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THE  
BAPTIST MESSENGER :

AN

**Evangelical Treasury**

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FOR THE YEAR 1885.



LONDON :  
61, PATERNOSTER ROW.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS.

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DEAR FRIENDS,—Among the pleasures of literary and Christian intercourse may be ranked the greetings which are interchanged when one volume is concluded and another volume is commenced. It has been my happiness to receive and reciprocate this order of welcome for many years.

I trust that the labour bestowed upon this publication will be as fruitful of good in the future as it has been in the past; and I am sure that the Divine blessing, hitherto vouchsafed, will be continued if we are faithful to the grace imparted and the opportunities furnished.

For all the help afforded and sympathy evinced by loving coadjutors I am deeply grateful. Above all, I am devoutly thankful to Him who has put the seal of His approval to our humble efforts. In prospect of another year of yet unexhibited mercies, let us gird ourselves afresh for the duties which lie before us, and accept with reverential submission the responsibilities which attend us at every step.

In these days of peril and of progress it behoves us to maintain with unflinching resolution “the faith once delivered unto the saints.” Human opinions may undergo changes, but the Word of God abideth ever the same infallible transcript of His immutable will.

There be many now, as in olden time, who are asking “Who will show us any good?” Be it ours to repeat the prayer, “Lord, lift Thou upon us the light of Thy countenance.” For if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we shall have fellowship one with another, and know assuredly that the blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth us from every sin. That the presence of the All-sufficient may be our daily portion is the prayer of your fellow-labourer in the Gospel.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BLAKE,

The Butts, New Brentford, Middlesex,

*Editor.*

31st December, 1885.

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## CHRIST CRUCIFIED.\*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."—1 Cor. i. 23, 24.

WHAT contempt hath God poured upon the wisdom of this world! How hath He brought it to nought, and made it appear as nothing! He has allowed it to work out its own conclusions, and prove its own folly. Men boasted that they were wise; they said that they could find out God to perfection; and in order that their folly might be refuted once and for ever, God gave them the opportunity of so doing. He said, "Worldly wisdom, I will try thee. Thou sayest that thou art mighty, that thine intellect is vast and comprehensive, that thine eye is keen, that thou canst unravel all secrets; now, behold, I try thee: I give thee one great problem to solve. Here is the universe; stars make its canopy, fields and flowers adorn it, and the floods roll over its surface; My name is written therein; the invisible things of God may be clearly seen in the things which are made. Philosophy, I give thee this problem: find Me out. Here are My works: find Me out. Discover in the wondrous world which I have made the way to worship Me acceptably. I give thee space enough to do it; there are data enough. Behold the clouds, the earth, and the stars. I give thee time enough; I will give thee four thousand years, and I will not interfere; but thou shalt do as thou wilt with thine own world. I will give thee men in abundance, for I will make great minds and vast, whom thou shalt call lords of earth; thou shalt have orators, thou shalt have philosophers. Find Me out, O reason; find Me out, O wisdom: discover My nature, if thou canst: find Me out unto perfection, if thou art able; and if thou canst not, then shut thy mouth for ever, and then I will teach thee that the wisdom of God is wiser than the wisdom of man; yea that the foolishness of God is wiser than men." And how did the reason of man work out the problem? How did wisdom perform her feat? Look upon the heathen nations; there you see the result of wisdom's researches. In the time of Jesus Christ, you might have beheld the earth covered with the slime of pollution—a Sodom on a large scale, corrupt, filthy, depraved, indulging in vices which we dare not mention, revelling in lusts too abominable even for our imagination to dwell upon for a moment. We find the men prostrating themselves before blocks of wood and stone, adoring ten thousand gods more vicious than themselves. We find, in fact, that reason wrote out her own depravity with a finger covered with blood and filth, and that she for ever cut herself out from all her glory by the vile deeds she did. She would not worship God. She would not bow down to Him who is "clearly seen," but she worshipped any creature—the reptile that crawled, the crocodile, the viper, everything might be a god, but not, forsooth, the God of Heaven. Vice might be made into a ceremony, the greatest crime might be exalted into a religion;

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but true worship she knew nothing of. Poor reason ! poor wisdom ! how art thou fallen from heaven ! Like Lucifer—thou son of the morning—thou art lost. Thou hast written out thy conclusion, but it is a conclusion of consummate folly. “After that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.”

Wisdom had had its time, and time enough ; it had done its all, and that was little enough ; it had made the world worse than it was before it stepped upon it, and now, says God, “Foolishness shall overcome wisdom ; now ignorance, as ye call it, shall sweep away your science ; now, humble, child-like faith, shall crumble to the dust all the colossal systems your hands have piled.” He calls His army. Christ puts His trumpet to His mouth, and up come the warriors, clad in fisherman’s garb, with the brogue of the lake of Galilee—poor humble mariners. “Here are the warriors, O wisdom, that are to confound thee ! these are the heroes who shall overcome thy proud philosophers ! these men are to plant their standard upon the ruined walls of thy strongholds, and bid them fall for ever ; these men, and their successors, are to exalt a Gospel in the world which ye may laugh at as absurd, which ye may sneer at as folly, but which shall be exalted above the hills, and shall be glorious even to the highest heavens.” Since that day, God has always raised up successors of the apostles. I claim to be a successor of the apostles, not by any lineal descent, but because I have the same roll and charter as any apostle, and am as much called to preach the Gospel as Paul himself : if not as much owned in the conversion of sinners, yet, in a measure, blessed of God ; and, therefore, here I stand, foolish as Paul might be, foolish as Peter, or any of those fishermen, but still with the might of God I grasp the sword of truth—coming here to “preach Christ and Him crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greek’s foolishness ; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.”

Before I enter upon our text, let me very briefly tell you what I believe preaching Christ and Him crucified is. My friends, I do not believe it is preaching Christ and Him crucified to give our people a batch of philosophy every Sunday morning and evening, and neglect the truth of this Holy Book. I do not believe it is preaching Christ and Him crucified, to leave out the main cardinal doctrines of the Word of God, and preach a religion which is all a mist and a haze, without any definite truths whatever. I take it *that* man does not preach Christ and Him crucified who can get through a sermon without mentioning Christ’s name once ; nor does that man preach Christ and Him crucified who leaves out the Holy Spirit’s work, who never says a word about the Holy Ghost, so that indeed the hearers might say, “We do not so much as know whether there be a Holy Ghost.” And I have my own private opinion that there is no such a thing as preaching Christ and Him crucified unless you preach what now-a-days is called Calvinism. I have my own ideas, and those I always state boldly. It is a nickname to call it Calvinism ; Calvinism is the Gospel, and nothing else. I do not believe we can preach the Gospel if we do not preach justification by faith without works, nor unless we preach the sovereignty of God in His dispensation of grace, nor unless we exalt the electing, unchangeable, eternal, immutable conquering,

love of Jehovah ; nor do I think we can preach the Gospel unless we base it upon the peculiar redemption which Christ made for His elect and chosen people ; nor can I comprehend a Gospel which lets saints fall away after they are called. The Gospel of the Bible is not such a Gospel as that. We preach Christ and Him crucified in a different fashion, and to all gain-sayers we reply, "We have not so learned Christ."

There are three things in the text. First, a Gospel rejected—"Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness ;" secondly, a Gospel triumphant—"unto those which are called, both Jews and Greeks ;" and thirdly, a Gospel admired—it is to them who are called, "the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

I. First we have here a GOSPEL REJECTED. One would have imagined that when God sent His Gospel to men, all men would meekly listen, and humbly receive its truths. We should have thought that God's ministers had but to proclaim that life is brought to light by the Gospel, and that Christ is come to save sinners, and every ear would be attentive, every eye would be fixed, and every heart would be wide open to receive the truth. We should have said, judging favourably of our fellow-creatures, that there would not exist in the world a monster so vile, so depraved, so polluted, as to put so much as a stone in the way of the progress of truth ; we could not have conceived such a thing ; yet that conception is the truth. When the Gospel was preached, instead of being accepted and admired, one universal hiss when up to heaven ; men could not bear it ; its first Preacher they dragged to the brow of the hill, and would have sent Him down headlong : yea, they did more, they nailed Him to the cross, and there they let Him languish out His dying life in agony such as no man hath borne since. All His chosen ministers have been hated and abhorred by worldlings ; instead of being listened to, they have been scoffed at ; treated as if they were the offscourings of all things, and the very scum of mankind. Look at the holy men in the old times, how they were driven from city to city, persecuted, afflicted, tormented, stoned to death wherever the enemy had power to do so. Those friends of men, those real philanthropists, who came with hearts big with love, and hands full of mercy, and lips pregnant with celestial fire, and souls that burned with holy influence—those men were treated as if they were spies in the camp, as if they were deserters from the common cause of mankind ; as if they were enemies, and not, as they truly were, the best of friends. Do not suppose, my friends, that men like the Gospel any better now than they did then. There is an idea that you are growing better. I do not believe it. You are growing worse. In many respects men may be better—outwardly better—but the heart within is still the same. The human heart of to-day dissected would be just like the human heart a thousand years ago : the gall of bitterness within that breast of yours is just as bitter as the gall of bitterness in that of Simon of old. We have in our hearts the same latent opposition to the truth of God ; and hence we find men even as of old who scorn the Gospel.

I shall, in speaking of the Gospel rejected, endeavour to point out the two classes of persons who equally despise the truth. The Jews make it a stumbling-block, and the Greeks account it foolishness. Now these two very respectable gentlemen—the Jew and the Greek—I am

not going to make these ancient individuals the object of my condemnation, but I look upon them as members of a great parliament, representatives of a great constituency, and I shall attempt to show that if all the race of Jews were cut off, there would be still a great number in the world who would answer to the name of Jews, to whom Christ is a stumbling-block; and that if Greece were swallowed up by some earthquake, and ceased to be a nation, there would still be the Greek unto whom the Gospel would be foolishness. I shall simply introduce the Jew and the Greek, and let them speak a moment to you, in order that you may see the gentlemen who represent you; the representative men; the persons who stand for many of you, who as yet are not called by Divine grace.

The first is the Jew; to him the Gospel is a stumbling-block. A respectable man the Jew was in his day; all formal religion was concentrated in his person; he went up to the temple very devoutly; he tithed all he had, even to the mint and the cummin. You would see him fasting twice in the week, with a face all marked with sadness and sorrow. If you looked at him, he had the law between his eyes; there was the phylactery, and the borders of his garments of amazing width, that he might never be supposed to be a Gentile dog, that no one might ever conceive that he was not a Hebrew of pure descent. He had a holy ancestry; he came of a pious family; a right good man was he. He could not endure those Sadducees at all who had no religion. He was thoroughly a religious man; he stood up for his synagogue; he would not have that temple on Mount Gerizim; he could not bear the Samaritans, he had no dealings with them; he was a religionist of the first order, a man of the very finest kind; a specimen of a man who is a moralist, and who loves the ceremonies of the law. Accordingly, when he heard about Christ, he asked who Christ was. "The son of a carpenter." "Ah!" "The son of a carpenter, and His mother's name was Mary, and His father's name Joseph." "That of itself is presumption enough," said he, "positive proof, in fact, that He cannot be the Messiah. And what does He say?" "Why He says, 'Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!'" "That won't do." "Moreover, He says, 'It is not by the works of the flesh that any man can enter into the kingdom of heaven.'" The Jew tied a double knot in his phylactery at once; he thought he would have the borders of his garment made twice as broad. He bow to the Nazarene! No, no; and if so much as a disciple crossed the street, he thought the place polluted, and would not tread in his steps. Do you think he would give up his old father's religion—the religion which came from Mount Sinai—that old religion that lay in the ark, and the overshadowing cherubim? He give that up? Not he. A vile impostor—that is all Christ was in his eyes. He thought so. "A stumbling-block to me! I cannot hear about it! I will not listen to it." Accordingly he turned a deaf ear to all the Preacher's eloquence, and listened not at all. Farewell, old Jew. Thou sleepest with thy fathers, and thy generation is a wandering race, still walking the earth. Farewell, I have done with thee. Alas! poor wretch that Christ, who was thy stumbling-block, shall be thy Judge, and on thy head shall be that loud curse: "His blood be on us and on our children. But I am going to find out Mr. Jew here—persons who answer to his

description—to whom Jesus Christ is a stumbling-block. Let me introduce you to yourselves, some of you. You were of a pious family too, were you not? Yes. And you have a religion which you love—you love it so far as the chrysalis of it goes, the outside, the covering, the husk. You would not have one rubric altered, nor one of those dear old arches taken down, nor the stained glass removed for all the world; and any man who should say a word against such things, you would set down as a heretic at once. Or, perhaps you do not go to such a place of worship, but you love some plain old meeting-house, where your forefathers worshipped, called a dissenting chapel. Ah! it is a beautiful plain place; you love it, you love its ordinances, you love its exterior; and if any one spoke against the place, how vexed you would feel. You think that what they do there they ought to do everywhere; in fact, your church is a model one: the place where you go is exactly the sort of place for everybody; and if I were to ask you why you hope to go to heaven, you would perhaps say, "Because I am a Baptist," or, "Because I am an Episcopalian," or whatever other sect you belong to. There is yourself; I know Jesus Christ will be to you a stumbling-block. If I come and tell you that all your going to the house of God is good for nothing; if I tell you that all those many times you have been singing and praying all pass for nothing in the sight of God, because you are a hypocrite and a formalist; if I tell you that your heart is not right with God, and that unless it is so all the external is good for nothing, I know what you will say—"I shan't hear that young man again." It is a stumbling-block. If you had stepped in anywhere where you had heard formalism exalted; if you had been told, "This must you do, and this other must you do, and then you will be saved," you would highly approve of it. But how many are there externally religious, with whose characters you could find no fault, but who have never had the regenerating influence of the Holy Ghost; who never were made to lie prostrate on their face before Calvary's cross; who never turned a wishful eye to yonder Saviour crucified; who never put their trust in Him that was slain for the sons of men. They love a superficial religion, but when a man talks deeper than that, they set it down for cant. You may love all that is external about religion, just as you may love a man for his clothes—caring nothing for the man himself. If so, I know you are one of those who reject the Gospel. You will hear me preach; and while I speak about the externals, you will hear me with attention; whilst I plead for morality, and argue against drunkenness, or show the heinousness of Sabbath-breaking, all well and good; but if I say, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye can in nowise enter into the kingdom of God;" if once I tell you that you must be elected of God—that you must be purchased with the Saviour's blood—that you must be converted by the Holy Ghost—you say, "He is a fanatic! Away with him, away with him! We do not want to hear that any more." Christ crucified is to the Jew—the ceremonialist—a stumbling-block.

But there is another specimen of this Jew to be found. He is thoroughly orthodox in his sentiments. As for forms and ceremonies he thinks nothing about them. He goes to a place of worship where he learns sound doctrine. He will hear nothing but what is true. He likes that we should have good works and morality. He is a good man, and no man:

can find fault with him. Here he is regular in his Sunday pew. In the market he walks before men in all honesty—so you would imagine. Ask him about any doctrine, and he can give you a disquisition upon it. In fact, he could write a treatise upon anything in the Bible, and a great many things besides. He knows almost everything; and here, up in this dark attic of the head, his religion has taken up its abode; he has a best parlour down in his heart, but his religion never goes there—that is shut against it. He has money in there—Mammon, worldliness; or he has something else—self-love, pride. Perhaps he loves to hear experimental preaching; he admires it all; in fact, he loves anything that is sound. But then he has not anything sound in himself; or rather, it is all sound and there is no substance. He likes to hear true doctrine; but it never penetrates his inner man. You never see him weep. Preach to him about Christ crucified, a glorious subject, and you never see a tear roll down his cheek; tell him of the mighty influence of the Holy Ghost—he admires you for it, but he never had the hand of the Holy Spirit on his soul; tell him about communion with God, plunging into Godhead's deepest sea, and being lost in its immensity—the man loves to hear, but he never experiences, he has never communed with Christ; and accordingly when once you begin to strike home, when you lay him on the table, take out your dissecting knife, begin to cut him up, and show him his own heart, let him see what it is by nature, and what it must become by grace—the man starts, he cannot stand that; he wants none of that—Christ received in the heart and accepted. Albeit that he loves it enough in the head, it is to him a stumbling-block, and he casts it away. Do you see yourselves here, my friends? See yourselves as others see you? See yourselves as God sees you? For so it is, here be many to whom Christ is as much a stumbling-block now as ever he was. O ye formalists! I speak to you: O ye who have the nutshell, but abhor the kernel; O ye who like the trappings and the dress, but care not for that fair virgin who is clothed therewith; O ye who admire the paint and the tinsel, but abhor the solid gold, I speak to you; I ask you, does your religion give you solid comfort? Can you stare death in the face with it, and say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth?" Can you close your eyes at night, singing as your vesper song—

"I to the end must endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given"?

Can you bless God for affliction? Can you plunge in accoutred as ye are, and swim through all the floods of trial? Can you march triumphant through the lion's den, laugh at affliction, and bid defiance to hell? Can you? No! Your Gospel is an effeminate thing; a thing of words and sounds, and not of power. Cast it from you, I beseech you: it is not worth your keeping; and when you come before the throne of God, you will find it will fail you, and fail you so that you shall never find another; for lost, ruined, destroyed, ye shall find that Christ who is now *σκάνδαλον*, "a stumbling-block," will be your Judge.

I have found out the Jew, and I have now to discover the Greek. He is a person of quite a different exterior to the Jew. As to the phylactery, to him it is all rubbish; and as to the broad-hemmed garment, he despises it. He does not care for the forms of religion; he has an intense aversion,

in fact, to broad-brimmed hats, or to anything which looks like outward show. He appreciates eloquence; he admires a smart saying; he loves a quaint expression; he likes to read the last new book; he is a Greek, and to him the Gospel is foolishness. The Greek is a gentleman found in most places now-a-days: manufactured sometimes in colleges, constantly made in schools, produced everywhere. He is on the exchange; in the market; he keeps a shop; rides in a carriage; he is a noble, a gentleman; he is everywhere; even in court. He is thoroughly wise. Ask him anything, and he knows it. Ask for a quotation from any of the old poets, or any one else, and he can give it you. If you are a Mohammedan, and plead the claims of your religion, he will hear you very patiently. But if you are a Christian, and talk to him of Jesus Christ, "Stop your cant," he says; "I don't want to hear anything about that." This Grecian gentleman believes all philosophy except the true one; he studies all wisdom except the wisdom of God; he seeks all learning except spiritual learning; he loves everything except that which God approves; he likes everything which man makes, and nothing which comes from God; it is foolishness to him, confounded foolishness. You have only to discourse about one doctrine in the Bible, and he shuts his ears; he wishes no longer for your company; it is foolishness. I have met this gentleman a great many times. Once when I saw him, he told me he did not believe in any religion at all; and when I said I did, and had a hope that when I died I should go to heaven, he said he dared say it was very comfortable, but he did not believe in religion, and that he was sure it was best to live as nature dictated. Another time he spoke well of all religions, and believed they were very good in their place, and all true; and he had no doubt that if a man were sincere in any kind of religion, he would be all right at last. I told him I did not think so, and that I believed that there was but one religion revealed of God—the religion of God's elect, the religion which is the gift of Jesus. He then said I was a bigot, and wished me good morning. It was to him foolishness. He had nothing to do with me at all. He either liked no religion or every religion. Another time I held him by the coat button, and I discussed with him a little about faith. He said, "It is all very well, I believe that is true Protestant doctrine." But presently I said something about election, and he said, "I don't like that; many people have preached that and turned it to bad account." I then hinted something about free grace; but that he could not endure—it was to him foolishness. He was a polished Greek, and thought that if he were not chosen, he ought to be. He never liked that passage—"God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and the things which are not, to bring to nought things that are." He thought it was very discreditable to the Bible; and when the book was revised, he had no doubt it would be cut out. To such a man—for he is here this morning, very likely come to hear this reed shaken of the wind—I have to say this: Ah! thou wise man, full of worldly wisdom; thy wisdom will stand thee here, but what wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan? Philosophy may do well for thee to lean upon whilst thou walkest through this world; but the river is deep, and thou wilt want something more than that. If thou hast not the arm of the Most High to hold thee up in the flood and cheer thee with promises, thou wilt sink, man; with all thy philosophy, thou wilt sink; with all thy learning, thou shalt sink, and be



washed into that awful ocean of eternal torment, where thou shalt be for ever. Ah! Greeks, it may be foolish to you, but ye shall see the Man your Judge, and then ye shall rue the day that ever ye said that God's Gospel was foolishness.

II. Having spoken thus far upon the Gospel rejected, I shall now briefly speak upon THE GOSPEL TRIUMPHANT. "Unto us who are called, both Jews and Greeks, it is the power of God, and the wisdom of God." Yonder man rejects the Gospel, despises grace, and laughs at it as a delusion. Here is another man who laughed at it too; but God will fetch him down upon his knees. Christ shall not die for nothing. The Holy Ghost shall not strive in vain. God hath said, "My word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be abundantly satisfied." If one sinner is not saved, another shall be. The Jew and the Greek shall never depopulate Heaven. The choirs of glory shall not lose a single songster by all the opposition of Jews and Greeks; for God hath said it; some shall be called; some shall be saved; some shall be rescued.

"Perish the virtue, as it ought, abhorred,  
And the fool with it, who insults his Lord.  
The atonement a Redeemer's love has wrought  
Is not for you—the righteous need it not.  
Seest thou yon harlot wooing all she meets,  
The worn-out nuisance of the public streets,  
Herself from morn to night, from night to morn,  
Her own abhorrence, and as much your scorn?  
The gracious shower, unlimited and free,  
Shall fall on her when heaven denies it thee.  
Of all that wisdom dictates, this the drift,  
That man is dead in sin, and life a gift!"

If the righteous and good are not saved, if they reject the Gospel, there are others who are to be called, others who shall be rescued, for Christ will not lose the merits of His agonies, or the purchase of His blood.

"Unto us who are called." I received a note this week asking me to explain that word "called;" because in one passage it says, "Many are called, but few are chosen," while in another it appears that all who are called must be chosen. Now, let me observe that there are two calls. As my old friend John Bunyan says, "The hen has two calls, the common cluck, which she gives daily and hourly, and the special one which she means for her little chickens." So there is a general call, a call made to every man; every man hears it. Many are called by it; you are all called this morning in that sense; but very few are chosen. The other is a special call, the children's call. You know how the bell sounds over the workshop to call the men to work—that is a general call. A father goes to the door and calls out, "John, it is dinner-time,"—that is the special call. Many are called with the general call, but they are not chosen; the special call is for the children only, and that is what is meant in the text, "Unto us who are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God." That call is always a special one. While I stand here and call men, nobody comes; while I preach to sinners, universally, no good is done; it is like the sheet-lightning you sometime,

see on a summer evening, beautiful, grand, but who has ever heard of anything being struck by it? But the special call is the forked-flash from heaven; it strikes somewhere; it is the arrow sent in between the joints of the harness. The call which saves is like that of Jesus when he said, "Mary," and she said unto Him, "Rabboni." Do you know anything about that special call, my beloved? Did Jesus ever call you by name? Canst thou recollect the hour when He whispered thy name in thine ear, when He said, "Come to me"? If so, you will grant the truth of what I am going to say next about it,—that it is an effectual call. There is no resisting it. When God calls with His special call, there is no standing out. Ah! I know I laughed at religion; I despised, I abhorred it; but that call! Oh! I would not come. But God said, "Thou shalt come. All that the Father giveth to me shall come." "Lord, I will not." "But thou shalt," said God. And I have gone up to God's house sometimes almost with a resolution that I would not listen, but listen I must. Oh! how the Word came into my soul! Was there a power of resistance? No; I was thrown down; each bone seemed to be broken; I was saved by effectual grace. I appeal to your experience, my friends. When God took you in hand, could you withstand Him? You stood against your minister times enough. Sickness did not break you down; disease did not bring you to God's feet; eloquence did not convince you; but when God put His hand to the work, ah! then what a change; like Saul, with his horses going to Damascus, that voice from Heaven said, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" There was no going further then. That was an effectual call. Like that, again, which Jesus gave to Zacchæus, when he was up in the tree: stepping under the tree, He said, "Zacchæus, come down; to-day I must abide at thy house." Zacchæus was taken in the net; he heard his own name; the call sank into his soul; he could not stop up in the tree, for an Almighty impulse drew him down. And I could tell you some singular instances of persons going to the house of God and having their characters described, limned out to perfection, so that they have said, "He is painting me, he is painting me." Just as I might say to that young man here who stole his master's gloves yesterday, that Jesus calls him to repentance. It may be that there is such a person here; and when the call comes to a peculiar character, it generally comes with a special power. God gives His ministers a brush, and shows them how to use it in painting life-like portraits, and thus the sinner hears the special call. I cannot give the special call: God alone can give it, and I leave it with Him. Some must be called. Jew and Greek may laugh, but still there are some who are called, both Jews and Greeks.

Then, to close up this second point, it is a great mercy that many a Jew has been made to drop his self-righteousness; many a legalist has been made to drop his legalism and come to Christ; many a Greek has bowed his genius at the throne of God's Gospel. We have a few such. As Cowper says—

"We boast some rich ones whom the Gospel sways,  
And one who wears a coronet and prays;  
Like gleamings of an olive tree they show,  
Here and there one upon the topmost bough."

III. Now we come to our third point, A GOSPEL ADMIRER: unto us

who are called of God it is the power of God, and the wisdom of God. Now, beloved, this must be a matter of pure experience between your souls and God. If you are called of God this morning you will know it. I know there are times when a Christian has to say,

“Tis a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought ;  
Do I love the Lord or no ?  
Am I His, or am I not ?”

But if a man never in his life knew himself to be a Christian he never was a Christian. If he never had a moment of confidence, when he could say, “Now I know in whom I have believed,” I think I do not utter a harsh thing when I say that that man could not have been born again ; for I do not understand how a man can be born again and not know it ; I do not understand how a man can be killed and then made alive again and not know it ; how a man can pass from death unto life and not know it ; how a man can be brought out of darkness into marvellous light without knowing it. I am sure I know it when I shout out my old verse—

“Now free from sin, I walk at large,  
My Saviour's blood's my full discharge ;  
At His dear feet content I lay,  
A sinner saved, and homage pay.”

There are moments when the eyes glisten with joy, and we can say, “We are persuaded, confident, certain.” I do not wish to distress any one who is under doubt. Often gloomy doubts will prevail ; there are seasons when you fear you have not been called, when you doubt your interest in Christ. Ah ! what a mercy it is that it is not your hold of Christ that saves you, but His hold of you. What a sweet fact that it is not how you grasp His hand, but His grasp of yours, that saves you. Yet I think you ought to know some time or other whether you are called of God. If so, you will follow me in the next part of my discourse, which is a matter of pure experience ; unto us who are saved it is “Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.”

The Gospel is to the true believer a thing of power. It is Christ the power of God. Ay, there is a power in God's Gospel beyond all description. Once, I, like Mazeppa, bound on the wild horse of my lust, bound hand and foot, incapable of resistance, was galloping on with hell's wolves behind me, howling for my body and my soul as their just and lawful prey. There came a mighty hand which stopped that wild horse, cut my bands, set me down, and brought me into liberty. Is there power, sir ? Ay, there is power, and he who has felt it must acknowledge it. There was a time when I lived in the strong old castle of my sins, and rested in my works. There came a trumpeter to the door, and bade me open it. I with anger chid him from the porch, and said he never should enter. There came a goodly personage, with loving countenance ; His hands were marked with scars, where nails were driven, and His feet had nail-prints too ; He lifted up His cross, using it as a hammer ; at the first blow the gate of my prejudice shook ; at the second it trembled more ; at the third down it fell, and in He came ; and He said, “Arise, and stand upon thy feet, for I have loved thee with an

everlasting love." A thing of power! Ah! it is a thing of power. I have felt it *here*, in this heart; I have the witness of the Spirit within, and know it is a thing of might, because it has conquered me; it has bowed me down.

" His free grace alone, from the first to the last,  
Hath won my affection, and held my soul fast."

The Gospel to the Christian is a thing of power. What is it that makes the young man devote himself as a missionary to the cause of God, to leave father and mother, and go into distant lands? It is a thing of power that does it—it is the Gospel. What is it that constrains yonder minister, in the midst of the cholera, to climb up that creaking staircase, and stand by the bed of some dying creature who has that dire disease? It must be a thing of power which leads him to venture his life; it is love of the cross of Christ which bids him do it. What is that which enables one man to stand up before a multitude of his fellows, all unprepared it may be, but determined that he will speak nothing but Christ and Him crucified? What is it that enables him to cry, like the war-horse of Job in battle, Aha! and move glorious in might? It is a thing of power that does it—it is Christ crucified. And what emboldens that timid female to walk down that dark lane in the wet evening, that she may go and sit down beside the victim of a contagious fever? What strengthens her to go through that den of thieves, and pass by the profligate and profane? What influences her to enter into that charnel-house of death, and there sit down and whisper words of comfort? Does gold make her do it? They are too poor to give her gold: Does fame make her do it? She shall never be known, nor written among the mighty women of this earth. What makes her do it? Is it love of merit? No; she knows she has no desert before high heaven. What impels her to it? It is the power of the Gospel on her heart; it is the cross of Christ; she loves it, and she therefore says—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

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**THE WORKING POWER OF FAITH.**—The working power of faith is the love of Christ by reason of His intrinsic superlative loveliness, and the fact that He calls us to love Him, and loves us a thousandfold. There is a distinction to be made between a cool regard for Christ on account of what He has done, and a love for Him on account of what He is. There are a thousand things that God has done which are admirable and noble; but we shall not have reaped the ripeness of that experience which the Bible seeks in us until we go from the action to the actor, and regard the action not in and of itself alone, but as illustrating that which is higher than it—the causative power of personal influence which performs it.—*H. W. Beecher.*

## Mary Apton's Experiences.

A NARRATIVE FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER I.—THE REJECTED OFFER.

"So, Mary, you have actually refused Mr. Henderson's offer?"

"I have, mother."

"And your decision is final?"

"Yes: unless he should become a Christian."

"Then you told him that?"

"No, mother! Certainly not. Would he not have looked upon such a statement in the light of a bribe? Just consider it now a little. He wished to keep my company. I tell him that much us I respect him, I cannot agree to it, because he is not a Christian. But suppose I added at the same time, 'Become a Christian, and I will do as you wish,' he would then, I apprehend, naturally and justifiably conclude that that was the price he was expected to pay in order to obtain the desired boon. For any person to become a professed Christian from such a motive appears to me contemptible. If suitors do not seek to become Christians for the sake of the spiritual benefits to be derived from the possession of Christianity itself, I should very much question both the reality and the worth of their profession."

"Very true, Mary; but for the moment I did not think of that. Your argument, however, reminds me of a case in point. A dear friend of mine was earnestly solicited by a worldly young man to give him her hand. But she was an earnest Christian, and, for awhile, refused to accede to his request. Finding that the chief cause of her rejection was his not being a Christian, he

took to going to her chapel, professed to be impressed by what he heard, attended the inquirers' class, was baptized, and became a member of the church. Believing him to be sincere, and rejoicing in the apparent change, she ultimately consented to become his wife, and they were married. But what happened? In less than three months after marriage, the mask was torn off: he forsook the house of the Lord, plunged again into the world, and then, in answer to her remonstrance, plainly, and even bluntly, told her that he had only put on a profession to gain his ends! Poor thing! I shall never forget what she suffered. She is living now, and for years her life has been a life of the deepest sorrow. Between her husband and herself spiritually, and in other respects, there has been such diversity of opinion and action as to make the alliance a most unfortunate one for them both."

"That is the case without doubt, mother; and it was that very fear that made me so firm in dealing with Mr. Henderson. You know my principle—the principle that I trust will influence me to life's latest day: that principle is to be guided in all my actions by the teachings of God's blessed Word. Carrying that principle out, when Mr. Henderson, to my surprise, first made his offer, I asked myself what he was. I knew, by common report, that he was somewhat sceptical. Brother Tom, who often comes in contact with him, said he had told him that he was a Deist, and that he had no belief whatever in the Bible being

a Divine revelation. What else he might believe I knew not, but that one fact was enough for me. Taking time to consider, I turned over the pages of my Bible to find out what it had to say about the matter. And two passages, not to speak of others, soon settled me. One was in the book of Amos. 'Can two walk together except they be agreed?' and the other was in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians: 'Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?' No amount of sophistical reasoning could blind me to the plain meaning of those two passages. They assert what every lay's experience in the church and in the world proves to be true, that there can be no happy marriage for either believer or unbeliever, unless there is a union of hearts as well as a joining of hands. We must in a measure see and feel alike if we are to act in concert. So this is what I told Mr. Henderson, and I will give him the credit for honestly asserting that although he did not exactly see with me, still he was ready to admit that there might be after all some truth in it."

