft, musical voice she expressed to them her regret that they had lost the services of so good a teacher as Mr. Proctor; she told them how, at the earnest desire of their good minister and their worthy superintendent, she had been induced to supply his place; she added that although she had taken occasionally a class of girls before, she had never taken a class of boys, and that nothing would have induced her to take the present one but the pressure that had been brought to bear upon her, the strong arguments that had been used, and the hope she entertained in her humble way of doing them all spiritual good and being the means of leading them to the Saviour. She trusted that they would listen to her, and obey her; and if they would try to do that, she would

promise them that out of the love she had for them she would do all she could to instruct them and make them happy. She, however, believed that no good could be done without prayer, and as she intended always to begin with it she would ask them to kneel down with her while she sought for help at the throne of grace.

Five knelt down; two retained their seats, and merely covered their faces with their hands; one sat, and paid not the slightest heed to the request.

Taking no notice of the refractory ones, Miss Hope knelt before them all, and offered a short prayer. She asked for a blessing to rest upon the new arrangement, upon every scholar, upon their parents and homes, upon the whole school, and upon every lesson. The prayer over, the lesson appointed by the International Sunday-school Union was found, several of the scholars repeated the "golden text," and the morning's lesson was got through with a degree of comfort and pleasure both to teacher and scholars. So far the experiment had proved a success.

Had space permitted, it would have given us much gratification to have traced Miss Hope's progress with each scholar and with the class collectively month by month and year by year. As this is impracticable, we will, as the next best thing, give a summary of her methods in dealing with the class as a whole and with each scholar individually.

It was not long before the new teacher became acquainted not only with the names of her boys, but also with their various dispositions. Two or three Lord's-days' teaching sufficed to overcome the restraint under which they had for that short period been placed through the novelty of the new dispensation. Then most

of the boys gradually developed themselves; and as some of these developments were by no means of a gratifying character, Miss Hope was led continually to feel that in consenting to teach such a class she had undertaken a task which would not only try her powers and patience to the utmost, but would also lead her very often to the Lord to seek the wisdom that cometh alone from above.

To aid her in her work she wrote each lad's name in what she called her own private class-book. In that book was recorded each boy's address, his age, the character of his parents, and any item of information that she thought would be useful to treasure up. And very useful indeed did this class-book prove to her and to them. It became, in the end, a series of small biographies, which, on frequent perusal, often furnished matter for deep and profitable reflection, and also for private prayer.

She soon found out that although in dealing with the class it was very desirable that no partiality should be shown, yet it was impossible to love them all alike. Sometimes for a week or two she would feel as if a burden was laid upon her to pray specially for one or two, and that burden she could not get rid of except by taking it to the Lord. If on any particular occasion a boy proved more obstreperous and obstinate than usual she strove to avoid "carrying accounts over" from one Sunday to another, but tried to start each time with a smiling face, as if nothing had occurred to put her about on the previous Lord's-day. As opportunity allowed, she visited them in their homes, and, as far as possible, sought to obtain the co-operation of their parents in ensuring a punctual attendance, and aiding her in

the maintenance of necessary discipline. If they were absent through sickness she invariably showed them sympathy and kindness, not only by calling to see them, but by taking them little trifles suited for invalids, and this rarely failed to promote a good influence over them, at least for a time. Every month she procured them magazines which they ordered and paid for; lent them the *Missionary News*; and occasionally, when she met with an interesting book likely to profit them, she lent it round for a week or fortnight to each in turn. For good conduct and regular attendance she gave them "marks," and took personally a brief written report quarterly to each boy's parents, giving the total number of marks he had fairly earned and specifying the particular cause for which they had been bestowed. She sought, with the helps at her command, to study the lessons thoroughly and to pick up illustrations tending to throw light on each lesson, back up her appeals, and keep up the interest throughout. Varying the mode of teaching as occasion demanded, she specially sought by question and answer to induce them to take part in every lesson, and thus make them the medium, to a certain extent, of instructing themselves. Finding it profitable to make personal appeals, she made it a rule to write to each boy on his birthday a kind, Christian letter, in which counsel would be given adapted to his case; and whenever she thought it necessary, either in school time or at the close of the school, she quietly and lovingly dropped "the word in season." By these and similar methods she ultimately obtained not only control over her class, but also a certain amount of success, as the following "notes" taken from her private class-book will show:

"No. 1.—Oliver Bolton. Age fourteen. Mother dead. Father given to drink, and the house kept by an aunt. Oliver has two sisters. The house and children greatly neglected, the aunt being a gossip and fond of idling away her time on the doorstep. This poor lad not exactly imbecile but excessively simple, and therefore the frequent subject of the sharper boys' tricks. Rather irregular in attendance, but very attentive and well-behaved when let alone. Reads, but rarely answers a question. Flies to me when in trouble, and tells his sorrowful tales to get sympathy." (*Final Note.*) "Suddenly removed from the town, and cannot get to hear what has become of the family. Hope, poor fellow, he is being treated well, but am rather afraid."

"No. 2.—James Brown. Age fifteen. Both his parents united to the Church, and respectable members of the working-classes. His mother a real good woman, whose example and counsels evidently influence him much for good. Quiet and reserved; always ready to repeat his golden text; has rarely to be spoken to when in the school, and only answers questions occasionally; but when he does, says something to the point. Never answers my letters, but am told by his mother that he prizes them very much and keeps them safely in his box. It is hard to get to know what is passing in his mind, but have good reasons to hope that he will soon become a candidate for Church fellowship. He asked me a question or two about it the other day. 'Slow, but sure,' is evidently James's motto. But good though he may be, he is never destined to 'set the Thames on fire.' He wants a little more energy."

"No. 3.—Charles Pratt. Age fourteen. Both parents pious.

Charles, however, a very thoughtless lad, and on that account causes his parents much anxiety and trouble. He never intends to do harm, but is constantly doing it. Drops his Bible on the floor. Upsets the forms. Loses his verse when it comes to his turn to read. Gives ridiculous answers to serious questions. Seems to know about as much at the end of the lesson as he did at the beginning. Has sometimes to be spoken to by the superintendent during the opening exercises. Never seems to be impressed either by kindness or severity. Laughs when he should cry, and seems to have little or no sense of shame. Constantly promises to turn over a new leaf, but never tries to fulfil the promise. What will become of this poor thoughtless lad it is impossible to tell. All that can be said is that he is not beyond the reach of God's grace. Must still keep praying for him."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## A GOOD RESOLUTION.

BY REV. J. CLARK.

"Our feet shall stand within thy gates,  
O Jerusalem."—Psalm cxxii. 2.

WHAT Jerusalem was to the Jew of old, the house of God is to the believer now. He can say, with David, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth." His affection is set on the holy place. There the Lord has commanded the blessing, even life for evermore. Amidst the cares and toils of the week he looks forward to the day of rest, for then he can turn his steps

towards the favoured spot and join with the saints in saying, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." Let us consider this fervent attachment to the house of God—this holy resolution respecting it—in reference to personal piety, spiritual benefits, and relative influence.

FIRST, THEN, IN REFERENCE TO PERSONAL PIETY.

*It betokens a spiritual nature.* The unregenerate have no relish for Divine things. With some, doubtless, there may be a degree of satisfaction in attending the means of grace, but even this feeling is variable and transient. No permanent practical good is produced thereby. Hence it is very evident that where there is inward peace, real enjoyment, and spiritual good arising from an attendance upon the things of God, there must be a change of heart. The magnet attracts towards itself only those things which have a natural affinity. So spiritual things can only be attractive to spiritual persons. Thus we are led to conclude that where there abides a deep, strong, and ardent attachment to the house of God, the Holy Spirit has wrought a change. "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." We may test our piety by our love to Zion.

*It manifests an obedient spirit.* God bids us draw nigh to him. We are not to "forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is." "God is in His holy temple." He calls us to His house. We gladly enter. We delight to do His will. We love to engage in His service. Some are disobedient, and keep away. To such the place is uninviting and the service dull. Not so with those who possess a new nature and an obedient spirit. They can say, with

the royal Psalmist, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." As the door-keeper is the first to enter the sanctuary and the last to leave, so the children of the heavenly King love to be as much as possible in their Father's presence.

*It indicates a grateful heart.* All our mercies come from God; to Him, therefore, should suitable acknowledgments be made. "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him, and bless His name." How much we owe our Lord! His mercies are new every morning. He supplies our wants, keeps us from dangers seen and unseen, and gives us strength according to our day. Surely, then, if we cannot repay the debt we are bound to acknowledge it. Making the language of the ancient bard our own, we say, "I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now, in the presence of all His people, in the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord." But consider the text,

SECONDLY, IN REFERENCE TO SPIRITUAL BENEFITS. There is, undoubtedly, much spiritual good arising from a devout attendance upon the means of grace.

*We unite in supplication.* Private prayer must by no means be neglected. "In the closet," says an old divine, "the battle is lost or won." Social prayer must be regularly attended to. But neither of these should lead us to undervalue the public means. We are needy creatures. We have various and almost innumerable wants. God alone can give us all we need. To

Him, therefore, must we come. He has promised to hear us, for the sake of Jesus. The prayers offered to God in private find acceptance; and surely the prayers of His people in public will not be in vain. Truly it is a privilege to enter God's house and unite in public prayer.

"While here our various wants we mourn,  
 United prayer ascends on high:  
 And prayer brings down a quick return  
 Of blessings in variety."

*We promote devotion.* This we greatly need. We get no help from the outer world. There we encounter enemies, and meet with opposition. Oftentimes, exposed to earth's rough winds, we find it hard to keep the spark of piety alive. We are in danger of being carried away by the temptations and allurements which continually surround us. The trials, cares, and duties of life, also, have a powerful influence over us for evil. Our zeal abates, our love grows cold, our efforts slacken, and our graces die. Oh, what a blessing is public worship! Our piety would sadly decline without it. Sweet as liberty to the captive, refreshing as water to the thirsty, strengthening as bread to the hungry, are the appointed means of grace in the house of God. What seasons of refreshing are there enjoyed! What soul-revivings are there experienced! To have our lips touched with a live coal from off the altar; to have our love inflamed, — our graces quickened, — and our strength renewed, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

*We obtain instruction.* The wise are never wise enough. A friend, observing Plato's studious habits, even in extreme old age, inquired how long he intended to be a scholar. "As long," said he, "as I have

need to grow wiser and better." So is it with the Christian. The exalted Saviour has given His Church pastors and teachers to proclaim His will and explain His word. A diligent attendance upon the preaching of the Gospel is helpful to our knowledge as well as to our faith. Listening attentively and prayerfully Sabbath after Sabbath, we cannot fail to increase in wisdom. Our manifest duty is to grow in knowledge as well as in grace. We want to know more of God our Father, of Christ our Saviour, of the Holy Spirit our Comforter, and of heaven our final and everlasting home. We want to know more about ourselves, our duties, our privileges, and obligations. We want to know more of the Bible, its doctrines, its precepts, and promises. For this purpose there are means within our reach. The house of God is open. "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

*We enjoy communion.* Not only with the saints, but with the Lord Himself. It is good to have fellowship with them: it is better to have fellowship with Him. O, to get nearer Christ! A lowly Christian, some time since, began to speak to a friend about Jesus. "O," said he, "I am unworthy to lie at His feet, yet I want to lean on His breast." Just so; this is what we really want. Blessed, hallowed place! We want to come and draw near to God. "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." How true are the Saviour's words, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

"My soul, how lovely is the place  
 To which thy God resorts;  
 'Tis heaven to see His smiling face,  
 Though in His earthly courts."

Here we obtain grace to help us on our way. Here we get glimpses of the Celestial City, and, gladdened by the sight, we go on our way rejoicing. Consider the text,

THIRDLY, AS IT REGARDS OUR INFLUENCE. Our attendance at public worship has an influence on others.

*It has an influence over the preacher.* "Nothing," says William Jay, "can be more painful to the feelings of a minister, when he comes to water his flock, than to find many of them not at the well." This witness is true. The preacher is but human. He needs encouragement. Your presence will cheer his heart. Your earnest attention will redouble his energy. Your grateful songs will raise his soul towards God and heaven. "I wonder why God prolongs my life," said an old lady to her minister, "I am of no use now." "Don't say that," her pastor replied, "I find you every Sabbath in your pew, when it is possible for you to be there; and that helps me. You listen attentively, and sometimes I see a tear in your eye; and that helps me. And I know you pray for me; and that helps me greatly. Do not say you are of no use." How much better the pastor can preach when his people are all present, hungering for the bread of life.

*It has an influence over fellow-Christians.* It would be useless to deny that they are materially affected by the force of our example. As the sun cannot shine without giving light, nor the fire burn without giving warmth, neither can we live a consistent Christian life without exerting a powerful influence for good over that part of the Church of Christ with which we stand connected. None of us liveth to himself. We are helpers of each other's joy. Where our brethren assemble

to worship God, there we should be. Much of the enjoyment of the sanctuary depends upon the number of the attendants. When the congregation is thin and scattered the pleasure is less than when the place is comfortably filled. Brethren are cheered by our presence, and grieved by our absence. Trees thrive best together. Soldiers march best in company. And Churches flourish most when members endeavour to be present at all the means of grace. The people of God are our best friends. Let us often be found amongst them. "He that hath friends must show himself friendly."

*It has an influence over the unconverted.* The eyes of the world are upon the Christian. Let him not forget this. How can we expect sinners to be present in the sanctuary when saints are absent? If believers neglect the means of grace, who can suppose that unbelievers will attend them? If professors stay away, we need not be surprised if non-professors do not come. Often in these matters the force of our example is greater than we imagine. A member of a certain Church went for many years a considerable distance to his accustomed place of worship. He loved "the place where prayer was wont to be made." Very rarely, indeed, was he known to be absent, except through illness. On his way he passed a house where lived a man who never entered the house of God. As he saw the good man pass his door Sabbath after Sabbath, year after year, he began to think, "Well, there's something in religion after all. What can it be?" He resolved to find out what it was. Accordingly, one Sabbath he followed the man to his place of worship. He entered the chapel, listened to the Gospel, felt deep conviction of heart, and went home to weep and pray. He went again



and again, until he found joy and peace in believing and became a professed and consistent follower of Jesus, tracing his conversion, instrumentally, to this man's constant attendance at public worship.

And now to close. Time is swiftly flying. Our Sabbaths are getting fewer. Let us improve them well. They will soon be over. Sicknes may soon lay us low. Death may soon cut us off. Life is very uncertain. While health and strength

remain let us avail ourselves of every opportunity of meeting with God below. Let us make our calling and election sure. And then, clothed in the Saviour's righteousness and washed in His precious blood, we may calmly await the summons to "Come up higher," and serve Him without weariness and sin, in the upper sanctuary, the New Jerusalem above.