The above conversation, and more of the same kind, was held in the house of Mr. Richard Upton, a timber merchant in the town of Middlebrook. This town, situated in the south of England, being a quiet and somewhat retired place, with a population of about seven thousand inhabitants only, was not well known except within the limits of its own county; but for all that it could boast of having several ancient and aristocratic

families, with their mansions, and parks, and grounds, in its suburbs, and a fair proportion of the middle-class in the place itself. Amongst the latter Mr. Upton was a highly esteemed and influential member, his religious character, commercial integrity, and unbounded liberality having won for him a good name second to that of none in the district. He had a wife, three sons, and one daughter. Of these three sons two were married and were settled in different parts of the kingdom, while Thomas, the youngest, remained at home to assist his father in the business. Mary, the only daughter now living, was a fine, intelligent, and well-educated young lady of about twenty-five years of age. A good part of her life had been spent at boarding-schools, in company with a younger sister, who was suddenly taken away by an epidemic which unfortunately broke out in the academy and proved fatal to several of the scholars. Mary happily escaped the infection, but the death of her darling sister, from whom she had rarely been separated, was to her a severe blow, from which it took a long time to recover. But the trial was not sent in vain. Prone to give way to lightness and the frivolities of fashion, this stroke arrested her, and led her to serious reflection. The Lord, in His inscrutable providence, had taken one sister, and left the other. He might, had He been so pleased, have taken both. But that He had not done, and she was spared. And why was she spared? Was it not that her life might be consecrated to the service of Christ? It was deeply impressed upon her mind that such was the case, and therefore, with deep humility of mind and contrition of spirit, soon after her sister was interred, she made a

full and complete surrender of her heart to the Lord. It was not long before she acquainted her parents with this decision, and nothing tended more to heal the deep wound that had been made in their loving hearts than the quiet revelation of this fact. At the age of eighteen this decision was made, and from that time she had stayed at home with her parents, proving to them both a great help and comfort. After her baptism, she threw herself into church and Sunday-school work. She aided her pastor in visiting the poor and sick, taught a young women's class, and played the harmonium in the school, improved and enlarged the library, and took a leading part in the promotion of the Sunday School Union examinations. Lively, energetic, and full of tact in every way, she unostentatiously made her power and influence felt for good, causing her pastor often to say that to himself and the cause she was worth more than a dozen ordinary members. But there was one trait in her character that he said he particularly liked, and that was her love of God's word. By its teachings she had told him she was determined to abide at all risks and costs. Questioning her once on this point, the following brief conversation ensued:—

"You say, Miss Upton, that nothing can move you from a complete dependence on the Bible."

"Nothing, Mr. Matthews; on that I take my stand as firm as a rock."

"May I ask what brought you to it?"

"Just this thought, sir. Take the Bible away as the basis of religious belief, and what is there left? Are we to trust in nature, in science, or in human reason? If we reject the Bible we *must* flee to

*something*. Well, what shall we flee to? Will nature give us all the information we want? Will it tell us all that we desire to know about God, about man, about our duties here, and about our future destiny? Will science do this for us? Has human reason solved these problems? Nothing of the kind. On these points these professed guides leave us altogether, or at least almost entirely, in the dark. Now that, Mr. Matthews, will not do for me; I want light and certainty; I do not want to trust the 'Unknowable,' but rather with Paul to say, 'I *know* whom I have believed.' So I am forced to leave these blind guides, and come to the Book which I believe to be inspired of God, and therefore infallible."

In the course of this narrative the reader will learn how many opportunities Miss Upton had of putting her Scriptural theory to the test. One instance has been already given. By it she was saved from being entrapped into an alliance that indisputably saved both herself and her sceptical suitor from life-long misery. They had casually met at a social party, and he was much struck with her personal appearance and conversational powers. Believing that religion was nothing else but a mere matter of *opinion*, and that if the life was pretty correct, one creed was practically about as good as another, he saw no reason why he should not solicit her company and make her his wife. But her decision tended in some measure to open his eyes. He saw that in her at least religion was more than a mere notion, and even more than a creed. In her case he perceived that it was evidently a felt power in the heart, and a power to which he was certainly a stranger. Coming in contact, as in his circle

he had merely done, with fashionable or worldly professors who had given little or no evidence that their religion was anything else than mere form or ceremony, he had erroneously drawn the conclusion that all professors of religion must be more or less alike: and, therefore, but slightly different from himself. But the couple of interviews that he had had with Miss Upton served to give him new

views of the matter, and somewhat staggered him. Her earnestness, her piety, her reverence for the Bible, and her determination to do that which that Book alone told her was right, caused him in after time to declare that those brief interviews had given him a more lofty idea of the Christian religion than he had ever before entertained in his life.

(To be continued.)

## Round the World in Seven Months.

WITH GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL LIFE IN OUR COLONIES, AND IN AMERICA.

By W. P. GRIFFITH, Esq.

### INTRODUCTION.

“DEAR Father and Mother,— Do come out and see us here in our far-off home. It is a long journey we know, but you may accomplish it in seven months, see something of Australia and America on your way, and spend a couple of months in New Zealand. Do come! Come out *viâ* the Suez Canal, and return by San Francisco; you will thus make a journey right round the world.”

Such was the purport of letters received from two of our sons who left England about four years since, and who were now fairly settled in the Colony. The one on a farm near New Plymouth, on the West Coast of the Northern Island, and the other as pastor of a church in Palmerston North, near Whanganui.

It was not an easy task to leave home and business even for seven months, but in the year 1882, the necessary arrangements were made, and on the 9th November the

writer and his wife set out on this formidable undertaking.

During this journey we had some exciting adventures, passed through some imminent perils, saw much that was new and striking in the scenery of different countries, and noted many features of colonial life—the narration of which will, it is hoped, prove interesting to the readers of the *Baptist Messenger*.

### PART I.

#### OUTWARD BOUND—LONDON TO SUEZ.

*The Best Way to Go, and the Best Time to Start.*

Starting in November, as we did, it was better to go east *viâ* the Suez Canal, rather than west *viâ* America. The Atlantic is not usually a pleasant place in that month, and New York is not seen to advantage in the winter; while on the other hand the heat of the Red Sea, insufferable in June or July, is more tolerable in December. Australia and New Zealand



have their finest weather, their Midsummer, at our Christmas. So for a visit to those colonies, October or November is the best time to start, and eastward is the best direction to travel.

We booked our passage in the steamship *Ballaarat*, one of the newest and largest vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental Company; but wishing to avoid the Bay of Biscay, we availed ourselves of the opportunity of embarking at Venice in the *Malwa* and joining the *Ballaarat* at Suez. We gained nothing by this however, for we had weather quite as stormy in the Mediterranean as our fellow-passengers, who crossed the Bay of Biscay; and we met with a disaster in the *Malwa* which put us in imminent peril of our lives.

*Lord Charles Beresford and Brindisi.*

The voyage from Venice to Suez was enlivened by the company of Lord Charles Beresford, whose gallant exploit in the little *Condor* during the bombardment of Alexandria was the theme of unmeasured commendation in the London newspapers. He and Lady Beresford came on board at Brindisi, where we were detained a whole Sunday—to lay in a stock of coal—and were driven ashore by blinding clouds of coal-dust, only to find, however, that the town was, if possible, dirtier and fouler than the ship. Such dilapidated houses, such filthy streets, such unkempt and unwashed people we never saw, not even in the lowest quarters of the East-end of London. It was a relief to get back to the ship, untidy as she was, and to steam out of the harbour, although the sea was high and the wind blowing a gale. But ere we reached Alexandria it was calm, and our sea-sick passengers were all on deck, eagerly listening

to Lord Charles Beresford, who was pointing out the fortifications ruined by our bombardment, and narrating incidents of the engagement. We heard also that Cook & Son had organised excursions to the battlefield Tel el Kebir and back, but we did not avail ourselves of the opportunity, and, indeed, we did not land. Eager to get on, we grudged the brief delay at Alexandria, and rejoiced when we were once more on our way.

*Mirage in the Desert.*

We reached Port Said the next morning, and about mid-day entered the Suez Canal, a wonderful work of world-wide utility. But useful as it is, it is by no means picturesque, a monotonous channel between high embankments of sand, which obstruct all view of scenery, if there were any to look at. But there is none, for save where it is bounded by shallow lagoons, there is nothing but dreary desert. One striking feature, however, we did see on the side of the Desert. Some miles away appeared a limpid sheet of water, with purple and green islands dotting its surface, a long ridge of rocks stretching out from its shore, and the whole bathed in an atmosphere of indescribable brilliancy and purity. It reminded me of Turner's "Carthage," and presented a scene of marvellous beauty, in striking contrast to the dreary waste which intervened. We gazed on it with rapt admiration, and as we gazed, it slowly melted into air. It was simply the optical illusion known as the "Mirage," in which the fanciful combinations of cloudland are reflected, as in a mirror, on the exhalations of earth. It seemed scarcely possible to believe that objects so vivid and distinct should be no more than "the baseless fabric of a vision," soon to "vanish and leave not a rack behind." But so it was, and the whole

may be regarded as a fitting symbol of those deceptive mirages to be met with on the voyage of life, against which all of us need to be on our guard, lest we be tempted out of our course by dazzling but unsubstantial objects of attraction, which vanish just when they seem to be within our grasp.

*Moonlight on the Suez Canal.*

The night following was the loveliest we ever spent on ship-board. Our vessel was moored near Ismailia. The moon was at the full, and every object was as clearly visible as at noonday. When we came on deck about eight in the evening the sandy embankments of the canal shone in the moonbeams like snow, taking a whiteness and lustre which deceived the eye into a momentary belief that we had somehow actually got into a snow-drift. As we sat and gazed, the great star constellations rose slowly above the line of the embankment into the clear blue sky, the waters rippled in the silvery moonbeams, and the scene was lovely to a degree unimaginable to those who have never witnessed it. No one liked to quit the deck, and the piano was brought out of the cabin, and singing, music and dancing went on till a late hour. If voyaging round the world were all like this it would be the finest pleasure trip that could be taken.

*A Very Narrow Escape.*

The next day taught us, however, that a journey such as this is not unattended by danger, for we had a narrow escape from a terrible death. It happened thus: We had just quitted the canal, and stopped a few minutes to let our pilot quit the ship, and had begun to steam on again in the direction of the harbour, when suddenly there was a cry, "All passengers forward!"

As we and others rushed towards the fore part of the vessel, a large cargo steamer, the *Clan Forbes*, 2,500 tons burthen, was seen coming bows-on towards us. Our helm was turned hard-a-port, and our engines worked at their utmost speed in the hope of avoiding a collision. For a moment it seemed we might clear her; but no! she struck us nearly amidships, and crash went our bulwarks. Then there was a slight rebound, and she struck us again, but with diminished force, and as our vessel steamed rapidly ahead, the sharp prow of the *Clan Forbes*, cut away stanchions, boats, rigging, gangways, and every projection on that side till we finally cleared her. Her prow went through everything like a knife. Iron stanchions, two inches in diameter, were cut like a carrot, and in amazement and trepidation we all wondered what would follow. It was a relief to find that our vessel continued to float, and did not seem any lower in the water than before. We began to hope that she had only been struck above the deck, and all might be right below. But soon it was discovered that the flange of our assailant's anchor had started one of our plates below the waterline—eight feet long by twelve inches deep—and the sea was pouring in fast. In vain were two of our most experienced passengers (naval men both of them) lowered by ropes to the injured spot, and with hands and knees tried to stop the gap with blankets and sail-cloth. They arrested the influx of water, but could not stop it, and soon the engine fires were put out, and the only power available was whatever steam might be left in the boiler. It was hopeless to try to enter the harbour; our only chance was to run her aground at the nearest point of land. So her head was turned straight for

the shore opposite the Quarantine Station, about half a mile distant, and we steamed at our fullest power. It was a question of moments then. Could we keep afloat till we ran aground? or should we settle down and sink in deep water? An attempt was made to lower the few boats which remained, but the Lascar crew seemed quite dazed and helpless, and could not loosen the tackle. "Cut it! cut it!" cried Sir Charles Beresford, and he handed them a sailor's knife; but all in vain. The ropes were wire-ropes! We saw with dismay that even if these boats were lowered they would not contain one-fourth of our passengers, to say nothing of the crew, and a fearful struggle for life would probably ensue. Presently we passed within hailing distance of an English frigate, and Sir Charles bawled with all his might, "Send your boats! Quick! Boats! quick! we are sinking fast!" This revealed the imminence of our danger to all; but there was no panic, no rushing about, no cries or unseemly manifestations of terror. All seemed to wait patiently to see what would happen. A few got life-buoys, or spars to which they might cling in case of need. Meanwhile the crew of the frigate were seen swarming down the yards like monkeys, and in an incredibly short time they had lowered and manned their boats, and were pulling with all their might towards us. "All women and children to the companion," was the next order given; and so soon as the first boat came alongside, as many of those as it would hold were passed down the gangway and seated in safety. Another boat was similarly filled, and we felt there was hope of rescue for all when we heard a new order: "All passengers hold on; we are about to run aground;" and

in less than a minute more our vessel was safely stranded, upright on a bank of sand, and the danger was over. "Bring back the women and children!" cried the captain; and soon husbands and wives, and parents and children were embracing each other with tears of thankfulness for their happy deliverance from a terrible death. We grounded just in time. The water inside the ship had nearly reached the level of that outside, and in two minutes more she must inevitably have gone down, and a disaster similar to that of the *Princess Alice* have taken place.

#### *Who was to Blame?*

The danger was over now, and ere long we were surrounded by a crowd of boats from the port and harbour eager to take the passengers ashore. As soon as the confusion was abated, we and other Australian passengers stepped into one of these, and were conveyed to the *Ballaarat*, which lay about a mile distant in the roadstead, where we were received with gladness. "We saw you struck," said the mate, as we climbed the gangway, "but we were too far off to send you any help. Your captain did the best thing he could do by running his ship aground." In the course of the evening I went back to the half-sunk *Malwa*, and brought away our baggage, which, having been brought on deck ready for transhipment, was not wet or damaged, and we left the captain and crew, assisted by divers from the shore, getting boxes of specie, mails, and cargo, out of the hold. A warm discussion was going on as to which vessel was to blame. "The *Clan Forbes*," said some; "she ought not to have lifted her anchor till we were clear." "No," said others; "our captain was to

blame; he ought to have backed instead of steaming ahead. Had he done so, he might have avoided the collision." "Both were to blame," said others. "Each refused to make way for the other, and so came in contact, like two wilful drivers in a narrow thoroughfare." And this was the final judgment

of the Admiralty Court, which refused to give damages on either side, and left each to pay its own costs. The *Malwa* sunk next day below her main deck, but she was afterwards raised and repaired, and is on active service again; but her former captain is no longer in command of her.

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JESUS THE WORD.

(John i. 14.)

God had spoken in pealing thunders,  
Till the trembling hearers quailed:  
He had spoken in silent visions,  
And the hidden world unveiled:  
He had spoken by holy prophets;  
But when all His voices failed,  
There at last was heard  
One tenderest word,  
He spoke, and the word was "JESUS."—(Heb. i. 2.)

Would any one know the meaning  
Of God's precious word to man?  
'Tis a blessed interpretation,  
The key of life's gracious plan;  
For the word of the Father tells us,  
As plainly as Godhead can,  
That our ruined race  
Has an inner place  
In the heart that has given us Jesus.—(John iii. 16.)

Go, spell the great truth in Jesus:  
Read—mercy, and pardon, and love—  
The character, tender and righteous,  
Of the merciful One above.—(John i. 18.)  
God speaketh to thee. O listen!  
And let the soft whisperings move;  
For in yonder Heaven  
No music is given  
So sweet as the name of Jesus.

And art thou fearful and silent,  
Afraid of the Judge's eye?  
A word in thy mouth He putteth,  
His word be thine only reply:—(Rom. x. 9.)  
Accused of a thousand treasons,  
By justice condemned to die,  
Thy one perfect plea  
Must eternally be  
That wonderful talisman, "JESUS."

WILLIAM LUFF.

From "About Jesus." One hundred poems in large type, by William Luff. Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 1/; extra cloth, gilt, 1/6. Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### YOUNG PEOPLE, TAKE HEED.

By REV. T. W. MEDHURST.

LET me offer a little advice to those who are thinking about getting married. See to it, dear young friends, that you make choice of a suitable partner. Remember, the marriage relation is one that can only be severed by death. This consideration is vitally important. Many a young person has, through sheer thoughtlessness, entered on an imprudent and a hasty engagement which has entailed on them a life-long misery. To marry in haste and to repent at leisure is the supreme height of madness. The woman who is united to a drunken husband had better never have been born. The man who has an idle, gossiping woman for his wife is in a truly wretched plight. Do you ask, "How can I be sure I am making a right choice?" The question is confessedly a difficult one to answer. Yet, I think I may with safety say this much. I do not think you will go far wrong if you just "bide a bit," watch a "wee while," and proceed with caution, that you may be able to discover as much as is possible of the general character and demeanour of the individual upon whom you are about bestowing your hand and heart. Search for these marks among others,—sobriety, patience, cleanliness, industry, good temper, a regard for the Sacred Scriptures, and for the services of the house of God. Where these marks are seen, I do

not think you will go far wrong; but where even one of these marks is a-wanting, I would urge you to hesitate and beware, or serious and mischievous results may follow.

Let me be urgent and earnest in impressing upon CHRISTIANS the importance of MARRYING "ONLY IN THE LORD." For a Christian to disregard this essentially vital consideration is to act in direct opposition to the plainest teaching of the Word of God. Unhappiness, misery, and wretchedness must be the inevitable consequence of such disobedience. What conceivable union can there possibly be between one who is avowedly travelling towards heaven, and one who is, as an unbeliever, hastening towards hell? "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" The Christian and the worldlying can have no sort of sympathy the one with the other upon those matters which are of eternal interest. Their tastes, their pursuits, and their joys are all totally different. The one is alive in Christ, while the other is dead in trespasses and in sins. The one is by profession the friend of God, the other as an unbeliever is the avowed enemy of God. There is no middle position. We are either for Christ, or we are against Christ. We are either spiritually alive, or we are spiritually dead. We are either saved, or we are lost. Pause awhile over this awfully solemn truth; consider, inquire, decide. Are you alive through faith in Jesus Christ? Are you reconciled unto God by the blood of His Son?

Hearken to the express words of "the scripture of truth" on this all-important subject. "A wife is bound for so long time as her husband liveth; but if the husband be dead, she is free to be married to whom she will; **ONLY IN THE LORD**" (1 Cor. vii. 39). Note well the explicit limitation, "*Only in the Lord.*" To the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ that limitation comes with all the force of a Divine command. None can disobey it with impunity.

Listen once again to this positive injunction: "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers: for what fellowship have righteousness and iniquity? or what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what portion hath a believer with an unbeliever?" (2 Cor. vi. 14, 15). Can any command of God be more emphatic than this? Can any in whose heart the fear of God is a reigning principle dare to be disobedient to a law so positive? This law has ever been the same under both the old and the new dispensations. When the Israelites were about to enter upon the possession of the promised land, God expressly commanded them that they should not intermarry with the heathen nations. These

are the plain words: "Neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son. For they will turn away thy son from following Me, that they may serve other gods: so will the anger of the Lord be kindled against you, and destroy thee suddenly" (Deut. vii. 3, 4). Thus has it ever been: They who have broken this plain and positive law of God have surely, sooner or later, had to suffer for their disobedience. I myself have known those who have had bitter cause for weeping and for lamentation because they have heeded not the command, but have wilfully transgressed in this matter. Disastrous have been the effects of these unholy marriages. Again and again have promising young people been led astray and smitten with sore griefs as the result of their disregard of the clear commands of the Word of God in this all-important matter. Evil, and only evil, must come of such ungodly unions. They are wrong, only wrong, and that continually. May God, of His infinite mercy, enable my youthful readers to ponder well these few words of loving caution.

*Portsmouth.*

## Reviews.

**Baptist Missionary Society.**—*Rise and Progress of the Work on the Congo River.* By the Treasurer. Published and sold for the benefit of the Mission, 19, Castle Street, Holborn.

THE history of the Congo and the people on its shores is becoming of increasing and absorbing attention every day, so that we can scarcely conceive of a Christian to whom this work would be uninteresting. Our Treasurer has brought forth a volume of great value, and it would seem that one purpose for which he has been in the furnace was that the Christian Church might have his service in this great field of missionary activity. We have the account of the "First Steps," "Forward Movements," "Arrival at Stanley Pool," "Dark Overshadowings," and two chapters on "Helpful Tokens." It is beautifully illustrated, and also furnished with a good map, in which are distinctly marked the courses of Livingstone and Stanley. All having at heart the spiritual welfare of Africa should read these worthy pages.

**Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling.**  
London: Partridge and Co.:—

*Words of Life*, 75 illustrated four-page tracts, assorted. *Salem Series Packet*, by H. K. Wood, a Glasgow merchant, 50 copies of eight different books. *St. Mark Series*, 50 copies of twelve different books. *The Acorn Series* — Packet 1 and 2 — Rev. A. Averell Ramsey, 50 copies assorted, and *With Our Cards*, 42 reasonable poems for enclosure with New Year Cards, by William Luff, price sixpence. If we say all these packets of Gospel messages and kind words are good and suitable to accomplish the object of the different writers, we should be saying the

correct thing. But the *Words of Life* are especially good, and *With Our Cards* are admirably seasonable, and written by one who seems indeed well gifted for producing leaflets of considerable sweetness and power.

*Morning Dewdrops.* A text of Scripture and a verse of poetry for every day in the year. By JANIE WOOD, with a Memoir of the compilers! S. W. Partridge and Co.

A LITTLE gem. The selections are wise; the poetic thoughts are sweet. The memoir is fragrant of grace, and we hope these sparkling dewdrops may fall into the hands of thousands of our young people.

**Children's Scripture Union.**—*Hints and Encouragements.* Children's Special Service Mission, 48, Paternoster Row.

WE are right glad, as we read these hints and encouragements, to find so much success attending the work of this Mission.

Amongst the new tracts published by the Baptist Tract Society, we have pleasure in directing attention to the New Series. They have an attractive look, and will be accepted and read where perhaps the ordinary tract would be thrown on one side. No. 44 of this series, *Christian Baptism Sought and Found*, by a Presbyterian, should be well circulated; it should do our principles good service.

Numbers 1 and 2 of the *Silver Morn and Prophetic Voice.* Edited by WILLIAM FRITH and H. LINDSAY YOUNG, M.A.

THIS work advocates mainly our views, and should be a power in circulating good sound interpretations of God's Word of unfulfilled prophecy. We hope the articles may be written to instruct. There is much

need among large sections of Christian society of well-written condensed articles on the solemn and thrilling subject of the nature and order of events in the latter-day glory. Something in the style of the late Rev. John Cox's "Themes for Thought from the Prophetic Page" would, we think, be of untold service. We wish this new venture much success.

Part I., to be completed in forty parts, *The Life and Words of Christ*. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. Illustrated with a series of full-page frontispieces and a coloured map of Palestine in the time of our Lord.

We are glad to find this very valuable work is being issued in parts, thus placing it within the convenient reach of all.

*The Preacher's Analyst* for December, volume eight, publishes the title-page and index for the year.

*Footsteps of Truth*; a monthly journal and record of grace and truth. Edited by C. RUSSELL HURDITCH. A THOROUGHLY good threepenny magazine, good in quality and quantity.

Religious Tract Society.—*The Sunday at Home, Leisure Hour, Friendly Greeting, Boy's Own, Girl's Own, Present Day Tracts, The Witness of the Ancient Monuments to the Old Testament Scriptures* (by A. H.

SAYCE, M.A.), *The Cottager and Artisan, The Child's Companion, The Tract Magazine*, and the *Biographical Series* (JAMES CLERK MAXWELL, F.R.S.).

THE above contain reading, useful reading, for all classes, and suitable for every home; and our readers cannot be better advised than to look the list over, and order their choice for the new year. We are glad to see that one of the oldest and well-worn of these serials is about to take to itself a new form. With the present number of *The Tract Magazine* will close the present series, which has extended over sixty years. The January number will be number one of a new and enlarged series, twenty pages, crown quarto, illustrated, price one penny. It is a great improvement, and deserves a very much increased circulation.

*The General Baptist Almanack*. Edited by Rev. J. FLETCHER. Marlborough and Co., Old Bailey. *Soldier's and Sailor's Almanack*. Partridge, Paternoster Row.

We are pleased with these valuable little annuals.

*The Baptist Magazine, The General Baptist, The Sword and Trowel, The Baptist and Freeman* newspapers, close the year each with good average numbers, and we commend them to our readers for their hearty support in the new year.

THE LORD HAS GIVEN ME UP.—The late Mr. Brownlow North described to a friend the way in which one who came to him in very deep spiritual distress, saying that the Lord had given her up, and would not hear her prayer, found peace at last. I asked her, "Are you a believer? Have you placed your trust in Christ?" "Yes." "And the Lord has given you up?" "Yes." "Then either you or He must be a liar. Are you telling me a lie just now, when you say you have placed your trust in Christ?" "No, certainly not." "Then the Lord must be a liar; and in that case, if I were you, I would give Him up." "Oh, but I can't give Him up, sir." "Why not, if He is a liar?" "I can't give Him up." "Ah!" I said, "that is because the Lord has not given you up. It's because He is keeping hold of you." These words were the means of at once bringing her to peace.



## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. W. A. BARKER, son of the Rev. W. Barker, who has just completed his term at Regent's Park College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Frithelstoke, North Devon. At a meeting held recently at Wellington Square Church, Hastings, Mr. Barker was presented with Dr. Adam Clarke's "Commentary," six vols., Kitto's "Biblical Encyclopædia," 3 vols.; "The Student's Concordance," and a walnut inkstand, in token of the esteem and regard in which he is held by the members of the church and congregation.

Rev. W. H. Prosser, of Mountain Ash, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Builth.

Rev. John G. Skemp, M.A., late of Rawdon College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Pendleton.

Rev. G. A. Willis, of Regent's Park College, has accepted the pastorate of Clarendon Street Chapel, Leamington.

Rev. G. R. Tanswell has been compelled, through continued ill-health, to retire from the pastorate of the church at Blakeney, Gloucestershire.

Rev. J. C. Foster has resigned his charge at Braintree, and accepted the pastorate of Sydenham Chapel, Forest Hill.

### RECOGNITIONS.

REV. T. B. CUBBY, of the Pastors' College, was recognised on the 13th of November as pastor of the Tabernacle, Yarmouth. Rev. T. A. Wheeler gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. G. West addressed the church. Revs. C. M. Hardy, J. Bennetts, G. Seaman, and J. H. Robinson delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. T. H. Smith was recognised on the 18th of November, as pastor

of the General Baptist Chapel, Chatteris. The sermon was preached by Rev. T. G. Tam. Revs. T. Barrass, H. B. Robinson, F. J. Bird, and others took part in the proceedings.

SHEFFORD, BEDS.—The recognition of the Rev. A. Smith took place in November, when the Rev. John Brown, of Bedford, preached in the afternoon, and presided at the evening meeting; and addresses were delivered by Revs. Mace, of Stotfold; Mackenzie, of Biggleswade; Atkinson, of Dunstable; Blake, of Luton. Mr. Smith related the leadings which brought him to Sheffield, and was supported by two of his deacons. The attendance and the spirit were good.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

BEDFORDSHIRE BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The autumnal meetings were held at Heath on October the 29th. The evening meeting was presided over by Rev. G. Durness, and addresses were delivered by Revs. W. J. Tompkins, of Ridgemount; A. Walker, of Houghton Regis; J. H. Blake, of Luton; and T. G. Atkinson, of Dunstable.

BOW BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The Rev. J. H. Blake, of Luton, visited the scene of his former labours on November 12th, and delivered a lecture on the Life of Christ. J. Dean, Esq., was in the chair. The lecture was listened to with pleasure by a crowded assembly, and was illustrated by some very beautiful dissolving views, and also some fine photographs of the late Gustave Doré's New Testament Pictures.

SURREY AND MIDDLESEX ASSOCIATION.—The autumnal meeting of this association took place on Tuesday, October 21st, at Park Chapel, Brentford. The first hour, eleven to twelve noon, was spent in prayer and praise, the moderator, Rev. E. W.

Talbot, presiding, supported by the vice-moderator, Rev. J. Rankine. At noon the secretary, Rev. E. H. Brown, read the minutes of previous meeting, which were duly approved and signed. Next came a paper by Rev. Mr. Jasper, on "To what extent is the Church of Christ benefited by the extra efforts of the present day?" It was unanimously resolved that the paper be issued in penny pamphlet form, a deacon of Mr. Jasper's church volunteering to print it free of cost. The conference upon the subject was well sustained, the general feeling being that work on the old lines was far more profitable and enduring. Dinner was spread for two o'clock, and pastors, delegates, and visitors partook of the ample repast provided by the church. The afternoon meeting followed. After a hymn and prayer the treasurer, Mr. J. Cowdy, gave his financial report, and the secretary read the statistical returns which had been sent in from seventeen churches out of twenty-eight, and also letters from the various churches reporting their condition and progress. Both treasurer and secretary were unanimously re-elected, and the following gentlemen were voted as committee:—Mr. J. N. Goatly, Mr. James J. W. Wall, pastors G. Wright and S. H. Moore, together with the retiring moderator, Rev. E. W. Tarbox; pastor Webb being elected vice-moderator. The association by a unanimous vote, feelingly expressed its indebtedness to and esteem for their now deceased friend Mr. J. C. Woollacott, late of New Malden, and also its sympathy with the bereaved wife and family. The out-going moderator then delivered his address, which was a re-opening and following up of the morning conference. The new moderator next took the chair, and Rev. A. G. Brown (of Bow) having spoken, the afternoon sitting closed. About 100 sat down to tea, and Rev. A. G. Brown afterwards preached from John x. 4. The collection, in aid of the association funds, amounted to £4 12s.

A new hall and class-rooms for congregational and Sunday school purposes having been erected in connection with Brondesbury Chapel, N.W., the opening services were held on Tuesday evening, October 28th. Mr. B. A. Lyon occupied the chair, Revs. J. P. Chown, W. Stott, G. D. Hooper, Mr. John Benham, and Col. J. T. Griffin took part in the proceedings. The building is from the designs of Mr. J. E. Sears, architect. The ground-floor consists of eight class-rooms; the upper floor being a spacious and beautiful hall, capable of seating 500 persons. The pastor, Rev. J. C. Thompson, in rendering a statement, said that the building would cost £2,000, and that they had made up their minds they would have no debt upon it. In connection with the opening services over £320 were given and promised, bringing the total amount raised during the year for this purpose to considerably over £1,600.

On behalf of the Putney Chapel and schoolrooms a bazaar of art was opened by the Lord Mayor on the 22nd October, at the Assembly Rooms, Putney. The church, of which the Rev. W. Thomas is pastor, has been in existence about seven years, worshipping until eighteen months since in a temporary schoolroom, and more recently in the Assembly Rooms. New buildings are now nearly completed, and consist of a chapel capable of seating 700, a spacious school-room below, and eight class-rooms and vestries at the back. The cost will be about £5,000, half of which is lent on mortgage, leaving £800 to be raised by the present effort and at the opening services. The bazaar was arranged as an Alpine village, the stalls bearing the names of Swiss cantons. The attendance was large on each of the three days the rooms were open, and the wares met with a ready sale.

SANDOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT.—On Sunday, October 19th, missionary sermons were preached by the pastor (F. J. Feltham), and on the following Tuesday, a public meeting was held,

presided over by W. T. Blore, Esq., and addressed by the Revs. Leonard Tucker, M.A. (India), and W. Steadman Davis (Ryde). On Tuesday, October 28th, a sale of work was held in the Town Hall in aid of the church funds. E. J. Upward, Esq., presided at the opening ceremony, and the Revs. A. J. Griffiths, B.Sc., G. H. Holden, and S. Allen were present and spoke a few congratulatory words, prayer having been offered up by the Rev. W. Hargreaves Cooper. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, a large number of friends came together to purchase the goods arranged very prettily on the different stalls, the vicar of the parish (Rev. W. Townsend Storrs) being included in the company. The net proceeds of the sale amounted to over £30. In the evening a concert was given by Mr. Bulley and his choir from Brading.

**BAPTIST CHAPEL, BARNES.**—Anniversary services were held on Thursday, Nov. 6th. The Rev. S. Harris Booth preached in the afternoon, and a public meeting was held in the evening, F. L. Edwards, Esq., of Putney, presiding. Rev. C. B. Chapman, pastor; Revs. G. D. Hooper, of Hendon; W. J. Inglis, of Victoria Park; W. Thomas, of Putney; W. A. Blake, of Brentford; F. Brown, of Mortlake, addressed the meeting.

**PARK CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOL, BRENTFORD.**—The sixty-eighth anniversary services were held on Sunday, November 16th. Rev. W. A. Blake preached in the morning and Rev. A. Fergusson (of Ealing) in the evening. An address to the Sunday scholars was given in the afternoon by Rev. J. S. Hockey. On Tuesday, the 18th, a tea meeting and a public meeting were held, J. N. Goatly, Esq. (of Twickenham), presiding. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. C. Ingram, W. A. Blake, J. S. Hockey, Mr. W. G. Brown, and other friends. Recitations and special hymns were given by the scholars.

The church at Toddington, Beds, which has for a long time been with-

out a pastor and had become considerably reduced, has of late been worked under the direction of the Bedfordshire Baptist Association, and has manifested great and satisfactory improvement. A new chapel having become a necessity owing to the dilapidated condition of the old one, rather more than two years ago, a movement was commenced with this purpose. During the summer of last year, the building was erected, and on Thursday, October 16th, the opening services were held. Rev. S. H. Akehurst, of Camberwell, a former pastor of the church, preached in the afternoon, and in the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by W. Willis, Esq., Q.C., M.P., whose family are connected with Toddington. Mr. T. Cox, of Luton, secretary of the Building Fund, made a financial statement, and the meeting was addressed by Revs. W. J. Tompkins (Ridgemoor), A. Walker (Houghton Regis), W. J. Southwood (Primitive Methodist, Dunstable), S. H. Akehurst, Mr. H. D. Wood, and others. Mr. Willis gave £10, in addition to a former sum of £10, and a promise of further help; and the announcement was made that about £460 had been raised, out of £520 required. The services were continued on Sunday, October 19th, by Revs. J. H. Blake (Luton), T. G. Atkinson (Dunstable), and A. Walker, Secretary of the Bedfordshire Association; on Sunday, October 26th, by Rev. D. Mace, of Stotfold, and on Sunday, November 2nd, by Mr. T. Cox, of Luton.

On Friday evening, November 7th, Rev. J. H. Blake, of Luton, lectured at the Baptist Chapel, Houghton Regis, on behalf of a bazaar, to be held early in the new year, on behalf of the Bedfordshire Baptist Association.

**HYDE, NEAR MANCHESTER.**—On Saturday, November 15th, the annual tea meeting was held. There was a fair attendance, and the chair was taken by the pastor, Rev. H.

Watts. Slow but steady progress was reported in various departments, and the cheering announcement was made that during that week the last instalment of a loan of £300, due to the Baptist Building Fund, had been paid. The meeting was subsequently addressed by the Revs. C. H. Gough, of Denton; Wm. Nield, of Gorton; J. Watkin and Councillor John Walker, of Hyde, and Mr. Thomas Rowbotham, of Newton.

### BAPTISMS.

*Aberavon.*—October 19, English Chapel, Three, by T. Richards.  
*Abergavenny.*—October 16, Frogmore-street, Seven, by C. Cooke.  
*Acerington.*—November 9, Barnes-street, One, by T. Bury.  
*Ashton-under-Lyne.*—October 26, One, by W. Hughes.  
*Barrow-in-Furness.*—October 10, Two, by J. Hughes.  
*Bassaleg, Newport.*—November 9, Three, by W. Maurice.  
*Belfast.*—October 7, Regent-street, One, by E. T. Mateer; 14, One.  
*Bideford.*—October 29, Seven, by W. Gillard.  
*Bodedern, Anglesea.*—October 29, Five, by W. O. Evans.  
*Bourton.*—October 30, Four, by R. W. Mansfield.  
*Bradford, Heaton.*—October 29, Four; November 8, Eight, by R. Howarth.  
*Brighton.*—September 21, Queen's-square, by the pastor, a family—father, mother, and three daughters.  
*Brizham, Devoa.*—October 26, Nine, by J. T. Almy.  
*Burnley.*—October 18, Mount Pleasant, Four; November 30, Four, by J. Kemp.  
*Capel-y-Beirdd.*—November 2, Five, by C. Roberts.  
*Cardiff.*—October 26, Hope Chapel, Seventeen, by C. Griffiths.  
*Corsham, Wilts.*—October 26, Two, by W. Field.  
*Cotttenham.*—October 30, Four, by A. E. Jones.  
*Crosskeys.*—November 2, Four; 30, Eleven, by C. H. Watkins.  
*Derby.*—October 26, Osmaston-road, Four; November 30, Nine, by W. H. Tetley.  
*Devonport.*—October 23, Hope Chapel, Two, by A. Braine.  
*Doals, Bacup.*—November 2, Four; December 6, Two, by J. Garden.  
*Dunfermline.*—November 5, Four, by J. T. Hagan.  
*Ezlet.*—October 12, South-street, Four; 13, Two, by E. C. Pike.  
*Ferndale.*—October 5, English Chapel, One; November 17, Four, by G. G. Cule.  
*Golcar, Scapegoat-hill.*—November 2, One, by A. Harrison.

*Gravel, Radnorshire.*—October 19, Two, by J. Williams.  
*Great Grimsby.*—October 30, Freeman-street, Two, by W. Orton.  
*Harlow.*—October 26, Potter-street, One; November 16, One, by A. E. Realf.  
*Kingston-on-Thames.*—October 19, Eleven, by G. Wright.  
*Leominster.*—October 26, Six, by W. H. Purchase.  
*Licnm, Flintshire.*—November 2, Six, by H. C. Williams.  
*Llanfair, Montgomery.*—September 23, Two, by S. F. Roberts.  
*London:*—  
*Eldon-street Welsh Chapel.*—October 19, Three; November 23, 4, by W. Jones.  
*Enfield, N.*—November 9, Seven, by G. W. White.  
*Enfield Highway.*—October 12, Two; October 19, Seven, by A. F. Brown.  
*Leytonstone.*—October 26, Seven, by J. Bradford.  
*Lambeth.*—October 29, Upton Chapel, Sixteen, by W. Williams.  
*Edgware-road.*—Trinity Chapel, John-street, October 27, Four, by Mr. Fordham; 30, Two, by C. A. Fellowes.  
*Upper Tooting.*—October 23, Two, by S. B. Rees.  
*West Green.*—October 12, Four, by G. Turner.  
*Lumb, Lancashire.*—October 5, Two; November 2, Six, by H. Abraham.  
*Maesteg, Glamorgan.*—November 9, Zion Chapel, Seven, by T. A. Pryce.  
*Martletwy, Narberth.*—November 2, One, by D. M. Pryse.  
*Middlesbrough.*—October 22, Seven, by R. H. Roberts.  
*Millom, Cumberland.*—November 10, Two, by J. McNab.  
*Mountain Ash.*—November 2, Six, by J. Howell.  
*Newbridge.*—November 2, Two; November 30, Four, by J. M. Jones.  
*Newport, Mon.*—October 26, Three; November 30, Five, by A. T. Jones.  
*North Curry.*—October 28, One, by W. Fry.  
*Oldham.*—October 23, King-street, One; 26, Ten, by W. F. Edgerton.  
*Pembroke Dock.*—October 20, Bush-street, Eight; November 9, Two; December 7, Four, by R. C. Roberts.  
*Pengarn.*—October 12, One, by T. Richards.  
*Pole Moor.*—November 2, Two, by J. Evans.  
*Ponkey.*—October 15, at Zion, Two, by E. Mitchell.  
*Portsmouth.*—October 29, Lake-road, Two, by T. W. Medhurst.  
*Rhymney, Mon.*—October 19, English Chapel, Three; November 2, Two, by H. Phillips.  
*Rotherham.*—October 19, Four, by B. Lee.  
*Salem, near Haverfordwest.*—October 19, Two, by D. O. Edwards.  
*Sandown, I. W.*—October 23, Two, by F. J. Feltham.  
*Shrewsbury.*—November 2, Wyle Crop, Four, by E. H. Girdlestone.

*Shrewtown, Wilts.*—October 19, Zion Chapel,  
Two, by T. A. Judd.  
*Spratton.*—October 15, Three, by W. L.  
Jones.  
*Sutterton.*—October 31, One, by J. Harper  
*Sutton-in-Craven.*—October 26, Six, by J.  
Aldis, jun.  
*Swansea.*—October 26, Carmarthen-road,  
Two, by H. E. Johnson.  
*Sydenham.*—August 13, Three, by J. D. Gill-  
more.

*Thorpe-le-Soken.*—October 20, in connection  
with the church at Clacton, at Thorpe,  
by kind permission of Rev. E. S. Hadler,  
Four, by J. L. Keys, jun.  
*Tring.*—November 2, New Mill, Three;  
December 3, Three, by H. F. Gower.  
*Westbury Leigh.*—October 26, Four, by T. J.  
Hazzard.  
*Woodford.*—October 29, George-lans, Eight,  
by J. R. Cox.

### THE REST OF THE WEARY.

To Thee, O Lord, the weary come for rest,  
Seeking the peace and shelter of Thy breast;  
Their hearts are sad with cares and burdens worn,  
But coming unto Thee, no more shall mourn.

To Thee, O Lord; the sinful come for Grace:  
For Thou hast bidden such to seek Thy face;  
Their sins are great, but these they bring to Thee;  
Thy blood was shed from sin to set them free.

Thou knowest, Lord, the power of trials,  
The power of sin, and other sad denials;  
Thou knowest the tribulation of our way,  
And all the tiresome duty of each day.

Thou knowest all the present and the past,  
And how long yet the duty is to last.  
Lord, in the past Thou hast so oft soothed pain,  
And what Thou'st done, Thou yet wilt do again.

Give us the faith to trust Thee day by day,  
To spread Thy praises right along the way,  
To show that Grace supports for daily strain,  
And when we die, to show that death is gain.

GEO. N. WILLOMATT.

## A BOTTLE IN THE SMOKE.\*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“For I am become like a bottle in the smoke; yet do I not forget Thy statutes.”—PSALM cxix. 83.

THE figure of “a bottle in the smoke” is essentially Oriental; we must therefore go to the East for its explanation. This we will supply to our hearers and readers in the words of the author of the “Pictorial Bible”: “This doubtless refers to a leathern bottle, of kid or goat-skin. The peasantry of Asia keep many articles, both dry and liquid, in such bottles, which, for security, are suspended from the roof, or hung against the walls of their humble dwellings. Here they soon become quite black with smoke; for as, in the dwellings of the peasantry, there are seldom any chimneys, and the smoke can only escape through an aperture in the roof, or by the door, the apartment is full of dense smoke whenever a fire is kindled in it. And in those nights and days, when the smokiness of the hovels in which we daily rested during a winter’s journey in Persia, Armenia, and Turkey, seemed to make the cold and weariness of actual travel a relief, we had ample occasion to observe the peculiar blackness of such skin vessels, arising from the manner in which substances offering a surface of this sort, receive the full influence of the smoke, and detain the minute particles of soot which rest upon them. When such vessels do not contain liquids, and are not quite filled by the solids which they hold, they contract a shrunk and shrivelled appearance, to which the Psalmist may also possibly allude as well as to the blackness. But we presume that the leading idea refers to the latter circumstance, as in the East *blackness* has an opposite signification to the felicitous meaning of *whiteness*. David had doubtless seen bottles of this description hanging up in his tent when a wanderer; and though he might have had but few in his palace, yet in the cottages of his own poor people he had, no doubt, witnessed them. Hence he says of himself, ‘I am become,’ by trouble and affliction, by trial and persecution, ‘like a bottle in the smoke; yet do I not forget Thy statutes.’”

First, *God’s people have their trials*—they get put in the smoke; secondly, *God’s people feel their trials*—they “become like a bottle in the smoke;” thirdly, *God’s people do not forget God’s statutes in their trials*—“I am become like a bottle in the smoke; yet do I not forget Thy statutes.”

I. **GOD’S PEOPLE HAVE THEIR TRIALS.** This is an old truth, as old as the everlasting hills, because trials were in the covenant, and certainly the covenant is as old as the eternal mountains. It was never designed by God when He chose His people, that they should be an untried people; that they should be chosen to peace and safety, to perpetual happiness here below, and freedom from sickness and the pains of mortality. But rather,

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on the other hand, when He made the covenant, He made the *rod* of the covenant too; when He drew up the charter of privileges, He also drew up the charter of chastisements; when He gave us the roll of heirship, He put down the rods amongst the things to which we should inevitably be heirs. Trials are a part of our lot; they were predestinated for us in God's soleran decrees; and so surely as the stars are fashioned by His hands, and He has fixed their orbits, so surely are our trials weighed in scales; He has predestinated their season and their place, their intensity and the effect they shall have upon us. Good men must never expect to escape troubles; if they do, they shall be disappointed; none of their predecessors have escaped them.

“The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.”

Mark Job, of whose patience ye have heard; read ye well of Abraham, for he had his trials, and by his faith under them, when he offered up Isaac, he became “the father of the faithful.” Note ye well the biographies of all the patriarchs, of all the prophets, of all the apostles and martyrs, and you shall discover none of those, whom God made vessels of mercy, who were not hung up like bottles in the smoke. It is ordained of old, that the cross of trouble should be engraven on every vessel of mercy, as the royal mark whereby the king's vessels of honour are distinguished. As surely as we are born we are born to trouble, even as the sparks fly upwards; and when born again, it does seem as if we had a birth to double trouble; and double toil and trouble come to the man who hath double grace and double mercy bestowed upon him. Good men must have their trials; they must expect to be like bottles in the smoke.

Sometimes these trials arise from *the poverty of their condition*. It is the bottle in the cottage which gets into the smoke, not the bottle in the palace. The Queen's plate knows nothing of smoke; we have seen at Windsor how carefully it is preserved; it knoweth nothing of trial, no hands are allowed to touch that, so as to injure it, although even it may be stolen by accident when the guards are not careful over it. Still, it was not intended to be subject to smoke. It is the bottle in the tent of the poor Arab that dwells in the smoke. So with God's poor people; they must expect to have smoke in their dwellings. We should suppose that smoke does not enter into the house of the rich, although even then our supposition would be false; but certainly we must suppose there is more smoke where the chimney is ill built, and the house is altogether of bad construction. It is the poverty of the Arab that puts his bottle in the smoke, so the poverty of Christians exposes them to much trouble, and inasmuch as God's people are for the most part poor, for that reason must they always be for the most part in affliction. We shall not find many of God's people in the higher ranks; not many of them shall ever be illustrious in this world. Until happier times come, when kings shall be their nursing fathers, and queens their nursing mothers, it must still be true, that “God hath chosen the poor in this world, rich in faith, that they should be heirs of the kingdom.” Poverty hath its privileges, for Christ hath lived in it; but it hath its ills, it hath its smoke, it hath its trials. Ye know not sometimes how ye shall be provided for; ye are often pinched for food and raiment, ye are vexed with anxious cares, ye wonder

whence to-morrow's food shall come, and where ye shall obtain your daily supplies. It is because of your poverty that ye are hung up like a bottle in the smoke.

Many of God's people, however, are not poor; and even if they are, poverty does not occasion so much trouble to them as some suppose; for God, in the midst of poverty, makes His children very glad, and so cheers their hearts in the cottage, that they scarce know whether it be a palace or a hovel; yea, He doth send such sweet music across the waters of their woe, that they know not whether they be on dry land or not.

But there are other trials: and this brings us to remark, that *our trials frequently result from our comforts*. What makes the smoke? Why, it is the fire, by which the Arab warms his hands, that smokes his bottle, and smokes him too. So, beloved, our comforts usually furnish us with troubles. It is the law of nature, that there should never be a good, without having an ill connected with it. What if the stream fertilize the land? it can sometimes drown the inhabitants. What if the fire cheer us? doth it not frequently consume our dwellings? What if the sun enlighten us? does he not sometimes scorch and smite us with his heat? What if the rain bring forth our food, and cause the flowers to blossom on the face of the earth? does it not also break the young blossom from the trees, and cause many diseases? There is nothing good without its ill, there is no fire without its smoke. The fire of our comfort will always have the smoke of trial with it. You will find it so, if you instance the comforts you have in your own family. You have relations; mark you, every relationship engenders its trial, and every fresh relationship upon which you enter opens to you, at one time certainly, a new source of joys, but infallibly also a new source of sorrows. Are you parents? your children are your joy; but those children cause you some smoke, because you fear, lest they should not be brought up in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and it may be, when they come to riper years, that they will grieve your spirits,—God grant they may not break your hearts by their sins! You have wealth. Well, that has its joys with it; but still, hath it not its trials and its troubles? Hath not the rich man more to care for than the poor? He who hath nothing sleepeth soundly, for the thief will not molest him; but he who hath abundance often trembles lest the rough wind should blow down that which he hath builded—lest the rude storm should wreck that argosy laden with his gold—lest an overwhelming and sudden turn in the tide of commerce should sweep away his speculations and destroy his hopes. Just as the birds that visit us fly away from us, so do our joys bring sorrow with them. In fact, joy and sorrow are twins; the blood which runs in the veins of sorrow, runs in the veins of joy too. For what is the blood of sorrow, is it not the tear? and what is the blood of joy? When we are full of joy do we not weep? Ah! that we do. The same drop which expresses joy is sorrow's own emblem; we weep for joy, and we weep for sorrow. Our fire gives smoke, to tell us that our comforts have their trials with them. Christian men! you have extraordinary fires, which others have never kindled: expect then to have extraordinary smoke. You have the presence of Christ; but then you will have the smoke of fear, lest you should lose it. You have the promise of God's Word—there is the fire of it; but you have the smoke sometimes, when you read it without the illumination of God's Spirit. You have the joy of assurance but



you have also the smoke of doubt, which blows into your eyes and well-nigh blinds you. You have your trials, and your trials arise from your comforts. The more comfort you have, the more fire you have, the more sorrows shall you have, and the more smoke.

Again, the ministry is the great fire by which Christian men warm their hands; but *the ministry hath much smoke with it*. How often have you come to this house of God and had your spirits lifted up? But perhaps as often ye have come here to be cast down. Your harp strings at times have been all loose; you could not play a tune of joy upon them, you have come here, and Christ tuned your harp, so that it could awake "like David's harp of solemn sound." But at other times you have come here, and had all the rejoicings removed from you by some solemn searching sermon. Last Sabbath day, how many of you there were like bottles in the smoke! This pulpit, which is intended at times to give you fire, is also intended to have smoke with it. It would not be God's pulpit if no smoke issued from it. When God made Sinai His pulpit, Sinai was altogether in a smoke. You have often been like bottles in the smoke,—the smoke caused by the fire of God's own kindling, the fire of the Gospel ministry.

I think, however, that David had one more thought. The poor bottle in the smoke *keeps there for a long time, till it gets black*; it is not just one puff of smoke that comes upon it; the smoke is always going up, always girding the poor bottle; it lives in an atmosphere of smoke. So, beloved, some of us hang up like bottles in the smoke, for months or for a whole year. No sooner do you get out of one trouble than you tumble into another; no sooner do you get up one hill than you have to mount another; it seems to be all up hill to heaven with you. You feel that John Bunyan is right in his ditty—"A Christian man is seldom long at ease; when one trouble's gone another doth him seize." You are always in the smoke. You are linked perhaps with an ungodly partner; or perhaps you are of a singular temperament, and your temperament naturally puts clouds and darkness round about you, so that you are always in the smoke.

Well, beloved, that was the condition of David; he was not just sometimes in trial, but it seemed as if trials came to him every day. Each day had its cares; each hour carried on its wings some fresh tribulation; while instead of bringing joy, each moment did but toll the knell of happiness and bring another grief. Well, if this is your case, fear not, you are not alone in your trials; but you see the truth of what is uttered here: you are become like bottles in the smoke.

II. This brings us to the second point: CHRISTIAN MEN FEEL THEIR TROUBLES. They are in the smoke; and they are like *bottles* in the smoke. There are some things that you might hang up in the smoke for many a day, and they would never be much changed, because they are so black now that they could never be made any blacker, and so shrivelled now that they never could become any worse. But the poor skin bottle shrivels up in the heat, gets blacker, and shows at once the effect of the smoke; it is not an unfeeling thing, like a stone, but it is at once affected. Now, some men think that grace makes a man unable to feel suffering; I have heard people insinuate that the martyrs did not endure much pain when they were being burned to death; but this is a mistake. Christian men

are not like stones, they are like *bottles* in the smoke. In fact, if there be any difference, a Christian man feels his trials more than another, because he traces them to God, and that makes them more acute, as coming from the God whom he loves. But at the same time, I grant you, it makes them more easy to bear, because he believes they will work the comfortable fruits of righteousness. A dog will bite the stone that is thrown at it, but a man would resent the injury on the man that threw the stone. Stupid, foolish, carnal unbelief quarrels with the trial; but faith goes into the Court of King's Bench at once, and asks its God, "Wherefore dost Thou contend with me?" But even faith itself does not avert the pain of the chastisement; it enables us to endure, but does not remove the trial. The Christian is not wrong in giving way to his feelings; did not his Master shed tears when Lazarus was dead? and did He not, when on the cross, utter the exceeding bitter cry, "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" *Our Heavenly Father never intended to take away our griefs when under trial; He does not put us beyond the reach of the flood, but builds us an ark, in which we float until the water be ultimately assuaged, and we rest on the Ararat of heaven for ever. God takes not His people to an Elysium where they become impervious to painful feelings: but He gives us grace to endure our trials, and to sing His praises while we suffer. "I am become like a bottle in the smoke."* I feel what God lays upon me.

*The trial that we do not feel is no trial at all.* I remember a remarkable case of assault and battery that was tried some time ago. I knew a friend who happened to be in court. It was a most singular affair, for when the prosecutor was requested to state in what the assault consisted, he said, in curious English, "Ah! sir, he struck me a most tremendous blow." "Well, but where did he strike you?" "Well, sir, he did not hit me; it only just grazed me." Of course the judge said there was no assault and battery, because there was no real blow struck. So we sometimes meet with persons who say, "I could bear that trial if it did not touch my feelings." Of course you could, for then it would be no trial at all. Suppose a man were to see his house and property burned, would you call it a trial, if he could do as Sheridan did when his theatre was burned? He went to a house opposite, and sat down drinking, and jokingly said, "Surely every man has a right to sit and warm his hands by his own fireside." It is *feeling* a trial that makes it a trial; the essence of the trial lies in my feeling it. And God intended His trials to be felt. His rods are not made of wheat straw, they are made of true birch; and His blows fall just where we feel them. He does not strike us on the iron plates of our armour, but He smites us where we are sure to be affected.

And yet more: *trials which are not felt are unprofitable trials.* If there be no blueness in the wound, then the soul is not made better; if there be no crying out, then there will be no emptying out of our depravity. It is just so much as we feel, that we are profited; but a trial unfelt must be a trial unsanctified, a trial under which we do not feel at all cannot be a blessing to us, because we are only blessed by feeling it, under the agency of God's Holy Spirit. Christian man! do not blush because you are like a *bottle* in the smoke: because you are sensitive under affliction, for so you ought to be. Do not let others say you ought not to feel it so much, because your husband is dead, or your child is dead, or you have lost your

property. Just tell them that you ought ; for God sent the trouble that you might feel it (not excessively, and murmur against God), but that you might feel the rod, and then kiss it. That is patience : not when we do not feel, but when we feel it and say, " Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." " I am like a bottle in the smoke."

Now a bottle, when it is in the smoke, *gets very black* : so does the Christian when he is in the smoke of trial, or in the smoke of the Gospel ministry, or the smoke of persecution, get very black in his own esteem. It is marvellous how bright we are when everything goes right with us ; but it is equally marvellous how black we get when a little tribulation comes upon us. We think very well of ourselves while there is no smoke ; but let the smoke come, and it just reveals the blackness of our hearts. Trials teach us what we are ; they dig up the soil, and let us see what we are made of ; they just turn up some of the ill weeds on the surface ; they are good, for this reason, they make us know our blackness.

A bottle, too, that hangs up in the smoke will become *very useless*. So do we, often, when we are under a trying ministry, or a trying providence, feel that we are very useless, good for nothing, like a bottle that has been hung up in the smoke, that nobody will ever drink out of any more, because it will smoke everything that is put in it ; we feel that we are of no use to anybody—that we are poor unprofitable creatures. In our joys we are honourable creatures ; we scarcely think the Creator could do without us ; but when we are in trouble we feel, " I am a worm, and no man "—good for nothing ; let me die ; I have become useless, as well as black, " like a bottle in the smoke."

And then a bottle in the smoke is *an empty bottle*. It would not have been hung up in the smoke unless it had been empty. And very often under trials how empty we become ; we are full enough in our joys ; but the smoke and heat soon dry every atom of moisture out of us ; all our hope is gone, all our strength is departed, we then feel that we are empty sinners, and want a full Christ to save us. We are like bottles in the smoke.

Have I described any of your characters ? I dare say some of you are like bottles in the smoke. You do feel your trials ; you have a soft, tender heart, and the arrows of the Almighty stick fast in it. You are like a piece of seaweed, affected by every change of the weather ; not like a piece of rock, that might be hung up and would never change, but you are capable of being affected, and it is quite right you should be : you are " become like a bottle in the smoke."

III. And now, beloved, the third and blessed thought is that CHRISTIANS, THOUGH THEY HAVE TROUBLES AND FEEL THEIR TROUBLES, DO NOT IN THEIR TROUBLES FORGET GOD'S STATUTES.

What are God's statutes ? God has two kinds of statutes, both of them engraved in eternal brass. The first are *the statutes of His commands* ; and of these He has said, " Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one jot or tittle of the law shall fail till all be fulfilled." These statutes are like the statutes of the Medes and Persians ; they are binding upon all His people. His precepts are a light and easy yoke ; but they are one which no man must cast from his shoulders ; all must carry the commands of Christ, and all who hope to be saved by Him must take up His cross daily and follow Him. Well, the Psalmist said, " In the midst of my

*Formal Religion.* A Sermon. By the Rev. F. PUGH, of Swindon, Wilts. E. Stock, Paternoster Row; wholesale of Terry, Stoneman & Co., 6, Hatton Garden, London. Price One Penny.

THE writer undertakes the work of a beacon light, who seems to warn of danger, and seeks to save life. The words in which he condemns a mere formal religion are solemn and emphatic, and grow well out of the text chosen for the foundation of his theme. It is well adapted for circulation in our villages, where the influence of which he so justly complains is the more frequently felt. We have a sort of pity for those who sell body and soul to some visitors for a paltry gift. That is bad enough; but we have both disgust and contempt for those who are so small as to seek to buy the presence of the poor, not by leading them to a loving Saviour, but by getting influence through a Blanket and Soup religion. Mr. Pugh exposes this among other evils, and his effort deserves a wide success. We believe a considerable reduction will be made, when for gratuitous circulation, on application to the author or the publishers.

THE benevolent will be greatly assisted in the distribution of gifts to charitable objects by obtaining the Christmas appeal number of *The Philanthropist*.

*A New Year's Address.* By Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A. S. W. Partridge & Co.

IN addition to being prompted by the pleasure of reading for ourselves, we feel it good to call attention to this characteristic address. It is tastefully got up, and illustrated.

WE have received the *Bond of Union*, the organ of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association. We wish God-speed to every effort to stem the black and pestilential tide of drunkenness, and the promoting of healthful Christian temperance among the people.

ARMY SCRIPTURE READERS' SOCIETY.—This society, which is always to the front in providing for the spiritual wants of the soldiers, we perceive, by the *British Flag*, have sent more readers to our brave men in Egypt. General Lawrence and the Committee appeal for funds. Will any of our readers help by sending to 4, Trafalgar Square, either to Colonel Sandwith, or W. A. Blake? This deserves attention.

*Return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee. Immediate salvation is offered thee by God Himself.* A Sermon. By the Rev. T. ROMAIN GOVETT, Rector of Trimmingham, Norfolk. Jarrold & Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings.

EARNEST and evangelical.

Religious Tract Society, Paternoster Row.—*The Sunday at Home, The Leisure Hour, The Tract Magazine, Friendly Greetings, The Child's Companion, The Cottager and Artisan, Paul Rabaut, The Desert Pastor*, No. 15 of the Penny Biographical Series. *The Boy's Own*, and the *Girl's Own Papers*, and *The Hindu Religion*, a Sketch and a Contrast, by J. Murray Mitchell, M.A., LL.D. This latter is No. 33 of the most thoughtful and valuable series ever published—the Present Day Tracts, each of which is worthy of a place amongst the best literature of the day. Those of the above list will bear comparison with what the *Leisure Hour, Sunday at Home*, and *Tract Magazine* were twenty or twenty-five years ago. Paper, printing, pictures, materials of writers, all seem more pleasing, and to wear a brighter hue, though at the time we refer, they were esteemed wonderful favourites. The *Sunday at Home* begins with a beautiful illuminated text, and a new story by Mrs. Cooper, called "Ruth Oliphant," and No. 1 of "Papers," by Dr. Stoughton, on the followers of Wicliffe. The *Leisure Hour* pleases us with a remarkably effective picture of a Summer Day.

a new story entitled "A Lost Son," and among its valuable contributions, a chapter on "Curiosities of Music." The "Music of Nature," in which we are presented with the actual music for imitating the various sounds of birds, &c. The *Tract Magazine* is a transformation, and the *Child's Companion*—we can only speak of it as the child's picture book.

Baptist Literature.—*The Baptist Messenger*, *The Baptist Magazine*,

*The Sword and Trowel*, *The General Baptist Magazine*, *The Baptist Almanac*, *The Freeman*, and *The Baptist newspapers*. Every Baptist should take some or all of the above. We rejoice in the success of each; we are desirous of helping all, and sincerely advise Baptists to see the whole of the January series, and we feel sure they will not be ashamed of our representatives; but pray that each may have a year of great success.

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### "WEEP NOT."

THERE'S not a spot of earth, however green and fair—  
There's not a happy hearth without some shadow there!  
There's not a desert path where human foot hath trod,  
But human sorrow hath press'd down its velvet sod!

There's not a silver river, there's not a moonlit wave,  
But sings a dirge for ever above some lonely grave!  
There's not a dawning morn, there's not a setting sun,  
But some to grief are born, and some lie wearied down!

There's not a noontide breeze, there's not an evening's breath,  
That somewhere doth not freeze with thy chill touch, O Death!  
Yet Death shall not prevail; weeper of earth or sea!  
Ere long shall cease thy wail! Jesus shall Victor be!

"Weep not" shall sound once more, even though thy spirit torn,  
And nearing yon bright shore, with Jesus none can mourn!

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A QUIET JOKE.—The celebrated John Wesley, with all his ministerial gravity, was addicted to joking once in a while. His servant, Michael Fenwick, complained that his name was never mentioned in the published *Journal*. Wesley, in the next number, said: "I left Epworth with great satisfaction, and about one preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hayrick."

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. E. J. FELTHAM has resigned his pastorate at Sandown, Isle of Wight, having accepted an invitation to take up the work at Wellington Street Church, Luton.

Rev. James Davis is about to terminate his ministry at Bridge Street Chapel, Banbury, where he has laboured for nearly twelve years.

Rev. Aquila Lemon, after two years' work, has announced to the church at Shipston-on-Stour his intention of resigning the pastorate, having accepted a call to the church at Chipping Sodbury.

Rev. Frederic A. Charles, of Darlington, has accepted the pastorate of Bristol Road Chapel, Weston-super-Mare.

FARINGDON, BERKS.—Rev. E. George has resigned the pastorate, which he has held nearly seven years, having accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Newbury.

COLERAINE.—Rev. John Scilley has resigned the pastorate, having accepted an invitation to the church at Orpington, Kent.

CRAYFORD.—Rev. G. M. Le Riche has resigned the pastorate of the church in this place.

SOUTH SHIELDS.—Rev. T. E. Rawlings, late of Boxmoor, has accepted the pastorate of the church at the Tabernacle.

LISKEARD, CORNWALL.—Rev. W. Ewens has resigned the pastorate of the church at Liskeard, and accepted a unanimous invitation of the churches at Combe-Martin and Kentisbury, North Devon.

Rev. J. B. Warren having resigned the pastorate of the church at Colnbrook, Bucks, has accepted that of the church at Shouldham Street, Bryanstone Square.

BARROWDEN.—Rev. II. Bull, of the

Baptist College, Nottingham, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the churches worshipping at Barrowden and Morcott.

Rev. Caleb M. Longhurst, of Acton, has accepted a call from the church at Stoke Green, Ipswich.

CALNE.—After nearly five years' work, Rev. F. J. Steward has resigned the pastorate of the church at Castle Street, Calne.

### PRESENTATIONS.

REV. JABEZ DODWELL, pastor of the church at Middleton Cheney, Northamptonshire, has been presented with a cheque for sixteen guineas, as a New Year's gift, from the church and congregation, expressive of the affection entertained for himself and Mrs. Dodwell.

Mrs. Longhurst, on resigning the presidency of the mothers' weekly working meeting in connection with the chapel at Acton, was presented with a writing cabinet, as a testimonial of regard.

Mr. R. D. Brice, on resigning the superintendency of the Sunday afternoon Bible-class for young men connected with College Street Chapel, Northampton, has been presented with fourteen volumes of Carlyle's works, the gift of past and present scholars. The presentation was made by the pastor (Rev. J. T. Brown).

Rev. F. R. Bateman, pastor of the church at Clarence-road, Southend-on-Sea, has been presented by the members of his church and congregation with a silver English lever watch and albert, as a token of regard.

Rev. John Field, on resigning the pastorate of London Road Church, Sevenoaks, where he has laboured for ten years, was presented with an illuminated address, and a purse containing £30. Mrs. Field has received a testimonial of regard in

the form of an afternoon tea service, &c.

Rev. John Douglas, previous to leaving Stowhill Chapel, Newport, Mon., was presented by the members of his Bible-class with an oak writing-case, suitably inscribed, as a testimonial of esteem and regard.

Rev. I. Near, on resigning the pastorate of the church at Ringstead, was presented with a study clock, subscribed for by the members of the Bible-class. Mrs. Near, a few days previously, had received a testimonial of regard from the ladies of the church and congregation.

DERBY.—On December 8, on the occasion of the silver wedding of Rev. T. R. and Mrs. Stevenson, a crowded *soirée* was held in the schoolrooms, decorated for the occasion, when an address was read, and a silver tea and coffee set and £25 were presented amid general congratulations.

#### RECOGNITIONS.

REV. G. W. DAVIDSON, of the Pastors' College, was ordained, on the 25th of December, as pastor of the church at Milton, Oxford. Rev. J. P. Chown gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. T. Bentley addressed the church. Addresses were also delivered by Mr. C. W. Denney, Rev. A. H. Collins, and others.

Rev. G. H. Malins has been recognised as pastor of the church at Bouverie-road, Stoke Newington. Mr. J. Kentish presided; Revs. W. Spensley, C. Alexander, E. H. Ellis, J. H. Barnard, and J. J. Penstone concurred in giving Mr. Malins a hearty welcome into the neighbourhood.