*Nova Scotia.*

## Tales and Sketches.

### THE LITTLE FRENCH DRUMMER BOY;

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG  
FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY M. E. B.

#### CHAPTER XI.

HENRI CHABOT's parents were poor people, but they possessed one attainment at this period very uncommon amongst their class—the ability to read.

The father was blind, and, when a young man, had suffered much for the cause of religion because he had been discovered reading the Bible. In his youth he had learned many psalms and a great part of the Holy Word of God by heart; and now, though he was quite blind, he tried to follow his blessed Master's example of doing all the good in His power by teaching others the saving truths of the Gospel.

The eldest son was the stay and support of his parents.

It was a great grief to them when Henri had left his quiet village to

join his regiment, and many were the prayers sent up to heaven for his safety amid the countless perils of war.

This young man had been early taught the way of salvation, but without the influence of God's Holy Spirit all human teaching is worthless. God alone can change the heart of man.

Henri's health had become so impaired by the privations of this Russian campaign and the wounds he had received in battle, that his strength daily diminished, and Frolut seemed much in the same condition.

Henri's father and mother had cast their bread upon the waters, and in humble faith had waited for the fulfilment of the promise—"And thou shalt find it after many days."

God opened their soldier-son's heart to the gracious influence of the Bible, and led him to cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?" And the Lord spoke peace to his soul. He lingered for some weeks, and then his spirit took its flight to a happier world.

After some weeks of patient suffering the little drummer succumbed to the effects of the numberless privations he had undergone, but his generous protectors had a good hope that through God's mercy his soul was safe with his Saviour, for they read the precious promises of the Gospel to the weary boy, and their efforts had been blessed in leading him to that true Friend who alone could support and shield him in the dark valley.

Front had found rest at last—rest where alone it is to be found, in Jesus.

“Art thou weary? Art thou languid?  
Art thou sore distressed?  
‘Come to Me,’ saith One, ‘and coming  
Be at rest.’

“If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?”

‘Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away.’

“Finding, following, keeping, struggling,

Is He sure to bless?”

‘Angels, Martyrs, Prophets,  
Answer, Yes.’”

Amen.

This simple tale, founded on fact, gives a picture of the daily habits and trials of some of the lowest classes in France. It also shows the horrors of war, out of which God is able to bring good, for He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him. It likewise proves that the earnest reading of the Scriptures, accompanied with prayer for the help of the Holy Spirit, is effectual to salvation.

## Things Grave and Pleasant.

### HOW TO CLEAR A CHURCH.

WHEN you take possession of the pulpit, be sure to remember the sacrifices you have made, and compare the waters of Abana and Pharpar with the Jordan which flows at your feet.

Ascertain who are the wealthiest people in your congregation, and pay particular court to them, for “riches have wings,” and you cannot afford to lose any of these magnates.

Find out all the weak spots among your people, and be sure and drive your sharpest nails into their quivering flesh. Pour on the mustard and vinegar without one drop of oil, and if they can't stand it why they can vacate the pews. Don't be sur-

prised if they leave after the first application of this caustic.

Be very personal—there is nothing like locating your remarks; it prevents the cap from getting on the wrong head.

Refer frequently to the flourishing vineyard you left; it has the same effect as Mr. Thrasher's remarks to his second wife in regard to his “late lamented.” They will feel like giving you a return ticket.

Ventilate your own private opinions, and so impress upon your people that they will be obliged to think as you do, or else be classed among the idiots or insane.

If you should hear, through any good friend, that some member of your congregation has spoken disparagingly of you, lampoon him

from the pulpit in a way that shall distress everybody.

Be very patronising to the poor of the church. Their feelings are of no account; and you cannot afford to draw upon the treasury of heaven for those who give so little into your treasury.

Besides, there are the crumbs.

Keep your own sorrows, your own self-experiences promptly before the people; it will awaken sympathy for you, and prevent their encroaching on the pastoral corn-field. Their own troubles will grow light by comparison, and you will be saved the worry of hearing all their complaints, and healing all their wounds. They ought not to expect too much from their pastor.

Make very few calls, and should you meet any of your parishioners on the street, unless *crème de la crème*, be lost in thought, and oblivious of their approach, or, if taken unawares, grant them merely a slight nod of recognition.

Follow out these suggestions, adding to them such hints as you may gather from your own and other people's experience, and rest assured that the result will exceed even your most sanguine expectations.—*New York Weekly.*

### SOCIAL CONTAGION.

THERE is such a thing as social contagion. Other things than plagues and fevers are infectious. The soul has an atmosphere as well as the body. How greatly are we influenced by the society in which we move. "A man is known by the company he keeps." The air, so to speak, of some people's words and conduct is bad. We suffer from it. When we get away from them we feel that we should have done well not to have gone near. Others act as a stimulus to all that is noble

and good. Our intercourse with them is palpably beneficial. Characteristically writes Henry Ward Beecher: "Men should get over their faults. They say, 'My faults concern me alone.' No they do not. Suppose a man with an umbrella that had rips in it, in a pitiless storm should say, 'Oh, these holes!' and the umbrella should say, 'They concern me, and not you.' The man would say, 'Every drop of rain that comes through on my head concerns me.' And men's faults concern everybody that is made unhappy by them. You may be the worst sufferers by reason of your faults, but they are a cause of suffering to everybody near you. And nobody is so much concerned by the cure of your faults as those who stand round about you and experience their ill effects." On this ground it is eminently desirable that our lives should be songs rather than sighs. If blessed, we shall bless. An honest smile on the face, a cheerful tone in the voice, a joyous gait in the footstep, a hearty grasp of the hand, will contribute to the well-being of our companions and friends. Joy gives birth to joy. T. R. STEVENSON.

### LETTER TO A YOUNG MINISTER, BY THE LATE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELLENHAM.

"Feb. 19, 1859.

"MY DEAR BRO.—How are you getting on? Are you travelling in birth for souls? Are you lifting up Christ in your ministry above sin, Satan, and self? Are you warning, inviting, and exhorting, with all long-suffering and doctrines? Take heed *what* you preach—take heed *how* you preach—and take heed *why* you preach. I read of the Apostles that 'they went into the synagogue, and so spake

that a great multitude both of the Jews and Greeks believed.' *How* did they speak? I would speak just like they did, if I could, whenever I attempt to preach. Oh, to win souls! Oh, to bring thousands to Christ! Time is flying, souls are dying, death is coming: let us therefore *work, work, work!* Plenty of rest in the grave for the poor body, and plenty of rest in heaven for the

soul. Oh, to be filled with the Holy Ghost! Nothing is needed so much as the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in the Church. Mrs. S—— is but poorly; she joins me in love to you and Mrs. W——. When you write to Liverpool, present our love to mother and sister. Pray for me, for I begin to get *old*. Grace, grace be with you.—Yours in Jesus, “JAMES SMITH.”

## Poetry.

### A PLEA FOR THE NIGHT.

ST. PIERRE DUMAS.

WHY should we hate and fear the night?  
Does not the sun go down to rise  
Again, and flash a rosier light  
Along the overarching skies?

The stars above could never shine  
Upon the dwellers of our earth—  
Their *being* we could not divine,  
Did not the darkness give them birth.

In lessons deep and true, the Book  
Hath taught us never more to dread  
The night-tide! on those leaves we look,  
And lo! night's glories there are  
spread.

Its veil was drawn when Jacob slept  
Upon the lonely desert plain,  
When down the mystic stairway stept  
From heaven's gates the angel train.

And when beneath a shadow lay  
His hemisphere, that patriarch  
Withdrew alone to watch and pray,  
He won a victory in the dark.

### SUNSET MUSINGS.

'Twas evening, an evening so calm  
and still,

All nature seemed lulled to rest;  
I watched the sun, as it gloriously sank  
To its bed in the far off west.  
No cloud to mar the beautiful scene;  
Nought to disturb the calm serene.

I thought of the Christian's peaceful  
end,  
When the strife and the battle are  
done;

And of those whose memories still are  
dear—

Who faded as calm as the setting sun;  
But I know they shine in that city  
bright,  
Where Jesus is the Sun and Light.

So I asked the Lord that I might be  
made

A witness for Him whose name I  
love;

That I might faithfully serve Him  
below;

Then reign with Him in glory above.  
That when the end of my life shall come,  
It may be peaceful and calm as the  
setting sun.

Fareham.

E. S.

## Reviews.

### *The Abominations of a Convent Life.*

An Abridgment of the Trials and Persecutions of Miss Edith O. Gorman, otherwise Sister Teresa De Chartal of St. Joseph's Convent, Hudson. (Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.)

THIS writer says, I am guided by truth. I do not make a single statement that can be refuted. I give names, dates, and facts, challenging contradiction. The exposure of the fox-like plans of the Sisters, the wicked cunning of the Priests, and the enslaving corrupting influence of the system, is complete, sad, and awful.

*Victor, the Little Orphan; or, The Necessity of Self-help.* By LIZZIE CLOVER. (Elliot Stock.)

WE have here a healthy tale, the object good, the interest of the reader secured without sensational means; and we have no hesitation in recommending the book to our young people.

### MAGAZINES, PAMPHLETS, &c.

*The Sword and Trowel. The Baptist Magazine. The General Baptist. The Baptist Paper. The Freeman. The Appeal.*

A VALUABLE bundle of Baptist literature which will enrich its possessor. *The Sword and Trowel, Baptist Maga-*

*zine, and General Baptist Magazine,* contain quite an average of good articles—the former has some useful interesting Hebrew tales, and more to follow. *The Baptist and Freeman* are of special interest in their copious and faithful reports of our Union Meetings, and will be read with good results. Also the Correspondence on the Pastors' Retreat command attention, though some of the letters are of the bilious type. A. C. C. has not proposed anything very wicked. We are fain to believe there are some pastors living to whom the Retreat would be a Benliah land. The letter from Mr. Spurgeon is a sensible one. There is need for all the Augmentation Fund can do. We are thankful for the fund, and also for the offer of A. C. C.

*The Teacher's Storehouse, and The Biblical Museum.* (Elliot Stock.)

THE Sunday-school teacher will find these of great service.

*The British Flag.* (4, Trafalgar-square.)

The only paper for soldiers.

ALL who circulate this valuable periodical in the army are promoting the best welfare of the men and the country.

*Baptist Tract Society.*

WE have received the Quarterly Report, also a number of Specimen Narrative Tracts. These are well written. Paper and letter-press bright. We dislike a dull tract either in matter or appearance. These are excellent.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. FRED. A. CHARLES, of Nottingham, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Brookside Church, Darlington.

Rev. G. Sear, late of Halstead, has accepted a call to labour at Hockley-heath, near Birmingham.

Rev. George Needham, of New Bedford, has accepted an invitation to the co-pastorate of the church at Barton Fabis.

Mr. R. L. McDougall has resigned the pastorate of the church at Neeton.

Rev. E. Yemm, of Regent-park College, has accepted the invitation of the church at Gildersome near Leeds,

to become assistant-pastor to the Rev. J. Haslam, Secretary of the Yorkshire Association of Baptist Churches.

Edwin B. Shepherd, for the last four years associated with Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A., Huntingdon, has accepted the very cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at Newark.

Mr. James Blaikie, of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's College, has accepted the invitation of the church at Irvine to be their pastor.

#### RECOGNITIONS.

On Monday, the 25th of September, services were held in Sion Chapel, Armley, Leeds, in connection with the ordination and settlement of Rev. A. P. Fayers, late of Regent's-park College. Rev. Thos. Fayers, father of the new pastor, gave the charge in the afternoon. Before this, however, Dr. Jos. Angus, M.A., asked the usual questions, Dr. Stock gave an address, and Rev. J. W. Ashworth offered the ordination prayer. After the tea-meeting a recognition meeting was held, when Dr. Angus gave the charge to the church, and addresses were delivered by Revs. J. Haslam, W. T. Adey, T. Fayers, and James Fyfe, Esq. Joseph Brooke, Esq., was in the chair. John Wells, Esq., welcomed the new pastor in the name of the church.

**PEMBROKE DOCK.**—Ordination services were held on Sunday and Monday, September 24 and 25, in connection with the settlement of Mr. R. C. Roberts, of North Wales Baptist College, as pastor of the church. On Sunday three sermons were preached by the Rev. Hugh Jones, M.A., D.D., and on Monday afternoon a meeting was held, under the presidency of the Rev. W. Owen. The devotional services having been conducted by Rev. E. Thomas, a discourse upon "The Nature of the Christian Church" was delivered by Mr. Owen, after which he put the usual questions to the pastor elect, which having been answered satisfactorily, Mr. Bryon, a deacon of the church where Mr. Roberts had been a member, rose and bore high testimony of him as a Christian and preacher. The ordination prayer was then offered by Rev.

Dr. Davies. The charge was given to the pastor by Dr. Jones. In the evening another meeting was held, when the Rev. D. George preached to the church from Eph. vi. 4; and Dr. Jones preached to the congregation from Matt. iv. 1. The devotional services were conducted by the Rev. W. Davies, Mr. William Morris, and Mr. E. Bryon.

#### PRESENTATIONS.

REV. THOMAS THOMAS, D.D., has resigned the presidency of Pontypool College, a post he has honourably filled for forty years. The churches throughout Wales having raised the sum of £2,000, the testimonial was presented to Dr. Thomas at an influential meeting held in Cardiff, under the presidency of Mr. Justice Lush. The gathering was composed of delegates from all parts of Wales, and the presentation was made by Dr. Todd, of Sydenham. Dr. Greene, of London, and others who addressed the meeting, stated that the tone and character of religious life in Wales were mainly due to Dr. Thomas, who had trained nine-tenths of the Non-conformist ministers in the principality.

Rev. W. E. Winks, having accepted a call from the Bethany Church, Cardiff, has just taken a farewell of the Ely-place congregation, Wisbech. At a largely-attended meeting, presided over by George Dawbarn, Esq., J.P., several substantial presentations were made to Mr. and Mrs. Winks.

At Swindon, Wilts, Rev. G. T. Edgley preached his farewell sermons to a large congregation, and on Monday, after a social tea, which was presided over by J. Holden, Esq., the chairman, on behalf of the church and a number of friends in the town, presented a purse containing £25, accompanied with an address expressive of sincere goodwill.

Rev. W. Jackson has been presented with a testimonial by the church and congregation at Willingham Tabernacle on his removal to the church at Paradise-row, Waltham Abbey, Essex.

Rev. J. Harper, on retiring from the pastorate of the church at Horsforth, near Leeds, after more than twelve years' ministry, was presented, on the

2nd of October, by his numerous friends, with a purse containing thirty guineas; also Mrs. Harper with a smaller purse containing twelve pounds, as a token of their high esteem and loving affection, prior to his departure to the pastoral care of the church at Rotherham, both of which were kindly received and very feelingly acknowledged by the pastor.