Rev. J. Whitaker has been recognised as pastor of the church at Shipley. Among the ministers to welcome him to the neighbourhood was the Rev. William Pearson, vicar of Shipley.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

PENGE TABERNACLE.—On Tuesday, November 18th, a tea meeting was held at a mission station at Woodside. Upwards of forty sat

down to tea. A devotional meeting was afterwards held, conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Boud. Addresses were given by several friends. A desire was expressed and unanimously received, that a larger room be sought out in the neighbourhood to hold religious services.

Also in relation to the same cause, on Wednesday, November 19th, a valedictory service was held in the school-room at Penge to take farewell leave of Mr. George Lake, a member of the church, who is about to sail to Tasmania as a missionary colporteur, under the auspices of the Baptist Association. A Bible was presented to him on the occasion by the pastor from the officers of the church, as a token of Christian affection and esteem. The room was well filled. A true brotherly spirit pervaded the meeting, and the best wishes were expressed for his future welfare.

LONDON: HORNSEY RISE.—The fourteenth anniversary of the pastor's settlement was held on Thursday, December 4th. Mr. J. T. Olney presided; supported by Revs. G. D. Hooper, W. H. King, G. Snashall, B. A., and the pastor, Rev. Frank M. Smith. The report stated that forty-three members had been received into the church during the year, and that in the fourteen years nearly 700 had received the right hand of fellowship by the pastor. Every department of Christian work in connection with the church was said to be thriving and full of promise.

The editor of *The Religious Herald*, Virginia, notes the following item of Baptist history:—"Abraham Marshall preached the first Baptist sermon ever preached in Augusta, and for doing it he was tied up and whipped in the Episcopal church-yard. The sheriff who whipped him was named Cartledge, and from that day to this the Cartledges have been Baptists, as have all the Marshalls; and now there are in Augusta 9,000 Baptists (6,000 coloured), with seventeen churches."

PORTSMOUTH.—Mr. Charles Spurgeon Medhurst, eldest son of Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, sailed for China, as a missionary-elect of the Baptist Missionary Society, January 28th. A valedictory service was held at Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, on January 14th. Rev. T. W. Medhurst, president, and addresses were delivered by A. Baynes, Esq., General Secretary of the Society; Revs. David Gracey, J. Hunt Cooke, J. W. Genders, J. P. Williams, H. R. Passmore, W. J. Staynes, and Mr. C. S. Medhurst, the departing missionary.

### BAPTISMS.

- Aberdeen*.—November 16, Academy-street, One, by S. Garrich.  
*Armsley*.—December 16, Two, by W. Sumner.  
*Bardwell*, Suffolk.—November 16, Two; January 4, Two, by G. T. Wall.  
*Belfast*.—December 15, Great Victoria-street, Two, by W. Usher.  
*Birmingham*.—November 30, Wynn-street, Eight, by C. S. P. Wood.  
*Blaenavon*.—December 21, Thirteen, by Wm. Morgan.  
*Blackwood*, Mon.—January 4, Four, by J. Roach.  
*Bristol*.—December 28, Thrissell-street, Eight, by C. Griffiths.  
*Brasted*, Kent.—December 22, Seven, by Mr. Burnett.  
*Brixham*, Devon.—December 28, Eleven, by J. T. Almy.  
*Burslem*.—January 4, One, by S. Kenworthy.  
*Bwlchysarnau*.—December 7, One, by E. T. Davies.  
*Carlisle*.—December 18, Five, by A. A. Saville.  
*Chatham*.—December 3, Nine, by T. Hancock.  
*Cheam*, Surrey.—December 21, Three, by W. F. Price.  
*Clare*, Suffolk.—December 7, Three, by E. White.  
*Cross Keys*.—December 20, Three, by C. H. Watkins.  
*Canton*, Cardiff.—January 4, Twelve, by G. Howe.  
*Dalton-in-Furness*.—December 18, Four; 25, Three, by J. G. Anderson.  
*Doals*, Buncup.—January 6, Four, by J. Garden.  
*Dolan*, Rhayader.—December 30, One, by J. Jenkins.  
*Dunfermline*.—December 10, Four, by J. T. Hagen.  
*Elm Grove*, Southsea.—December 7, Three, by J. P. Williams.  
*Ereth*.—December 4, Three, by J. E. Martin.
- Fairford*.—December 23, Three, by R. W. Ayres.  
*Felinfoel*.—December 23, Thirty-two, by J. Jones.  
*Georgetown*, Merthyr.—January 4, One, by E. Lewis.  
*Glasbury*.—December 14, Three, by D. Howell.  
*Gladestry*.—January 4, One, by G. Phillips.  
*Golcar*.—December 7, One, by W. Gay.  
*Gouillon*.—November 30, Seven, by T. H. Williams.  
*Gravesend*.—December 28, Windmill-street, Eight, by F. Tuck.  
*Great Grimsby*.—December 28, Victoria-street, Six, by E. Lauderdle.  
*Griffithstown*.—January 4, Six, by J. Tucker.  
*Hay*.—December 29, One, by N. Vanstone.  
*Heywood*.—December 28, Two, by J. Dunckley.  
*Hitchin*.—December 23, Walsworth-road, Two, by F. J. Bird.  
*Hillcliffe*.—January 4, Three, by Wm. Pilling.  
*Hull*.—December 21, South-street, Two, by J. D. Rodway.  
*Kettering*.—December 3, Eleven, by H. B. Robinson.  
*Kington*.—November 30, Two, by H. V. Thomas.  
*Kingston-on-Thames*.—December 21, Twelve, by G. Wright.  
*Leigh*, Lancashire.—December 2, Two, by E. Lewis.  
*Lincoln*.—December 3, Mint-lane, Two, by G. P. Mackay.  
*Llangyfelach*.—December 10, Two, by E. W. Davies.  
*Llantrissant*.—December 7, Bethel English, Fourteen, by Chas. Higton.  
*London*:—  
*Bow*.—November 9, Seven, by G. H. Carr.  
*Leytonstone*.—November 30, Three, by J. Bradford.  
*New Cross-road*.—December 10, Seven, by J. S. Anderson.  
*Maesyerhelem*, Radnorshire.—Poundloas, a branch of Maserhelem.—August 17, Two; September 11, Three; November 9, One. Maserhelem.—August 31, One; October 19, Two. Llaithdu, a branch of Maesyerhelem.—August 8, One; November 2, One, by D. Davies.  
*Maindee*, Newport, Mon.—January 4, Seven, by J. Douglas.  
*Mirfield*, Yorks.—December 21, Fourteen, by R. Evans.  
*Machen*, Newport, Mon.—November 24, at Siloam, One, by J. Morgan.  
*Nantyglo*.—December 21, at Bethel, Five, by J. Fugh.  
*New Tredegar*.—December 7, One by J. Griffiths.  
*New Chapel*, Llanidloes.—December 14, One, by E. T. Davies.  
*Newport*, Mon.—December 28, Three, by A. T. Jones.  
*Newton Abbot*.—November 30, Seven, by S. Lyne.



*Newport*, Isle of Wight.—November 16, Nine; December 10, One; 23, Three, by H. J. Tresidder.

*Ogden*, Rochdale.—November 30, Two, by W. S. Llewellyn.

*Oldham*.—December 28, King-street, Seven, by W. F. Edgerton.

*Paisley*.—December 23, Storie-street, Ten, by O. Flett.

*Pembroke Dock*.—December 7, Bush-street, Four; January 4, Four, by R. C. Roberts.

*Penge*.—December 3, Seven, by J. W. Bond.

*Ports mouth*, Lake-road.—November 16, One, a deaf and dumb believer; December 31, Six, by T. W. Medhurst. Making a total of eighty-six during the year 1884.

*Pontrhydryn*.—November 2, Five, by J. Rees.

*Potters Bar*.—November 17, Two, by J. Dupee.

*Porth*.—November 23, Seven; December 21, Four, by O. Owens.

*Ramoth*, Cowbridge.—October 26, Three, by O. Jones.

*Risca*, Mon.—December 21, Bethany, Five, by T. Thomas.

*Ross*.—November 30, Two, by J. E. Perrin.

*Skipton*, Yorkshire.—December 7, One, by W. Judge.

*Southampton*.—December 21, Carlton Chapel, Two, by E. Osborne.

*Southend*.—December 30, Two, by H. W. Childs.

*Speen*, Bucks.—December 17, Four, by C. Saville.

*South Stockton*.—November 30, Four; December 28, Five, by H. Winsor.

*Stockton-on-Tees*.—January 4, Eight, by T. L. Edwards.

*St. Helens*, Lancashire.—December 29, Victoria Hall, Three, by C. Green.

*Sutton*.—December 23, One, by J. Harper.

*Sunningdale*.—November 30, Two, by A. Phillips.

*Talywain*, Mon.—November 30, Six, by D. B. Richards.

*Ventnor*.—December 4, Four, by G. E. Shephard.

*Waentrodan*.—December 7, Two, by J. Brown.

*Whitwick*.—November 16, One, by W. Slater.

**SPIRITUAL APPETITE.**—The first advice I have to give is this:—**BE SURE YOU KEEP UP YOUR APPETITE.** A good appetite for breakfast is a grand thing. How it sets you up for the day! And it is just as grand a thing to have a good spiritual appetite. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness." Make sure of that blessedness; for you can make sure of it. You cannot always make sure of the other appetite, but you can make sure of this. First by prayer; for it is God who gave the appetite, and He must keep it up. But, then, we must be in earnest ourselves, or else we shall soon stop praying as well as reading. So the great thing is how to keep up our earnestness. Just a word about that. Your appetite for the Bible will not keep up unless you find it interesting. You may read a chapter day by day as a matter of duty for a while, but that will not continue long. You will never get the good of it, nor will you keep at it unless you find it interesting. Well, when is a book interesting? Sometimes because of its subject. See how everybody keeps reading about General Gordon. Why? Because of the interest of the subject. Now, the subjects of the Bible are the most interesting of all subjects. There is a whole gallery of heroes in it, more or less like General Gordon, and in the centre of it there is the life of the great Hero of all history, with whom no one can be compared—"Jesus of Nazareth."

**COURAGE.**—"Of whom shall I be afraid?"—(Ps. xxvii 1).—Chrysostom before the Roman Emperor presented a beautiful example of true Christian courage. The Emperor threatened him with banishment if he still remained a Christian. Chrysostom replied, "Thou canst not, for the world is my Father's house; thou canst not banish me." "But I will slay thee," said the Emperor. "Nay, but thou canst not," said the noble champion of the faith again; "for my life is hid with Christ in God." "I will take away thy treasures." "Nay, but thou canst not," was the retort; "for, in the first place, I have none that thou knowest of. My treasure is in heaven, and my heart is there." "But I will drive thee away from man, and thou shalt have no friend left." "Nay, and that thou canst not," said once more the faithful witness; "for I have a Friend in heaven, from whom thou canst not separate me. I defy thee; there is nothing thou canst do to hurt me."

## THE BEATIFIC VISION

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“We shall see Him as He is.”—1 JOHN iii. 2.

It is one of the most natural desires in all the world, that when we hear of a great and a good man, we should wish to see his person. When we read the works of any eminent author, we are accustomed to turn to the frontispiece to look for his portrait. When we hear of any wondrous deed of daring, we will crowd our windows to see the warrior ride through the streets. When we know of any man who is holy, and who is eminently devoted to his work, we will not mind tarrying anywhere, if we may but have a glimpse of him whom God has so highly blessed. This feeling becomes doubly powerful when we have any connection with the man; when we feel, not only that he is great, but that he is great for us; not simply that he is good, but that he is good to us; not only that he is benevolent, but that he has been a benefactor to us as individuals. Then the wish to see him rises to a craving desire, and the desire is insatiable until it can satisfy itself in seeing that unknown, and hitherto unseen donor, who has done such wondrously good deeds for us. I am sure, my brethren, you will all confess that this strong desire has arisen in your minds concerning the Lord Jesus Christ. We owe to none so much; we talk of none so much; we hope, and we think of none so much; at any rate, no one so constantly thinks of us. We have, I believe, all of us who love His name, a most insatiable wish to behold His person. The thing for which I would pray above all others, would be for ever to behold His face, for ever to lay my head upon His breast, for ever to know that I am His, for ever to dwell with Him. Ay, one short glimpse, one transitory vision of His glory, one brief glance at His marred, but now exalted and beaming countenance, would repay almost a world of trouble. We have a strong desire to see Him. Nor do I think that that desire is wrong. Moses himself asked that he might see God. Had it been a wrong wish arising out of vain curiosity, it would not have been granted, but God granted Moses his desire: He put him in the cleft of the rock, shaded him with His hands, bade him look at the skirts of His garments, because His face could not be seen. Yea, more; the earnest desire of the very best of men has been in the same direction. Job said, “I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though worms devour this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God:” that was his desire. The holy Psalmist said, “I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness;” “I shall behold Thy face in righteousness.” And most saints on their death-beds have expressed their fondest, dearest, and most blessed wish for heaven, in the expression

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of longing "to be with Christ, which is far better." And not ill did our sweet singer of Israel put the words together, when he humbly said, and sweetly too :—

" Millions of years my wondering eyes,  
Shall o'er Thy beauties rove ;  
And endless ages I'll adore  
The glories of Thy love."

We are rejoiced to find such a verse as this, for it tells us that our curiosity shall be satisfied, our desire consummated, our bliss perfected. "WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS." Heaven shall be ours, and all we ever dreamed of Him shall be more than in our possession.

By the help of God's mighty Spirit, who alone can put words in our mouths, let us speak first of all concerning *the glorious position*—"AS HE IS;" secondly, *His personal identity*—"we shall see HIM as He is;" thirdly, *the positive vision*—"WE SHALL SEE Him as He is;" and fourthly, *the actual persons*—"WE shall see Him as He is."

I. First, then, the GLORIOUS POSITION. Our minds often revert to Christ as He was, and as such we have desired to see Him. Ah ! how often have we wished to see the babe that slept in Bethlehem ! How earnestly have we desired to see the Man who talked with the woman at the well ! How frequently have we wished that we might see the blessed Physician walking amongst the sick and dying, giving life with His touch, and healing with His breath ! How frequently too have our thoughts retired to Gethsemane, and we have wished our eyes were strong enough to pierce through eighteen hundred and fifty years which part us from that wondrous spectacle, that we might see Him as He was ! We shall never see Him thus ; Bethlehem's glories are gone for ever ; Calvary's glooms are swept away ; Gethsemane's scene is dissolved ; and even Tabor's splendours are quenched in the past. They are as things that were : nor shall they ever have a resurrection. The thorny crown, the spear, the sponge, the nails—these are not. The manger and the rocky tomb are gone. The places are there, unsanctified by Christian feet, unblest, unhallowed by the presence of their Lord. We shall never see Him as He was. In vain our fancy tries to paint it, or our imagination to fashion it. We cannot, must not, see Him as He was ; nor do we wish, for we have a larger promise, "We shall see Him as He is." Come, just look at that a few moments by way of contrast, and then I am sure you will prefer to see Christ as He is, rather than behold Him as He was.

Consider, first of all, that we shall not see Him *abased in His incarnation*, but *exalted in His glory*. We are not to see the infant of a span long ; we are not to admire the youthful boy ; we are not to address the incipient man ; we are not to pity the man wiping the hot sweat from His burning brow ; we are not to behold Him shivering in the midnight air ; we are not to behold Him subject to pains, and weaknesses, and sorrows, and infirmities like ours. We are not to see the eye wearied by sleep ; we are not to behold hands tired in labour ; we are not to behold feet bleeding with arduous journeys, too long for their strength. We are not to see Him with His soul distressed ; we are not to behold Him abased and sorrowful. Oh ! the sight is better still. We are to see Him exalted. We shall see the head, but not with its thorny crown.

"The head that once was crowned with thorns,  
Is crown'd with glory now."

We shall see the hand, and the nail-prints too, but not the nail; it has been once drawn out, and for ever. We shall see His side, and its pierced wound too, but the blood shall not issue from it. We shall see Him not with a peasant's garb around Him, but with the empire of the universe upon His shoulders. We shall see Him, not with a reed in His hand, but grasping a golden sceptre. We shall see Him, not as mocked and spit upon and insulted, not bone of our bone, in all our agonies, afflictions, and distresses; but we shall see Him exalted: no longer Christ the Man of sorrows, the acquaintance of grief, but Christ the Man-God, radiant with splendour, effulgent with light, clothed with rainbows, girded with clouds, wrapped in lightnings, crowned with stars, the sun beneath His feet! Oh! glorious vision! How can we guess what *He is*? What words can tell us? or how can we speak thereof? Yet whate'er He is, with all His splendour unveiled, all His glories unclouded, and Himself unclathed—we shall see *Him as He is*.

Remember again: we are not to see Christ as He was, the *despised*, the *tempted One*. We shall never see Christ sitting in the wilderness, while the arch-traitor says to Him, "If Thou be the Son of God command that these stones be made bread." We shall not see Him standing firmly on the temple's pinnacle, bidding defiance to the evil one who bids Him cast Himself down from His towering height. We shall not see Him erect on the mountain of temptation, with the earth offered to Him if He will but crouch at the feet of the demon. Nay; nor shall we see Him mocked by Pharisees, tempted by Sadducees, laughed at by Herodians. We shall not behold Him with the finger of scorn pointed at Him. We shall never see Him called a "drunken man, and a wine-bibber." We shall never see the calumniated, the insulted, the molested, the despised Jesus. He will not be seen as one from whom we shall hide our faces, who "was despised, and we esteemed Him not." Never shall these eyes see those blessed cheeks dripping with the spittle; never shall these hands touch that blessed hand of His while stained with infamy. We shall not see Him despised of men and oppressed; but "we shall see *Him as He is*."

"No more the bloody spear,  
The cross and nails no more;  
For hell itself shakes at His name,  
And all the heavens adore."

No tempting devil near Him; for the dragon is beneath His feet. No insulting men; for lo! the redeemed cast their crowns before His feet. No molesting demons; for angels sound His lofty praise through every golden street; princes bow before Him; the kings of the isles bring tribute; all nations pay Him homage, while the great God of heaven and earth shining on Him, gives Him mighty honour. We shall see Him, beloved, not abhorred, not despised and rejected, but worshipped, honoured, crowned, exalted, served by flaming spirits, and worshipped by cherubim and seraphim. "We shall see Him as He is."

Mark again. We shall not see the Christ *wrestling with pain*, but Christ *as a conqueror*. We shall never see Him tread the winepress alone, but

we shall see Him when we shall cry, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength?" We shall never see Him as when He stood foot to foot with His enemy; but we shall see Him when His enemy is beneath His feet. We shall never see Him as the bloody sweat streams from His whole body; but we shall see Him as He hath put all things under Him, and hath conquered hell itself. We shall never see Him as the wrestler; but we shall see Him grasp the prize. We shall never see Him scaling the rampart; but we shall see Him wave the sword of victory on the top thereof. We shall not see Him fight; but we shall see Him return from the fight victorious, and shall cry, "Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns become the victor's brow." "*We shall see Him as He is.*"

Yet again. We shall never see our Saviour under His Father's *displeasure*; but we shall see Him *honoured by His Father's smile*. The darkest hour of Christ's life was when His Father forsook Him—that gloomy hour when His Father's remorseless hand held the cup to His Son's own lips, and bitter though it was said to Him, "Drink, My Son—ay, drink;" and when the quivering Saviour, for a moment, having man within him—strong in its agonies for the moment, said, "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." Oh! it was a dark moment when the Father's ears were deaf to His Son's petitions, when the Father's eyes were closed upon His Son's agonies. "My Father," said the Son, "Canst Thou not remove the cup? Is there no way else for Thy severe justice? Is there no other medium for man's salvation?" There is none! Ah! it was a terrible moment when He tasted the wormwood and the gall; and surely darker still was that sad mid-day-midnight, when the sun hid his face in darkness, while Jesus cried, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Believer, thou wilt never see that sick face; thou wilt never see that wan, wan forehead; thou wilt never see that poor scarred brow; thou wilt never see those tearful eyes; thou wilt never see that pale emaciated body; thou wilt never see that weary, weary heart! thou wilt never see that exceedingly sorrowful spirit; for the Father never turns His face away now. But what wilt thou see? Thou wilt see thy Lord lit up with His Father's light as well as with His own; thou wilt see Him cared for by His beloved Parent; thou wilt see Him sitting at His Father's right hand, glorified and exalted for ever. "*We shall see Him as He is.*"

Perhaps I have not shown clearly enough the difference between the two visions—the sight of what He was and what He is. Allow me then, a moment more, and I will try to make it clearer still. When we see Christ as He was, how *astonished* we are! One of the first feelings we should have, if we could have gone to the Mount of Olives and seen our Saviour sweating there, would have been astonishment. When we were told that it was the Son of God in agonies, we should have lifted up our hands, and there would have been no speech in us at the thought. But then, beloved, here is the difference. The believer will be as much astonished when he sees Jesus' glories as He sits on His throne, as he would have been to have seen Him in His earthly sufferings. The one would have been astonishment, and horror would have succeeded it; but when we see Jesus as He is, it will be *astonishment without horror*. We

shall not for one moment feel terrified at the sight, but rather

“Our joys shall run eternal rounds,  
Beyond the limits of the skies,  
And earth's remotest bounds.”

If we could see Jesus as He was, we should see Him with *great awe*. If we had seen Him walking on the water, what awe should we have felt! If we had seen Him raising the dead, we should have thought Him a most majestic Being. So we shall feel awe when we see Christ on His throne; but the first kind of awe is awe compounded with fear, for when they saw Jesus walking on the water they cried out and were afraid; but when we shall see Christ as He is, we shall say,

“Majestic sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon His awful brow.”

There will be no fear with the awe—but it will be *awe without fear*. We shall not bow before Him with trembling, but it will be with joy; we shall not shake at His presence, but rejoice with joy unspeakable.

Furthermore, if we had seen Christ as He was, we should have had great *love* for Him; but that love would have been compounded with *pity*. We should stand over Him, and say,

“Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?”

We shall love Him quite as much when we see Him in heaven, and more too, but it will be *love without pity*; we shall not say “Alas!” but we shall shout—

“All hail the power of Jesu's name  
Let angels prostrate fall:  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.”

Once again. If we had seen Jesus Christ as He was here below, there would have been *joy* to think that He came to *save us*; but we should have had *sorrow* mingled with it to think that we *needed saving*. Our sins would make us grieve that He should die; and “alas!” would burst from us even with a song of joy. But when we see Him, there it will be *joy without sorrow*; sin and sorrow itself will have gone; ours will be a pure, unmingled, unadulterated joy.

Yet more. If we had seen our Saviour as He was, it would have been a *triumph* to see how He conquered, but still there would have been *suspense* about it. We should have feared lest He might not overcome. But when we see Him up there it will be *triumph with ut suspense*. Sheathe the sword; the battle's won. 'Tis over now. “'Tis finished,” has been said. The grave has been passed; the gates have been opened; and now, henceforth, and for ever He sitteth down at His Father's right hand, from whence also He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

Here, then, is the difference. “We shall see Him as He is.” We shall!

feel astonishment without horror, awe without fear, love without pity, joy without sorrow, triumph without suspense. That is the glorious position. Poor words, why fail ye? Poor lips, why speak ye not much better? If ye could, ye would; for these are glorious things ye speak of. "WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS."

II. Now secondly, we have PERSONAL IDENTITY. Perhaps while I have been speaking, some have said, "Ah! but I want to see *the* Saviour, the Saviour of Calvary, the Saviour of Judea, the very One that died for me. I do not so much pant to see the glorious Saviour you have spoken of; I want to see that very Saviour who did the works of love, the suffering Saviour; for Him I love." Beloved, you shall see Him. It is the same One. There is personal identity. "We shall see Him." "Our eyes shall see Him and not another." "We shall see HIM as HE is." It is a charming thought that we shall see the very, very Christ; and the poet sung well, who said—

"Oh! how the thought that I shall know  
The Man that suffered here below,  
To manifest His favour,  
For me, and those whom most I love,  
Or here, or with Himself above,  
Does my delighted passion move,  
At that sweet word "for ever."  
For ever to behold Him shine,  
For evermore to call Him mine,  
And see Him still before me.  
For ever on His face to gaze,  
And meet His full assembled rays,  
While all the Father He displays,  
To all the saints for ever."

That is what we want—to see the same Saviour. Ay, it will be the same Lord we shall see in heaven. Our eyes shall see *Him* and not another. We shall be sure it is He; for when we enter heaven we shall know Him by His *manhood and Godhead*. We shall find Him a man, even as much as He was on earth. We shall find Him man and God too, and we shall be quite sure there never was another Man-God; we never read or dreamed of another. Don't suppose that when you get to heaven you will have to ask, "Where is the man Christ Jesus?" You will see Him straight before you on His throne, a man like yourselves.

"Bright *like a man* the Saviour sits;  
The God, how bright He shines."

But then you will know Christ by His *wounds*. Have you never heard of mothers having recognised their children years after they were lost by the marks and wounds upon their bodies? Ah! beloved, if we ever see our Saviour we shall know Him by His wounds. "But," you say, "they are all gone." Oh, no; for He

"Looks like a Lamb that once was slain,  
And wears His priesthood still."

The hands are still pierced, though the nails are not there; the feet have

still the openings through them ; and the side is still gaping wide ; and we shall know Him by His wounds. We have heard of some who on the battle-field have been seeking for the dead ; they have turned their faces up and looked at them, but knew them not. But the tender wife has come, and there was some deep wound, some sabre cut that her husband had received upon his breast, and she said, " It is he ; I know him by that wound." So in heaven we shall in a moment detect our Saviour by His wounds, and shall say, " It is He ; it is He—He who once said, ' They have pierced My hands and My feet.' "

But then, beloved, Christ and we are not strangers ; for we have often seen Him in this glass of the Word. When by the Holy Spirit our poor eyes have been anointed with eye-salve, we have sometimes caught a sufficient glimpse of Christ to know Him by it. We have never seen Him except reflectedly. When we have looked on the Bible, He has been above us and looked down upon it ; and we have looked there as into a looking glass, and have seen Him " as in a glass darkly." But we have seen enough of Him to know Him. And oh, methinks when I see Him, I shall say, " That is the Bridegroom I read of in Solomon's Song ; I am sure it is the same Lord that David used to sing of. I know that is Jesus, for He looks even now like that Jesus who said to the poor woman, ' Neither do I condemn thee,'—like that blessed Jesus who said, '*Talitha cumi*'—' Maid, I say unto thee, arise.' " We shall know Him, because He will be so much like the Bible Jesus, that we shall recognise Him at once.

Yet more, we have known Him better than by Scripture sometimes—by close and intimate *fellowship* with Him. Why, we meet Jesus in the dark sometimes ; but we have sweet conversation with Him, and He puts His lips against our ear, and our lip goes so close to His ear, when we hold converse with Him. Oh ! we shall know Him well enough when we see Him. You may trust the believer for knowing his Master when he finds Him. We shall not need to have Jesus Christ introduced to us when we go to heaven ; for if He were off His throne and sitting down with all the rest of the blessed spirits, we should go up to Him directly, and say—" Jesus, I know Thee." The devil knew Him, for he said, " Jesus, I know Thee ; " and I am sure God's people ought to know Him. " Jesus, I know Thee," we shall say at once, as we go up to Him. " How dost thou know Me ? " saith Jesus. " Why, sweet Jesus, we are no strangers ; Thou hast manifested Thyself to me as Thou dost not unto the world ; Thou hast given me sometimes such tokens of Thy gracious affection ; dost Thou think I have forgotten Thee ? Why, I have seen Thy hands and Thy feet sometimes by faith, and I have put my hand into Thy side, like Thomas of old ; and thinkest Thou that I am a stranger to Thee ? No, blessed Jesus ; if Thou wert to put Thine hand before Thine eyes, and hide Thy countenance I should know Thee then. Wert Thou blindfolded once more, mine eyes would tell Thee, for I have known Thee too long to doubt Thy personality." Believer, take this thought with thee : " we shall see *Him*," despite all the changes in His position. It will be the same Person. We shall see the same hands that were pierced, the same feet that were weary, the same lips that preached, the same eyes that wept, the same heart that heaved with agony ; positively the same, except as to His condition. " We shall see *Him*." Write the word HIM as large as you like. " We shall see *Him* as He is."



III. This brings us to the third point—THE POSITIVE NATURE OF THE VISION. “We shall see Him as He is.” This is not the land of sight; it is too dark a country to see Him, and our eyes are not good enough. We walk here by faith, and not by sight. It is pleasant to believe His grace, but we had rather see it. Well, “We shall see Him.” But perhaps you think, when it says, “We shall see Him,” that it means, we shall know more about Him; we shall think more of Him; we shall get better news of Him by faith. Oh, no, it does not at all. It means what it says—positive sight. Just as plainly as I can see my brother there, just as plainly as I can see any one of you, shall I see Christ—with these very eyes too. With these very eyes that look on you shall I look on the Saviour. It is not a fancy that we shall see Him. Do not begin cutting these words to pieces. Do you see that gas lamp? You will see the Saviour in the same fashion—naturally, positively, really, actually! You will not see Him dreamily; you will not see Him in the poetical sense of the word—see; you will not see Him in the metaphorical meaning of the word; but positively, you shall “see Him as He is.” “See Him;” mark that. Not think about Him, and dream about Him; but we shall positively “see Him as He is.” How different that sight of Him will be from that which we have here. For here we see Him *by reflection*. Now, I have told you before, we see Christ “through a glass darkly;” then we shall see Him face to face. Good Doctor John Owen, in one of his books, explains this passage, “Here we see through a glass darkly;” and he says that means, “Here we look through a telescope, and we see Christ only darkly through it.” But the good man had forgotten that telescopes were not invented till hundreds of years after Paul wrote; so that Paul could not have intended telescopes. Others have tried to give other meanings to the word. The fact is, glass was never used to see through at that time. They used glass to see *by*, but not to see *through*. The only glass they had for seeing was a glass mirror. They had some glass which was no brighter than our black common bottle-glass. “Here we see through a glass darkly.” That means, by means of a mirror. As I have told you, Jesus is represented in the Bible; there is His portrait; we look on the Bible, and we see it. We see Him “through a glass darkly.” Just as sometimes, when you are looking in your looking-glass, you see somebody going along in the street. You do not see the person; you only see him reflected. Now, we see Christ reflected; but then we shall not see Him in the looking-glass; we shall positively see His Person. Not the reflected Christ, not Christ in the sanctuary, not the mere Christ shining out of the Bible, not Christ reflected from the sacred pulpit; but “we shall see Him as He is.”

Again: *how partially we see Christ here!* The best believer only gets half a glimpse of Christ. While here one Christian sees Christ's glorious head, and he delights much in the hope of His coming; another beholds His wounds, and he always preaches the atonement; another looks into his heart, and he glories most in immutability and the doctrine of election; another only looks at Christ's manhood, and he speaks much concerning the sympathy of Christ with believers; another thinks more of His Godhead, and you will always hear him asserting the divinity of Christ. I do not think there is a believer who has seen the whole of Christ. No. We preach as much as we can do of the Master; but we cannot paint Him

wholly. Some of the best paintings, you know, only just give the head and shoulders; they do not give the full-length portrait. There is no believer, there is no choice divine, that could paint a full length portrait of Christ. There are some of you who could not paint much more than His little finger; and mark, if we can paint the little finger of Jesus well, it will be worth a life-time to be able to do that. Those who paint best cannot paint even His face fully. Ah! He is so glorious and wondrous, that we cannot fully portray Him. We have not seen him more than partially. Come, beloved; how much dost thou know of Christ? Thou wilt say, "Ah! I know some little of Him; I could join with the spouse, when she declares that He is altogether lovely; but I have not surveyed Him from head to foot, and on His wondrous glories I cannot fully dwell." Here we see Christ partially; there we shall see Christ entirely, when "we shall see Him as He is."

Here, too, *how dimly we see Christ!* It is through many shadows that we now behold our Master. Dim enough is the vision here; but there we shall see Him as He is." Have you never stood upon the hill-tops, when the mist has played on the valley? You have looked down to see the city and the streamlet below; you could just ken yonder steeple, and mark that pinnacle; you could see that dome in the distance; but they were all so swathed in the mist that you could scarcely discern them. Suddenly the wind has blown away the mist from under you, and you have seen the fair, fair valley. Ah! it is so when the believer enters heaven. Here he stands and looks upon Christ veiled in a mist—upon a Jesus who is shrouded; but when he gets up there, on Pisah's brow, higher still, with his Jesus, then he shall not see Him dimly, but he shall see Him brightly. We shall see Jesus then "without a veil between"—not dimly, but face to face.

Here, too, *how distantly we see Christ!* Almost as far off as the farthest star! We see Him, but not nigh; we behold Him, but not near to us; we catch some glimpse of Him; but oh! what lengths and distances lie between! What hills of guilt—a heavy load! But then we shall see Him closely; we shall see Him face to face; as a man talketh with his friend, even so shall we then talk with Jesus. Now we are distant from Him; then we shall be near to Him. Away in the highlands, where Jesus dwells, there shall our hearts be too, when heart and body shall be "present with the Lord."

And oh! *how transitory is our view of Jesus!* It is only a little while we get a glimpse of Christ, and then He seems to depart from us. Our chariots have sometimes been like Amminadib's; but in a little while the wheels are all gone, and we have lost the blessed Lord. Have you not some hours in your life felt so to be in the presence of Christ, that you scarcely knew where you were? Talk of Elijah's chariots and horses of fire; you were on fire yourself; you could have made yourself into a horse and chariot of fire, and gone to heaven easily enough. But then, all of a sudden, did you never feel as if 'a lump of ice had fallen on your heart, and put the fire out, and you have cried, "Where is my Beloved gone? Why hath He hidden His face? Oh! how dark! how dim!" But, Christians, there will be no hidings of faces in heaven! Blessed Lord Jesus! there will be no coverings of Thine eyes in glory; is not Thine heart a sea of love, where all my passions roll? And there is no ebb-tide

of Thy sea, sweet Jesus, there. Art Thou not everything? There will be no losing Thee there—no putting Thy hand before Thine eyes up there; but without a single alteration, without change or diminution, our unwearied, unclouded eyes, shall throughout eternity perpetually behold Thee. “We shall see Him as He is!” Blest sight! Oh! that it were come!

Then do you know, there will be another difference. When “we shall see Him as He is,” how much better that sight will be than what we have here! When we see Christ here, we see Him to our profit; when we see Him there, we shall see Him *to our perfection*. I bear my Master witness, I never saw Him yet without being profited by Him. There are many men in this world whom we see very often, and get very little good by, and the less we see of them the better; but of our Jesus we can say, we never come near Him without receiving good by Him. I never touched His garments yet, without feeling that my fingers did smell of myrrh, and aloe, and cassia out of the ivory palaces. I never did come near His lips, but what His very breath shed perfume on me. I was never near my Master yet, but what He slew some sin for me. I never have approached Him, but His blessed eyes burned a lust out of my heart for me. I have never come near to hear Him speak, but I felt I was melting when the Beloved spoke; being conformed into His image. But then, beloved, it will not be to improve us, it will be to perfect us, when we see Him there. “We shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.” Oh! that first sweet look on Christ, when we shall have left the body! I am clothed in rags: He looks upon me, and I am clothed in robes of light. I am black; He looks upon me, and I forget the tents of Kedar, and become white as the curtains of Solomon. I am defiled; sin has looked upon me, and there is filth upon my garments: lo, I am whiter than the driven snow, for He hath looked upon me. I have evil wishes and evil thoughts, but they have fled like the demon before His face, when He said, “Get thee hence, Satan; I command thee to come out of the man.” “We shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.” I know, beloved, the Saviour seems to you like a great ship, and I like some small boat, trying to pull the ship out of the harbour. It is how I feel myself. I have the oars, I am trying to pull; but it is such a glorious big ship, that I cannot pull it out. There are some subjects the rudder of which I can take hold of and guide anywhere; they will come out of any harbour, let the passage be ever so narrow; but this is a noble ship—so big that we can hardly get it out to sea. It needs the Holy Ghost to blow the sails for you, and your whole souls to dwell upon it, and desire to think of this wondrous sight; and then I hope you will go away dissatisfied with the preacher, because you will feel that the subject had altogether mastered him and you also.

IV. Lastly, here are THE ACTUAL PERSONS: “We shall see Him as He is.” Come, now, beloved! I do not like dividing you; it seems hard work that you and I should be split asunder, when I am sure we love each other with all our hearts. Ten thousand deeds of kindness received from you, ten thousand acts of heart-felt love and sympathy, knit my heart to my people. But oh! beloved, is it not obvious, that when we say, “we shall see Him,” that word “we” does not signify all of us—does not include everybody here? “We shall see Him as He is!” Come, let us divide that “we” into “I’s.” How many “I’s” are there here, that will “see Him as He is”?

Brother, with snow upon thy head, wilt thou "see Him as He is?" Thou hast had many years of fighting, and trying, and trouble: if thou ever dost "see Him as He is," that will pay for all. "Yes," sayest thou, "I know in whom I have believed." Well, brother, thine old dim eyes will need no spectacles soon. To "see Him as He is," will give thee back thy youth's bright beaming eye, with all its lustre and its fire. But are thy grey hairs full of sin? and doth lust tarry in thy old cold blood? Ah! thou shalt see Him, but not nigh; thou shalt be driven from His presence. Would God this arm were strong enough to drag thee to a Saviour; but it is not. I leave thee in His hands. God save thee!

And thou, dear brother, and thou, dear sister, who hast come to middle age, struggling with the toils of life, mixed up with all its battles, enduring its ills, thou art asking, it may be, thou shalt see Him! The text says, "*We shall*," and can you and I put our hands on our hearts and know our union with Jesus? If so, "*We shall see Him as He is.*" Brother! fight on! Up at the devil! Strike hard at him! Fear not! that sight of Christ will pay thee. Soldier of the cross, whet thy sword again, and let it cut deep. Labourer! toil again; delve deeper; lift the axe higher, with a brawnier and stouter arm; for the sight of thy Master at last will please thee well. Up, warrior! Up the rampart, for victory sits smiling on the top, and thou shalt meet thy Captain there! When thy sword is reeking with the blood of thy sins, it will be a glory indeed to meet thy Master, when thou art clothed with triumph, and then to "see Him as He is."

Young man, my brother in age, the text says, "*We shall see Him as He is.*" Does "we" mean that young man there in the aisle? Does it mean you, my brother, up there? Shall *we* "see Him as He is?" We are not ashamed to call each other brethren in this house of prayer. Young man, you have got a mother and her soul doats upon you. Could your mother come to you this morning, she might take hold of your arm, and say to you, "John, we shall 'see Him as He is;' it is not I, John, that shall see Him for myself alone, but you and I shall see Him together, '*we shall see Him as He is.*'" Oh, bitter, bitter thought that just now crossed my soul! O heavens! if we ever should be sundered from those we love so dearly when the last day of account shall come! Oh! if we should not see Him as He is! Methinks to a son's soul there can be nought more harrowing than the thought, that it possibly may happen that some of his mother's children shall see God, and he shall not! I had a letter just now from a person who thanks God that he read the sermon, "Many shall come from the east and from the west;" and he hopes it has brought him to God. He says, "I am one out of a large family, and all of them love God except myself; I don't know that I should have thought of it, but I took up this sermon of yours, and it has brought me to a Saviour." Oh! beloved, think of bringing the last out of nine to a Saviour! Have not I made a mother's heart leap for joy? But oh! if that young man had been lost out of the nine, and had seen his eight brothers and sisters in heaven, while he himself was cast out, methinks he would have had nine hells—he would be nine times more miserable in hell, as he saw each of them, and his mother and his father, too, accepted, and himself cast out. It would not have been "we" there with the whole family.

## Mary Upton's Experiences.

A NARRATIVE FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER III.—THE APPLICATION THEORY TESTED.

At this juncture the door bell rang, and the servant announced the arrival of visitors. These having stayed for a short time and departed, the conversation was then resumed.

"There can be no doubt whatever," remarked Miss Blossom, "that the Holy Spirit dwells in believers, and therefore continually quickens and enlightens them; but do you not think, Mary, that your theory about the application of God's Word to the soul is liable to much misapprehension and abuse? It seems to me that God's Word is to be taken as it is, and acted upon, whether we feel it in our own souls or not. Now, suppose a professed believer, instead of taking the Word as it is, should rely upon such application either in reading it, or in hearing it quoted, or in having it impressed upon his mind before he would act, or to incite him to act in a particular way, might it not lead him to the performance of acts that neither Scripture nor reason would justify? For instance, here, we will say, is a minister, who, on account of opposition, or through want of success, or, what is far more probable, the need of patience and perseverance, feels as if he would like much to leave his present sphere of labour. A passage of Scripture is applied to his mind, 'When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another,' and so obeying the supposed Scriptural injunction, he suddenly resigns, marches off, and

finds that in the next city he meets with tenfold more persecution and trouble than he did in the last. Or take another case. Here is a man who evidently holds heretical views. But believing them to be right he maintains them with all the pertinacity of all bold advocates of error. He suffers through such advocacy; and other people suffer too. But nothing daunts him, and why? He, too, has had his Scripture applied to his mind, and what was it? 'Earnestly contend for the faith, which was once delivered unto the saints.' But the worst of it is that all but himself can see that the faith which he so earnestly contends for is anything but that which to the saints was once delivered. Or, take a third case. Here is a church member, who has been all his life a most inconsistent professor of religion. He has been proverbially both a disgrace to himself and to the cause. But he is very comfortable, and declares that he can die without fear—and why? Because he says he has had a Scripture applied to his mind, and it is this, 'Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.' Now, Mary, what, in the light of your creed, do you think of these cases?"

"Think of them, aunt! Why, just this, that they do not affect my creed at all. Let me suppose that they are real cases, and not imaginary: what then? They are all opposed to the *general* teaching of God's Word, and what is opposed to its general teaching cannot be correct. In the first case it is

evident that instead of quietly waiting on the Lord and watching the course of Divine Providence the minister takes his own wilful way, and walks according to his own inclination. In the second case, the man is blinded with error. And, in the third, the professor is an Antinomian, who evidently does not possess that "holiness without which no man can see the Lord."

"But you overlook one fact, Mary, and that is, that admitting all this, in each case Scripture was applied. How do you meet this fact?"

"Very easily. I have no doubt whatever that Satan can apply passages of Scripture to lead men astray. Did he not, in the temptation in the wilderness, quote Scripture to our Lord? 'If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down; for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee: and in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone.' The archfiend is evidently well acquainted with the Word of God, and can use it to suit his purpose. The 'lying spirit' may still appear as in the ancient days 'in the mouth of the prophets.' But, putting aside Satan in this business altogether, it is quite patent to me that passages of Scripture applied to the mind, or that may be more properly said to come to the mind; that tend only in the main to gratify the flesh, or lead people to act contrary to the tenor of God's Holy Word, are wonderfully different to those passages which, when applied to the mind by the Holy Spirit, lead the soul at once to God, create the spiritual mind, which is life and peace, incite us to renewed consecration, and give us daily strength to live as the whole Bible directs. This is how I draw the distinction between the false and the genuine;

and I ask you, Aunt Blossom, if I have not answered you fairly?"

"You have, my dear, and still I am hardly satisfied. You say my cases are imaginary, but that you have not proved. However, allow me to give you a real case that occurred some years ago. An esteemed minister that I knew very well, lay upon a sick, and, it was to be feared, a dying, bed; but he did not want to die. He loved his work, and desired to live longer to prosecute it. At last, to the joy of his wife and friends, he said it was all right, he knew he should live, for a passage of Scripture had been applied to his mind, and it was this: 'I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord.' But the worst of it was he did die, and the supposed Scriptural comfort proved to be delusive. Now, what do you make of that case, my dear niece?"

"Make of it, aunt! Why, it just proves my point. What was the chief desire of the minister? To do the will of God? to live or to die, as it might please God? No; but to live, whether God willed it or not. How sweet, then, was the Scripture that seemed to indicate that life would still be granted! Satan might be permitted to apply it to deceive; or at all events it proved good because it suited the instinctive love of life, or the natural inclination. One thing, however, I am certain of, the end of the affair proved plainly enough that the application of the Word was not that of the Holy Spirit, or it would have been verified."

"Well, Mary, if you take this view of these cases, I should very much like you to give me a few of your own experiences, that I may see what you believe to be the true application of the Word by the Spirit and so put yours to the test."

"I have no objection, aunt, to comply with your wish; but, at the same time, you must not think me an infallible Pope. It is possible that I may in some cases, where the fleshly mind may unsuspectingly prevail, take more comfort from some portions of God's holy Word than the case warrants. But the distinction I have referred to I hold to be vital in my own case as well as in that of others. Before, therefore, I consider any word as being applied to my mind by the Holy Spirit, I ask myself these questions: Does this application lead me nearer to the Lord? Does it lead me to be more spiritually minded? Am I 'strengthened by it with all might in the inner man'? Does it enable me to conquer sin and get the victory over temptation? Does it cause me to live so that it is daily manifest that I am 'not of the world, even as my Lord and Master was not of the world'? Now, if I can say it does, I know that such application is of the Lord, as surely as if the Lord spoke to me orally from heaven. But if it led me in any way to gratify self, or took my heart from the Lord, or incited me to do anything that was not accordant with the general teaching of the Word, I should at once admit that such application was not the work of the Spirit. To lead you, however, to see what I mean, I will give you a few personal reminiscences. After these two passages to which I have referred were brought by the Holy Spirit to my mind, the one to produce conviction of sin, and the other to give peace, I was led to search the Scriptures, to see what they said about such application of the Word, and many passages confirmed me in it. Some of them may be said to be burnt into my heart, such as—'It is written, Man shall not live by bread

alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' 'Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart.' 'How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!' 'The entrance of Thy words giveth light: it giveth understanding unto the simple.' 'And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way: walk ye in it when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.' 'Then I said I will not mention Him, nor speak any more in His name. But His word was in mine heart, as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay.' My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken Thou me according to Thy word.' 'My soul melteth for heaviness: strengthen Thou me according to Thy word.' 'Let my cry come near Thee, O Lord: give me understanding according to Thy word.' 'Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' 'I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food.' 'Do not My words do good to him that walketh uprightly?' And so I might go on quoting numberless Scriptures of a like character, all of them showing that the Lord intends His Word to come home to the soul, to be its light and food and strength and joy. Now I believe this, and act upon it. To me the Bible is a living book, giving life to the soul; and I can never rest satisfied unless I feel its vivifying inward power. This being my creed, I start with Biblical meditation in the morning. Before breakfast I take my spiritual meal. My habit is to read the Bible, or some book in it, through. After a brief prayer for Divine aid and illumination, I read slowly and meditatively from where I have left

off, and do not close the book till I get a blessing. My desire is *there and then* to feed upon the Word; and it has often astonished me to find how soon I get instruction, direction and comfort. Often the very first verse I read strikes me with such force that I can get no further; and that word serves me for the day throughout, and even occasionally follows me up for weeks. Sometimes I have to read half a chapter, or a whole one, or perhaps two or three chapters, but this is very rare: generally a few verses bring the desired blessing. And thus it took me in that way three years to go

through the whole Bible. It is only recently that I have finished it, but the adoption of this method has done me so much good that I can see it is in the power of the believer, if he desires it, thus to get a spiritual blessing every day. It is, as I have intimated, my morning meal which gives me the nourishment and strength, without which I believe it would be impossible for me either to face the temptation or trials of the world; or with any hope of comfort or success to do my appointed daily work for the Lord."

(To be continued.)

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### THE LOST SHEEP.

**THERE** were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold;

And one was out on the hills away,

Far off from the gates of gold:

Away on the mountains wild and bare—

Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;

Are they not enough for Thee?"

But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine

Has wandered away from Me;

And although the road be rough and steep,  
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew

How deep were the waters crossed;

Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,

Ere He found His sheep that was lost.

Out in the desert He heard its cry,  
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way  
That mark out the mountains' track?"

"They were shed for one who had gone astray

Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."

"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"

"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,

And up from the rocky steep,

There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,

"Rejoice, I have found My sheep!"

And the angels echoed around the throne,

"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

*Selected.*



## Round the World in Seven Months.

WITH GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL LIFE IN OUR COLONIES, AND IN AMERICA.

By W. P. GRIFFITH, Esq.

### PART III.

#### A GLIMPSE OF INDIAN LIFE.

##### *Colombo.*

WE sighted Colombo, the port and harbour of Ceylon, on the 8th of December, just a month from the time of leaving England. Here it was necessary to call and replenish our stock of coal, and as that involved a detention of about two days, we had an opportunity of landing and getting a glimpse of Indian life.

The harbour is very commodious, protected from the sea by a long and substantial breakwater, and as we entered, it presented a very animated and picturesque appearance. Besides three or four large ocean steamers there was an Italian frigate, all taut and trim, and a host of smaller craft. All the steamers are surrounded by boats: large ones laden with coals, manned by negroes—who here, as elsewhere, have the heaviest and dirtiest work thrust upon them; others are ferry or passenger boats taking passengers to and from the shore. Then there are some peculiar to the place: the catamaran, formed of three logs of wood bolted together, on the top of which the boatman stands. Nothing can sink it; so long as wood remains lighter than water, it must float; but as no one can sit down on it, and there is no hold for cargo, it can be of little use save for fishing,

and all they catch must be carried in baskets on the deck. But many were sailing about, both within and without the harbour. Quite as remarkable were the Cingalese boats, shaped like a long horse-trough, only about twelve inches wide and twenty-four deep, with upright sides and a flat bottom; they would turn right over and lie on the side, but for the appendage of a long and heavy log of wood, like the trunk of a tree, which they carry suspended by strips of bamboo, and which floats some eight or ten feet distant, parallel with the boat itself. They can never be capsized while thus attached, and they say no other contrivance is so well suited to ride through the heavy surf which breaks all along the shore in stormy weather. But now the sky was blue, the sea calm, and the rippling water reflected all objects afloat and ashore with wonderful brilliancy and distinctness. The shore is a long flat strip of land, fringed with palms, bananas, bread-fruit trees, cocoa-nut trees, and other luxuriant tropical vegetation. The cocoa-nut tree has a tall straight mast-like stem, clear of branches till near the top, and from thence long thin waving stems spring forth and hang with graceful feather-like droop. The fruit grows in clusters near the top, and is prized for its fibre, as well as for its nuts and the milk they contain. The bananas have a large spreading leaf and bring forth fruit in great clusters,

weighing sometimes nearly half a hundredweight on a single branch. The bread-fruit tree also abounds here, though its fruit is not yet ripe. It now looks like a pod of maize, but quite green and not one-fourth its full size. When ripe it is said to eat like sweetened bread, and is both palatable and nourishing. These, with the lemon trees, orange trees, and the date palms, bring forth spontaneously a supply of food enough to feed a large population. As a passenger said: "No wonder the natives are indolent; they have no need to work: they have but to lie down under the trees and let the fruit drop into their mouths."

We landed about 10 a.m., and at once hired a Cingalese guide—a perfect swell in his way. He was dark in complexion, with a profusion of long black hair, oiled, curled, made up into a knot at the back of his head, and kept in its place by a large circular tortoise-shell comb. He was clad in long flowing white robes, with white cotton drawers, and he spoke English well. We found him civil, attentive, and very reasonable in his charges. And now hiring a carriage, we drove to the chief places of interest, and thus obtained

*A Glimpse of Life in India.*

The first peculiarity we noticed was the scantiness of clothing worn. The negro labourers engaged in coaling had barely enough for decency, and the native Cingalese not much more. A white turban and a bundle of white cotton round the body was the extent of the attire of the labouring class; but the garments multiplied with the social standing of their wearers until they reached the complete costume already described as worn by our guide. After a little while we got accustomed to this state of things,

and could see that in such a climate labour would be impossible in the abundant and cumbersome clothing necessary in colder climates. Then we could not but admire the handsome proportions of the younger men. Some seemed perfect models of the human form—lithe, active, muscular, erect and graceful in gait and bearing. They seemed in their *negligé* attire just what they were meant to be; to clothe more fully would be to disfigure them. Their exquisite features, bright eyes, and pearly teeth, irradiated generally with a cheerful smile, were pleasant to look upon. The older men, however, were far less tolerable, and their bent forms, their shaggy goat-like hair and haggard faces, made them quite repulsive. Between these two extremes, graceful youth and decrepit age, there are infinite varieties. Here is a tall burden-bearer or porter, but without anything like our porter's knot, or even a Switzer's shoulder basket. He carries his load in what appears like a gigantic pair of scales, the beam of which goes over his shoulder, one scale hanging before and the other behind his body, each scale suspended by three ropes. Here is a Buddhist priest in gorgeous yellow robes attended by a boy as servant. Here are vendors of fruit, sweet-meats, or bits of cooked fish, or other delicacies, set out temptingly on trays carried in front of them; but there are no grog-sellers. Drinking intoxicating drink is an European habit, not a native one.

We drove through the district called Slave Island, a green fertile extensive flat dotted with bungalows, one-storied wooden houses surrounded with wide verandahs, the residences of European officials or wealthy Cingalese. We saw the public gardens, which displayed

more grass and flowers than we expected to find in so hot a place. We went over the Museum, where are collected specimens of the chief products of the island, from the gigantic elephant to the irritating and almost invisible mosquito; butterflies and beetles, serpents and fish, vegetable products and mineral treasures, with native weapons and other curiosities; altogether a very interesting collection.

We saw also a Buddhist temple, as yet unfinished (when consecrated it will be guarded from European intrusion), the painting of which was striking and gaudy; the chief feature, however, was an image of the god Buddha, some twenty feet in length, reclining at full length in an attitude of perfect repose, serenity being the prominent attribute of that deity.

We noted, as well as we could in passing, the habitations of the people: for the most part they were mud huts, bound together by bamboo sticks. The floor was always of earth, about which the children toddled or lay asleep quite naked. On the same floor the women squatted, their chief occupation being to comb their children's hair; of needlework we saw no trace. No millinery, no dressmaking, no boot or shoe making, no washing, starching, or ironing, for which, indeed, their method of attire furnishes no employment. So far as our cursory glimpse gave us any notion, the lives of women and children seem the barest form of animalism; but little raised above that of the cattle around them. The men, to their credit, do not make them beasts of burden; what little work has to be done they do themselves.

Some forms of organised industry did appear—coffee plantations, oil mills, cocoa-mat manufactories, etc.;

but in that climate manual labour of any severe kind would be unendurable.

One thing we could not fail to notice, the universally recognised superiority accorded to the white races. Every native seemed to feel that Europeans were lords, and he the subject. Not with the mere money-seeking servility often met with in Europe, to which there is a well-defined limit, but a sort of cowering feeling, like that of an animal which knows man is his master. At the slightest call a native stands aside to let us pass. If he is riding in a waggon or cart he dismounts at our approach, and pulls up at the side of the road, waiting till we have gone by. If he is bullied or smitten he takes it meekly, or at least sullenly and silently, and makes no sign of resentment.

Of the work of Missions we had no opportunity of judging. We saw several mission chapels and school-houses belonging to different denominations, somewhat too close together, it seemed to us: but all the ministers were away, gone to a missionary meeting at Kandy. We know, however, that in Ceylon a great work has been done, and is doing. Order, cleanliness, and industry have been greatly promoted by missionaries there, and thousands have been led to give up their vain and foolish superstitions, and to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus.

#### *A Funeral at Sea.*

The captain had made arrangements for the reception of the poor consumptive patient in the hospital here; but when the proposal was made known to her she evinced so great a repugnance to it, and pleaded so earnestly to be taken on to Melbourne to meet her husband, that it would have been cruel to insist; and so an Indian ayah, or

nurse, was engaged to attend upon her and her child. A berth was fitted up for them on the deck, for the sake of better air than could be got below : and we steamed out of harbour with mother and child on board. But not long did she remain with us. Ere the next morning dawned she had passed away, and when the passengers left their cabins the flag was flying half-mast high, and the carpenter was making a coffin. About 10 a.m., the vessel is stopped for a few minutes ; the tolling of a bell is heard ; there is a cluster of people round the gangway. Mr. Berry's voice is heard reading the burial service to be used at sea, and when he comes to the words "*We commit her body to the deep,*" the grating is tilted outwards, there is a sound of the coffin as it runs over the side—a splash—a hush—and all that is mortal of the poor woman disappears in the Indian Ocean, never more to be seen till the Resurrection morning, when "the sea shall give up the dead that are in it."

"Go on ahead" is the signal, and the good ship, with her living

freight, passes on her course, and save for the temporary gloom caused by so solemn an incident (specially noticeable at Divine service to-day, for this is Sunday), the event is soon forgotten.

Ere the day is over it is announced that two cabin passengers, who are childless, have taken entire charge of the little motherless girl, and if the father does not claim her when they reach Melbourne, they will adopt her as their own. In that case the child's present bereavement will probably put her into a much better social position than she could possibly be in if the mother had lived, for these people are wealthy colonists. What a curious dispensation of Providence if this waif adrift on the ocean should thus become a rich colonial heiress !

In the evening Mr. Berry preached again in the fore-cabin to a larger audience than before, and a very devout feeling prevailed. The death has evidently had a solemnizing effect on the more thoughtless and careless of the passengers.

(To be continued.)

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**SHEPHERD'S STAFF AND CROOK.**—The shepherd carried with him two instruments—the staff, for his own support, and to attack a beast or robber ; and the crook, or rod. By this crook the shepherd guided a sheep in a dangerous pass, placing the crook under the sheep's neck, to hold him up and assist his steps. When a sheep was disposed to stray, the shepherd could hold him back with his crook. When the sheep had fallen into the power of a beast, the crook assisted in drawing him away. A good sheep loved the crook as much as the staff—to be guided as well as to be defended. Both of the shepherd's instruments were a great comfort to the sheep while passing through a frightful and dangerous valley. The interpretation usually given to the words "Thy rod and staff"—as though they meant "Thy gentle reproofs and Thy severe rebukes"—is erroneous. A sheep would hardly tell his shepherd that his chastising rod, and the heavy blows of his staff, comforted him. The meaning is, It is a comfort to me to feel the crook of thy rod helping me in trouble, and to know that thy staff is my defence against wild beasts.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.

BY THE REV. W. FRITH.

ALAS, how many are guilty of this ! Perhaps this fault is far more prevalent than it is sometimes thought to be. "The ministration of the spirit" is God's great grace. It is indeed a wonderful demonstration of that mercy that "endureth for ever." "The Spirit," says the apostle, "is given to every man to profit withal." His holy and sanctifying influences are afforded to make us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. The Gospel dispensation is the reign of "grace." The Spirit is the great all-sufficient, omnipresent and invisible agent by which we are "called out of darkness into His marvellous light." Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation. Now the Spirit is sent forth to convince the world of sin, of righteousness and of judgment. Now He dwells in the hearts of all the faithful in Christ Jesus, "and their bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost." But if it be true that He has taken up His abode in the hearts of the saints, and in great mercy will never leave them nor forsake them, yet it is also true that He does suspend His blessed and comforting influences when we act in self-dependence, and conduct ourselves in a presumptuous carriage. He will abide with the disciples for ever (John xiv. 16); but if they act and work in their own strength, and do not, like Paul, give Him the glory, it will surely be followed by

a faithful suspension of His divine aid and succour, and we shall experience a spiritual feebleness and moral impotency that will retard our progress in grace and holiness. Our mind will be dark and gloomy by the withdrawal of His light, and our hearts, instead of being warm and ardent in the service of the Lord, will be cold and frigid as an iceberg, and hard and unyielding to the appeals of the Gospel. Our joy will cease, and we shall walk in darkness and have no light. Our harps of praise will be silently suspended upon the projecting branch of some Babel willow, instead of being jubilant with the harmony of Jehovah's praise. The means of grace will lose their former charms, and a loose, careless habit of life will be encouraged. The former sphere of Christian duty in which we may have been engaged with such untiring devotion and success, will begin to be esteemed a yoke too grievous to be borne, and a burden too weighty to carry. We shall fancy that others treat us with coolness and indifference, and be apt to take umbrage at the least brotherly expostulation; and finally a temporary apostasy, more or less protracted and deplorable, will inevitably follow, by which we ourselves shall be injured, and the sacred cause of God blasted and dishonoured.

These are some of the results of grieving the Spirit. How careful, then, ought we to be, lest we vex His Holy Spirit, and cause Him to depart from us in His holy and cheering influence ! Those who

have realised and experienced "the renewing of the Holy Ghost, and have been sealed by that Holy Spirit of promise unto the day of redemption," know too well the blessedness of His testimonial fellowship not to regret and deplore the loss of such sacred and hallowed communion. The "fellowship of the Spirit, or communion of the Holy Ghost" is the very life of all who are "spiritually minded." They know from past and painful experience that, "to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace," and that this true and felicitous state of spiritual-mindedness cannot be maintained without the continual dews of His Holy Spirit.

If, then, this be true, if we be losers by this grieving of the Spirit, and deprive ourselves of that "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," which is the cause of all true Christian enjoyment, let us heed the timely injunction of the apostle, and quench not the Spirit. Let us not do it by neglecting to search the Scriptures. Let us not do it by restraining prayer in the closet or neglecting prayer in public. Let us not do it by neglecting the services of the sanctuary. Let us not do it by indulging a sceptical spirit. Let us not do it by attempting to go in our strength instead of saying, "I will go in the strength of the Lord. I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only." Let us not do so by giving too little to the cause of God, or by a spirit of indolence when we might be sowing beside all waters. Let us ever remember that the excellency of the power is of God, and not of us, and that it is "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, said the Lord of Hosts."

### FIXED AFFECTIONS.

"Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth."  
—Colos. iii. 2.

IN this Epistle we have the ideal of the Christian. The Christian character is not imaginary, but real; not ornamental, but practical. The Gospel does not give you cut and dried rules of conduct, but it puts before you principles and examples. Principle is a tested idea. Example is principle in action. It is the idea in actual life. Character is mind made visible.

The New Testament, more than any other book, appeals to the *heart*, so to the whole man, to the mainspring of human conduct. The mind perceives the right, the conscience approves it, the affections prefer it, the will acts it out, while the whole soul is in sympathy with it.

The heart *wrongly* engaged. "Set on things on the earth." This is natural. It is the tendency of depraved human nature. Love to God is the root of virtue. Love to sin is the root of vice. The things on earth are sensual and sinful. The sources of sinful enticement in the world are riches, honours, pleasures. These are good in themselves, discreetly used, but are wrong in excessive use, or sinful abuse. The evil is in preferring them to God and His promised good. Lovers of these things more than lovers of God.

The heart *rightly* engaged. "Set on things above," things in heaven. The two sources of happiness are in contrast. The first is fancied, while the second is real. To separate from the former, and to secure the latter, there must be not only a change of the source of happiness, but also of the spirit desiring it. The pure and earnest desire springs

from the spiritually quickened life. In this life will be found present, as well as the hope of future happiness. It finds in its present joy ample compensation for its separation from the world, and all its self-denial; while the hope of the

future joys exceeds all. It is only a spiritual nature that can perceive, participate, and appreciate this joy. It is spiritual joy, refined, satisfying, ceaseless.

*Blunham.*

W. ABBOTT.

POSSESSED.

O to be filled with God! like men possessed  
 By a superior power that leads them on,  
 Sweetly constrained, obedient to His will:  
 Filled with the Holy Spirit, strangely urged  
 To strange endeavours, miracles divine,  
 That shall astonish by their strange success,  
 And slay for ever unbelieving fear:  
 Breaking the bands that bind our earnest zeal,  
 The iron bands of custom and routine;  
 And though the flesh smart 'neath its bleeding wound,  
 With dauntless heart among the very tombs,  
 Pursue our purpose still, the thought supreme,  
 The death of sin, the glory of our God.

By Deity possessed beneath His power  
 Directed, governed, ruled. The will subdued,  
 And brought to own His wise, unerring will:  
 The heart His throne, where He alone shall reign,  
 Monarch and Lord, our willing manhood bowed  
 Submissive at His feet, to be or do,  
 Or suffer as His wisdom shall decree:  
 The mind His royal chariot, speeding on  
 Its lightning course beneath His blest control:  
 The hands His humble servitors, to bear  
 His bounteous gifts to poor ones in their need;  
 Or, if He wills, anoint His Kingly head:  
 The feet His ready messengers, to haste  
 As He shall bid, or as His word suggests:  
 The tongue His royal herald, sounding forth  
 The proclamation of His love to man.  
 Our being—but His court, where every power  
 Adores and sings the glory of the King.

WILLIAM LUFF.

LUTHER AND THE LITTLE BIRD.—One evening when he saw a little bird perched on a tree, to roost there for the night, he said; "This little bird has had its supper, and now it is getting ready to go to sleep here, quite secure, and content, never troubling itself what its food may be, or where its lodging on the morrow. Like David, it abides under the shadow of the Almighty. It sits on its little twig content, and lets God take care."

## Reviews.

*The Book Fund and its Work.* By Mrs. C. H. SPURGEON. London, Passmore & Alabaster.

THIS is the ninth annual report. Throughout a hundred pages it would be hard to pick a prosy passage. For preface there is a dainty little poem, "A Praise Meeting of the Flowers." For postscript there is an agreeable proposal of her subscribers to reprint all the yearly records that preceded this one. By no means strange, for they are gems of literature, where you would be least likely to look for them. In the interval between preface and postscript, the pastor's wife tells her own experience in charming style, and furnishes extracts of her correspondence with poor pastors and pious missionaries of all denominations of Christians athwart the wide world.

*Painful but Needful.* A Sermon by FRANK H. WHITE, author of "Christ in the Tabernacle," &c. S. W. Partridge & Co., Paternoster Row.

THIS is a sermon on the apostle's experience as recorded in 2 Cor. xii. 7-9. The author has turned the apostle's thorn in the flesh to a good account; he is not controversial, but gives such a lucid and correct exposition of the apostle's meaning as to richly minister help and consolation to all true Christians, and especially to the afflicted, and the sermon can be had for one penny.

*Nearer Heaven; a Help to the Deepening of Spiritual Life.* By the Rev. JOHN BAIRD, author of "The Living Saviour." Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

THIS book has a right grand and vital object—to use the author's own words—no less than to assist our fellowship with God, to deepen our conscious-

ness of Jesus, to suffuse our natures with the spirit of the better world. There are many who will give sincere welcome to the aim of the writer, for we fear that many must be conscious of their need of re-quickening, while those even who are walking close with God will be saying, "Draw me nearer heaven, blessed Lord, to Thee." These pages are full of most precious truths, put forth in a manner and with a tender pathos well adapted to make the soul say, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." It has our best wishes and prayer that it may be read largely.

*Practical Thoughts on Bible Study.* By THOS. GEORGE BRIGHTWEN. Hamilton, Adams & Co., 32, Paternoster Row.