#### NEW CHAPELS.

A NEW iron chapel has been opened at East Finchley. Sermons were preached by Rev. J. Chadwick, S. W. McAll, and J. Barnard. The chapel is neat and comfortable, will seat 160 persons, and has cost £250, towards which about £100 has been raised. For the present, the Rev. J. Batey will principally supply the pulpit.

The evangelistic efforts made by Mr. Sparks, West Cowes, and his friends, are about to reap the reward of their self-denying exertions in the erection of a suitable chapel. The foundation-stone of this building has just been laid by J. Cowdy, Esq., and the proceedings were interesting and serviceable. At the laying of the stone, Mr. Sparks, the pastor, stated that 105 members had been added to the church since its formation nine years ago. After tea a public meeting was held in the Foresters' Hall, which was crowded, representatives of all the churches in the town being present. Addresses were given by the Revs. J. R. Chamberlain, F. Trestrail, J. Harrison, Dalgleish, W. J. Burman, and Mr. Dear. It was stated that the sum raised in all for the new work amounted to £820, which included £113, the proceeds of the day. The building is estimated to cost £1,400.

**HACKNEY.**— On Monday evening, October 16, a meeting was held in Providence Chapel, Hackney, in celebration of the fourth anniversary of the ministry of the Rev. W. Cuff. After tea, to which a large number of persons sat down, a public meeting was held in the chapel, which was crowded, under the presidency of Sir Charles Reed. Prayer was offered by the Rev. H. S. Ridley,

of Bury St. Edmund's, and the chairman delivered an address, in which he suggested the closer union of Baptists and Congregationalists. As Protestant Dissenters he urged the necessity of thoroughly instructing the children in the great truths of their faith. He therefore rejoiced in the erection of the contemplated new chapel, and was anxious that they should specially strive for the observance of the Lord's-day and the teaching of the Bible. He wanted to counteract infidelity amongst the working-classes by the opening of classes during the winter evenings, having the presence of good men for affording the needful instruction. The report read shows that £16,000 is needed for the erection of the new tabernacle which Mr. Cuff and his friends propose to build. During the past year the congregation have subscribed £800 towards this object, and have promised another £600 by Christmas. Addresses were given by the the Revs. C. Bailhache, D. Kattorns, Dr. Thain Davidson, and others.

**MAZE POND CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.**— On Monday, October 16, the cornerstone of the new building intended to replace the old Maze Pond Chapel, Southwark, was laid. The site for the new building is in the Old Kent-road, near the Albany-road, and a large number of the congregation and their friends assembled to witness the ceremony. Amongst those present were Mr. J. Barran, M.P. for Leeds, Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, Dr. Angus, W. B. Cope (the pastor), J. T. Wigner, W. Braden, W. Howieson, and Messrs. W. Harrison, J. Easty, J. E. Tresidder, A. Dunn, Bonham, &c. A hymn having been sung, Rev. Dr. Angus read a portion of Scripture, and Rev. J. P. Chown offered prayer. The Rev. W. P. Cope stated that they were not starting a new church, but having been crowded out by railway arches from their old position, they had secured that freehold site, and hoped to build upon it a sound substantial structure which should last for many years. They had avoided every unnecessary expense, and having faith in their principles

they hoped they would succeed in their object, which was to preach the truth, and carry on all those beneficial influences associated with Maze Pond. They felt especially thankful to Mr. Harrison for all that he had done. Mr. Harrison made a statement respecting the finances, from which it appeared that the total cost of the chapel and site would be about £11,000; £6,921 had been received, and £3,054 expended, and they came before them that day asking for at least £7,000 in order that the building might be erected and furnished and opened free of debt. Mr. John Easty then presented Mr. Barran with a silver trowel, saying he trusted that he would prove himself to be "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Mr. Barran then laid the stone in the usual manner, and, in the course of his remarks, said that that church had a history in which they all rejoiced. It extended back two hundred years, when London was but a village, and when its trade and the accommodation for domestic and religious life was very different to what it was now. A large amount of money was still required, the congregation, though rich in faith, were not rich in wealth, and he trusted that all would help them in the good work. The Rev. J. T. Wigner having said a few words, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon addressed the meeting, and alluding to the fact that some of those assembled had not been able to actually see the stone laid, said it was an illustration of the necessity of faith which had to be exercised every day. As regards Maze Pond Chapel, every Baptist knew something about it. He took some credit to himself for having first given a challenge to Mr. Harrison to give £50 if he would give the same towards a new chapel. Mr. Harrison accepted, and that was the commencement of the building fund. He was glad they had come out of the Slough of Despond, or Maze Pond. A hymn was then sung, and purses placed on the stone, after which the Rev. W. Howieson pronounced the benediction. A tea and public meeting was afterwards held at the Metropolitan Taber-

naelo. Mr. Spurgeon presided, and addresses were delivered by the chairman, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. J. Barran, M.P., and the Revs. W. Braden, Dr. S. G. Green, W. P. Cope, David Jones, Newman Hall, and A. Mursell. The promises, collections, and offers during the day amounted to £800.

#### MISCELLANEOUS. BAPTIST UNION.

THE autumnal session of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland opened on Tuesday, Oct. 3, when between two and three hundred representatives of the denomination assembled at the Cannon-street Chapel, Birmingham. Mr. J. S. Wright presided, and, in the name of the Baptists at Birmingham, extended a hearty welcome to the delegates. Mr. E. Underhill, LL.D., read a paper on "Our Foreign Missions in 1851 and 1876." A discussion ensued, in which the necessity of missionary labour was strongly urged by several speakers, also the desirability of increased subscriptions, in order to spread more widely the Gospel. The designation and farewell service was then held. Mr. A. Jones and Mr. A. S. Summers, M.A., were set apart for mission work in China and India. In the evening a public missionary meeting was held in the Town Hall, when about 3,000 persons were present, and Colonel Sir Hy. Marshman Havelock, Bart., V.C., C.M., M.P., presided.

#### A WELSH MEETING

was held, under the presidency of the Rev. T. Davies, D.D. The chairman gave, in his own genial and effective way, an address on "Union," and was followed by Rev. J. W. Williams, on "The Gospel and the Spirit of the Age;" and Rev. Cornelius Griffiths, who delivered an address on "The Church in its Relation to the Unconverted." Rev. S. Thomas concluded the meeting with a sermon from the text, "Many are called, but few chosen." The Welsh, though comparatively few in number in the town, and those few split up into several sects,



mustered well on the occasion. The speakers acquitted themselves in true Welsh "*hwyl*," and the meeting was an unequivocal success.

#### THURSDAY'S SESSION OF THE UNION.

Thursday's session of the Union was commenced with an early devotional service, and the business meeting was started by Rev. J. Clifford's paper on "Religious Life in the Rural Districts of England." Rev. G. W. Humphrys, in a speech with details of the persecutions often endured in villages, moved a resolution according the usual thanks of the Union, and adding:—"That this Union is deeply impressed with the immense value of the work done by the churches in the rural districts, and strongly sympathises with them in the increasing difficulties they have to encounter. That it be an instruction to the committee to keep steadily in view, and, as opportunity may offer, by all means to seek—(1) the concentration of the power of the churches on the evangelisation of the country under the direction of this Union; (2) the promotion of colportage work; (3) concerted action with other free churches in thinly-populated districts, so as to avoid the waste of power; (4) to bring the influence of the Union to bear on the improvement of the condition of the agricultural labourer, as well as to obtain the speedy separation of Church and State, and to that end to make special inquiry into the religious condition of the agricultural counties, so as to discover the best mode of church action." The resolution was seconded by Rev. J. T. Brown, and, after an animated discussion, carried unanimously. Then came a resolution, moved by Rev. T. V. Tymms, and seconded by Rev. J. Drew, condemnatory of the Education Act of this year; another on intemperance, moved by Rev. W. Sampson, and seconded by Rev. W. Barker; and a third, not carried, however, with absolute unanimity, asking for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts. The business of the session, which was marked throughout by its thorough practical character, was closed by the

passing with acclamation of a cordial vote of thanks to the various churches of Birmingham who had entertained the ministers and delegates, and particularly to Revs. J. J. Brown, H. Platten, Mr. J. S. Wright, and the Executive Committee for the effective arrangements which they had made for conducting the business, and for the comfort of the visitors.

#### SPECIAL SERMONS AND FAREWELL BREAKFAST.

On Thursday Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. H. S. Brown, and Mr. Gange preached to crowded audiences.

The closing gathering in connection with the Birmingham meetings was held on Friday morning, at the Queen's Hotel. The Mayor (Mr. George Baker) had invited between sixty and seventy gentlemen to meet him at breakfast. Among the guests were Sir Robert Lush, the Revs. Dr. Landels, C. H. Spurgeon, H. C. Brown, Dr. Thomas, Dr. Davies, W. G. Lewis; Messrs. J. S. Wright, C. T. Shaw, Thomas Adams, etc., etc. The Mayor expressed the pleasure it gave him to welcome so many of the Baptist body as his guests, and referred to the many occasions on which the Society of Friends and the Baptists had worked together for philanthropic and religious ends. Dr. Landels acknowledged the generous welcome and hospitality with which the Union had been received in Birmingham by all sections of the community, and referred to his residence in this town, and the many advantages which he had derived from it. Messrs. Jenkyn Brown, H. Platten, and J. S. Wright expressed the pleasure which it had given the Birmingham people to welcome the Union, and acknowledged the hearty assistance they had received from all classes in entertaining the guests. Sir Robert Lush, the Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, and H. T. Brown addressed the assembly; and a most pleasant meeting was closed by the Mayor wishing his guests, after the manner of Friends, and in the full meaning of the word, "Farewell."

All our readers will be grieved to hear that our beloved brother, Mr.

Archibald Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, has been heavily bereaved. His second wife has been taken away, just when she seemed essential to his little ones, and to the church at Stepney. His anguish is most acute, and we invite all our brethren to pray that he may be sustained, and enabled to pursue that wonderful career of usefulness for which our Lord has raised him up.

A bazaar and public meeting in aid of the new chapel at Puddletrenthide, Dorchester, were held on Sept. 27. The chair at the meeting was taken by Sir Morton Peto, Bart. Upwards of £58 was raised towards paying the debt of £400 remaining on the building opened in April last, of which the cost was about £550.

The Rev. J. P. Chown preached at Bury St. Edmund's on the reopening of the chapel there on the 5th of Sept. It is stated that, with the exception of the loan of the building fund, amounting to £220, all the expenses incurred in the alterations have been met.

The chapel at Kingston-on-Thames, having been closed for repairs and the erection of a new organ, was reopened on Sunday, the 10th of Sept. The Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, of Richmond, preached in the morning, and in the evening the pastor, the Rev. Henry Bayley.

The usual half-yearly meeting on behalf of the funds of the chapel at Westminster (pastor, H. Tarrant), was held on Wednesday, Sept. 13, under the presidency of Rev. G. Rogers. Tea was provided at the expense of the ladies, and addresses delivered by Revs. H. Simon, G. Rogers, J. S. Morris, W. Hancocks, A. Hewlett, H. Abram, and G. Smith.

**REDBOURN, HERTS.** — Anniversary services in connection with the Tabernacle church were held on Tuesday, Oct. 3, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. H. Blake, of Luton. Tea was provided between the services, to which over one hundred friends sat down. The collections were satisfactory.

Two sermons were preached at Christchurch, Hants, on Sunday, Oct. 1, by Rev. G. B. D. Thomas, on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society. On the

following day a public meeting took place, being the first ever held in that town in connection with the Society.

A bazaar was recently held in the large schoolroom of College-street Chapel, Northampton, in aid of the building fund of Union Chapel, Kettering-road, in that town. Three years ago the Sunday-school was erected, and Divine service has been regularly conducted therein by Mr. T. Cavit Manton. The proceeds of the bazaar amounted to £90.

The district meeting of the Southern Association of Baptist Churches was held on Wednesday, the 27th of Sept., at Blackfield, Hants, Rev. W. Heaton presiding. Rev. J. J. Fitch was elected district secretary, Rev. W. H. Payne, of Lyndhurst, was cordially welcomed into the association, and other matters relating to the welfare of the churches attended to.

Farewell services in connection with the return of Rev. J. Buckley, D.D., as missionary to Orissa, were held on Tuesday, Sept. 26, in the Queen-street Chapel, Peterborough. A large number of ministers and friends from various parts were present. An address was delivered by Rev. W. Gray. The usual questions were proposed by Rev. J. Stevenson, M.A. Dr. Buckley, in replying to them, said he had laboured in India for thirty-two years, and left it on account of his wife's ill-health, which being greatly restored, he was about to return to Orissa, where he hoped to continue his work for the remainder of his life. Collections were made for the Orissa Mission, amounting to about £14.

The first anniversary of the chapel at Prickwillow, Ely, was held on Wednesday, Sept. 20, when two sermons were preached by Rev. J. T. Wigner. The total cost of the new chapel is £735 18s. 3d., of which £609 5s. 8d., in addition to the collections made at these services, has been paid.

The annual meetings of the church at Grove-street, South Hackney, have just been held. On Sunday sermons were preached by Revs. J. Bailey, W. Cuff, and C. Dallaston. On Monday a public meeting, presided over by B. L. Thompson, Esq., was held. Mr.

Rothery stated that the church is at present in a most prosperous state. Rev. Evan Davies is now the pastor.

The first anniversary of the chapel at Witchford, Ely, was held on Monday, Sept. 18. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Rev. A. Ibberson. A public meeting was held in the evening, presided over by Wm. H. Cropley, Esq. By the collections made the debt on the chapel of £11 11s. was cleared off.

### BAPTISMS.

*Aberdare*, Carmel.—September 17, Two, by — Jones.  
*Barrow-in-Furness*.—September 27, at Abbey-road Chapel, Four, by J. Hughes.  
*Bethlehem*, Llanelly, Brecon.—September 10, Two, by D. Davies.  
*Bishop's Stortford*.—September 28, Four, by B. Hodgkins.  
*Blackwoods*, Mon.—October 1, Five, by S. H. Williams.  
*Bradninch*, Devon.—September 28, Five, by F. G. Masters.  
*Brynhyfryd*, Ebbw Vale.—September 17, Two, by J. Griffiths.  
*Buckland Newton*, Dorsetshire.—October 5, Five, by J. Davis.  
*Cambridge*.—September 27, at Zion Chapel, Five, by J. P. Campbell.  
*Chatham*.—September 28, at Zion Chapel, Fourteen, by G. Walker.  
*Church*, Lancashire.—October 1, One, by H. Angus.  
*Claire*, Suffolk.—October 8th, Two, by T. Hoddy.  
*Cold Inn*, Pemb.—September 29, One, by J. Phillips.  
*Corion*.—From Chitterne, October 8, Seven, by S. King.  
*Corwen*.—Sep. 22, Two, by H. C. Williams.  
*Coveyry*.—October 1, at Gosford-street Chapel, Five, by H. W. Meadow.  
*Croydon*.—September 27, Five, by J. A. Spurgeon, in connection with Mr. May's labours at Carshalton.  
*Cynwyd, Corwen*.—October 1, Three, by H. C. Williams.  
*Denbigh*.—September 3, Two, by H. Hughes.  
*Derby*.—September 27, at Osmaston-road Chapel, Four, by G. Hill.  
*Downham Market*.—September 20, Four, by S. Howard.  
*Easteombe*, Gloucestershire.—October 1, Six, by J. E. Brett.  
*East Hartlepool*.—September 24, Three, by H. Dunnington.  
*Everton Village*, Liverpool.—September 24, Two, by J. Jones.  
*Eye*, Suffolk.—September 6, Two, by W. W. Francis.  
*Falmouth*.—Sept. 27, Four, by W. Gooch.  
*Fivehead*.—October 1, Four, by J. Burnham.  
*Goitre*, Pontypool.—September 24, One, by W. Morgan.  
*Great Sampford*, Essex.—September 28, Two, by J. Robinson.