WORDS on the fly-leaf of title-page give us an extract from Dean Vaughan—words weighty and true—"The Scripture does nothing of itself. It is not the Book that educates, but God in it; therefore we must read it thoughtfully, humbly, with prayer, as before God, in dependence upon the help of the Holy Spirit." This is the conviction of the writer's mind as seen on every page of his work; and we can say it would be a good companion volume to, and promote the same ends as the above work of "Nearer Heaven."

*Pity for the Perishing: the Power of the Bible in London.* By G. HODDEN PIKE; with an Introduction by the Right Hon. the Earl Cairns. James Clarke & Co., Fleet Street.

MR. PIKE is quite at home and competent to give us his views from knowledge and much observation of the past and present condition of what may be called the lower stratum



of London life. We have been much interested with the truthful pictures of the past as given in this book. The chapter, "The Dawn of London as it was," is a picture with which we are very familiar: the early work of Lord Ashley, now the Earl Shaftesbury, the self-denying labours of W. J. Orsman, George Holland, Dr. Barnardo, George Hatten, and others. Their work has been immensely blessed of God, and after all that statesmen, school boards, sanitary measures, etc., have done, these men and their appliances seem to stand to the front and grapple with the vice and misery as no other class of workers do. This volume will pay the reader. It contains a truly thrilling, stirring story that should move all to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

*Gospel Bells.* By EDWARD J. PARKER. Weeks & Co., 14, Hanover Street, W.

THIS book has been compiled for the use of Gospel Meetings held by Messrs. Mateer and Parker, but will also be found of service at Cottage Meetings and at religious social gatherings. It has several specialities. Its various editions, from one penny to a splendid copy for two shillings; also the whole hymns and music in Old Notation or Tonic Sol-fa for sixpence. Many of them are the original compositions of Mr. Parker, and some of the poetic verses are written by Emma Parker. The airs are cheerful, easy and devout; and we have no doubt but that the book will have a wide circulation outside and beyond the circle visited by these evangelists.

*Cruel Cheapness and a Record of One Year's Service during 1884.* By ARCHIBALD G. BROWN. East London Tabernacle.

MR. BROWN always writes with force, and goes direct to his work. His chapter on cruel cheapness has about it a painful truthfulness, and the

evil should be faced, and as far as possible dealt with. We ought to have more frequent reference to it, and a continuous outpour of such vigorous exposure of the evil as is made here could not fail of making itself felt. In addition to this opening chapter we have in the book detailed an immense amount of work done by Mr. Brown and his workers which gives abundant proof that our brother is not only a writer against evil, but with earnest heart and work carries out the motto, "That which thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." We wish this little book could reach the eyes of every kind and benevolent person, and we know what the result would be.

*Children's Hosannas*; a very choice and original collection of Anniversary Music. Compiled by JOHN BURNHAM. Nicholson & Son, Warwick Square; and of Mr. Burnham, Blenheim Villa, Windmill Road, Brentford.

OUR brother has done, and is doing, a good service. To this thousands can testify, for in addition to his extensive evangelistic work he has given us some of the best and brightest of songs for the schools and gospel meetings, and for anniversary services and Christmas Chimes. He seems to have that active mind for his work that no sooner has one been completed than another doth him seize, the last of which is before us in these beautiful children's hosannas. We commence with "Awake, and shout Hosanna!" arranged from Mendelssohn, and after pleasantly pursuing our way through a number of sweet stirring hosannas and other sacred pieces, many of which are Mr. Burnham's own composition, we finish with a German adaptation of music to the well-known words of "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing." The one book contains both notations, and we have no hesitation in saying that it will prove a general favourite.

To be completed in eleven parts, price sixpence. *The Life and Work of St. Paul*. By F. W. FARRAR, D.D. Cassell & Co., Ludgate Hill.

THIS work, which has already been published in the complete volume, is above praise. Dr. Farrar has given some valuable gems in his previous volumes. They are above our praise, though, if we may be permitted to use comparison, we think this volume exceeds the others, and the whole Christian world is laid under obligation to the writer for his very valuable contribution.

*The Christian Sabbath*. A Sermon. By PHILIP REYNOLDS. A sermon preached at Providence Chapel, Islington, and published by request.

THIS discourse will pay for reading, and we cannot say that of every sermon. The writer has given a freshness to an old subject, and has put out his thoughts with great independence of spirit.

*Footsteps of Truth*. By C. RUSSELL HURDITCH.

WE have called attention to this very worthy periodical as one which gives

out monthly a large amount of profitable reading. January contains a good contribution by Walter J. Müller, "Let us pass over unto the other side;" also a continuation chapter of some excellent notes on the Epistle to the Hebrews.

*The Sunday at Home*. Religious Tract Society. February contains four chapters of a most interesting character, showing the circumstances under which some of our favourite hymns were written. And the *Leisure Hour* gives us chapter number two of Curiosities of Music, producing for its readers the working ways of its great composers. No. 16 of the Biographical Series contains an engraved likeness of Augustine, from the tomb at Pavia, and a good compressed account of his important life.

Worthy papers are contributed to *The Baptist Magazine*; among others, "Dean Stanley's Churchmanship," and also "Fifty Years' Work in our Village Churches." *The General Baptist* has a very well-written article on a constantly popular subject, William Ewart Gladstone, while the *Sword and Trowel* is brimful of good things.

**THE BOOKMARK.**—A correspondent of a foreign journal relates the following:—A young lady once presented me with a bookmark, having the inscription, "God bless you," and exacted a promise that it should be placed in my Bible, but never to remain a day opposite the same chapter. Faithful to my promise, I took it home, and rubbing from the lids of my Bible the dust of a week, I placed it in the first chapter of Matthew, and daily read a chapter and changed its place. I had not read long before I became interested as I had never been before in this good book; and I saw in its truths that I was a sinner, and must repent if I would be saved. I there promised God that I would seek His face at the earliest opportunity, and if he saw fit to convert my soul, that I would spend my life in His cause. It came; I sought His face and received the smiles of His love, and now I have a hope within me big with immortality; and all do I attribute to that bookmark and the grace of God.—*Bible Treasury*.

**THE WORD OF GOD.**—The Word of God is a fiery shield, for this reason, that it is more enduring and purer than gold tried in the fire; which gold loses nothing in the fire, but it stands the fire, endures, and overcomes all trial. So, he who believes in the Word of God overcomes all, and continues eternally secure against all misfortune. This shield shrinks not from the gates of hell, but the gates of hell tremble before it.—*Luther*.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. J. URQUHART, of Glasgow, has accepted the pastorate of Wadham Street Chapel, Weston-super-Mare.

Rev. W. J. Parker, of Castlegate, Berwick, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Albemarle Church, Scarborough.

Rev. G. Robinson, of Hugglescote, has accepted the pastorate of Praed Street Chapel, Edgware Road.

Rev. D. C. Chapman has resigned the pastorate of Oxford Street Church, Grantham, and accepted the charge of the church of Billingborough.

Rev. W. Pilling has retired from the pastorate of Hill Cliffe Church, near Warrington.

Rev. S. V. Lewis, after twenty-one years' ministry, has resigned the pastorate of Drayton Chapel, Abingdon.

MALDON, ESSEX.—Rev. E. S. Cole, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate.

ABERTILLERY, NEWPORT, MON.—Rev. E. Talbot-Carter, late of Barking, E., has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Ebenezer English Church.

Rev. G. H. Kemp has intimated his intention of resigning the pastorate of the church at East Dereham, Norfolk.

Rev. J. O'Neill Campbell, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Sussex Street, Grand Parade, Brighton, formerly presided over by Rev. W. Poole Balfern.

Rev. George Henry Harris, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a call to the church at Highfield Road, Dartford.

### PRESENTATIONS.

SULGRAVE, NEAR BANBURY.—On January 12th the members and friends of the Sulgrave and Culworth churches

met together. The pastor, Rev. W. Thomas, was presented with a purse of gold as a token of esteem.

Rev. I. Near, of Ringstead, has been presented with a new year's gift, amounting to £5 10s.

Rev. J. T. Whitaker, of Beeston Hill, has been presented, by the members of the congregation, with a marble timepiece, with side ornaments, as a token of esteem and best wishes on the occasion of his marriage.

Rev. W. A. Wickes, pastor of Carey Church, Moulton, Northamptonshire, has received a gift of £23 as a mark of the esteem in which he is held by the church and congregation.

Rev. J. Tyrrell, pastor of the churches at Woodford and Great Addington, Northamptonshire, has been presented with a sum of £16 14s. The presentation was made at the annual meeting of the Woodford Church, when a deficit in the accounts was cleared off.

KIMBOLTON.—The congregation of the new chapel have just presented their pastor, Rev. Isaac Wrigley, with a cheque for £12, being the amount subscribed as a new year's offering.

LEEDS.—At the annual meeting of the church and congregation at York Road on January 19th, the pastor, Rev. J. Kitchener, was presented with a framed portrait of himself and an illuminated album as an expression of affection and regard.

### RECOGNITIONS.

REV. J. G. DEAVILLE, formerly of Bury, has been recognised as pastor of Oxtou Road Church, Birkenhead, in succession to Rev. S. Hester, Revs. A. Mackennall, A. Mines, W. Roseman, and C. Ashford took part in the proceedings.

Rev. G. A. Willis was recognised on the 22nd of January, as pastor of

Clarendon Chapel, Leamington. The sermon was preached by Rev. W. P. Cope. Revs. W. J. Henderson, J. M. Hamilton, and A. H. Byles also took part in the proceedings.

Rev. J. G. Skemp, of Rawdon College, has been recognised as pastor of the church at Pendleton. Rev. J. Barker, former secretary of Rawdon College, and Rev. J. Porteus, a fellow student of the pastor, bore testimony to the distinguished position taken by Mr. Skemp during his period of preparation for the ministry. Revs. C. Williams, C. Pates, J. Seager, J. W. Kiddle, J. McDowell, H. Ogle, and E. E. Cole also took part in the proceedings.

TONBRIDGE.—On January 27th services were held in connection with the settlement of Rev. Robert Thomson as pastor. In the afternoon Rev. J. R. Wood, of Holloway, preached, and a public tea followed in the school-room. At the evening meeting the chapel was filled to overflowing. Mr. A. H. Neve, one of the deacons, occupied the chair, and gave a hearty welcome to the pastor in the name of the church and congregation, and explained the steps which led to Mr. Thomson's settlement. For some ten years Mr. Thomson was a clergyman of the Church of England, which he left principally on the question of baptism, and has since held the pastorate of the church at Irvine. Addresses were given by Revs. Jas. Smith, of Tunbridge Wells, and R. H. Powell, of Edenbridge. Mr. Thomson, in his address, spoke of his determination, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to declare the whole counsel of God, and he trusted his ministry would prove faithful, and, above all, soul-saving. A feature in the meeting was the presence of Rev. G. Noel Storrs, Vicar of St. Stephen's parish, and Rev. W. S. Seymour, minister of the Free Church, who both testified to the pleasure it gave them to be present.

FAIRFORD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Rev. R. W. Ayres was recognised as pastor of the Church, Fairford, on

Tuesday, January 27th. A large number of friends sat down to tea, and at the public meeting, held in the chapel, the following ministers and others gave addresses:—Rev. J. Brown, Rev. F. E. Blackaby, Rev. E. George, Rev. J. S. Grant, and Captain Milbourn.

Rev. W. H. Dyson, late of Southport, received public recognition, on the 3rd of January, as pastor of Zion Chapel, Wakefield. Revs. Dr. Bruce, J. R. Wolstenholme (the former pastor), S. Dyson (father of the new pastor), W. Elstob, J. Ford, and W. H. Lee, ex-mayor, took part in the proceedings.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

SANDHURST, KENT.—At the Sunday School Christmas-tree entertainment on January 8th, a packet, consisting of useful articles of clothing, pocket-knives, and toys, together with a bun and an orange, was presented to each child in the school. Rev. L. Llewellyn, the pastor, gave an address on Christmas-trees as observed on the Continent, and Mr. T. E. Slaughter, on behalf of the teachers, presented to Mr. Henry, after more than twenty years' service, a Commentary on the New Testament in five vols., a Bible Dictionary and an easy-chair. A large number of friends, many from a considerable distance, was present, and short addresses were also delivered by Mr. Ebenezer Ballard and Mrs. Brine.

At Trinity Church, Derby, of which Rev. W. F. Harris is pastor, there has been an increase of membership during the year from forty to seventy. The Sunday School has nearly doubled its numbers. The total income from all sources was £309, of which £100 has been contributed towards a new organ. It was resolved to renovate the buildings and erect the organ during the current year, and promises were given towards the cost.

PENGE TABERNACLE.—The annual meeting of the church and congregation was held in Penge Tabernacle, on January 22nd, 1885.

The public meeting was preceded by a tea, to which about 250 persons sat down. The after-meeting commenced a little after seven o'clock; a very good attendance assembled, the place being well filled. The pastor, Rev. J. Wesley Boud, presided, and opened the meeting with singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer. Afterwards he called upon the secretary of the church to read his report. The secretary informed his audience that it was a very cheering one. The number of members at last annual meeting was 248—a clear increase during the year of 75, making the total number on the books 323. During the past year another mission station was added to the one at Heath Grove, Penge, and at Wood Side, South Norwood. The various institutions of the church were in good working order, and there was a promise of increased future usefulness. The financial statement of accounts given by Mr. Coulson was cheering and satisfactory, and amongst the many statements made he mentioned that they had raised during the year the sum of £900 towards defraying the expenses attendant upon carrying on the worship of God and its work.

**TODMORDEN.—SHORE CHAPEL.**—On Christmas Day the annual tea meeting held in the above place was attended by more than 400 persons. At the evening meeting recitations, dialogues, and selections of music were given by the young people. The chair was taken by the pastor, Rev. J. K. Chappelle, who delivered an address on Him who gives to the festive season its endless charm.

### BAPTISMS.

**Abercarn,** Mon.—January 18, English Chapel, Three, by E. E. Probert.  
**Abertillery,** Newport, Mon.—January 25, Three, by E. C. Carter.  
**Bacup**—January 4, Irwell-terrace, Two, by J. S. Hughes. February 1, Ebenezer, Four, by J. Werdau.  
**Bardwell.**—February 8, One, by G. F. Wall.  
**Bildesdon.**—January 26, Five by J. Easto.

**Birmingham.**—January 25, Longmore-street, Six, by A. T. Prout.  
**Birkenhead.**—January 13, Jackson-street, Nine, by T. Lydiatt.  
**Blaenavon.**—January 29, King-street, Ten, by O. Tidman.  
**Blaina,** Mon.—January 22, Salem, Eight, by O. Rees.  
**Briercliffe.**—February 1, Four, by J. Lee.  
**Budleigh.**—January 18, One, by J. A. Brown.  
**Burnley.**—January 25, Mount Pleasant, Six, by J. Kemp.  
**Burnham.**—December 31, Six, by C. D. Gooding.  
**Chatteris.**—January 27, West Park-street, Three, by T. H. Smith.  
**Cheam.**—January 25, Two, by W. F. Price.  
**Chester.**—January 25, Ebenezer Chapel, Milton-street, One; February 1, One; February 8, Three, by W. S. Jones.  
**Eastbourne.**—February 3, Ceylon-place, Four, by W. Osborne.  
**Faringdon,** Berks.—January 29, Two, by E. George.  
**Golcar.**—February 1, One, by W. Gay.  
**Hereford.**—January 25, Commercial-road, One, by J. Williams, B.A.  
**Lechdale.**—February 4, Six, by E. George.  
**Longford.**—January 1, Salem, Three, by E. Parker.  
**London:**—  
**Leytonstone.**—January 25, Two, by J. Bradford.  
**Penge.**—January 28, Six, by J. W. Boud.  
**Putney.**—January 25, Ten, by W. Thomas.  
**Loose,** near Maidstone.—January 27, Seven, by A. C. Chambers.  
**Llandaffan.**—December 21, Four, by M. Jones.  
**Machen.**—January 25, Siloam, Ten, by J. Morgan.  
**Maescwimmer.**—January 25, Eleven, by T. Batstone.  
**Merthyr.**—February 8, at the Tabernacle, Two, by B. Thomas.  
**Nantyglo.**—February 8, at Bethel, Six, by J. Pugh.  
**Newport,** Mon.—January 25, Four, by A. T. Jones.  
**Norbiton.**—January 25, Bunyan Chapel, Four, by J. Clark.  
**Odiham.**—January 8, One, by R. Wilson.  
**Oldham.**—January 25, King-street, Six, by W. F. Edgerton.  
**Preston.**—January 13, St. George's-road, One, by W. H. Harris.  
**Pontelowe,** Llantrisant.—February 1, Two, by Mr. Higon.  
**Pontnewynydd,** Pontypool.—January 7, Two, by J. G. Watts.  
**Portsmouth.**—January 28, Lake-road, Four, by T. W. Medhurst.  
**Rhymney,** Mon.—January 4, One, by H. Phillips.  
**Ross.**—January 25, One, by J. E. Perrin.  
**Rotherham.**—December 28, Six, by B. Lee.  
**Scapogot Hill,** Golcar.—February 1, Two, by A. Harrison.  
**Skipton.**—January 4, Two, by W. Judge.

## THE PLEA OF FAITH.

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Do as Thou hast said.”—2 Samuel vii. 25.

NATHAN had been giving to David, on God's behalf, sundry exceeding great and precious promises. David expresses his gratitude to God for having so promised, and he says, “Now, O Lord God, the word that Thou hast spoken concerning Thy servant, and concerning his house, establish it for ever, and do as Thou hast said.”

It is a prayer to God. Those words naturally flowed from his lips, after hearing such precious promises, he was anxious for their fulfilment. Such words will be equally in place, if they shall be adopted by us in these modern times, and if, after reading a promise, on turning to God's Word, we should finish by saying, “Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope,” it will be a practical application of the text, “Do as Thou hast said.”

I shall not commence my sermon to-night by endeavouring to prove that this Bible is what God has said; I do not come here to give you arguments to prove the inspiration of Scripture; I assume that I speak to a Christian congregation, and I assume, therefore, at starting, that this is God's Word and none other. Leaving that matter, then, altogether, permit me to proceed at once to the text, understanding by what God has said, the Scriptures of His truth; and I trust there are some here who will be led, to-night, to cry to God in behalf of some promise made to their souls, “O Lord, do as Thou hast said.”

I. Our first remark shall be HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO KNOW WHAT GOD HAS SAID, for unless we know what God has said, it will be folly to say, “Do as Thou hast said.” Perhaps there is no book more neglected in these days than the Bible. I do verily believe there are more mouldy Bibles in this world than there are of any sort of neglected books. We have still-born books in abundance; we have innumerable books which never see any circulation except the circulation of the butter shop, but we have no book that is so much bought, and then so speedily laid aside, and so little used, as the Bible. If we buy a newspaper, it is generally handed from one person to another, or we take care to peruse it pretty well; indeed some go so far as to read advertisements and all. If a person purchases a novel, it is well known how he will sit and read it all the way through, till the midnight candle is burnt out; the book must be finished in one day, because it is so admirable and interesting; but the Bible, of course, in the estimation of many, is not an interesting book; and the subjects it treats of are not of any very great importance. So most men think; they think it is a very good book to carry out on a Sunday, but never meant to be used as a book of pleasure, or a book to which one could turn with delight.

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Such is the opinion of many ; but no opinion can be more apart from the truth ; for what book can treat of truths one-half so important as those that concern the soul. What book can so well deserve my attention as that which is written by the greatest of all authors, God Himself ? If I must read a valuable book with attention, how much more ought I to give my mind to the study of that book which is invaluable, and which contains truth without the slightest admixture of error ? And if books upon my health, or books which only concern the doings of my fellow-creatures occupy some of my time, and deservedly so, how much more time should I spend in reading that which concerns my everlasting destiny ; which reveals to me worlds hitherto unknown ; which tells me how I may escape from hell and fly to heaven ? But I must remark, that even among Christian people, the Bible is one of the least read books that they have in their house. What with our innumerable magazines, our religious newspapers, and our perpetual controversies about the Bible, it is too seldom that people read the Bible. There certainly is not that reading of it that there used to be. Our predecessors, the ancient Puritans, would scarcely read any book but that ; and if a book was not concerning the Bible, they did not care about reading it at all. Perhaps therein they may have been too strait and narrow, and may somewhat have cramped their minds ; but I would rather have my mind cramped with divinity, than I would have it enlarged with falsehood ; I would rather have a little truth, and have a mind full of that, though that mind should only be as large as a nutshell, than have the most gigantic intellect, and have that crammed with error. It is not the greatness of our intellect, it is the rightness of it, that makes us men in this world, and right men before God. I beseech you, therefore, you who are members of Christian churches, if you have but little time, do not expend it in reading ephemeral books, but take your Bible and read it constantly ; and I promise you one thing, that if you are already Christians, the more you read the Bible the more you will love it. You may find it hard, perhaps, at present, to read a short passage and meditate upon it all day ; but as you proceed you will see such depths unfathomable, such heights beyond your ken ; and you will discover such unutterable sweetness in this precious honeycomb dropping with drops of honey, that you will say, "I must have more of it," and your spirit will always cry, "Give, give ;" nor will it be content until you can have God's statutes upon your mind daily, to be your songs in the house of your pilgrimage. הוֹרֵנוּ בְּחֻמְרוֹת עֲרֻבֵינוּ

*The errors of this present age have sprung from a non-reading of the Bible.* Do you think, my brethren, that if we all read the Scriptures with judgment, and desired to know them rightly, there would be so many sects as there are ? Heresies and schisms have sprung from this ; one man has gone a little astray upon a point ; another man, without referring to Scripture, has endorsed all he has said ; another one has added something else to it ; and then another one, being cunning, full of subtlety of the devil, has twisted passages of Scripture, and has woven them into a system, which has been fashioned in the first place by mistake, has accumulated and become more colossal by sundry other mistakes which naturally accrued to it, and at last has been perfected by the craft of designing heretics.

And, again, *bigotry, ill-feeling, and uncharitableness, must all be traced, in a large degree, to our want of reading the Bible.* What is the reason

why yon man hates me, because I preach what I believe to be right? If I do speak the truth am I responsible for his hating me? Not in the least degree. I am sometimes told by my people that I attack certain parties very hard. Well, I cannot help it; if they are not right, it is not my fault, if they come in my way, that I am compelled to run over them. Suppose two of you should be driving in the road to-morrow, and one of you should be on the right side of the road, and some accident should occur, you would say, "Sir, the other man ought to have pulled up, he must pay the damages, for he had no business there at all on his wrong side." And it will be all the same with us if we preach God's truth; we must go straight on; if the greatest ill-feeling in the world rise up we have nothing to do with it. God's truth will sometime bring about warfare; Jesus Christ, you know, said himself that he came to put warfare between man and man; to set the mother-in-law against the daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law; and that a man's foes should be those of his own household. But if there be ill-feeling, if there be a clamouring of sects to whom is it due? Who is responsible for it? Why, the man who makes new sects, not the man who abides fast and firm by the old one. If I am safely moored by a good strong anchor of fundamental truth, and some other shall strike my vessel and sink himself, I will not pay the damages. I stand firm if others choose to go away from the truth, to cut their cables, and slip their moorings; then let them. God grant that we may not do the same. Hold the truth, my friends, and hold it as the easiest method of sweeping away heresies and false doctrines. But, now-a-days, you know, you are told, "Oh, it does not matter what you believe; doctrines are nothing;" and they have tried lately to make a very happy family of us, like the happy family near Waterloo Bridge, where all kinds of creatures are shut up together; but they are only kept in order by a lath which the man, when we turn our heads, applies between the bars of the cage. Just so with denominations; they want to amalgamate us all. We differ in various doctrines, and therefore some of us must be wrong, if we hold doctrines directly hostile to each other. But we are told, "It does not signify; doubtless you are all right." Now, I cannot see that. If I say one thing, and another man says another, how, by all that is holy, can both speak the truth? Shall black and white be the same colour? Shall falsehood and truth be the same? When they shall be, and fire shall sleep in the same cradle with the waves of the ocean, then we shall agree to amalgamate ourselves with those who deny our doctrines, or speak evil of what we believe to be the gospel. My brethren, no man has any right to absolve your judgment from allegiance to God; there is liberty of conscience between man and man, but there is none between God and man. No man has a right to believe what he likes; he is to believe what God tells him; and if he does not believe that though he is not responsible to man, or to any set of men, or to any government; yet, mark you, he is responsible to God. I beseech you, therefore, if you would avoid heresies, and bring the church to a glorious union, read the Scriptures. Read not so man's comments, or man's books, but read the Scriptures, and keep your faith on this—"God has said it." If you cannot make all God's truths agree, yet remember God has not made two sets of truth opposite to each other; that were an impossibility.



which even God himself could not accomplish mighty though he be. My brethren, always stand by what God has said, and do not be turned aside from it by all the arguments that can be brought to bear against you. "Search the Scriptures, for they testify of Christ."

II. And now for our second point. ALL THAT FAITH WANTS TO BUILD UPON IS WHAT GOD HAS SAID. "Do as thou hast said." The only solid foothold that faith has is "*It is written*, God has said it." When a sinner comes to God he must have nothing else to rely upon except this, "Do as Thou has said." There is a tendency in most men's minds to bring before God something that he did not say. Many of you, I daresay, will go and ask God in prayer for something for which you cannot prove a positive promise that He will give it to you. You go to God and say, Lord, do as John Bunyan said, do as Whitfield said, let me have an experience like theirs." Now, that is all wrong. We must, when we come to God, say only, "Lord, do as *Thou* has said." And then, again, I do believe that many of those who are members of our churches have not put their faith simply in what God has said. If I were to go round to some of you and ask you why you believe yourselves to be Christians it is marvellous what strange reasons many of you would bring. It is very singular what strange views persons often have as to the way of salvation. It is hard to bring a sinner to God simply with this,—“Lord, do as Thou hast said.”

I know some who think themselves to be God's children simply because they dreamed they were. They had a very remarkable dream one night, and if you were to laugh at them they would be unutterably indignant; they would cut you at once out of the family of God, and call you an "accuser of the brethren." They do not rely upon what God has said in the Bible; but they had some singular vision when deep sleep had fallen upon them, and because of that vision, they reckon they are children of God. In the course of my seeing persons who call upon me, I hear every now and then a story like this. "Sir, I was in such-and-such a room, and suddenly I thought I saw Jesus Christ, and heard a voice saying such-and-such a thing to me, and that is the reason why I hope I am saved." Now, that is not God's way of Salvation; the sinner is not to say, "Lord, do as I dreamed, do as I fancy;" but "do as Thou hast said." And if I have anyone here who has never had a dream, or a vision, he does not want to have, if he goes to God with this, "Lord, Thou hast said Christ died to save sinners, I am a sinner, save me," that is faith, "Do as Thou hast said." But there are other persons far more rational, who if they were asked the reason for supposing that they are saved, would speak of some remarkable rhapsody which, on a particular occasion they had when listening to a certain minister; or of a particular text which struck them suddenly, and transported them to the seventh heaven, and they had such thoughts as they never had before. "Oh! sir," they say, "it is marvellous, I thought my heart would break, it was so full of joy and gladness; I never felt so before in all my life; and when I went out of the house, I felt so light and so ready to run home I thought I should sing all the way; so I know I must be a child of God." Well, you may know it, but I don't, because there are many persons who have been deluded by the devil in that fashion, who never had faith in Christ. Faith in Christ never rests in

rhapsody ; it rests on a "thou hast said it." Ask faith whether it will ever take its standing on anything but a "thou hast said," and faith will answer, "No ; I cannot climb to heaven on a ladder made of dreams, they are too flimsy to bear my feet." Faith, why dost thou not march on ? Why dost thou not cross that bridge ? "No," says faith, "I cannot ; it is made up of rhapsodies, and rhapsodies are intoxicating things, and I cannot place my feet upon them." Faith will stand on a promise, though it be no bigger than a grain of mustard seed ; but it could not stand on a rhapsody if it was as large as the everlasting mountains. Faith can build on a "thou hast said it !" but it cannot build on frames and feelings, on dreams and experiences—it only relies on this—"Thou hast said it." Let me caution my hearers against suppositions, which some of them have as to salvation. Some persons think that the Holy Spirit is a kind of electric shock working in the heart ; that there is some mysterious and terrible thing they cannot understand, which they must feel, not only very different from what they ever felt before, but even superior to anything described in God's Word. Now, I beg to tell you, that so far from the effectual operation of the Holy Spirit being a dark thing in its manifestation, it is, because it is the Holy Spirit, a thing of simplicity and light. The way of salvation is no great mystery, it is very plain ; it is "believe and live." And faith needs no mysteries to hang itself upon ; it catches hold of the bare naked promise, and it says, "Lord, do as thou hast said."

My faith can on this promise live ; I know that on this promise it never can die. But faith wants neither testimonies of man, nor learning of philosophers, nor eloquence of orators, nor rhapsodies, nor visions, nor revelations. It wants nothing else but what God has said applied to the heart ; and it goes to God, and says, "Lord, do as thou hast said."

III. And now for the third remark. We see that faith is a very bold thing ; when God says a thing it goes to God, and says, "Lord, do as Thou hast said."

My third remark is that FAITH IS QUITE RIGHT IN SO DOING. The Lord always meant when He said a thing, that we should remind Him of it. God's promises were never meant to be waste paper : He meant that they should be used. Whenever God gives a promise, if a man does not use that promise, the promise fails in effect to that man, and God's great intention therein is in some measure frustrated. God sent the promise on purpose to be used. If I see a Bank of England note, it is a promise for a certain amount of money, and I take it and use it. But, oh, my friend, do try and use God's promises ; nothing pleases God better than to see His promises put in circulation ; He loves to see His children bring them up to Him, and say, "Lord, do as Thou hast said." And let me tell you that it glorifies God to use His promises. Do you think that God will be any the poorer for giving you the riches He has promised ? Do you think He will be any the less holy for giving holiness to you ? Do you think He will be any the less pure for washing you from your sins ? And He has said, "Come now, let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool ; though they be red, they shall be whiter than snow." Faith gets hold of that promise, and it does not stand saying, "This is a precious promise, I will look at it ;" it goes right up to the throne, and says, "Lord, here is the promise, do as Thou hast said."

And God says, "Oh! faith, I am as glad to see the promise brought to Me as thou art to bring it; I meant my promise to be used, and the using of it glorifies Me." Why, if any one gave us a cheque, and we did not go to have it cashed, though we might want the money badly enough; suppose we said, "I don't like to go," there would be some slur cast upon the character of the man whose signature had made it valid. And so when a Christian gets a promise, if he does not take it to God, he dishonours Him. But when faith in all its raggedness, and poverty, and sickness about it, goes to God and says, "Lord, I have nothing to recommend me but this, 'Thou hast said it; ' there is the promise, Lord, give me the fulfilment." God smiles, and says, "Ay, my child, I love to see thee trust Me; there, take back the fulfilment, and go on thy way rejoicing." Never think that God will be troubled by your asking Him about His promises so much. God likes to be troubled, if I may use such an expression; He likes you to go to His door, and say, "Great Banker, cash this note; great Promiser, fulfil this promise; great covenant God, fulfil Thy covenant, and send me not empty away." "Do as Thou hast said," is a legitimate request; we ought to say it; it honours God, and God meant that we should so use His promises "Do as Thou hast said."

Another remark. *Faith has very good reasons for appealing to God to do as He has said.* If you should say to faith, "Faith, why do you expect God to do as He has said? Do you know you are undeserving of such-and-such a mercy, though He has said it? Why do you expect it?" Faith would answer, "I have a whole bundle of reasons that justify the act. And in the first place, I have a right to expect Him to do as He has said, because He is a true God; I know He cannot lie. He has said He will give me such-and-such a thing; if He was not a truthful God, I would not say, 'Do as Thou hast said!' but since He is a true God, and never was known to break His promise, and since moreover, by two immutable things, wherein it is impossible for God to lie—His oath and His promise—He has made the thing secure; and since I know that in Christ all the promises are yea and amen, I think I have good reason enough for going to Him and saying, 'Do as Thou hast said.' If He were some fallible being who promised and would not perform, I might hesitate somewhat; but since He is always true and constantly precious, I will go and say to Him, 'Lord, do as Thou hast said.'" Poor sinner! God has said, "He that confesseth his sin shall find mercy." Now, if you go to God, you want no other plea than this,—"Lord, do as Thou hast said; 'I have confessed my sins; ' 'do as Thou hast said.'" "But, sinner, why should I do as I have said? you do not deserve it." Lord, "Thou art a true God."

"Thou hast promised to forgive,  
All who on Thy Son believe;  
Lord I know Thou canst not lie,  
Give me Christ, or else I die."

Go, poor sinner, tell the Lord that, and as truly as He is God, He will never send you empty away. Faith has good reasons to feel that God is true, and therefore He will do as He has said. And not only so, but He is able to do it; His ability is infinite. His intentions also are the same,

His promises never get worn out by being circulated, and they become all the more sure for being tried. Poor sinner, here again is a joyful thought: thou canst go to God and say, "Lord, Thou hast promised to wash away all our iniquities, and cast them into the depths of the sea. Lord, if Thou hadst been a changeable God, I might have thought Thou wouldst not wash away mine, but Thou didst wash Manasseh, and Thou didst wash Paul; now, Lord, because Thou art unchangeable 'do as Thou hast said.' For Thou art just the same now, just as merciful, just as powerful and just as kind as ever Thou wert. What, wilt Thou break Thy promise, Lord? 'Do as Thou hast said.'"

But faith puts it on stronger ground than this: it says, "Lord, if Thou dost not do as Thou hast said, Thou wilt be dishonoured, Thou wilt be disgraced." If a man does not carry out his promise, he is cashiered; men care not to associate with one who breaks his promise; and what would become of God's great name if He were to break his promise? Poor black sinner! thou art coming to the fountain; God has given the promise that He will wash every sinner that comes to the fountain. Now, with reverence let me speak it; poor sinner, if Christ did not wash you, it would be a dishonour to His truth. If you were to go to Christ, and He were to cast you out, surely the devils in hell would despise the name of him who breaks his promise. Beloved, to suppose that God could violate His promise, is to suppose Him divested of His Godhead. Take away God's honour from Him, and He becomes less than man. Take away the honour which even man holds dear, and what do you make of God? "Oh, sir," you say, "but I do not deserve it; I am such a poor worthless creature, He will not keep His promise to me." I tell you that does not make a whit difference in God's promise; if He has promised, He is divinely bound to perform His promise, in whatever state you may be. Though you have slandered God, though you may have hated Him and despised Him, and run away from Him, and in every way ill-treated Him—if He has made a promise to you here, I will be bound for my God. He would keep a promise to the devil if He had made one; and if He has made a promise to you who are ever so vile, He will keep that promise to you. Hear the promise, then once more. Are you a sinner? "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief." And, again: "He is able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by Him." And again: "Come unto Me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And let me say again with the profoundest reverence, that if Christ did not give rest to every weary heavy-laden sinner that came to Him, he would be un-Christed, He would lose His truthfulness, He would be undefied, He would lose His veracity, and the loss of one poor believing sinner would be the loss of God's own Godhead; it would be the dethroning of the immortal; it would be the pulling down of heaven, the breaking asunder of the universe, and the dissolution of creation's own earth, and of creation's self. Faith may well go to God, and say, "Lord, do as Thou hast said; for if Thou dost not, it will be a dishonour to Thyself."

And now let us conclude by asking, *what has God said!* I cannot tell you all that He has said to you, because I cannot mark out all the different characters here. But, my dear friends, whatever may be your character,

from the earliest stage of religion up to the last, there is always some special promise to you; and you have only to turn your Bible over and find it out, and then go to God with "Do as Thou hast said." Let me just select a few characters. There is one here, exceeding faint in the ways of the Lord. "Oh!" he says, "I am faint, though I hope I am pursuing." Now, here is the promise,— "He giveth power unto the faint;" When you get such a promise, stick hard and fast to it: do not let the devil cheat you out of it, but keep on saying, "Lord, Thou hast said, He giveth power unto the faint." "Do as Thou hast said." Let it ring and ring again in the ears of the Promiser, and He will be a Performer yet. "Ah!" says another, "I am not faint; I am afraid I scarcely have life at all; I am a hungry and thirsty soul; I want Christ, but I cannot get at Him." Hear this: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Take that promise to God, and keep to it: do not plead anything else, but go to God over and over again with this,— "Lord, Thou hast said it; do as Thou hast said." Are you covered all over with sin, and under a deep sense of your iniquities? Go and tell Him this: "Thou hast said, 'I will cast their iniquities into the depths of the sea.' Lord, I know I have these sins: I do not deny it; but Thou hast said, 'I will pardon them.' I have no reason why Thou shouldst pardon them; I cannot promise that I shall be better; but, Lord, Thou hast said it, and that is enough; 'Do as Thou hast said.'" Another one here is afraid lest he should not be able to hold on to the end, and lest after having been a child of God he should be a cast-away. Then, if that be thy state, go and take this to God: "The mountains may depart, and the hills may be removed, but the covenant of My love shall not depart from you;" and when you are thinking that the Saviour is going away, catch hold of His skirts, and say, "Jesus, do as Thou hast said. Thou hast said, 'I will never leave thee; 'do as Thou hast said.'" Or, if thou hast lost His presence, remember the promise, "I will come again to you." Go and say, "Lord, I have lost the sweet comfort of Thy presence in my heart, but Thou hast said, 'I will come again to you.'" And if Satan says, "He is gone away, and will never come back again," tell Satan he has nothing to do with it; God has said it, and keep to this, "Do as Thou hast said." If you do that, you will want no other argument and no other reason.

Let us suppose a case, and having tried to illustrate the truth by it, we will have done. There is a desperate ruffian; he has been concerned in twenty burglaries; it is said he has committed several murders; the police are on his track, they are hunting after him; he cannot be discovered. The principal point is to discover him, for it is hoped that by his discovery and his pardon more good might be done than even by his execution. Persons come to this desperately bad fellow, and they tell him, "If you give yourself up, I dare say you will get a free pardon." "I do not give myself up on daresays," he says. Another comes and says, "If you were to give yourself up, I would intercede for you; I know my lord So-and-so, and such a man, Member of Parliament, would intercede for you." "No," he would say, "let well alone. I am pretty safe now; I am not going to give myself up on the mere speculation that some one will intercede for me." But by-and-by there comes out a huge placard: "V.R. Free pardon to such a man if he surrenders himself." He walks straight up to the place. Some one says to him, "Stop, my dear

fellow ; they will hang you, perhaps." "No," says he, "they won't." Some one says, "They have been many years looking after you ; you do not think that if you get into the fangs of the law now the Queen will pardon you ?" "Yes," he says, "I can trust her ; she has never given a free pardon, and then executed anyone." He goes to the office, and they say, "We are astonished to see this fellow ; he might have kept away ; he had no necessity to give himself up." "See," says one, "there is a policeman, are you not afraid ? There are the handcuffs ; are you not afraid that they will be put on your wrists and that you will be put into jail ?" "No," he says, "I will walk all through the prison, but there is not a cell in which I may be locked up. The Queen has said she will pardon me, and I do not want anything else." "But look at your conduct ; you know you deserve to be hanged." "I know I do, but I have received a free pardon, and I will surrender myself." "But who can tell how many burglaries you will commit if you are allowed to go free ?" "Never mind, she has promised to pardon me, and I know well that her word will not be violated. Sure the majesty of England will not lie against such an offender as I am." Now, you would not wonder at that, would you ? It would be no very marvellous thing, because we can trust Her Majesty pretty fairly. But it is the hardest thing to get sinners to come to God. "No," says one, "I have been a drunkard, God will not forgive me." My dear fellow, it is said, "All manner of sin and iniquity shall be forgiven to man." "Oh," says another, "I have been a swearer, I have been an infidel, I have blasphemed God, and broken all His statutes." My dear fellow-creature, it is said, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men." Cannot you believe it ? God means what He says ; and can you not come to God, trembling though you be, and cast yourself before His feet, and say, "Lord, if Thou shouldst cast me down to hell, I know Thou wouldst be just : but then Lord Thou hast said, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'" I tell you God will do as He has said. If you have but faith to believe that promise, you never need fear.

Worthless, vilest of the vile, sweepings of the universe, the very offal of creation, if you come to God He will take you in, for His promise is not to be broken by reason of your vileness ; He will receive you, if you can but plead a promise of your own case, and say to Him, "Do as Thou hast said." Now, then, I will say in conclusion, it will be easy enough for every poor sinner, for every penitent sinner, for every weak saint, to go home, and turn his Bible over ; and by a little diligence he will be able to find out a promise that will exactly suit his case ; and if he does not find such a promise, it will be because he did not look long enough, for there is one that just fits, and when he has got hold of it let him go to God, and say, "Lord, do as Thou hast said," and let him keep to that ; and the heavens would sooner fall than one of God's promises should be broken. Oh ! trust my Master ! oh, trust my Master ! trust your souls to Him ; trust your bodies to Him, I beseech you ; do it, for His own name's sake ! Amen and Amen.

## Mary Upton's Experiences.

A NARRATIVE FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER IV.—THE BLIND CHILD "CALLED."

How many more personal reminiscences of the application of God's Word to her soul Miss Upton might have given her aunt at this time, and to what kind of "test" Miss Blossom might have subjected such professed application cannot be told, for just then the arrival of the other inmates of the house from the "party" brought the narrative to an abrupt conclusion. But both ladies were destined about a week afterwards to have the subject again brought up, in another way and in a totally different quarter.

When meeting her Bible class on the subsequent Lord's Day, Miss Upton observed that one member of her class appeared to be much cast down, and she asked her what was the matter?

"Oh, Miss Upton, we have such trouble at home."

"What has happened, Sarah?"

"Our poor Bobbie's killed."

"What! your little blind brother?"

"Yes, ma'am; he was knocked down by a horse and cart on Thursday, and he died yesterday. We did so hope that he would recover, but his head was hurt dreadfully and his arm was broke, and the doctor said the shock was too great for him to stand. Oh! we shall miss him; we shall miss him sorely: for though he was blind he was so engaging, and had such winning ways that nobody could help loving him.

"But how came he to be knocked down, Sarah? Was it through furious driving?"

"Yes, ma'am; I believe so. It was Dick Stubbs, the butcher's man, that did it. Folks say that he had been drinking, and was lashing his poor horse, and didn't notice Bobbie as he was crossing the road. He tried, they said, to pull up, but it was too late. The horse kicked him, and one of the wheels went right over him, too. When he was picked up he was insensible, but he soon came round; and then it was awful to hear his screams. It was hours before he became anything like quiet, and then he sank gradually till he died. There is to be an inquest held over him tomorrow, and they say there's certain to be a verdict of manslaughter against the driver, and that he'll be severely punished; and I'm sure he deserves it."

"Did the doctor set his broken arm?"

"No, ma'am. He said he dare not while his head was in such a state and he told us afterwards that he entertained no hope of his recovery from the first, and therefore did not want to put him to needless torture."

"That was very good of him, Sarah. Well, you must all try and bear up as well as you can. It must be a very great trial to you indeed, but it will console you to think that he is gone to be with Jesus, where blindness is unknown. Had he lived, poor little fellow, he would have suffered much hardship in a

cold and heartless world, and have ever been dependent upon others. As it is, all his earthly sorrows are over, and heavenly bliss is now his portion for ever."

"That is true, Miss Upton; and when we think of that we can give him up. But would you please do me a favour?"

"Yes, Sarah; I shall only be too glad to do anything for you to help you in your trouble."

"I want you, if you please, after the funeral is over, to come and see father and mother, and give them a bit of comfort. You know they will be so pleased to see you, and if you would bring your aunt with you, they would be glad to see her too; for father said he had a nice bit of talk with her one night after the prayer meeting, and it did him good."

"No doubt aunt will be pleased to come with me if you desire it, for you know she is ever ready to impart comfort to the tried, if it lies in her power to do so. But what day would you like us to come?"

"Would Thursday evening suit you, ma'am?" The funeral is on Wednesday, and we shall all feel so lonely the day after."

"Yes; all being well, we will both arrange to come then, say about seven o'clock. Your father will be at home at that hour, will he not?"

"Yes, ma'am. He leaves work at six o'clock, and will have had his tea by that time."

At the appointed hour both ladies made their appearance at George Delver's door. A respectful but warm greeting soon made them feel at home. The room was plainly furnished, but everything looked clean and neat. The baby lay sweetly asleep in the cradle, with its mother near, and Sarah sat quietly listening and knitting, while

her father absorbed most of the conversation.

"How do you feel now, Mrs. Delver?" asked Miss Upton.

"Very bad, ma'am, very bad; I can't get over it anyhow. My husband takes it better than I do; and it's a good job he does. It wouldn't do for all to feel alike, would it?"

"No, it would not; but, after all, it becomes us to try to make the best of our trials, does it not?"

"It does, ma'am; but then, you know what the Scripture says: 'The heart knows its own bitterness,' and I feel mine. Perhaps I may be better by and by."

"No doubt you will, Mrs. Delver. Time heals many wounds, and your wound will require time, as it is a deep and sore one."

"It is so, ma'am. Nobody can tell how much Bobbie loved his mother and how much his mother loved him. It may be wrong to say so, but his blindness and dependence on me made me often feel as if I loved him more than any of the rest. Whenever he wanted anything he was sure to cry out for his mother; and if you'd only have seen him climb up time after time on my knee, and draw his little, fat, chubby hands over my face that he might feel every feature, because he couldn't see me, and then have seen him throw his arms round my neck and smother me with kisses, you would have known what love there was between us. He was a dear child, just four years old last month, and for all he was blind he was always so happy. And to think he should have come to such an end! Oh! it is hard to bear—very hard!"

"Don't give way so, Ann, don't. It won't do you any good; and, besides that, it will not bring him back. I feel it as well as you do: but then, after all, I see the hand



of Providence in it, taking the poor little darling from the evil to come. Very often when I've looked at him and thought what might be his future, and how, when he had no father and mother to protect him, he might get knocked about in the world, I've felt troubled, not knowing what might come to pass. But all that kind of trouble's over now. He's all right and safe, he is; housed safely from every storm: 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' as the hymn says. The Lord's permitted the accident for the child's good; that's the way I look at it. So, thinking how well it is for our darling, let us not repine, but, on the contrary, strive to say, 'Thy will be done.' Now that's best, isn't it, ladies?"

"It certainly is, Mr. Delver," said Miss Blossom; "but then it is perfectly natural for your good wife under the circumstances, to feel it as she does."

"I know that, ma'am, but I want her to look up. 'Jesus wept' at the grave of Lazarus, but He didn't keep on weeping; He soon left that off, and looked up and prayed and gave thanks to His Father. Now, at this time, as at all other times, my refuge is God's Word; and God has been pleased by His Holy Spirit to apply a word to my soul that's done me good, and enables me to give my dear little boy up, and I feel now I can do it."

"Pray, what word was it?" eagerly asked Miss Upton.

"It was this one, ma'am. '*And Jesus called a little child unto Him.*' You know where it occurs, in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew. The disciples were disputing which was the greatest among 'em, and to set 'em straight, our blessed Lord called a little child unto Him and set him in their midst, and told 'em that unless they became like that little child they could in nowise enter

into the kingdom of heaven. Now, somehow, I hardly know how, that phrase struck me, and I thought, 'Ah! just as Jesus called that little child unto Him, so He has called my child, and he is with Him now;' and it came home, did that thought, with such power to my soul that all my grief seemed suddenly to go away, and I've certainly not felt half so cast down since. What my poor wife wants is, to have a word from the Lord applied to her in the same fashion, and then I know she'd feel a deal better."

"Then you believe, do you, in the application of God's Word to the soul by the Holy Spirit?" said Miss Blossom.

"I should think I do, ma'am. Don't you?"

"Well, I will not say I do not. But what makes you believe in it?"

"What makes me believe in it, ma'am? Why, experience to be sure. How do you know that bread is good and nourishing and sweet? Is it not by tasting it and feeding on it? Now, God's Word to me is daily bread, and how it nourishes my soul God and myself alone know. But if I were to give you my experience, perhaps you would understand me better; shall I tell you my tale, ma'am?"

"Please do," said Miss Upton; "we shall both be delighted to hear it."

"Then I will begin, ma'am. In my early days I was rather a wildish youth. Not that I was fond of drinking, or gambling, or racing, or anything of that sort, but I just liked to engage in Sabbath breaking and rambling up and down with chaps as loose as myself. But when I got married I sobered down a bit, and stopped more at home. After, however, our first little one was born, trouble set in. It was, from the first, a poor wee sickly child, and

took the hooping cough, and that with teething brought on fits, and after weeks of suffering it died. Scarcely had it been laid in the grave when the firm I worked for became bankrupt, and I was thrown out of work for six months. How we managed to live at that time I can hardly tell, for we had saved up but little to fall back upon. It was hard commons then, ladies, I can assure you. Very often we had but two meals a day, and those frequently through visiting the pawnshop. But at last I got into work, and then, just as we were coming round, and a second baby was born, I had the misfortune to fall from a scaffolding when carrying some slates up to a roof, and broke my leg. That laid me aside for three months and more, and then there was a heavy doctor's bill to meet into the bargain. But my early troubles were not yet done with. What with waiting on me so much after her confinement, and wanting nourishing things, my wife fell ill, and the doctor thought she was going fast into a consumption. The care of the baby fell then mostly on me when at home, and we often thought that would go into another world, too. But God, who cared more for me than I did for Him, spared both, and gradually they came round, and

Sarah, you see, who was that poor baby, is living to comfort us yet. Then times began to mend again; work was brisk and wages rose. We managed to get all our things out of pawn, as well as some new furniture and new clothes. But what came next? Twelve months' prosperity came to an end with a four months strike, with the usual result that the strikers lost all their wages, and then had to go in on the masters' terms. Oh! the misery that that strike caused. It was in the depth of winter, and the wolf of starvation howled at hundreds of doors. Little children died by the score, and the undertakers' trade was the one that thrived most. Shop keepers advanced food without pay till they could advance it no longer for fear of being ruined, and then the foolish strikers were forced to confess themselves beaten, and some had to beg on again to get on at all. The masons, bricklayers, slaters, and plasterers found out to their cost that their combined strike was an act of folly that drove trade from the town and reduced wages instead of raising 'em. But it was during this strike that I was brought to know the Lord, through the application of His own blessed Word, and I will show you how it came about.

*(To be continued.)*

**THE WORD OF GOD.**—The Word of God is a fiery shield, for this reason, that it is more enduring and purer than gold tried in the fire; which gold loses nothing in the fire, but it stands the fire, endures, and overcomes all trial. So, he who believes in the Word of God, overcomes all, and continues eternally secure against all misfortune. This shield shrinks not from the gates of hell, but the gates of hell tremble before it.—*Luther.*

**LUTHER AND THE LITTLE BIRD.**—One evening when he saw a little bird perched on a tree, to roost there for the night, he said, "This little bird has had its supper, and now it is getting ready to go to sleep here, quite secure, and content, never troubling itself what its food will be, or where its lodging on the morrow. Like David, it abides under the shadow of the Almighty. It sits on its little twig content, and lets God take care."

**GOD'S GIFTS NOT VALUED.**—There is no greater grace or possession than to believe that God speaks to us. If we believed that, we should be already blessed.

## Round the World in Seven Months.

WITH GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL LIFE IN OUR COLONIES, AND IN AMERICA.

By W. P. GRIFFITH, Esq.

### PART IV.

#### *Colombo to Melbourne.*

THE sea voyage from Colombo to Melbourne presented little change from that across the Indian Ocean, but what change there was was for the better. For one thing, several passengers left us at Colombo, and the ship was less crowded, and we got a larger cabin. Then those who remained on board got better acquainted with each other, and were more social than before. Of course they fell into groups, according to affinity of tastes, harmony of religious views, or for other causes; but they did not form cliques or parties in any hostile sense, and before the voyage was over many pleasant associations were formed and acquaintances made, which it was a matter of mutual regret to break when the voyage was over.

On the 11th of December we crossed the line, and were glad to find that the rough horse-play, formerly tolerated on such occasions, was no longer permitted. True, a sailor dressed up to represent old Father Neptune, with two attendants in grotesque garb, climbed up the gangway as if from the ocean, and were conducted with much ceremony to the quarter-deck, where they were formally presented to the captain. Then Father Neptune made a mock-heroic speech, which was greatly applauded, and which ended with a complaint that he had been out of water so long that he was getting dry; and money was

given to him to quench his thirst: but the matter ended with a quiet supper to the crew, and no passenger suffered any annoyance.

On the 20th December we got our first sight of the Australian coast, a long low line of sand partly covered by scrubby bushes the colour of tea leaves, without any sign of human habitation or cultivation of any kind. The next morning we steamed into the large land-locked harbour of King George's Sound, and dropped anchor within half a mile of the little town of Albany. It consists of a cluster of white wooden houses, mostly of only one story, the better class being distinguished by a wide verandah carried round all the four sides, and painted a bright green. Behind the town we saw a steep hill, covered also with scrub, save where patches of white sand revealed the arid nature of the subsoil—a picturesque spot, with unequalled advantages in its harbour, but never capable, they tell us, of becoming a thriving settlement—because its products, grass and scrub, are worth nothing. The grass is unwholesome, and breeds disease in sheep or cattle who feed upon it; and the scrub brings forth nothing but a pretty yellow blossom, and is commercially valueless. We only went in to land some passengers bound for Perth, the capital of Western Australia, some 120 miles away, to which a stage coach goes once a week. We took in a stray wanderer or two. We left some

mail-bags, and received others, and after six hours' stay we steamed slowly out again to sea.

We arrived at Port Gienelg on Sunday evening, the 24th December, and as the steamer remained there some hours, we went ashore. We wanted, if possible, to see Adelaide, which is some seven miles distant, but it was Sunday, and no trains ran till after nine o'clock. So we took a look round, curious to see what an Australian seaport town was like. We noted at once a handsome Town Hall, in which Church of England service was about to be held; a large Congregational Chapel, with a lofty square tower, and a neat Methodist chapel. Besides these we saw a big hotel—a woodengrog shop; a general store, which displayed in its windows dolls and toys for children, coals for the kitchen, besides flowers, fruit, vegetables, and general grocery. The streets are wide, but the roads very rough; pavement there is none; a few shrubs and bushes, but no trees. The houses do not stand in rows, but are set up at irregular intervals on either side the unfinished road. Altogether a half-formed, primitive place, which may nevertheless one day be as crowded as the East End of London. At the Methodist chapel we found a lady in possession of the rostrum, a converted Jewess, who travels from place to place doing revival work—a sort of female Moody. Her address was very good of its kind, abounding in earnest appeals, touching incidents, and appropriate illustrations, and was listened to by the crowded audience with deep attention. But the singing was even more impressive than the sermon. The Sankey of the evening had a fine baritone voice, and was supported by a powerful choir, who gave several of the musical pieces

with marvellous effect, and at the close of the sermon some twelve or fourteen went into the inquiry room. About 10 p.m. we went back to the ship, not unfavourably impressed with our first glimpse of a Colonial Sabbath.

#### *Melbourne Harbour.*

On Tuesday, December 26th, we sighted the entrance to Melbourne Harbour. A lovely day: bright sunshine, cool air, rippling water flashing like myriads of diamonds. The long low line of the Australian coast stretching far as the eye can reach; but no habitations and no trees visible as yet, only dwarf shrub or bush, which has been fired in places, and sends up forked tongues of flame and dense clouds of smoke. Presently vessels come in sight, some in full sail, pictures of beauty; others with bare poles waiting a favourable wind. There is the promontory called Nelson's Head, and further on, the entrance to the harbour. As we approach we find the water foaming and tumbling as if in a gale or beneath a cataract. This is known as the "Rip," and is caused by a reef of submerged rock, which has been blasted to make a channel, and is still so dangerous as to need skilful piloting to bring our vessel through. Once through the "Rip" we are in the harbour, a large inland lake, thirty miles long, and in places nearly as wide, and it takes us five hours to thread our way through the intricate channel to our anchorage at Williamstown, the seaport suburb of Melbourne, where the steam tender takes off our mail bags, and we retire to rest for the last time on board the good steamship *Ballaarat*, of whose excellent sea-going qualities, of its competent and courteous captain,

and its efficient crew, we shall ever cherish pleasing recollections.

#### *Melbourne City.*

This is a large and handsome city, of more than 300,000 inhabitants. It is laid out in the American style—the streets in parallel lines, with cross streets at right angles, so that once learn the position of the chief thoroughfares, it is easy to find your way about. The roads are wide, the shops are large, handsome, and well-stocked, the public buildings, such as the town hall, post-office, banks, and places of worship, noble specimens of architecture—altogether a city of which its inhabitants may well be proud, the only signs of its recent origin being the occasional appearance of a low wooden shanty, or a mean brick and timber house, in the centre of a busy thoroughfare, looking strangely out of place with handsome stone-built warehouses or shops on either side. The drainage, too, is very primitive. A wide gutter between road and footpath carries off all the surface water, and as in rainy seasons the stream is deep and rapid, it has to be bridged over at all crossings. In the dwellings earth closets are the rule: so these gutters, although unsightly, are not offensive nor unwholesome.

But the suburbs are more pleasing than the city. They are adorned by four or five public parks or gardens, the Botanic Gardens being the most pleasing, exhibiting a great variety of European and tropical flowers and plants, and though timber—that is, old timber such as we see in England—is not abundant, the native shrubs grow to a great height, and young trees are coming on famously. We drove to St. Kilda, a pretty suburb on the coast, with pier, promenade, hotels,

lodging-houses, and a great many gentlemen's villas, each surrounded by a green verandah, the type of a colonial house, and each standing in its pleasant garden. So far as I could learn, rents are quite fifty per cent. higher than in England, owing to the scarcity and dearness of labour. Another day we went to the Royal Park, on the opposite side of the city, on a visit to the home of the able and courteous superintendent of the Government Telegraphs, Mr. James. We had the pleasure also of dining at the mansion of Mr. Jaffray, now said to be a millionaire, but who began life about thirty years ago as a digger in the Ballarat gold fields. He resides at Toorak, a suburb like our Kensington, and few establishments near London could be found to match his, either for lavish expenditure or exquisite taste; and in demeanour, refinement, and manners, he is a perfect gentleman. We visited also the abode of Mr. Sargood, another wealthy colonial merchant, a member of the senate. He resides at Balaclava—a suburb nearly equal to Toorak in the size and style of the palatial residences it contains. It is evident that large fortunes have been made in Australia, and if, as they tell me, they are now made less rapidly and less easily than before, there is still plenty of profitable business to be done by those who have business ability, while on the other hand failures, though still numerous, are less sudden and disastrous.

#### *The Working Classes.*

But how about the condition of the working classes? some of my readers will be saying. Certainly better than those of similar rank in the old country, is our answer. Hours of labour are shorter. Eight hours a day is the rule, Saturday half

holiday universal. Wages are 50 to 60 per cent. higher. Skilled artisans, such as smiths, carpenters, bricklayers, stone-masons, etc., etc., earn ten or twelve shillings per day. Ordinary labourers five or six shillings, and these rarely have to seek the employer; the employer has to go and seek them. Then there is a sturdy independence about the men, which will not brook interference nor endure reproof. The terms "master" and "servant" are almost unknown. It is "employer" and "employed," or in vulgar parlance, "boss" and "hands." Domestic servants are styled "helps," and command wages quite double those obtainable in England, with a liberty of action in the way of dress and holidays which no English mistress would tolerate. But is not living dear? As regards provisions, no! Bread is about the same, meat and vegetables much cheaper than at home. The working man in the Colony feeds well on meat three times a day. As regards clothing—not so cheap. Good articles cost half as much again as in London. As to rent, that is no doubt high, but most frugal working men manage to obtain a cottage of their own, either by means of a building society, or by framing and erecting one for themselves. During the journey from Williamstown and the City, we saw thousands of these Workmen's Dwellings, mostly one storied timber erections, with tiled roof, small garden, and the inevitable verandah, often garish with paint, and grotesque in ornamentation, but with suggestive of cleanliness and comfort. Clearly the sober, industrious, thrifty working man is much better off in the Colonies. But the lame, and the lazy, the idle and intemperate, the self-indulgent and wasteful, had better stay at home. No mistake can

be greater than to send a man out to a colony whose ill-habits have caused failure in his own country—"to give him another chance, away from his old associates who led him astray," as they say. Away also from the good influences and wholesome restraints of family and friends, such people, as a rule, go down faster and sink lower in the Colony than in the old country. The case may be summed up briefly, thus: those who would do well in England, may do better in the Colonies; instead of saving shillings, they may save pounds; instead of rising to be foreman or deputy foreman, they may hope to start on their own account; and if they have not only skill and industry, but also business ability (which some good workmen have not), they may steadily rise, and in time become wealthy. But those who fail at home rarely succeed abroad, (and, notwithstanding some striking examples to the contrary, more often they go from bad to worse, sink to the lowest depths of misery, and either end their days in some Colonial hospital or asylum, or come back to be a greater burden to their friends than they were before.

#### *Sunday in Melbourne.*

We found Sunday well observed in Melbourne. Almost all shops shut, no long journey trains running. Few public conveyances about, save lines of tramcars and omnibuses from the suburbs, which are largely patronised by residents coming to their places of worship in the city, for which purpose the local trains are also freely used. We went in the morning to the handsome Gothic church, known as the "Wesleyan Cathedral," capable of holding 1,500 people, but not half full, owing, they said, to the migration of middle-class residents to the suburbs.

In the evening we went to the

Baptist Church in Collins Street, of which Mr. Thompson is the pastor. This is built in the form of a public hall, with platform and desk instead of a pulpit, and the seats rise in amphitheatre fashion round its sides and back, so that every one can see the preacher; its acoustic properties are also good, and the lighting excellent. This hall was quite full, and the sermon, on the two final verses in Ecclesiastes, was sound,

striking, and very appropriate to the occasion, the last Sunday in the year.

I need hardly say that throughout the Colonies the Church of England has no pre-eminence over other religious bodies. Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, and Episcopalians are all on the same level. The word "Dissenter" is rarely heard, and when used conveys neither disability nor reproach.

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### SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

#### A MAIMED LIFE; OR, HOW TO SUCCEED.

"I AM persuaded that what we have to aim at is not to accomplish any certain thing or do a certain good; but, in whatever position we are placed, to make it minister to heavenly-mindedness, to spiritual conformity; this is hearing the shepherd's voice; so may an abbreviated, maimed, and persecuted life still fulfil itself in hearing, in witnessing, which may be enough for their existence—the rest above."—ROBERT ALFRED VAUGHAN.

THE highest life we all can reach,  
No barriers are found here;  
Both rich and poor may climb this hill,  
And reach this Temple fair.

To follow Christ with patient zeal,  
Where'er His love may lead,  
To kiss the hand which brings the rod,  
Is to be great indeed.

Where'er we are to hold the truth,  
And witness to its power;  
Hopeful and patient through the night,  
And bright when dark clouds lower.

Thus may a life, though poor and sad,  
In either young or old,  
Transmute by faith while struggling here,  
Life's dross and tin to gold.

Though broken, still can reach success,  
Victorious in defeat,  
Unknown beneath the eye of God,  
Stand 'mong the truly great.

*Brighton.*

W. POOLE BALFERN.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### THE INSPIRATION OF PRAYER.

BY REV. J. K. CHAPPELLE.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Psa. lxxiii. 28.

It is an old story of Jacob wrestling with the mysterious stranger through the long and lonely hours of night, refusing to let him go till he had obtained his will, and yet not his will, but God's will, which was far better; and he won for himself a princely name.

It is thousands of years since the prophet Elijah, by his importunate pleading brought rain from heaven upon the parched earth, and made the mystic fire leap upon the altar of Carmel, and consume the sacrifice in sight of the wonder-stricken priests of Baal. It is over eighteen centuries since the only perfect Man who ever trod the earth prayed with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save, and was heard in that He feared, and since He answered the request of His chosen disciples—"Lord, teach us to pray!"—by giving them that model prayer, the first words of which are in themselves an inspiring revelation of the paternal character of God—"Our Father who art in heaven."

Prayer is an ancient exercise, but it is not antiquated. It cannot be laid aside while we are the creatures of need. Manifestly it is the sign of the new life within us, and is God's method of developing and sustaining that life until we grow up into the likeness of Him who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature.

Great is the mystery of prayer.

But despite all mystery and controversy, we are compelled to believe in it from the necessities of our nature, and from incontrovertible evidence of its utility. A mere sentiment or theory!—how can we admit this in front of the Church's experience throughout all ages? No meaning in that felicitous designation to which sinful, suffering hearts have clung—"The throne of grace!"—the patriarchs, prophets, priests, confessors, martyrs, the wisest and best of the race, all wrong? Surely this is not the message of the age, the gospel of culture. It cannot be. We have one answer to all objections: the testimony of experience. Without any reservation, we subscribe to the saying of Asaph the Seer, "It is good for me to draw near to God." Though we have heard of some Christians who could do without prayer, we have never met them; they must be in Heaven, for they are much too good for earth. We are content to be ranked with the man who sustained the relations of warrior, statesman, and king, the sweet psalmist of Israel, who said, "O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee."

When we say that prayer is natural to man we mean but one kind, or part—supplication, and not the whole range of devotion. No one can have communion with God whose soul is not quickened into newness of life. Communion between men is only possible where there is something in common. Kindred spirits must meet to blend. Though there need not be equality in position and circumstances—the mere accidents of being—there must



be essential oneness of spirit, and where there is this "like draws like."

Fellowship with God is the soul's response to the touch of the Infinite, the soul's aspiration after its true portion, the face to face view of the human and the Divine. Prayer is not mere lip-speech; it is the overflow of sanctified feeling, feeling which is too deep and strong for full expression, but which would fain become articulate. The heart longs and loves to reveal itself to its chosen object. Perhaps the thrill with which we listen to the lisping, broken language of our first-born bears some resemblance to the feeling of the Great Father in heaven as we stammer out our wants and wishes.

An infinite stoop on the part of God! Yes, but He does stoop to us in our low estate, and we hail the privilege. In our approach to Him we should remember that He is the High and Lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, and whose name is holy; and we should not forget that He dwells with that man who is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the hearts of the contrite ones. No child's cry in the night, no stretching out of little hands for the familiar presence, will meet a readier response.

As there are degrees in religious character and attainments, so there are degrees of holy familiarity with God. What is highly becoming in one man would be offensive in another—blasphemous. Dare Lot have pleaded for Sodom as Abram did? In proportion to the closeness of our walk with God may be our talk to Him.

Our sense of the infinite distance between us and God is lessened as devotion progresses, and is all but lost as it reaches its height. Dan-

gerous teaching, bordering on error. Yes, as all truth borders on error. It may be abused. We do not wish to encourage a fictitious religion, a dangerous pietism; but we do wish men to know which is the highest kind of prayer, and to feel what the Apostle John meant when he said, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."