*Harlow*.—September 12, at Potter-street Chapel, Three, by F. J. Aust.  
*High Wycombe*.—September 24, Two, at Union Chapel, by W. J. Dyer.  
*Horsforth*.—September 7, One, from Kirk-stall, by J. Stead.  
*Hucknall Torkard*, Notts.—October 4, Three, by J. T. Almy.  
*Kirkstall*.—September 10, Two, by J. Stead.  
*Leeds*.—September 17, at Sion Chapel, Three, by A. P. Fayers.  
*Lewes*.—September 24, Two, by W. J. Scott.  
*Liverpool*.—September 17, at Bousfield-street, Four, by W. Williams.  
*Llandudno*.—September 11, at the Tabernacle, Two; October 1, Six, by D. Davies.  
*Llantheby*.—September 24, Four, by W. Davies.  
*Llanvihangel, Crucorney*, near Abergavenny.—July 10, Two; Sept. 3, Two, by R. C. Evans.  
*Lymington*, Hants.—September 24, Six, by J. J. Fitch.  
*Long Wynd*, Dundee.—September 10, Two, by J. C. Brown.  
*Marsyberlan*.—September 3, One, by G. H. Llewellyn.  
*Manchester*: Moss Side.—September 10, Three; October 10, Four, by R. Chenery.  
*Meltham*, Yorks.—September 28, Three, by J. Alderson.

#### Metropolitan District:—

*Clapham Common*.—September 24, Four, by R. Webb.  
*Dalston Junction*.—September 24, Eight, by A. Carson, M.A.  
*Drummond-road*, Bermondsey.—September 24, Ten, by J. A. Brown.  
*Hackney-road*.—September 28th, Twelve, by W. Cuff.  
*Henrietta-street*.—September 28, Two, by T. Hagen.  
*Kenington*.—September 23, Six, by J. Hawes.  
*Lambeth*.—September 24, at Regent-street Chapel, Six, by T. C. Page.  
*Mare-street*, Hackney.—September 28, Seven, by S. Aldridge.  
*Metropolitan Tabernacle*.—September 28, Twenty-two, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon.  
*Moorfields*.—September 24, Two, by L. Thomas.  
*Paddington*.—September 13, at Peter's-park, One, by J. M. Cox.  
*Peckham*.—September 28, at Park-road Chapel, Eight, by T. Tarn.  
*St. John's Wood*.—September 21, Seven, at Abbey-road Chapel, by W. Stott.  
*Stoke Newington-road*.—September 21, at Devonshire-square Chapel, Four, by W. T. Henderson.  
*Middlesex*.—September 27, at Boundary-road, One, by G. W. Wilkinson.  
*Minchinhampton*.—September 28, Seventeen, by C. L. Gordon.  
*Mirfield*.—September 12, at Zion Chapel, Fourteen, by Dr. Albrecht.  
*Modbury*, Devon.—September 24, Six, by J. W. Spear.  
*Market Drayton*.—Sept. 17, Four, by T. Clark.  
*Maulden*, Beds.—September 19, Two, by T. Cardwell.

*Montacute*.—September 24, Two, by Mr. Hardin.

*Nantymoel*, Ogmore Vale.—October 10, Eight, by J. Jones.

*Netherton*, near Dudley.—September 17, at Ebenezer Chapel, Five; September 24, Fifteen, by J. Marshall.

*New Whittington*.—September 24, Four, by B. T. Lewis.

*Newbridge*, Mon.—September 17, Three, by D. Davies.

*Neuport*, Mon.—September 24, at Stow-hill Chapel, Seven, by J. Douglas.

*Old Swan*, Liverpool.—October 24, Two, by D. Jones.

*Oswaldtwistle*.—October 1, Two, by J. Nayler.

*Oswestry*.—September 24, One, by H. Morgan.

*Paulton*, Bristol.—October 1, Ten, by J. Kempton.

*Pontlotyn*.—October 8, at Soar, Two, by J. P. Williams.

*Portsmouth*.—September 24, at Kent-street, Two, by J. W. Genders.

*Potter's Bar*.—October 1, Two, by J. Hart.

*Princes Risborough*, Bucks.—October 1, Three, by W. Hillier.

*Rhymney*.—October 8, at Jerusalem, Thirteen, by T. I. Jones.

*Ryeford*, near Ross, Herefordshire.—September 13, Two, by E. Watkins.

*Salisbury*.—September 27, at Brown-street, Four, by G. Short, B.A.

*Sandy Haven*.—October 1, One, by W. Harries.

*Smarden*, Kent.—September 24, Two, by G. M. Stippell.

*Smethwick*, Birmingham.—September 24, at Cross-street Chapel, Eleven, by G. T. Bailey.

*Southsea*, Hants.—September 24, at St. Paul's-square Chapel, Four, by B. Jeffrey.

*Spring Vale*, Middleton, Manchester.—Oct. 1, Three, by W. Wiggins.

*Steven*.—September 24, One, by J. E. Griffiths.

*Stockton-on-Tees*.—October 10, at Wellington-street Chapel, by H. Moore.

*Swansea*.—September 17, at Mount Pleasant Chapel, Three, by J. Owen.

*Swansea*.—October 1, at Tabernacle Chapel, Seven, by J. D. Jones.

*Swanwick*, Alfrinton.—September 10, Three, by T. Hayden.

*Tadmorden*, Milwood.—October 1, Two, by H. Briggs.

*Tonypandy*, Rhondda Valley.—September 24, Eleven, by J. Howell.

*Treherbert*, Rhondda Valley.—October 8, at Bethany Chapel, Four, by H. Rosser.

*Treorkey*: Rhondda Valley.—October 1, at Horeb Chapel, Fourteen; October 8, Eight, by D. Davies.

*Troubridge*.—October 1, at Bethesda Chapel, Five, by A. English.

*Twyn Guyn*.—September 17, Two, by J. Rees.

*Westnancote*, Worcestershire.—September 25, One, by W. J. Smith.

*Whitbourne*, Corsley.—October 1, One, by S. King.

*Worcester*.—October 8, Two, by J. Lewitt.

## PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

*Statement of Receipts from September 20th, 1876, to October 19th, 1876.*

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. Mounsey.....	2 0 0	Mrs. H. Sleddare.....	2 0 0	A Mite.....	1 0 0
A Thankoffering.....	35 0 0	A Friend, per Rev J.		Mrs. Clayton.....	40 0 0
E. J. and W. G. ....	1 0 0	Troup.....	5 8 4	Mr. G. White.....	0 10 0
Mr. W. Cremer.....	5 0 0	Mr. A. Murray.....	0 10 0	E. Sperance.....	0 1 0
Mr. E. Hughes.....	2 10 0	Mr. J. C. Grimes.....	1 5 0	Mr. J. Watson.....	1 0 0
Miss A. J. Hughes...	1 5 0	Mrs. Vernell.....	5 0 0	Mrs. Webb.....	0 10 0
Mr. S. Hayman.....	0 2 6	Larbert.....	1 0 0	Mr. Hearn.....	0 8 0
Ebenezer.....	0 2 6	Mrs. Teversham.....	5 0 0	A Scotch Collie.....	0 10 0
Huddersfield.....	2 0 0	Mrs. Cozens.....	0 10 0	Mrs. Robinson.....	2 0 0
Collection at Broad-		Mrs. Arkman.....	5 0 0	Mrs. Janet James.....	1 0 0
mead, Bristol.....	22 0 10	Mr. Lardner.....	1 0 0	Mr. Sprague.....	3 0 0
Mr. J. Smith.....	5 5 0	Mrs. Adam.....	2 0 0	J. W. P.....	0 10 0
Mr. T. Blyth.....	1 0 0	Mr. A. McDonald.....	1 0 0	Mr. Pettifer.....	1 0 0
Sykes.....	0 5 0	Mr. T. Marsh.....	1 0 0	Mrs. Matthews.....	0 2 6
Smallheath.....	0 10 0	Mr. C. Allard.....	0 10 0	Mrs. Tunstall.....	0 10 0
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Mr. D. G. Patterson...	0 5 0	Mr. J. Hoste.....	1 0 0	Weekly Offerings at	
A Ross Highlander...	0 4 0	Mr. J. T. Griffin.....	10 10 0	Metropolitan Ta-	
L. C. W. and J. W. ....	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Hill.....	2 0 0	bernacle:—Sept 24	21 16 0
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Mr. D. Evans.....	0 4 6	Legacy, late J. W.			
Mr. S. Goodheart.....	0 5 0	Lake.....	45 0 0		

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacla.

## THE SOUL'S DESERTION.\*

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

"My beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone."—SOLOMON'S SONG v. 6.

THE happiest condition of a Christian out of heaven is to live in the conscious enjoyment of the presence of the Lord Jesus. When the love of Christ is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost the believer need not envy an angel his harp of gold. It matters not what may be his outward trial; the Holy Ghost is able to make the heart live above all surrounding circumstances, so that we can have summer in the midst of winter, and pluck our ripest fruits when there are neither leaves nor fruits upon the tree. But the Christian is unhappy, unhappy to the utmost degree, whenever he loses the sense of the presence of his Lord. Then the pillars of his house are made to tremble; his fresh springs are dried up; the sun is hid from his eyes; and the sky is so dark overhead that he walks, or rather wanders, about a world which cannot render to his soul any substantial comfort. Were he a worldlying he could live upon the world, but having been taught by grace to aspire after something nobler and better, the loss of that is exceedingly grievous to his spirit. I question whether the most of Christians do not sometimes lose the enjoyment of the Lord's company. I question yet further, whether there are not very many professors who live contentedly under that loss; nor can I account for this except on the supposition that they can have known but little of that presence in their best estate. Otherwise they must be in a most sickly and slumbering condition of soul, gradually becoming worse and worse; or else they never could bear to have things as they are with them. It seems to me that a real believer in a sound state of health no sooner loses the presence of his Lord than he begins to cry for Him. Whither has Christ gone? Why have I lost sight of Him? The sounds of his footsteps still linger in the ear. The believer awakens and starts, and asks himself, "How is this? Whither has my Beloved gone? What is it that has chased Him from me? I cannot live if He remove, therefore let me speedily seek Him, and never rest until once more I am restored to full communion with Him." Let me then talk a little with such believers as have lost for awhile the comfortable presence of their Lord.

I. The first question shall be—WHY WAS THE BELOVED GONE?

According to the text He was gone. Read the preceding verses, or perhaps you have them upon your memories. *The spouse had been asleep.* This was the beginning of the mischief. "I sleep, but my heart waketh." If we begin to fall asleep, we must not wonder if we miss the quickening and comforting influences of our Lord's presence. Jesus Christ did not put us in His Church that we might sleep away our time on earth. Do not fancy that such an active spirit as that which burned and blazed in our Saviour's flesh can be content to hold communion with lazy sluggards who toss upon their beds and say, "Yet a little more sleep and a little

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No. 217, NEW SERIES.

more folding of the arms to slumber." It is the active Christian who keeps pace with Christ. Christ is a quick walker; if you crawl along the path of duty He will soon leave you behind, until you begin to inquire, "Whither is He gone?" and quicken your pace to overtake Him. Are there any here who have missed Christ's presence, and who may trace it to the fact that they have been drowsy in prayer of late, heavy in all the exercises of study and duty, and, in fact, sleepy altogether? Have they been without care for the conversion of others, having scarcely any concern even about their own children; perhaps indifferent to the welfare of Christ's Church, feeding little upon the Word, and resorting but little to the assemblies of the saints? Marvel not if the Beloved withdraw Himself when His spouse does nothing but nod and sleep, instead of keeping company with Him in active service!

After the spouse had fallen asleep her Beloved came and knocked at the door, saying, "Open to Me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night." *Yet she refused to open the door to Him.* Surely this is another sin which drives Christ away; when admonished for falling into a drowsy state not to regard it. Depend upon it there is extreme peril to a soul that does not accept the warning. Awful as it is to sin when unwarned, it is still more horrible to persevere in sin in the teeth of rebuke, and after gentle, loving exhortations. What! did conscience prick me, and will I not be scrupulous? After having seen my fault and smarted for it, do I still persist in it? Have I been lukewarm and indifferent? Does the Holy Spirit visit me, remonstrate with me, and make me feel that I am gradually backsliding, and little by little declining? Have I vowed and resolved that I would seek spiritual recovery, and am I still as dull, careless, and unconcerned as ever? This argues ill and augurs ill for my soul! The Beloved will not put up with these rebuffs for ever. Out of love to us He will hide His face; if we grieve Him He will go; if we walk frowardly towards Him He will soon walk frowardly towards us. These are God-provoking sins; it is a defying of His Spirit when ye thus spurn His gentle admonitions.

Note further that the spouse, when her Beloved knocked at the door, *made idle excuses* that she had put off her cloke, and put off her sandals, and could not put them on. She was taking her rest upon her couch, and could not bring herself to come to the door to let Him in. Ah! how often self-indulgence lies at the bottom of the sin that drives Christ away! A believer cannot let his lower nature get the uppermost and yet find that he is walking agreeably to the Lord's mind. Your spiritual nature ought to keep your mental nature under control, and your mental nature ought to keep your bodily, or animal nature, entirely in check. A man who is a thinker and a philosopher will scorn to let the mere passions govern him, but a true Christian, having a yet higher spirit within him than the mere mind, having that new living seed within himself which comes from God and leads him to God, should not and must not allow his baser nature to reign supreme. If we indulge the flesh, depend upon it Christ will not be with us. He does not come to dwell with swine, but with men; and not with men of the earth earthy, except in order to renew them and make them like Himself, who is the second man, the Lord from heaven, to make them heavenly. If your conversation is to be with Christ, your

conversation must be in heaven. If you would enjoy the sunlight, you must not bow your face down to the earth. If you seek to be enriched in the things of God, you must not be ever groping among the dark pits and bogs, and morasses of earth. Oh, soul, art thou indulging thyself and taking things easy? Carnal security is one of thy worst enemies. Do I hear any man say, "It is enough, my soul; thou hast much spiritual goods laid up for many years; take thine ease"? Dost thou think that there is no need for thee to watch? Thou hast become so experienced that there is no occasion for thee to be much in prayer, for a word with thee is as good as an hour with some; that there is no cause for thee to be continually striving against thy besetting sin, thou hast got such complete mastery over these infirmities." Oh, when we talk so we betray the darkness in which we are living; the self-deception we are fostering; the corruption we are degenerating into, and the desertion we are provoking. Such backsliding as this will soon make Jesus hide His face from us.

Beloved, the simple reason of Christ's conscious absence from our souls is, in most cases, sin. I say in most cases, for sometimes Christ may hide Himself in absolute sovereignty, but I am always jealous lest we should charge God foolishly. You are so apt to put too many saddles on that stalking horse. There are such multitudes of professors who would even excuse their sins upon the plea of a divine sovereignty which exposed them to temptation, that I scarcely like to mention it. I believe that God does not afflict willingly or arbitrarily the children of men. Neither does Christ hide His face from His people for nought; but your sins have separated between you and your God. He chastises us, not as silly parents may do, out of mere spleen or caprice, or to please themselves, as the Apostle seemed to think some fathers did in his day; for he says, "They verily chastened us after their own pleasure." But when God chastens us it is for our profit. Our good is His aim and His end in using the rod of correction. He makes us smart for the sin which seemed sweet. He nauseates our palate with the bitter fruits of disobedience, that we may afterwards relish the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

Now, beloved, in each individual case the hiding of the Lord's face may be occasioned by a different sin. It is very probable that my Lord thinks that to be a high sin in me which He would take little notice of in you. It is equally possible that He may think that to be peculiarly offensive in you which He would not visit in my case with stripes, for according to our constitution, our office, our experience, our light, and our several circumstances, our transgressions may be estimated. You are not provoked, perhaps, by a good deal of noise from one of your children, but half that noise from another of your children would vex you exceedingly. Because the one happens to be of a quick, impetuous temperament, you set it down to natural disposition; but the other being of gentler habit and quieter mood, you upbraid him for his excitement, as if it were of evil prepense, and intended to aggravate and annoy. So you may have a confidential servant in your family, from whom you may reasonably expect more care, thoughtfulness, and circumspection than you look for in any of the other servants. The more trust you repose, the more scrupulousness you require. Let us, then, each one according to his position, seek grace to walk uprightly, carefully, tenderly. It has been well said that what an ordinary subject might do or say, one of the Cabinet Council must not even

think of. The favourite of kings has a dangerous path to walk, and though it is a blessed privilege to be the favourite of heaven, it involves a very solemn responsibility. "You only have I known of all the inhabitants of the earth; therefore I will punish you for your iniquities." You can see defilement on a white slab which you would not have noticed on the common soil; so there are sins which spoil the character of saints that would hardly be observed in ordinary society. The presence of Christ can only be preserved with incessant watchfulness and inviolate fidelity. The sacred Dove is soon disturbed. The Beloved is soon woke up and made to stir. Hence it should be our cry, "I charge you by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love until he please."

II. Having thus considered the cause why the Beloved is gone, let us inquire WHAT ENSUES UPON THE WITHDRAWAL OF HIS PRESENCE?

Great mistakes have been made upon this subject. Some have supposed that believers suddenly cease to be followers of Christ, go back into the world, apostatize, and perish. But the Lord does not desert His people after this fashion. He hath not cast away His people whom He did foreknow, and He never will. Has He put His hand to the work of their salvation, He will not turn away from them. When He turns away it is always with a gracious motive; hence the consequences, though often very sad, are not fatal. The withdrawal of His conscious presence is not intended to slay us, though it brings us very low, and would leave us a prey to destruction were it not that He stayeth His hand in time and giveth grace to keep the soul alive under His desertion.

As soon as ever Christ is gone there is a suspension of those influences that once made the Christian happy and strong. The Holy Spirit no longer comforts the soul. The Word does not enliven or invigorate. The sweetest sermons fail to cheer the heart. Even the promises of God's Holy Book are like lanterns without candles; they bring no light. When Christ hides His face from a disciple, his spirits flag and he feels a general depression. He cannot pray as it was his wont to do; he cannot preach as he once did. The holy duties to which he tenaciously clings become rather a burden than a pleasure. Instead of those delightful walks he had alone when his soul went up to God in quiet meditation, he finds his thoughts all dissipated, scattered hither and thither. Nor can he by any means concentrate them; far less can he make them soar and mount towards Christ. He goes to his Bible—not so often as he did, nor yet so solemnly as he did—but the book does not speak to him. God answereth him neither by Urim nor by Thummim, nor by open voice. And now he does not seem to have the illuminations of God's Spirit. He does not dive into the meaning of the Word as once he did. Providence, again, seems dark. The secret of the Lord does not appear to be with him as it formerly was. He has no enjoyment. The soul follows after God after a fashion; but, alas! he has to cry, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?" Thus Divine influences are for a while suspended.

Then it follows that *he loses much of his assurance*. He used to know he was a Christian. Now he begins to sing "'Tis a point I long to know." So he has to furbish up his old evidences, and eat some of the stale meat that he used to care little for when he used to live upon a daily



portion from the King, even a portion from the King's table. He sits down in the ashes, and is glad to sit there. Sometimes he mourns because he cannot mourn, and frets because he cannot fret. While he sees his sin he is afraid he has not a true feeling of it. Though he still looks to the cross of Christ and to the precious blood of atonement, he does not seem to have the power of looking that he once had, nor to derive that comfort from casting himself upon the finished work which aforetime he did when Jesus Christ was manifestly with him.

But perhaps it will aid you in realising the dark features of this desertion if I use a little simile. You see full often a house that is left by its former tenant, and is shut up. Jesus Christ never altogether leaves a heart of which He has once taken possession. There is one room in a believer's soul which the Holy Ghost never quits. Where He comes He comes to abide, and to abide for ever. Still that room is so secret that while He resides there the whole house may look as if it was deserted. Compare that empty house with a cheerful home. What a contrast between its previous and present condition! *Why, the joy has gone from it.* The blinds are drawn down—or, mayhap, the windows stare at you in their desolation. The house looks unfurnished. It is no longer any ornament to the street. Its decorations have vanished since its inhabitants have fled. The house is there, with all its capacities; the home, with all its vivacities is wanting. The life and the loveliness have gone from it. And so a child of God soon loses all his joy and comfort when the tenant of his soul is withdrawn. No sparkling of the eye, no singing of the great hallelujahs; no sounding of the cymbals, even the high-sounding cymbals. He will be glad enough to get a note out of the sackbut now. He cannot get up to those glorious songs which once made his spirit keep tune with the angels because the joys of heaven had come down to earth.

Then, the house being empty, *is sure to get into a state of filth.* There is nobody to clean the dust; all sorts of spiders and four things get into the corners and crannies, and the longer the house is shut up the more these creatures multiply. Down in the cellar there is a little vegetation—long yellow stalks and roots trying to live—left there by some old inhabitant. But there is nothing fair, nor beautiful: all is uncomfortable. So it gets to be in our hearts. All sorts of evils spring up. Evils we little suspected, which would have been kept in check by the presence of Christ, begin to multiply and increase upon us, and the little good that is in us seems to be an unhealthy sprout, bringing forth nothing unto perfection.

Then a house with nobody in it decays. How the metal rusts! How the paint gets stained! How the wood begins to rot! How the whole thing has a damp kind of smell! It is all going to ruin. Why, ten years of habitation would not do so much mischief as these twelve months' of shutting up. When Jesus Christ is gone everything is amiss—love nearly expires, hope scarcely glimmers, faith is wellnigh paralysed, no grace is in lively exercise. Without the life of God in the soul there is a total collapse, and a chill strikes right through the spirit. Has the house been long empty? The boys outside are pretty sure to mark it for their sport and to break the windows. In fact it stands exposed to all sorts of outward damage. So, too, with malice and mischief, the devil will come upon a man when he knows that he has lost the light of God's countenance. What a horrible old coward he is! When the child of God is rejoicing in

the company of Christ he has not often to encounter Satan. The accuser of the brethren well knows how to time his tactics and his temptations. But when he sees that the Lord has departed, then Satan takes courage, and attacks the child of God to his serious damage and hurt. I heard the other day of a good country ploughman who told a story of victory over temptation in his own simple style. He was a man who feared God above his neighbours, and seemed to live above the world in spiritual things. A minister asked him if he did not get tempted and worried sometimes by Satan. "Yes," he said, "I have known much about being tempted by Satan in my time. Why, sir, ten years ago I was threshing in this barn here, and the devil came upon me with a strong temptation. It plagued and worried me so that I could not get rid of it; till at length I put down my flail, and got away into a corner, just beyond the wheat there, and I wrestled with God against him until I gained such a victory that I came back to my place rejoicing. Many a time since that," said the old man, "he has lurked about my path; but I never stop to parley. I repeat the promise by which I found a way of escape that day in this barn, and I feel myself made strong by the remembrance of that victory." Ay, and just so when we can remember some of those occasions when we seemed to overcome temptation by private communion with God, then we get strong, but

"Let the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone,  
When new temptations spring and rise  
We find how great our weakness is."

Like Samson, when his hair was lost, we think we shall defeat Satan as at other times, but we—

"Shake our limbs with vain surprise,  
Make feeble fight, and lose our eyes."

When houses have been long left without tenants and look deserted, they get up a rumour that *they are haunted*. And sure I am that when a heart has been left by Christ, and there have been no comfortable enjoyments of His presence, our souls do get haunted with strange, mysterious doubts and fears, vexations and forebodings which you cannot grapple with; horrors that do not take any shape; troubles that ought not to be distressing; alarms that are made up of shadows; dangers that have not any real existence. Oh, that Christ were there! As phantoms would all vanish in the sunlight, so would all these dreary doubts and dismal dilemmas be chased away if Christ returned. Oh, that our poor empty house could once more have its gates flung wide open, and that the King could come to dwell in His own palace, and make it all bright and lustrous with His presence! Master, see how sick we are without thee! Come, blessed Physician! Jesus, see what wretched beings we are if Thou withdraw! Come, our Beloved, come to us! Let the sad effects of Thy departure quicken Thy footsteps, and bring Thee over the mountains of division to the longing spirits of Thy fainting children.

III. Passing on, let us inquire—WHAT COMFORT IS THERE FOR A SOUL WHEN THE BELOVED HAS WITHDRAWN HIMSELF AND IS GONE?

Let me reply, *there is no comfort at all that will be of any service to you unless you get Him back.* Ah, but if a wife loves her husband, and he is gone, we may quote the old song—

“There is nae luck about the house  
When the gude man's awa'.”

The dear man, the joy of her heart, being gone, she could not make anything go well. And so, where the loving heart has lost its Beloved, its best Beloved, there seems to be no joy anywhere. Nothing can make up to a regenerate soul for the loss of the society of her Lord. And yet some considerations may help to stay us while we are seeking for it. *Though He is gone He is our Beloved still.* Though we cannot see Him, yet we love Him, and if we cannot enjoy Him, we thirst after Him, and that is some consolation, though it be a poor consolation, to think it has not quite lost all its life, for it has got life enough to smart, and life enough to be in pain, and life enough to feel itself in exile until Christ's return. Methinks, too, there is some comfort in this, that *though He is gone He is gone out of love.* Was it in a tiff of anger? yet it was rather a rebuke of our sins than a rejection of our persons. Christ withdraws because He wants to bring us to our senses, and to draw us more closely to Himself. He knows that if we were to have enjoyments and yet walk in sin this would be highly dangerous, therefore these enjoyments must be withheld till the heart is broken and the soul abhors itself in dust and ashes.

It is some comfort also, that *though He is gone He is not gone out of ear-shot.* Jesus Christ can still hear the cry of His people. Nay, He is not gone beyond the reach of His eye-sight. He is still looking upon His poor deserted one to see what the effect of His hiding Himself is.

And there is this to be said that *He is not so far gone but what at any moment He can return,* and His return can at once make our souls like the chariots of Aminadib. He can rise upon our darkness, and that in the next instant if so it pleased Him. He is gone, but He is not altogether gone. He has not taken His love from us, nor shall His loving-kindness utterly fail. Still on His hands He bears the marks of His passion for our salvation. Still on His breast-plate glitter the jewels that bear our names. He cannot forget us though He hides Himself. He may be asleep, but it is in the same vessel with us, and near the helm. He may appear to have utterly deserted us, but “can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget,” but Christ will never forget His saints.

IV. But now, lastly, WHAT IS OUR DUTY IN SUCH A PLIGHT?

If He is gone, what then? I answer—*our duty is to repent of that which has driven Him away.* We must institute a search at once. Bunyan describes the citizens of Mansoul as searching for the cause why Immanuel had withdrawn Himself, and they took Master Carnal-Security, and burned his house, and hanged him on a gallows on the site where the house stood, for it was through feasting with him that the Prince was angered, and His subjects lost His presence. Search yourselves if you are not as happy as you were; if you are not living as near heaven-gate as you were, search yourselves.

And having so done, and found out the evil, *ask grace to be purged of it.* Oh! you will fall into that evil again if you trust to your own strength, but in reliance upon the Holy Spirit's power you can overcome it; you can put your foot upon the neck of this evil, and so destroy it that it shall not molest you again.

And then, beloved, let me earnestly entreat you—and I am speaking more to myself, perhaps, than I am to any of you—to *stir up your whole soul to recover lost ground.* Be ashamed that there is any lost ground to recover. Oh! it is easier to lose Christ than it is to find Him after we have lost Him. It is easier to go straight on in the strength of grace than it is to have to go back to find your roll which you lost under the settle in the harbour of ease, and then, after going back, to have to go over the same ground again. When you have got the wings of an eagle, what blessed work it is to soar, and to pass over long tracks of country. But when the eagle-wing is gone, and you have to lurch painfully along, like David, with broken bones, it is hard work. But, beloved, if you have slipped at all, ask grace to recover now. For my own part, I feel I have so little grace that I have none to lose. As to falling back—oh! what should we be if we fell at all back, for we are back enough now! We are nowhere at all in comparison with the saints of God in the olden times. We are but beginners and babes, but where, where, where shall we be if we are to go farther back still? Nay, nay, sovereign grace, prevent so dreadful a catastrophe. Press forward.

And, brethren, will it not be a great thing and a right thing for us to *endeavour to set apart much time for special prayer that we may have lost grace restored?* Should we not set ourselves to this one thing, that we must get back by the simplicity of faith to the cross foot, and by the earnestness of love unto the bosom of the Master once more, and that we will not be satisfied with preaching, and praying, and going to places of worship, or with ordinances, or with anything, until we get Christ back again? Oh! my soul, charge thee be content with nothing till thou get thy Lord again. Say, with the good housewife I spoke of just now, whose husband was from home—"Yes, this room shall be decorated, and every part of the house shall be cleansed, but, ah! the joy of my heart will be to see him return, and until he come the house cannot be cheerful and joyous." It is so with our souls. We must have the King back, and back soon. But when He does come back, we must hold Him fast, and not let Him go. Charge your souls to be more careful in the future, lest ye again provoke Him to jealousy.

Alas for those who never knew my Lord! Oh! may they seek Him early, and find Him speedily. If it is sad to lose His presence for awhile, what must it be to live and die without Christ? Oh! that is a black word for anyone to have written on his brow—"Without Christ." If you are in that condition, dear hearer, may Divine grace bring you to Christ, and Christ to you, that you may enjoy the fellowship of His love. Amen.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### GRAPHIC SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

#### MISS HOPE'S BIBLE-CLASS.

##### PART III.

No. 4.—Edward Martin, age 16. His father a very intelligent man; his mother an occasional attendant at chapel, but cannot get here often on account of having a large family; several of the children come to the school; all the children are turned out neat, clean, and well-dressed. Edward has now been in the class for two years. Has been to me “a great plague,” but is now one of my favourites. Sharp, active, always on the move; evidently feels it as bad as being placed in the stocks if required to be still for five minutes. Once asked him if he had ever had St. Vitus’ dance? Replied no; but said he *could* dance, and offered at once to give a specimen of his ability in that art in the class, if teacher would only let him. Offer respectfully declined. Has a round, merry face, if in a good mood, but, apparently, ready to do anything savage if in a bad one. Will be put upon by nobody, and stands up for what he conceives to be his rights with all the zeal of a true-born Englishman. Likes to talk of soldiers and battle-fields, and has himself no disinclination to fight at the slightest provocation. Once imagined that a boy behind him in the school had stuck a pin in him; turned round and bowled the poor boy over. Found out afterwards that it was another lad that had done the trick. Then made all

the reparation he could to his victim, by expressing his sorrow and making him a present of a small cricket-ball. On another occasion gave a boy what he called “a good hiding,” because he thought he spoke disrespectfully of myself; and therefore got into trouble over it with the boy’s parents. His only defence was that “nobody should say anything against his teacher, if he could help it.” For six months had little control over him; then kind counsel began to produce effect. He has gradually improved, and although often rather restless,—constitutionally so,—he is one of the most eager to receive instruction in the class. Have good hope that he will yet become a valiant soldier of the cross.

No. 5.—Harry Trueman, age 15. Father goes to no place of worship, but takes a great interest in social and political questions; mother a very intelligent and pious woman. Harry, being the oldest boy, and remarkably good-tempered and generous, is a favourite both at home and abroad. His face beams with good humour, and his eyes sparkle with fun. Do not remember ever seeing him very serious. Generally walks carelessly up the school, smiling, as if in the best humour with himself and everybody. Asks plenty of questions, and gives hosts of opinions—his own and those of others. Can generally tell an appropriate anecdote or give a good illustration on points of the lesson that interest him. Will, after an earnest appeal, assure me with mock gravity, that he intends to turn before he is sixty-nine and a half, and then he

shall go in for the religion of his mother and teacher. His acquaintance with Scripture is remarkable, showing that he retains well what he is taught. Though hard to deal with—often saying intelligent and witty things which tend, in spite of all I can do, to upset even my gravity—I have hope that the time will come, in answer to his mother's and teacher's prayers, that he will give his life, vivacity, and genial disposition to Christ. Truly converted, he would be a power for good in any church, "gathering up the sunbeams," and "scattering seeds of kindness" wherever his lot might be cast. No one hardly can help loving him.

No. 6.—Thomas Henry Marshall, age 16. Parents given to drink, and the house nearly always a scene of disorder. This lad the worst in the class. Very sharp, but wicked and sly. Keeps bad company, swears when angry, can tell an untruth to suit his purpose, and frequents the theatre. For a little while he seemed to be impressed, and promised to mend, but soon forgot his vow, and is now more hardened than ever. Have had difficulty in preventing him leading one or two of the other scholars astray. The worst of it is, he is so sly. Will appear all right to your face, and do anything behind your back. Have tried all kinds of means with him. Talked kindly and sternly; prayed with him alone and with others; took him home from time to time with me to tea; lent him suitable books; wrote him letters; made him presents; threatened to have him turned out. All, apparently, of no use. He comes very irregularly to the class, and I expect he will soon leave altogether. Many tears have I shed over this poor misguided lad. What will his parents have

to answer for in his case in the day of judgment? They build him up in his evil doings. At the door of their depraved precept and example will be laid his ruin.

No. 7.—John Cross, age 16. Father dead; mother a poor hard-working woman. Left a widow with three children, and strives hard to keep a decent home for them. John her only boy, and a help. Earns six shillings a week, and gives up all to his mother. Is not a bad-meaning lad, but for want of a good father and proper attention, has been poorly trained. Tried me much with his mischief, when I first took the class. Seemed to be insensible to kindness, and kicked hard against severity. Would sulk for two or three Sundays, if offended. Superintendent, for his bad behaviour, was compelled once to turn him out of the school; but he implored to be taken back, and asked me to take him into my class. Did so, at the request of several, and tried hard to manage him. One Sunday he would be very good; the next just as bad. Never knew when to have him. Was constantly getting himself into scrapes with the other lads, and had the character of being one of the worst boys in the school. His mother troubled sadly about it. But, thanks be to God, the tide has turned. One Sunday he was very bad. Upset greatly, yet feeling intensely for his welfare, when the rest had left I took him aside, talked to him, and spoke till the tears rolled down both his cheeks and mine. God blessed the tearful appeal. From that time a change was noted in his conduct. It was seen at home and abroad. It was felt in the class. From the time he thus experienced a change of heart, the class has been a different one to teach. Most of the

lads see and feel the difference in *him*, and that affects *them*. Never had any conception before that the conversion of one lad could make such a difference in a class. Already I perceive that it has led one of the other boys in the class to be thoughtful. Before long John hopes to be baptised, and become a member of the church. The change has made his mother very happy.

No. 8.—Joseph Macdonald, age 15. Both parents very intelligent Christians, who seek to “bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” It is a pleasure to visit them and their home. Joseph, though rather inclined occasionally for a little quiet mischief, has always been considered by me as my best boy and greatest help. Is always ready with his golden text. Asks more questions and answers more than any in the class. Keeps the others quiet by his example and remonstrances. Loves to be at my side, and to listen to what I say. Has a good understanding of Scripture, and likes to gain fresh information with regard to it. Became a candidate for church fellowship when fourteen years of age, and traced his first impressions to his mother’s training, and his final decision to my prayers for him in the class. To the class-room, as a teacher, I owe a great deal. What I should have done sometimes with my rebellious set, if I could not have knelt down and prayed before them, I cannot tell. Joseph is only one instance of its power. When Sunday-school promoters learn to consult their best interests, they will pay as much attention to the building of class-rooms, and even more than to the building of the large school-room. My experience teaches me that, from a human point of view, little good can be expected from

teaching lads who have got into their teens unless they can be taught in a private room, where their teacher can not only deal with them apart from the other scholars, but also pray with them.

With these extracts taken and condensed from Miss Hope’s private class-book, we must now bid adieu to this earnest teacher and her class. Our object has not been to write a story, but rather to give a series of photographs of scholars taken from the life, forming one of the most important classes in almost every Sunday-school. That being our aim, we leave the class and Miss Hope in it, trusting that her earnest labour in such a class will meet with a still more abundant reward; and that she may be the means yet, with the Divine blessing, of bringing every scholar to know the Lord. But one question we must put, and we put it under a sense of deep responsibility. Presuming this to be, as we affirm it is, a correct picture of one of our senior Bible classes, and that such classes are to be found by thousands in the Sunday-schools of the various evangelical denominations in the land, can we expect them to be properly instructed in Holy Writ, and won for Christ, if we have not teachers both able and willing to cope with them? To this question only one answer can be given. We cannot. For earnest, self-denying, persevering, educated teachers there never was a greater call than in the present age. The day has gone by for inefficient teachers in Bible-classes. What, then, at this crisis, we respectfully ask, is the Church going to do? Will the Church obey the call, and make it part of her *official* work to *train* the needful workers? If she will, “God will help her, and that right early,” and our Sunday-

schools shall yet flourish, and be the glory of the land; but if she will not, we can only look legitimately for one lamentable result—the young will be lost to the Church, and be given over to infidelity and ruin. With the secular educational agencies now employed, combined with the evil influences that are ever at work to entrap unwary youth, the hour has now come for the Church to lose no further time, but, putting forth all her spiritual strength, to “arise and be doing.”

### LED BY THE SPIRIT.

BY W. ABBOTT.

“For as many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God.”  
—Rom. viii. 14.

THIS is a vital subject. It affects the life of our souls. On this the Apostle is explicit and positive. He is desirous that we should not deceive ourselves. He shows up the idea in its two sides. “If any man has not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.” “For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.” Thus the want of the Spirit and its sad consequences, the possession of the Spirit and its great blessings are clearly set before us in these verses. We have here to do with the latter.

I.—The leadings of the Spirit of God. The Spirit is capable of acting upon our minds; he does so in a manner that is in accordance with the laws of mind. In his leadings he uses means by which he influences us.

The Spirit leads to the Bible. Our right ideas of law and gospel are from His teaching. Sin blinds

our minds as to the true ideas of both, and alienates and prejudices our hearts. By His light the law shows our sins, and the gospel shows the Saviour. He turns His light upon us and shows us what we are; sins forgotten and hidden, sins not previously admitted as such, are now felt to be so, are mourned over, and forgiveness sought. Thus the Spirit prepares us for the Saviour, to hear about Him, come to Him, and rest in Him. He makes us feel that we need a whole, full, and free Saviour. He leads us to Him to be pardoned, cleansed, renewed, saved, and so be made happy in Him.

The Spirit leads to God. “Show us the Father and it suffices us.” Lead us to the Father and it suffices us. The Spirit leads us to God by Jesus the Son of God. He says, “No man comes to the Father but by Me.” We are saved as we thus come to God. Afar from God we are unsaved; near to God we are saved. “But now in Christ Jesus, ye who were sometime afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.” “By grace are ye saved through faith.” God is our all-sufficiency. In Him we find our all and in all. There is nothing out of God—nothing beyond God. Heaven is found in God. The presence of God fills heaven as a place, and makes heaven as a state. The Spirit thus leads us to God that we may trust in Him, commune with, love, serve, and rejoice in Him. It is only as we can love and rejoice in God that we rightly know Him.

II.—The leadings of the Spirit of God exert on us a spiritual power. This is seen in a docile disposition, a desire to be taught and helped by Him. Such is His manner of acting on our minds that it leads to docility. The subjects He brings before us impress and interest us.



He makes us feel that we have a personal interest in them; that they are words in season, and full of spiritual good to us. He induces in us a willing obedience. The mind convinced as to what is right, the will freely carries out the conviction. "When Thou shalt enlarge my heart, I will run the way of Thy commandments." "I delight to do Thy will, O God." A patient endurance of trials is also of the Spirit. The Spirit helps our infirmities so that we look at our trials in a new light, as designed for our good, so that instead of being fretful, we seek to be patient and hopeful. "Patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; rejoicing in hope."

III.—The leadings of the Spirit of God result in the manifestation of sonship—"sons of God." God has graciously "predestinated us to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ." "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." "And because ye are"

sons (and *not slaves*) "God has sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." We are thus brought into a spiritual, intimate, happy, and hopeful relationship. All this is according to the riches of His grace. We are also made partakers of a new and spiritual nature—a nature to correspond with and to fit us for the new relationship. We "are partakers of the Divine nature, are "new creatures in Christ Jesus," are "born again of the Spirit." Thus glorious prospects open before us. Connected with the spiritual life in our souls are new spiritual ideas, affections, joys, and hopes. "If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together."

"Lead us to heaven, the soul of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is."

*Blunham.*

## Tales and Sketches.

### MR. SYMOND'S RUT.

"How do you like our new minister?" said Deacon Clark to Mr. Symonds, who was not a church member, but was a great stickler for morality of conduct, as being sufficient for any one's salvation.

"I thought him, on first acquaintance, a wide-awake, sensible man, ready to meet the demands of the age in his pulpit; but I confess to disappointment in his preaching," was the reply.

"Why, I like his sermons very much," said the deacon. "What is the matter with him?"

"He don't get out of the old ruts," was the answer. "Instead of aiming at something definite, like dishonesty, drunkenness, profanity, or Sabbath-breaking, he is everlastingly talking about repentance and faith. He sticks to the same road that old Parson Folson travelled before him for twenty-eight years."

"He hasn't been here long yet, but I think we have had a number of practical sermons," said the deacon.

"Yes," said Mr. Symonds; "he did give us a very good one on benevolence, and another on idle

words, but in both cases he took the edge off, by saying there could not be the least success in reforming the character unless one began by exercising repentance and faith. No, he is afraid or unable to get out of the ruts. If he happens to, he gets back as quickly as possible."

The deacon looked aroused at this, and straightened up his tall form, as he replied with some vigour: "Don't you approve of direct preaching, Mr. Symonds?"

"Most certainly, sir; and I want to see sinners hit," was the reply.

"And those most in danger most faithfully preached to?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, sir," continued the deacon, "you know I am in the habit of saying plainly what I mean, and you will not be offended when I say that I think our new minister is precisely of your opinion, and if he sticks to the old ruts in his preaching, it is because sinners stick to the old ruts in their practice. He, no doubt, considers you in the most dangerous condition of any sinner under his charge, and he does not dare to leave you in the fearfully deep rut you are travelling in without continual effort to get you out. You think, if you can appear upright outwardly, the state of your heart towards God is of no consequence. Now an outwardly wicked man might have his conscience alarmed by his own evil deeds, and so is more likely to be saved. Our minister realises that though "man looketh on outward appearance, God looketh on the heart," and that if He could induce you to exercise repentance and faith in your heart, your outward morality would follow as a matter of course.

"Don't waste your probation, Mr. Symonds, trying to put new cloth upon an old garment, to find

at last you have only your own righteousness, which is but filthy rags, in which to appear before God. 'Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good.'"

The deacon stopped rather suddenly in his vehemently preaching, with a choke in his voice. He had a warm heart, and his emotions were apt to get the better of him. He had that rare gift, that his feelings were easily and deeply moved in view of old truths and plain oft-told doctrines.

Mr. Symonds went his way, and business absorbed him for some hours. In the twilight he sat in his office alone, and the conversation of the morning came back forcibly to his mind.

"Such sinners as you are in the most dangerous condition."

He was not accustomed to being treated as a sinner. He felt a little angry and disquieted, and cast about in his mind for a proof that the deacon was wrong.

He began to review the day just past, and from that his whole life. The strictest observer would have called it an honest, upright life, in all outward showing, and marked the frequent deeds of benevolence that appeared in it. But it did not satisfy Mr. S—— as it usually had.

"It is no credit to you," said his conscience. "Your natural disposition and favourable circumstances have made it easier for you to be an outwardly good man than not. What temptation have you ever had to drink, for instance? Many a poor wretch that has at last lain down in a drunkard's grave, has struggled harder against this vice than you ever did in your life against any. Then how amply has your benevolence been rewarded by the praise of your fellow-men!"

"You have done your duty to your fellow-men," continued con-

science, with startling emphasis, "but how much have you cared about pleasing God all your life long? God, who placed you where you could hardly help being moral and upright, also said: 'Give Me thine heart.' What is it to send a load of wood to a poor widow, when all the trees of the forests are his to supply his poor saints with. You never give a cup of cold water for Jesus' sake."

Mr. Symonds felt confounded by his own reflections. "It is true," he acknowledged, to himself, "my situation is dangerous." He pondered the matter for several weeks.

He could not get back his old complacent feeling. At last—it was the hardest thing he ever did—he went to the minister. Said he: "I am getting old, and I find that my good character and deeds, that I have always depended on to justify me before God, do not seem

sufficient as formerly. I am convinced that although I have done well by my neighbour, I have not loved God with all my heart—in fact not at all—and there, I feel, is the worst place to fail. How can I undo the past? How can I secure that, in the future, I shall place God first in my motives?"

The moralist had found himself in the minister's rut. Repentance and faith were the only things to meet the case of this calm, correct, moral man, who worked out his salvation in such a business-like way, as they had also been essential to Deacon Clark, when, years before, a wild, impulsive, reckless youth, he had had what people call a sudden conversion, and became the warm-hearted emotional Christian.

"He that into Christ's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door."

## Things Grave and Pleasant.

### SUPPLY EXPERIENCES.

#### III.

#### A SATURDAY NIGHT ADVENTURE.

"Just gone, Sir," was the reply of a bustling guard to my question concerning the train for S—. "How long to wait for the next?" I anxiously inquire. "Four hours," answers the guard, and hurries off perfectly unconcerned, leaving me in a state of mind only to be understood by those who have passed through similar experiences. Perhaps human patience is at no time so severely taxed as when waiting at a railway station. I have some-

times wondered whether it would not have upset the calm equanimity of Socrates, if he had lost his train and had to wait four hours at King's-cross. I think it would. Having a copy of *Edwards on the Will* in my bag, I endeavoured to occupy the time with its perusal, but all my endeavours to follow the good President's thoughts were vain. Even the usual station bustle grows somewhat monotonous when looked at by the hour together, and long before my four hours were passed, I had grown quite tired of the old lady who will go wrong and considers herself insulted when any one offers to set her right. Of the

ruddy-faced countryman staring about him in open-mouthed wonder, and even of the pranks of the enterprising news-boys. Outside a fine rain was steadily falling, covering the pavement with that greasy mud peculiar to London. "I hope I shan't have far to walk when I get to S—," thought I, country lanes are not pleasant in this sort of weather. At length the long hours passed away, and ensconced in a comfortable carriage, things began to wear a more hopeful appearance, although the patter of the rain against the windows told that the weather was still unpropitious. It was about half-past ten o'clock when I alighted at S—, congratulating myself that my difficulties were at an end. Alas! they had begun. "Is there not any one here from B—?" I inquired of the station-master. "No, sir," was the ominous reply; "there was at the last train; but there's no one to meet this." Thinking, perhaps, they had mistaken the time, I waited, but after a quarter of an hour, as no one had come, I determined to brave the rain and darkness and walk the distance. On communicating this to the station-master, he gave it as his opinion that I had better not, and told me that the E— carrier was most likely at the Red Lion, and if sober would be glad to take me over. To the Red Lion accordingly I went, and found that the carrier (who rejoiced in the melodious name of Gudgeon) was still there. It required the exertion of all my persuasive powers to get Mr. Gudgeon to leave his companions, as he protested that he had been out in the wet all day, and in consequence was "very dry and no mistake." At last, however, he was induced to start, and in a heavy rain and total darkness we commenced our journey

to B—. It was a by no means pleasant ride. Mr. Gudgeon, elated by his potations, was desirous of showing me the pace at which his mare could travel, while the jolting of the cart made one fear "a shoot" into the nearest ditch every moment. Thanks, however, to the sagacity of the horse, rather than to the skill of the driver, these varied dangers were surmounted, and a few lights in the distance told that we were nearing B—.

But my difficulties were not yet at an end. The letter I had received was written by the minister, and dated from another place; it gave neither the name nor address of the friend with whom I was to stay. I asked Mr. Gudgeon if he could tell me who were the deacons of the Baptist chapel. But his information did not lie in that direction; he could take me to the minister's house, however, and there, accordingly, I was set down, at 12 o'clock, quite wet through. I had to call in help from a neighbouring cottage before I could make any one hear at the minister's, and when at last a head was thrust forth from a bedroom window, it was to inform me that I must walk another mile to "the mill," where I was to sleep. After a weary walk and awaking the wrong household, I reached my destination thoroughly wearied, and having caught a cold which lasted me for months.

This little history is an instance of the difficulties which "supplies" sometimes have to encounter, difficulties which might often be prevented by more detailed instructions being sent to those who it should be remembered are often entire strangers to the place to which they are asked.

*Erith.*

J. E. M.

A REMARKABLE record occurs in the old church-book of Worstead, Norfolk. A Christian woman, afflicted with a cancer, or possibly a tumour, who appeared to be drawing very near her end, had a strong desire to be baptised. Her medical attendant assured her that such a step would be attended with

fatal consequences. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of her friends, she persisted in carrying out her wishes, and it being winter the ice had to be broken for the ordinance. Strange to relate, from that time she began to improve in health, lived many years afterwards, and ultimately died of small-pox.

## Reviews.

*The Gift of God.* A Series of Addresses. By THEODORE MONOD. (Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster-row.)

THESE addresses were delivered at the Union Conference for the Promotion of Scriptural Holiness, held at Freemasons' Hall, London, 1876. We have here the earnest outpourings of a spiritual mind yearning after and desiring the entire consecration of all God's children in soul-communion and constant devotedness to the glory of God. We do not for one moment accept all that has been said on this subject, even by sincere and good men. Yet we are fully aware and appreciate the weight of many of their utterances.

In this work we meet with passages that are soul-searching, and demand the most prayerful attention. We select one: "You tell me, if a man is converted he is consecrated. Very well. Then, on the other hand, if a man is not consecrated he is not converted. Such is the searching question that will have to go round the churches, sending every one to his knees before God. And if he finds out, after all, that he is living a life of which he is the master, he will have to ask of God's Word and Spirit whether he ever was converted or not." *These lines have a piercing ring about them.*

*The Book of Proverbs.* Versified by JOSIAH BRISCOE. (Houston and Sons, Paternoster-row.)

WE have frequently advised our young friends to start in life by making the Book of Proverbs their guide-book, companion, and counsellor; believing it would—

"Save them from ten thousand snares,  
To mind its teachings young."

We are, therefore, pleased with this tempting little book. Our friend has done good in publishing it, and, while charming us with the proverbs in verse, has preserved as nearly as possible the language of the sacred text.

## MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS.

*Mr. John Gadsby searched Out . . . Apart from Baptism.* By J. E. SMITH, Arkesden, Bishops' Stortford. (Hart and Son, Saffron Walden.) Some sharp things have been said, which have called forth this retort. We are grieved when Christian men dip their pens in gall. We have known John Gadsby for years, and while having no sympathy with him in some of his views, always believed him to be a sincere Christian

man. We believe in the power of love and the language of love, therefore are sorry for the harshness manifested in this controversy; and, at least on one of the subjects, are more disposed to go with Dr. Gill than with the writer of *The Grave*.

*The Village Tragedy: "Prepare to Meet thy God."* Founded on Fact. (Eliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.) A touching tale in verse.

*The Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society.* Very interesting. We wish it and the Society richest blessings.

*Evangelical Christendom.* (W. J. Johnson, 121, Fleet-street.) Contains a full report of the conference of the

Evangelical Alliance, held in Southport, Lancashire.

*The Baptist Magazine.* (12, Castle-street, Holborn.) Contains a good descriptive leader on the autumnal meetings at Birmingham.

*Sword and Trowel.* (Passmore and Alabaster.) The chapter on "Our Canal Population" we are glad to see. Can endorse every word of the interesting and painful story.

APPROVED:—*General Baptist, Religious Life in the Rural Districts* (by John Clifford, M.A., LL.D.), *The Appeal, Biblical Museum, and Teachers' Storehouse.* Also our always welcome friends, *The Baptist*, and *The Freeman*.

## Poetry.

### A HYMN FOR SUNDAY MORNING.

BY DAWSON BURNS, M.A.

On this happy Sabbath morn,  
Be our praises heavenward borne;  
May our thanks, O God, arise  
An accepted sacrifice.

Let no doubts or fears perplex,  
Let no cares our bosom vex;  
But let wounded spirits feel  
Thou art present, Lord, to heal!

May Thy grace in softness fall  
Like the dew upon us all;  
And Thy Spirit's might control  
Every motion of the soul.

Let our earthly worship be  
From all stain of evil free;  
While Thy Son, within the veil,  
Intercedes, and must prevail.

Gladdened with Thy smiling face,  
We shall run the heavenward race;  
Strengthened by supplies divine,  
May we live entirely Thine!

WE want fruitage on our barren fig-trees, and Saviour-like men who will go in and eat with, as well as pray for, the publicans. We want piety that shall not be afraid to take vice and ignorance and impurity by the hand and lead them up to its own pure, enlightened and virtuous level. We want honesty, inspired by something higher than fear of the jail."—*The Golden Rule*.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

**BRIERCLIFFE, LANCASHIRE.**—Mr. J. Lloyd, of Pontypool College, has accepted the pastorate of the above church.

Rev. E. Mason, of Attleborough, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church in London-road, Lowestoft.

Mr. N. Rogors, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the church, Upper Stratton, Swindon, Wilts.

Mr. Bloy, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the cordial invitation of the church at Fornsett, Norfolk, to become its pastor.

Rev. John Aldis has resigned the pastorate of George-street Chapel, Plymouth, owing to the physical weakness produced by advancing age.

Rev. W. P. Laurence, late of Gillingham, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Westend, Westbury, Wilts.

Mr. H. Davis, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Ottery St. Mary.

Mr. J. T. Roberts has resigned the pastorate of Trinity Church, West Retford.

Rev. Alfred Bax, of Battersea, has received a call to the pastorate of Salter's-hall chapel, Islington.

Rev. J. Williams, B.A., late of Abergavenny, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church in Hereford to become its pastor.

Mr. William Evans, of Bristol College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Blockley, Worcestershire.

Mr. W. Higgins, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church, St. George's-street, Ipswich.

**ALPERTON, MIDDLESEX.**—Rev. W.

Pontifex, of Hayle, Cornwall, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Alperton.

**GILLINGHAM, DORSET.**—Rev. T. Hayden, of Swanwick, has accepted an invitation of this church.

### RECOGNITIONS.

AT John-street Chapel, Bedford-row, the Rev. John Collins, late of Penge, was recognised as pastor of the congregation meeting there, on Tuesday evening, October 31. Mr. Spurgeon preached in the afternoon on the words, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." In the evening there was a largely attended public meeting, which was addressed by the newly-chosen pastor, and by the Revs. T. Pottinger, J. H. Cooke, of Richmond, Joseph Halsey, of Anerley, and W. H. Burton.

The recognition services have just been held in connection with the settlement of the Rev. J. K. Chappelle as pastor of the Shore Chapel, Todmorden. The Rev. Wm. Underwood, D.D., gave the charge to the minister, and the Rev. R. H. Bayly, of Oldham, to the church and congregation.

Recognition services were held at Romney-street Chapel, Westminster, on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, November 7th, in connection with the settlement of Mr. H. Tarrant, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, as pastor of the church. Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens proposed the usual questions, and offered the ordination prayer. The charge to the pastor was delivered by the Rev. G. Rogers. At the second meeting, presided over by Rev. Samuel Martin, the charge to the church was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Davies, followed by addresses from the Revs. W. Usher, G. Rogers, R. J. Thomas, D. Asquith, and T. L. Edwards.

## NEW CHAPELS.

SERVICES in connection with the opening of the new chapel at Dorking, in the Junction-road, have been held. Rev. J. P. Chown preached in the afternoon and evening to crowded congregations. The services were continued on Sunday, when Rev. C. Bailhache preached twice. The pastor, the Rev. D. Davies, stated that two years ago, when he took the oversight of the church, they had £265 towards the erection of the building. The expense of the building, the purchase of the site, &c., would be about £1,600, of which sum £1,250 had been raised, leaving £350 yet to be contributed. The collections amounted to £70.

A new chapel in the Gothic style, capable of seating 360 persons, was opened in Finsbury-road, Wood-green, on the 2nd of November, for the congregation which has been worshipping at the iron chapel in the Nightingale-road, under the pastorate of the Rev. James Pugh. The total cost, including schoolroom, is £2,955. Mr. Pugh states that the congregation had never been in excess of one hundred, and there was not a rich man amongst them, but out of the £974 that had been raised, £785 had resulted from bazaars, collections, and subscriptions amongst the congregation, which was more than £7 per head. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. J. R. Wood; the evening meeting was presided over by James Benham, Esq. On the following day Rev. W. T. Henderson preached in the morning and the pastor in the evening.

The opening services of the new chapel and schoolrooms of the branch church from Oxford-road, Manchester (Rev. A. M'Laren's), took place at Clowes-street, West Gorton, October 11th. This mission church is the outcome of a small Sunday-school effort started upwards of fourteen years ago. The school has grown from about 50 scholars and a small band of teachers, some of whom yet remain, to a staff of 36 teachers, with about 650 scholars, of whom 250 are over fourteen years of age. Conversions, among the children,

and by religious services among the parents and surrounding neighbours, led to the formation of a church, which after eight years has grown to a membership of 110. The new buildings have cost £3,400; £3,050 had been raised previous to the opening. The services yielded in all £150.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A bazaar, under the patronage of the Right Hon. Lord Henniker, and Sir E. C. Kerrison, Bart., in aid of the funds for purchasing a minister's house in connection with the church in Eye, Suffolk, has recently been held. The house had been bought by the members of the congregation for Rev. W. W. Haines, at a cost of £400, half of which had already been given. The proceeds of the bazaar and a tea held in the evening amounted to £60.

PORTSMOUTH.—LAKE-ROAD CHAPEL.—The pastor's seventh anniversary was celebrated Wednesday, Sept. 13. It was a high day. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached in the afternoon from 1 Chron. xxviii. 9: "If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee;" and in the evening John iv. 11, "From whence, then, hast Thou that living water?" The chapel was densely crowded. The mayor and mayoress, and the pastor, T. W. Medhurst, accompanied Mr. Spurgeon to the platform. The collections towards liquidating the chapel debt realised a little over £100. At the conclusion of the evening service, Mr. Spurgeon warmly thanked the friends who so constantly aided him by contributing to the Pastors' College and the Stockwell Orphanage, and expressed his pleasure in being present, as he had given them two pastors—Rev. E. G. Gange, of Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, and Rev. T. W. Medhurst, his first student. The annual tea meeting was held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 24. Over eight hundred persons were present to tea. In the evening the pastor, T. W. Medhurst, presided, and gave readings from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, narrating the death of Eva, interspersed with singing of appropriate pieces by a select choir. The large chapel was full.



SEER GREEN, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.—The Sunday-school anniversary in connection with the Baptist Chapel at this place was held on Sunday, Sept 24, when recitations were given by many of the scholars, and Rev. W. B. Hobling, of Gold-hill, gave an address to the children in the afternoon, and to the teachers and friends in the evening; and on the Tuesday following the children partook of their annual treat. A public tea, which was followed by a meeting in the chapel, was densely crowded. The chair was occupied by Rev. W. B. Hobling. J. Rackham offered the introductory prayer, and the children gave many recitations and dialogues. Addresses were given by Messrs. Hobling, Rackham, and Stone.

ULVERSTON, LANCASHIRE.—The winter session of the Bible class in connection with the Baptist Chapel, was opened on Friday, 18th inst., with a tea and public meeting, Rev. T. Lardner in the chair. Short and earnest addresses were given by several of the young men members. Some very suitable pieces were sung by the choir, under the leadership of Mr. E. Salmon, Miss Huddleston ably presiding at the harmonium. Altogether the meeting was of a most pleasing and satisfactory character.

The annual meetings of the Baptist Union and Home Mission of Scotland were inaugurated by a sermon preached in Dublin-street Chapel, Edinburgh, by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, on behalf of the Home Missionary Society. The business of the Union commenced on Wednesday morning in Bristol-street Chapel. A council of the Union was held in Dublin-street Chapel in the afternoon, at which new churches at Lerwick, Dumbarton, and St. Fergus, Aberdeenshire, were received into the Union. Mr. Howard Bowser stated that four gentlemen had offered £2,500 to start a debt liquidating and church building fund; but no resolution was arrived at as to what form this fund should take. In the evening a public conference was held, at which the subject discussed was "The United Action of the Churches," introduced by the

Rev. S. Chapman. Revs. Dr. Landels, G. T. Hagen, Mr. Newman, and others took part in the discussion. The Union resumed its sittings on Thursday. The president resigned his position, and introduced his successor—Rev. Dr. Paterson, Glasgow. Dr. Paterson then delivered his inaugural address, entitled, "The Simplicity of God's Kingdom on the Earth," in which he urged the cultivation of the simplicity of the first age. The secretary, Rev. W. Tulloch, read the report, from which it appeared that three new churches had been added to the Union, and three new stations formed. Four places of worship had been opened, and eight more were in course of erection, or about to be commenced. The treasurer's report stated that the total receipts amounted to £1,069 1s. 2d., and the total expenditure to £707 12s. 4d. On the evening of the same day a public meeting of the Home Missionary Society was held, presided over by Mr. Lawrence Pullar.

On Friday, Oct. 20, the anniversary sermon at Providence Chapel, Hounslow, was preached by the Rev. J. P. Chown. A very interesting public meeting was held in the evening, and on Sunday, Oct. 22, sermons were preached by Mr. W. J. Mathams, of Regent's-park College, and the Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford. Collections were made at the close of all the services on behalf of the Regent's-park College Preaching Station Society.

Anniversary services were held in Praed-street Chapel, Oct. 15th, 16th. Preachers, J. Fletcher and J. Clifford. R. Johnson, Esq., presided at the public meeting, and addresses were given by Revs. D. Burns, M.A., J. Fletcher, W. Reynolds, and Messrs. G. F. Bayley, T. P. Dexter, and W. G. Newstead. The report—forty-four baptised; net gain, fourteen. Finance, in round figures—Church fund, £699; Sunday-school work, £88; ministry to poor, £48; church poor fund, £74; temperance work, £22; Dorcas, £12; hospitals, £20; Bulgarian relief, £15 10s.; London Baptist Association, £14 10s.; college, £21; Foreign Mission, £104; Young Men's Society, £16; Westbourn,

park Chapel Fund, £1,266: total, £2,400.

**LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.**—The quarterly meeting was held on Tuesday, Oct. 24, in Bloomsbury Chapel. The meeting of pastors was held, as usual, in the morning. A paper was read by Rev. Dawson Burns, M.A., subject "The Claims of the Temperance movement upon our Ministers and Members." The pastors and delegates met at half-past three o'clock. Rev. C. Stanford gave an address on "Prayer for Signs and Wonders." At seven o'clock a public meeting was held, the president in the chair, and addresses were given by Revs. R. H. Roberts, B.A., W. Stott, and C. H. Spurgeon.

On Tuesday afternoon, November 21, at Lower Norwood, the Rev. J. T. Wigner, as president of the London Baptist Association, laid the foundation-stone of the new "Association" Chapel for 1876—that is, towards the cost of which the Association contribute £1,000. The building is to cost £5,000, exclusive of spire, and is intended, when complete with galleries, to accommodate 1,000 persons. The Rev. J. G. Wigner's church presented the site, at a cost of £500, and various other contributions, including one of £50 from Mr. Spurgeon, bringing up the total amount subscribed to some £2,000, were placed upon the stone. The Revs. J. A. Brown, W. P. Cope, J. P. Chown, A. G. Brown, and others, took part in the proceedings, at which there was a good attendance, as also at a subsequent meeting in Messrs. Willoughby's sale-rooms opposite.

**WEST CROYDON.**—The West Croydon Young Men's Bible-class (Rev. J. A. Spurgeon's) held their annual meeting on Tuesday evening last, when considerable progress was reported. During the evening they presented to Mr. White, a local missionary for sixteen years, who is just leaving for the Australian Colonies, a purse of money in token of their love and esteem, the church also adding a contribution.

**RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.**—The annual local meetings in aid of our missionary society have just been held. On the Thursday a large number sat down to

a tea in the lecture-hall adjacent to the chapel in George-street, and the wife of the Rev. J. Smith, of Delhi, afterwards delivered an address to the ladies present. A public meeting followed in the chapel, when there was a large attendance of members and friends from both this church and Park-road Chapel. The Rev. F. Trestrail presided, and was supported by the Rev. J. Smith, of Delhi, and the Revs. Theodore Hooke, J. Harrison, and J. R. Chamberlain. A collection in aid of the mission was made. On the Sunday morning the Rev. Clement Bailhache preached in George-street Chapel, and in the evening at the Park-road Chapel. Collections were again made.

We regret to hear that the Rev. J. C. Page, late missionary at Dazjelling, India, and who, by his sterling eloquence, attained considerable popularity on his recent visit to this country, has been declared by his medical advisers to be physically unfit for further service through illness, really brought on by overwork. The Baptist Missionary Committee, in recognition of the exceptional ability and devoted zeal with which he has so long discharged his duties and extended the cause of Christianity, granted to him a retiring annual allowance equal to the amount of his salary. He has already removed to Calcutta, and purposes spending the winter in Sicily for the benefit of his health. His loss is greatly deplored by the committee.

## BAPTISMS.

- Aberavon.*—Nov. 2, One, by Thos. Richards.  
*Aberdare.*—Oct. 11, Three; Oct. 15, Four; Nov. 12, Four, by T. Jones.  
*Aberdeen.*—Oct. 29, Two, by J. Brown.  
*Appledore.*—Nov. 5, Four, by R. B. Clare.  
*Arthog.*—Oct. 18, Two, by W. Rees.  
*Attleborough.*—Oct. 18, Two, by E. Mason.  
*Bala.*—Oct. 29, Two, by H. Morgan.  
*Beaufort.*—Nov. 5, at Siloam Chapel, Two, by J. Willcox.  
*Birkby, Huddersfield.*—Nov. 1, Five, by T. W. Ward.  
*Blackfield.*—Oct. 29, Four, by W. H. Payne.

*Blackwood*.—Oct. 29, Two, by S. H. William.  
*Blaenauon*.—Oct. 22, Three; Oct. 26, Eight, by W. Rees.  
*Bootle*.—Oct. 29, Two, by J. Davies.  
*Bradford*.—Oct. 29, at Zion Chapel, Six, by J. W. Ashford.  
*Bristol*.—Oct. 29, at Maudlin-street Chapel, One; Nov. 5, One, by Dr. Levi Thomas. Nov. 3, at Thrissell-street Chapel, Six, by W. Osborne.  
*Brynhyfryd*.—Oct. 15, Three; Nov. 12, Nine, by J. Griffiths.  
*Builwell*.—Oct. 15, Four, by C. D. Crouch.  
*Burton*.—Oct. 15, One, by J. H. Sobey.  
*Burwell*.—Oct. 15, Nine, by E. George.  
*Cambridge*.—Nov. 1, at Zion Chapel, Eight, by J. P. Campbell.  
*Carmarthen*.—Oct. 22, Eight, by E. Thomas.  
*Cheltenham*.—Oct. 29, at Cambray Chapel, Thirteen, by W. Julian.  
*Chenies*.—Oct. 29, Two, by J. Palmer.  
*Chesham*.—Nov. 2, Nine, by C. A. Ingram.  
*Chester*.—Oct. 22, at Pepper-street Chapel, One; Nov. 12, Two, by W. Durban, B.A.  
*Coatbridge*.—Oct. 15, One; Nov. 5, Two, by J. M. Hewson.  
*Cold Inn*.—Oct. 27, One, by J. Phillips.  
*Corton*.—Oct. 8, Seven, by S. King.  
*Cronbery*.—Oct. 5, Six; Oct. 7, Three, by A. T. Brown, Jun.  
*Crewe*.—Nov. 5, Four, by F. J. Greening.  
*Cwm, Victoria*.—Nov. 2, Eight, by J. W. Lewis.  
*Deonport*.—Nov. 2, Three, by E. A. Tydemann.  
*Dumbarton*.—Oct. 8, Two; Oct. 22, Three, by J. Downie.  
*Dunfermline*.—Oct. 18, Two, by J. T. Hagen.  
*East Hartlepool*.—Oct. 22, Twelve; Nov. 12, Ten; Nov. 13, Three, by H. Dunnington.  
*Faringdon*.—Oct. 15, Two, by T. Wheatley.  
*Gelligair*.—Nov. 5, Three, by J. Rees.  
*Germanweek, Devon*.—Oct. —, One, by M. White.  
*Güfach Goch*.—Oct. 1, Five, by J. F. Jones.  
*Glasgow*.—Oct. 15, Five; Nov. 12, at North Frederick-street, Two, by A. F. Mills.  
*Glasbury*.—Oct. 22, Two, by D. Howell.  
*Halifax*.—Oct. 29, Two, by J. Parker.  
*Harlinton*.—Nov. 2, Two, by W. Crick.  
*Honeyborough*.—Nov. 5, One, by J. Johns.  
*Huddersfield*.—Nov. 3, at Primrose-hill Chapel, Two, by W. Gay.  
*Hull*.—Oct. 15, in George-street Chapel, Four; Nov. 2, Three, by J. Odell.  
*Kingstanley*.—Oct. 25, Ten, by W. Coombs.  
*Leominster*.—Nov. 12, Three, by T. Nash.  
*Little Sutton*.—Oct. 19, One; Oct. 22, Two, by N. Snapa.

*Llanterham, Mon*.—Nov. 12, Four, by W. B. Richards.  
*Lwynypia*.—Nov. 5, Nineteen, by J. B. Jones.  
*Luton*.—Nov. 14, Park-street, Eight, by J. H. Blake.  
*Lymington*.—Oct. 15, Three; Nov. 5, Eight, by J. J. Fitch.  
*Mansfield*.—Oct. 28, Three, by H. Marsden.  
*Maidenhead*.—Oct. 5, Three, by J. Wilkies.

#### Metropolitan District:—

*Acton*.—Oct. 29, Five, by C. M. Longhurst.  
*Barnes*.—Oct. 16, Three, by F. J. Brown.  
*Brentford*.—Nov. 2, at Albany Chapel, Four, by W. Sumner.  
*Brentford*.—Oct. 29, at Park Chapel, Seven, by W. A. Blake (one the pastor's youngest son.)  
*Dulwich*.—Oct. 22, Four, by H. J. Tre-sidder.  
*Edynware-road, Trinity Chapel, John-street, July 27, Two; Sept. 23, Four, by F. Knight. Nov. 2, Three; Nov. 5, Two, by J. O. Follows.*  
*Finsbury-park*.—Oct. 29, One, by J. Wilson.  
*Highbate*.—Oct. 29, One, by J. H. Barnard.  
*Kilburn-park*.—August 1st, Two; Oct. 29, at Canterbury Chapel, Three, by E. W. Tarbox.  
*Metropolitan Tabernacle*.—Oct. 26, Twenty-two; Nov. 2, Twenty-six, by J. A. Spurgeon. Nov. 9, Eight, by V. J. Charlesworthy. Nov. 10, Seventeen, by W. J. Orsman.  
*Peckham*.—Nov. 2, Three, at Park-road Chapel, by T. Tarn.  
*St. John's Wood*.—Oct. 19, at Abbey-road Chapel, Five, by W. Stott.  
*Surbiton-hill*.—Oct. 15, Four, by W. Baster.  
*Twickenham*.—Nov. 6, Five, by E. H. Brown.  
*Vauxhall*.—Oct. 1, Two; Oct. 29, Six, by G. Hearson.  
*Middleton Cheney*.—Oct. 1, One; Oct. 12, One, by the pastor.  
*Pains Castle*.—Oct. 29, One, by W. Jenkins.  
*Pois Moor*.—Oct. 8, One; Nov. 5, One, by J. Evans.  
*Pontilottyn*.—Nov. 5, at Zoar Chapel, Nine, by J. P. Williams.  
*Pontypool*.—Nov. 9, Two, by J. Tucker.  
*Portsmouth*.—Nov. 1, Lake-road Chapel, Four, by T. W. Medhurst.  
*Risca*.—Oct. 22, Three, by T. Thomas.  
*Rochdale*.—Oct. 1, Six, by W. Stokes.  
*Salisbury*.—Sept. 27, at Harcourt Church, Six, by W. G. Wheeler.  
*Steven, Neath*.—Oct. 22, Two, by J. E. Griffiths.  
*Southend*.—Nov. 5, Six.