No doubt there are men bearing the Christian name to whom all this is sheer mysticism; living on a low plane, they have not realized the grand privilege of our Lord's saying recorded by the beloved disciple: "No longer do I call you servants, for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth: but I have called you friends." In many senses it is true, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will shew them His covenant." He who misses the privilege of entering into the audience-chamber of the Most High, misses the revelation of a divine secret for which nothing can compensate. He may well be careful and troubled about many things—sink under burdens which he must carry, and shrink from burdens which he should bear. He who gains it ensures an infinite addition to his resources. It is saying much, and yet little, that the soul finds the throne of grace a calm retreat as it comes all jaded and ruffled from its conflict with the world—like the tiny bird which has been battling with the rough winds till with tired wings and panting breast it finds shelter in the cleft of some rock.

In moments of high communion the soul is as near heaven as it can be this side of eternity. Then, whether in stately cathedral or in humble conventicle, in secluded room or on lonely moor, the exclamation is prompted, it will leap to the lips,

"This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." A gate is a partition through which we can pass, and it leads somewhere. Communion with God is the gate through which the glories of heaven stand revealed.

It is a fact which needs ringing out again and again in these busy times, that all the great sufferers for righteousness sake have endured as seeing Him who is invisible, because by waiting upon God they renewed their strength. A never-to-be-forgotten time for many a man when he has been driven to his knees, could do nothing, say nothing, only grasp the Divine hand, while with tear-dimmed eye and quivering lip he gasped out, "Lord help me." Then has he learnt to cultivate the passive graces in a strength other than his own; a new and far more glorious ideal of the Christian life has flashed into view, and he has been lifted to high endeavours of which he never thought. It is a touching scene given by Hogg, in his Shepherd's Calendar of "Bible John," on the night he buried his only son, showing us grace struggling with nature and the one remedy for sorrowing hearts. In view of that newly-made grave where his love was sleeping he bent reverently before the all-wise Disposer of events, and poured out his feelings in these words: "Thou hast seen meet in Thy wise Providence to remove the staff out of my right hand at the very time when, to us poor sand-blind mortals, it appeared I stood maist in need o't! But, oh, it was a sicker ane, and a sure ane, and a dear ane to my heart! And how I'll climb the steep hill of auld age and sorrow without it Thou mayest ken, but I dinna."

Prayer has indeed turned the prison into a palace which angels have visited, the sick chamber into a Bethel where God has dwelt and

made the burden of life sit lightly on shoulders once oppressed.

"More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of."

All history confirms this statement: the workers in the kingdom of God, men distinguished for their self-sacrifice and success, the messengers of the churches and the glory of Christ, have caught their inspiration and sustained it, not from the greatness of their work and their native dignity of character, but in obedience to the precept of the Master of all, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall recompense thee." Then, if ever, has that old word been fulfilled, "The joy of the Lord is your strength," and they have gone forth as Moses from the interview of Sinai, with this difference the glory has been in them rather than upon them. Haydn, the celebrated composer, and others were conversing on the best means of recruiting the wasted energies. One recommended wine, and another company. Haydn, when asked his opinion, said he retired to the closet and engaged in prayer, and nothing exerted such a powerful and happy influence on his mind.

"Any heart turned Godward, feels  
more joy  
In one short hour of prayer, than  
e'er was raised  
By all the feasts on earth since  
their foundation."

In a sense work is worship. Working and praying are Heaven's order, and woe to the man who divorces what God has joined together. There is no true working without praying, and no praying without working; the one leads to the other,

suggests it, constrains to it, qualifies for it, and crowns it with success. Luther understood it, and so had written over his study door,

"To have prayed well, is to have studied well."

Doddridge was aware of it when he said, "I never advance well in human learning without prayer." When we are told that Richard Baxter's study wall was literally stained with the breath of his devotion, we have the secret of his intense activity, and his next to apostolic labours in the work of the Christian ministry. How otherwise shall we account for what our fathers would have called the unction of some preachers, neither remarkable for genius nor talent, whose tones have fallen on our ears like music from another world, and whose spiritual magnetism has made us forget the man in his message. This is one of the lessons which the Holy Spirit has yet to teach the Church. We have the activity, such as it is. We need the repose. The call is often for work when it should be for worship. We cannot always live in the blaze of publicity. We want "the calm retreat and the silent shade." In our recoil from monasticism we have gone to the other extreme. The Church is often so busy that it has little time to pray, and hence is frequently put to shame and rebuked by our Lord:

"This kind can come out by nothing save by prayer." We become discouraged with the difficulties, break down under the strain of our manifold enterprises, and are soon shaken in mind, if not driven away from the hope of the Gospel, because we lack the spirit of the injunction, "Pray without ceasing." Coldness and division, envy and strife, with all their attendant evils, are the outcome of prayerlessness. The Divine Spirit cannot brood there, and where He is not there is no growth in grace, nothing but languishing, decay, death! If true concerning individuals what was said by a most saintly minister of the last generation—"All declension begins at the closet door," it is certainly true of a community, and it should call to mind with irresistible force the sacred "hour of prayer."

When the meetings for devotion shall (to say the least) be put on a level with concerts and entertainments, and the devotional service of the sanctuary shall be regarded as of equal importance with the preaching of "the Word," there will be the sure indications of a revived Church. The cherishing of this spirit would produce a revolution in the church and an influence upon the world which would remind us of the palmiest days of Christianity, and point with unerring finger to the final triumph of our faith.

TODMORDEN.

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GOOD NEWS FOR YOU.—However bad or vile a sinner might be, and exposed to death and hell, for him there is ever available, on repentance, the sin-cleansing blood of Christ. Such is the power of the Cross, for it is written, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law." The Innocent one has endured the punishment, and the guilty one, on believing, goes free.

## Reviews.

*Meditations of the Heart.* By FRED-ERICK MARSHALL. S. C. Pembrey, 164, Walton Street, Oxford; F. Marshall Clifton, Biggleswade, Beds.

UNDER nine headings—Peace of the Heart, Belief of the Heart, The Trusting Heart, The Praise of the Heart, The Humbled Heart, The Desires of the Heart, The Troubled Heart, Searchings of the Heart, Prayer of the Heart—and a Miscellanea, the author has presented to his readers a book of considerable merit, and also of religious worth. It is the outcome of a godly experience, and will be a good companion for solitude, or comforter for the sick-room. "God is able" is well put, and Consider Him is full of sweet thought.

*The Further Proceedings of Mr. Truffle.* By Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co; S. W. Partridge & Co.

ALL who know Mr. Power know him to be a faithful preacher of the Gospel, a very interesting writer, and an earnest and eloquent advocate of many a philanthropic movement. We know what to expect when we take up a book with his name attached to it. We say to all our readers, Send your sixpence to the bookseller's and get a copy of the Proceedings of Mr. Truffle. You will be amused and instructed. But we have a further object in calling attention to this work, namely, the *writer's object*. To do something in the way of providing for worn-out missionaries of the London City Mission. The society has been fifty years at work, and has some workers who joined it in its early days. Some forty men must as an average be on the disabled fund. Mr. Power has already by God's blessing and the liberality of the public done good service in providing these worthy workers with a seaside home, where

they can get a short holiday every year. He now proposes to raise a fund to take care and cheer the last days of these most deserving brethren. We wish him success in his noble undertaking. Will our readers obtain the book and send a subscription?

*The Service of Song in the Sanctuary.* Two sermons preached in Trinity Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road, by Rev. CHARLES A. FELLOWS.

It is evident that Mr. Fellows is a lover of good music, and loves it in the worship of God. And why not have it good? Why be content with anything short of the best? Everything done in God's house should have soul in it, and every power made tributary to the end in view—one thing always predominating—*congregational singing*. Mr. Fellows has written well and with much force, and we should be pleased to hear that these sermons obtained a large circulation. Some may demur to what is said about the effect of the organ. So many are prejudiced in favour of their own instrument. We have heard the story of the chapel musician who found fault with Watts.

"O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp, of solemn sound."

He said harps were out of date, and a better rendering would be—

"O may my heart be tuned within  
To sound like Jones's violin."

We believe there is much in the sermons which should have devout and serious thought.

We have received from the Religious Tract Society number thirty-nine of *Present Day Tracts*. The subject being the Divinity of our Lord in relation to His work of atonement. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, author of the "Tongue of Fire." It is a very

powerful and timely work, and puts very forcibly the Divine character of our Lord and His atoning work.

*The Sunday at Home* contains two excellent chapters by Rev. H. C. ADAMS, M.A. : subject, The Jews after the Dispersion ; and we are pleased to see among strange stories retold in the firelight, the story of Agnes Beaumont. An Incident in the Life of John Bunyan is produced in the March part of *Leisure Hour*. *The Boy's Own Paper* has a very striking coloured chromo, a Hungarian Holiday, accompanied with the usual amount of stirring and vigorous writing.

*A Brief Memoir of the late Daniel Cooper, with some account of his Life Work.* By J. M. WEYLAND, with Introduction by GEORGE WILLIAMS, Esq. Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

MR. COOPER was well known in his work of Secretary to the Society for the Rescue of Young Women and Children. He was a good man, and a very faithful and persistent worker in the Lord's vineyard. He has been called from the field of toil to rest in the Master's presence ; but the work

on which his heart was set must be carried on. Mr. Sharpe is the new secretary, who earnestly appeals for subscriptions. The Society's offices are 79, Finsbury Pavement.

*Good Company* is a new serial, edited by the Rev. JACKSON WRAY, and of course is in his usual taking and characteristic style.

No. 5 of *The Silver Morn and Prophetic Voice*. Partridge & Co. Full of instructive reading.

*The Wesleyan Magazine* has a very telling paper on The Jew of To-day.

*The Baptist Magazine* contains a memoir of the Rev. W. G. Lewis, and number one paper on the Life of George Eliot. Also a well-written article by the Rev. J. Hunt Cooke : subject, The High Priest's Breastplate. *The Sword and Trowel* and *The General Baptist* are good average numbers.

*The British Flag* announces that two of its readers are now on their way to the Soudan to labour in the spiritual interests of the troops. The Society appeals for funds.

We have also received *Open Doors*, *The Voice of Warning*, *Bible Work*, *Evangelical Christendom*, each worthy representatives of Christian work.

**A LIBERAL OFFER TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.**—Sunday-school teachers have just now an opportunity of obtaining a most useful book for a nominal price. The publisher of the "Teachers' Storehouse and Treasury" is offering for a short time the volume at half-price, viz., one shilling, or post free for one shilling and fourpence. We advise our readers to take advantage of this offer, as the work is a complete storehouse of useful material for their use. As the number to be sold under this arrangement is limited, early application should be made to Mr. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row E.C.

**GOD'S GIFTS NOT VALUED.**—There is no greater grace or possession than to believe that God speaks to us. If we believed that, we should be already blessed.

**THE VALLEY MADE BRIGHT.**—A humble believer, on the bed of death, was asked how she felt in the dark valley. She replied, "I cannot see the darkness of the valley, because of His brightness."

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. J. COLE, late of Salcombe, has accepted the pastorate of Cotton-end Church, Bedford.

Rev. J. H. Kelly, of Sudbury, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Kingsbridge.

Rev. W. H. McMechan, of Windsor, has undertaken the ministerial charge of New Park Road Chapel, Brixton Hill.

Rev. J. Gyles Williams, late of the Evangelisation Society, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Radcliffe Street, Nottingham.

Among the students of the Pastors' College who have recently accepted pastorates are—Revs. W. H. Broad, who has settled at Cotton Street, Poplar, and Rev. J. S. Poulton, at Winslow, Buckinghamshire.

Rev. H. Varley has intimated his intention of resigning the pastorate of Wood Street Chapel, Walthamstow.

Rev. John Palmer, of Chesterton, has accepted the pastorate at Had-denham, Cambs.

Rev. Charles Mills, from Nottingham College, was recognised on the 3rd of February as pastor of Tetley Green Chapel, Bradford.

Rev. Thomas Jones, of Llangollen College, has been ordained to the pastorate of the churches of Clwty-bont, Sardis, and Dinorwig.

Rev. J. Dunckley has accepted the pastorate of Rochdale Road Church, Heywood.

Rev. H. Milledge, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the ministerial charge of Gamlingay Church, Cambridgeshire.

Rev. John Hutchinson, of Westminster, and formerly of Shipston-on-Stour, has accepted the pastorate of Castle Hill Church, Warwick.

Rev. Frank Potter has announced his intention to resign the pastorate

of Park Street Chapel, Thaxted Essex, and proceed to Nova Scotia.

Rev. G. H. Harris, of the Pastors' College, has received a public welcome as pastor of Highfield Road Chapel, Dartford.

The resignation of the Rev. R. Wallace, pastor of the church at Tottenham, is announced. Mr. Wallace accepted the charge in 1845, so that he has completed forty years of earnest labour. He is one of the few remaining who attended the lectures of Drs. Chalmers and Welsh at the University of Edinburgh. Licensed by the Presbytery of Stranraer, Mr. Wallace commenced ministerial life as pastor of the Scotch Church, Birmingham. He seceded with the Free Church Party in 1843, and two years later embraced the sentiments of the Baptists. It is understood that the people at Tottenham purchased an annuity for their pastor some time ago, in prospect of his retirement.

RAMSEY, HUNTS.—Rev. W. Hetherington, has accepted a call to the London Road Chapel, Red Hill.

### RECOGNITIONS.

REV. ROBERT LEWIS, formerly of Rochdale, has received public recognition as pastor of Prince's Gate Church, Liverpool. Mr. J. W. Scholefield, J.P., presided. Lieut.-Colonel Whitney, in the name of the church and congregation, gave Mr. Lewis the right hand of fellowship.

Rev. J. Bates was recognised, on the 3rd of February, as pastor of the church at Kissingbury, Northamptonshire. Rev. J. T. Brown, of Northampton, presided. Revs. J. Litchfield, H. Trotman, F. J. Platt, A. J. Causton, T. Allen, A. B. Middleditch, W. Satchwell, and others took part in the service.

Rev. J. E. Bennett was ordained on the 10th of February as pastor of the church at James's Grove, Peckham. Rev. S. T. Wigner gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. S. Briscoe addressed the church. Revs. G. B. Ryley, S. H. Akehurst, J. A. Brown, S. Cole, W. P. Cope, and others took part in the service. During the evening the pastor was presented with several books as an expression of the esteem in which he is held by his friends at Rye Lane Chapel, Peckham, with whom he has laboured for some years.

### PRESENTATIONS.

At Penge Tabernacle, Maple Road, the members of the young women's and young men's Bible-classes have presented the pastor, Rev. J. Wesley Boud, with an album and four illustrated volumes as a token of esteem.

A thanksgiving service was held at Manvers Sreet Church, Bath, on the 10th of February, in celebration of the extinction of the debt. Mr. R. H. Moore was presented with an illuminated Address and a purse, and Mrs. R. H. Moore with a silver teapot.

Rev. C. A. Sturge, on resigning the pastorate of Highfield Road Chapel, Dartford, where he has laboured for nearly eighteen years, has been presented with a tea and coffee service as a testimony of the esteem and regard in which he is held.

Rev. W. Carpenter, pastor of the church at Irthlingborough, Northamptonshire, has been presented by the church and congregation with a purse containing £9 7s.

At a meeting, held to celebrate the anniversary of the opening of Victoria Street Church, Birmingham, the pastor, Rev. C. Joseph, was presented with 26 volumes of books, of the value of £7, as a token of esteem and regard on the part of the church and congregation.

Miss Butcher, organist of Union Chapel, Aldeburgh, was presented, on the 10th of February, with the sum of five guineas, as a mark of esteem

and appreciation of her voluntary services.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

ON Monday, March 9th, the Rev. J. H. Blake gave a lecture at Park Street Chapel, Luton, to a large audience, on "Egypt and the Soudan." The lecture was illustrated by fifty dissolving views, and was repeated on March 31st, at Mr. Blake's former sphere of labour at Bow.

The members of the church at Globe Road Tabernacle, Mile End, E., under the pastorate of Rev. J. F. Shearer, are making an effort to purchase their place of worship, at a cost of £2,250. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, sustaining the appeal, writes:—"It is a heavy amount to raise, but it has to be done, and must be done. I never commended a case more heartily."

The first annual meeting, at Devonshire Square Church, Stoke Newington Road, since the union with Wellington Road Chapel, was held in the lecture hall, on February 11th. Between 300 and 400 friends were present; Rev. E. H. Ellis, pastor, in the chair. The report showed that the receipts for the past year amounted to £2,213, out of which the sum of £600 has been paid off the long-standing debt of upwards of £3,000 upon the building. During the year, 144 new members have been received into church fellowship.

Dalton is the centre of the Furness iron-ore mining district, and has a population of about 10,000, with church and chapel accommodation for about 4,000 persons. In connection with the church under the pastorate of Rev. J. G. Anderson there are 100 church members and a congregation of 200 to 300. It is proposed to build a place of worship, with Sunday-school accommodation, at an estimated cost of about £1,000. This project has received the commendation of the Lancashire and Cheshire Association Committee, and

the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has promised £50 on the laying of the stone on condition that £500 is raised by that time. The friends at Dalton have succeeded in raising about £200 towards the sum necessary in order to render Mr. Spurgeon's offer available. Being all working iron miners, they appeal to friends at a distance to assist them in the work.

LONDON: WALTHAM ABBEY. — Special evangelistic services, under the auspices of the Baptist Union, have been conducted by Rev. F. M. Smith, assisted by Revs. A. F. Brown, P. G. Scorey, and W. Jackson, pastor. Collections were made on the Lord's Day on behalf of the British and Irish Home Missions.

HANWELL. — The annual social meeting of the congregation was held on Wednesday evening, March 4th, and presided over by Rev. G. R. Lowden. The various secretaries of the different societies presented their accounts, and addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. Cooper and Messrs. Willats, Saw, and F. Macey. Votes of thanks were given to the officers of the church.

PADDINGTON. — On Sunday, February 15th, the anniversary sermons in aid of the Sunday schools connected with the Baptist Chapel, St. Peter's Park, were preached, in the morning by Rev. J. Mitchell Cox (the pastor), and in the evening by Mr. S. B. Newling; and a social tea and public meeting was held in the chapel the following day. In the absence of Mr. Eugene Collins, M.P. (at Brighton), who sent a cheque for five guineas, H. Tarrant, Esq., of Kilburn, occupied the chair, and made some remarks suitable to such an occasion. In the course of the evening he distributed rewards to the scholars (in all about six y), making to each, as he did so, some timely advice founded on the title of the book or the name of the child who received it. The proceedings also included the presentation by the pastor of a testimonial to Mr. Alfred H. Cox, on his recent retirement

from the superintendency of the school, after thirteen years' service; and various small presents (at the expense of the pastor) to the teachers. The children sang very prettily several appropriate pieces, and encouraging addresses were delivered by Rev. William Norris and Rev. C. A. Fellowes. The report read by the secretary showed that the schools were in a prosperous condition, and that there remained a balance in the hands of the treasurer. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Tarrant for his kindness in presiding, and after a few words by way of comment on the proceedings and in acknowledgment of the vote, the meeting terminated at ten o'clock.

## BAPTISMS.

- Abersychan*. — February 15, Five, by J. Coles.  
*Aldershot*. — February 11, York Town, Seven, by J. Aubrey.  
*Armsley*. — March 4, Two, by W. Sumner.  
*Bacup*. — February 15, One, by J. Gardem.  
*Bardwell*, Suffolk. — March 1, One, by G. F. Wall.  
*Barrow-in-Furness*. — February 11, Six, by J. Hughes.  
*Belfast*. — February 12, Regent-street, One; March 3, One, by E. T. Mateer.  
*Blaenavon*. — February 26, King-street, Eight, by O. Tidman.  
*Boroughbridge*. — February 22, Three, by A. Sprague.  
*Budleigh*. — February 18, Five, by J. A. Brown.  
*Burnley*. — March 8, Mount Pleasant, Six, by J. Kemp.  
*Caerphilly*. — February 15, Five, by W. Morgans.  
*Caerwent*. — March 8, Six, by S. H. Jenkins.  
*Carwarthen*. — February 18, Two, by J. Thomas.  
*Casob*. — February 8, Five, by G. Phillips.  
*Devonport*. — February 26, Hope Chapel, Five, by A. B. A. L. C.  
*Dolau, Radnor*. — February 22, Three, by J. Williams.  
*Ewias Harold*. — February 15, Two, by T. Williams.  
*Franksbridge*. — February 8, Eight, by T. O. Jones.  
*Garway*. — February 22, Three, by W. Price.  
*Knighton*. — March 1, Two, by W. Williams.  
*Llangyfelach*, Swansea. — March 8, Two, by E. W. Davies.  
*Llanidloes*. — February 8, Eight, by E. T. Davies.  
*Llanuwarth*. — February 22, Six, by T. H. Williams.



## London:—

- Gray's Inn-road.—February 25, Arthur street, Four, by W. Smith.  
 Berkley-road.—March 5, Three, by G. Scudamore.  
 Highgate.—February 22, Southwood-lane, Three, by J. H. Barnard.  
 Edgware-road.—March 1, John-street, One, by J. O. Fellowes.  
 Macheu.—January 28, One; February 22, Seven, by J. Morgan.  
 Maesteg.—February 15, Six, by T. A. Pryce.  
 Michaelstone-y-Fedw, near Cardiff.—March 8, Two, by W. H. Davies.  
 Middlesbrough.—February 18, Newport-road, Seven, by W. Whale.  
 Milnsbridge.—February 25, Nine, by H. C. Field.  
 Nantwich.—February 22, Four, by P. Williams.  
 Neath.—February 15, Three, by J. Williams.  
 Newbridge.—February 22, Six men, by J. M. Jones.  
 Newport, Isle of Wight.—March 8, Five, by H. J. Tresidder.  
 Newport, Mon.—February 22, One, by A. T. Jones.  
 Newton Abbot.—February 23, Five, by S. Lyne.  
 New Tredegar.—February 22, Three, by J. Griffiths.  
 New Whittington.—February 15, One, by R. T. Lewis.  
 Norbiton.—February 22, Bunyan Chapel, Four, by J. Clark.  
 Oldham.—February 22, King-street, Eight, by W. F. Edgerton.
- Pontracwynydd.—February 4, Two, by Mr. Lewis.  
 Pontycloun.—March 1, Five, by C. Highton.  
 Poulner, near Ringwood.—March 1, One, by G. Diffev.  
 Presteign.—March 1, Four, by S. Watkins.  
 Rotherham.—February 6, Three, by B. Lee.  
 Rowly.—February 15, Seven, by W. E. Jenkins.  
 Sittingbourne.—February 25, Fifty-seven, by J. Doubleday (twenty-one from the Sunday school).  
 Slourport.—February 25, Four, by R. Evans.  
 Sherborne.—January 10, Five, by W. G. Clow.  
 St. Anne's-on-the-Sea.—January 28, Three, by E. Brown.  
 Shrewsbury.—February 1, Wyle Cop, Two, by E. H. Girdlestone.  
 Southsea.—January 25, Elm-grove, Two, by J. P. Williams.  
 Tring.—February 25, at New Mill, Three, by H. F. Gower.  
 Trufount.—February 15, Three, by W. Parry.  
 Tunbridge Wells.—February 22, Nine; February 25, Three, by J. Smith.  
 Talywain.—January 18, Two, by D. B. Richards.  
 Tonbridge.—January 25, Two, by E. Thomson.  
 Wincanton.—February 1, Two, by G. Hider.  
 West Retford.—January —, Three, by S. Skingle.  
 Waterbarn.—February 22, Five, by J. Howe.

## CALL THEM IN.

CALL them in! Call them in! from the world's broad way:  
 The poorest, the greatest, the least;  
 Call them in! Call them in! from the byways of sin;  
 Call them in! to the Gospel Feast!

Call them in! Call them in! They have wandered far;  
 No excuse can be made for delay;  
 They are tempted without, they are trembling in doubt;  
 Call them in! Call them in while you may.

Call them in! Call them in! for the night draweth near,  
 And the storm will be fearful and wild;  
 With souls all aflame, in the dear Lord's name,  
 Call the father, the mother, the child.

Call them in! Call them in! ere in justice supromo  
 The Master shall shut to the gate;  
 And to all who shall cry, there will come the reply:  
 FOR EVER, FOR EVER TOO LATE!

Nictaux, N. S.

J. CLARK.

## MARVELLOUS INCREASE OF THE CHURCH.\*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"—  
ISAIAH lx. 8.

THE ancient church, in the foresight of her mighty increase in these latter days lifts up her hands in astonishment, and having been so used to see the Lord's grace confined to a small nation, she exclaims in amazement, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" We, beloved, are in a somewhat similar position. It has pleased our Father to add to our numbers so greatly beyond all precedent in modern times, that I doubt not that many of our aged members, who remember days of yore, when God was pleased to bless them very greatly, and then think of days of sadness and weariness, when they were diminished and brought low, are this morning lifting up their hands, and saying, as they think of the present prosperity of our church, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" I am sure whenever I appoint an evening for seeing the converts I am amazed; I can only stand up afterwards, clap my hands, and go home and weep for very joy, to think that the word of our God is so running and multiplying and abundantly increasing; and as post after post I receive letters from different parts of this country, from one person here, and another there, not in England only, but in Scotland, and even across the sea—I have been overwhelmed with amazement, and have been obliged to cry out, "Who hath begotten me these?" "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"

The church, when she uttered these words, appears to have been the subject of three kinds of feeling. First, *wonder*; secondly *pleasure*; thirdly, *anxiety*. These three feelings *you* have felt; you are not strangers to them; and you will understand, while I speak to you as the children of God, how it is that we can feel at the same time, wonder, pleasure, and yet anxiety.

I. First, the church of old, and our church now, appears to have been the subject of WONDER when she saw so many come to know the Lord. "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" Take the first sentence of the text first: "Who are these that fly as a cloud?"

The church wondered, first of all, *at the number of her converts*. They did "fly as a cloud." Not here and there a convert—not now and then one—not converts like solitary bitterns of the desert; but they "did fly as a cloud." Not a convert now and then, like a meteor, a thing we see but seldom, which flashes across the sky, rejoices the darkness, and then is gone; not now and then a convert, as a *rara avis*,—a spiritual prodigy. "But who are these," saith she, "who fly as a cloud?" She wonders at

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their number, But, my brethren, why should we be astonished? Did not the apostle Peter become the instrument of converting three thousand under one sermon? And have we not heard of Whitfield, that while ten thousand listened to him, it has been known that two thousand at a time have felt the power of God manifested in their hearts? And why should we wonder if hundreds were brought to God now? "Is His arm shortened, that He cannot save? Is His ear heavy, that He cannot hear?" Have we not cried unto the God of Jacob; and is anything impossible to Him? Remember how He "cut Rahab and wounded the dragon." Think of His prodigies by the Red Sea, and the miracles He worked in the field of Zoan. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Oh! thou distrustful church, dost thou marvel because thy Lord giveth thee many children? Is it not written—"More are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the Lord"? I tell thee, the Lord will show thee greater things than these. The increase we have had shall yet be exceeded, if God wills it. Nothing is impossible with Him. He who converts one, could as easily convert a hundred; and He who redeems a hundred, could save a thousand by the self-same power. Is not the blood of Jesus sufficient? Is not the Holy Ghost powerful enough? and is not the mighty Three-one God "able to do for us exceeding abundantly above what we can ask or think"? Yet, so it is; so little are our expectations, and so unprepared are we for God's mercies, that when He pours out a blessing upon us, so that we have not room enough to receive it, we begin shutting up the windows altogether, and think, "Surely it cannot come from God, because there is so much of it." Why, that is the very reason why we should believe it to be. If there were few conversions, then we might tremble, and fear lest they might be man's; but when there are so many, none but a God can accomplish it. When one or two are brought to join a church, we may shake for fear and examine them with caution; but when they fly like a cloud, we can only say, "Great art Thou, O God, marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well." Doubtless, brethren, until larger views of God's power and increased faith shall diminish the wonder, we shall always stand in amazement, and, say, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"

But, secondly, the Chaldee has the idea in it, not of numbers, but of swiftness. "Who are these that fly as a cloud," for swiftness? Ye have seen clouds dashing along like chariots drawn by mighty horses, or flying like a fugitive army, when the swift winds have pursued them, and ye have said, "See how swiftly the clouds career along the sky;" and it is notable, that in great revivals of religion, persons are generally more swift in their religious growth and experience than they are in dull and degenerate times. "Why," says one, "how soon persons join the church here! how very soon they obtain to assurance of faith! how very speedily they come to understand gospel doctrines. It was not so in my days; for I know I was months and months, and tried a long while, before I dared think of obeying my Master—before I could say, 'I know whom I have believed.'" Just so; but these are brighter days than your days, and you are wondering now because the converts fly so swiftly. But that is just the idea of the text: "Who are these that fly as swiftly as a cloud?" I know, brethren, it used to be the custom, with our churches, when a convert came to keep him a summer and a winter—to summer him and to winter him. Now

that is very prudent and very wise : but it is not at all Scriptural : there is nothing in the word of God to support it. The example of Jesus and His apostles is altogether against it ; and I take it that Scripture is to go before prudence, and that His example is always to be above man's wisdom. Why should the people of God tarry in these days ? Let them haste, and delay not to keep His commandments ; and what if young people do grow in grace faster now than they did in your time ? Perhaps God has now poured out a larger measure of His Spirit. He has placed us in brighter days ; and plants in the warm sunshine must expect to grow faster than those that dwell in the frost. We know that in the short summers of Sweden, a harvest will ripen in two or three months, or less than that. Why should we complain of the corn of Sweden because it ripens so swiftly, when it is just as good as ours that takes several months to ripen ? The Lord does as He wills and as He pleases ; and if some fly swiftly, whilst others travel slowly, let those who go slowly bless God that they go at all, but let them not murmur that others go a little faster. Nevertheless, it will always be to God's church a source of wonder : " Who are these that fly so swiftly like a cloud ? "

The Targum has another idea, that of publicity. " Who are these that fly as a cloud ? " The cloud, you know, flies so that everybody can see it. So do these converts fly openly before the world. It is a matter of admiration with this church and with God's church whenever it is increased, that the converts become so bold and fly so publicly. In the first days of the church Nicodemus, the ruler of the Jews, came to Jesus by night ; he was somewhat ashamed, lest he should be put out of the synagogue. Joseph of Arimathea, the rich man, was afraid to profess his Lord, and therefore loved Jesus " secretly, for fear of the Jews." But you do not read that any of them were afraid, when God poured out the Holy Ghost on the day that Peter preached ; but " they broke their bread from house to house, and did eat it in singleness of heart, praising God." They went up to the beautiful gate of the temple, and in the very teeth of all the people Peter and John healed the lame man. They worked their miracles openly before all men. They were not ashamed. So, when there is a glorious ingathering of souls, you will always notice how bold the people become. Why, there never were such a brazen-faced set of people as those who assemble here. They are not ashamed of their religion. Why, I have seen persons come to the pool of baptism, fearing, shaking and trembling : but I have not found it so with the majority of those who have been baptised in this place. They seem proud to own their Master. They can sing,—

" Ashamed of Jesus ? Sooner far  
 Let evening blush to own a star !  
 Ashamed of Jesus ? Just as soon  
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon ! "

You " are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," for it has been here the power of God unto salvation to many who have believed. I have rejoiced to see the boldness of the young converts ; I have heard of them fighting with the antagonists of the truth. I have seen them boldly standing up for their Master, in the face of scorns, and jeers, and slanders ; and the church says, with regard to them, " Who are these that fly publicly as a cloud ? "

But methinks there is another idea here, which Dr. Gill gives us in his very valuable commentary. "Who are these that fly as a cloud," for *unanimity*? You will mark, not as clouds, but "as a cloud;" not as two or three bodies, but as one united and compact mass! Here is the secret of strength. Split us into fractions, and we are conquered; unite us into a steady phalanx, and we become invincible; knit us together as one man, and Satan himself can never rend us asunder. Divide us into threads, let our warp and woof be disunited, and we become like rotten tow, that burneth before a single spark of the fire of the enemy. But, thanks be to God, we are "as the heart of one man." I could not but wonder at our Church Meeting on Wednesday, how all seemed to fly as a cloud. No sooner was a thing proposed, than the whole church seemed without a dissentient opinion to be carried along irresistibly by one thought that possessed its bosom. It is very seldom you see a church really united; but God *has* united *us*; we have "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." But yet the church wonders at it; she can scarcely understand it. "Who are these," she says, "who fly as one compact and solid cloud?" God grant that we may always continue so! Whatever is said of one of us, let it be said of all of us. Do not let us be stragglers. Those who fall in the rear of an army are always in danger; and those who hang about its flanks are equally subject to insult and injury. Let us march breast to breast, shoulder to shoulder, each of us drawing the sword at one word: every one doing as the Captain tells us; and as surely as truth prevail, unity shall conquer, and our King shall honour us and bless us still, trading our foes beneath our feet, and making us more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us.

Again: there is the idea of *power*. Who is he that shall bridle a cloud, or stop it in its march? What man is he who by a word can stay the careering clouds, and make them still? Who is he that can bid them, when they are driving northward, turn their course to the south? Who is he that can rein the coursers of the wind, and forbid them to drag the chariots of darkness along to the west? The clouds yield to none; no majesty can control them; they laugh to scorn the sceptre of the prince, and they move on, despite the rattling of the sabres of armies. None can stop the clouds; they are invincible, uncontrollable; and in their majesty they move themselves right royally, like the kings of heaven. And who is he that can stop the converts of Zion? Who is he that can keep back the children of Jerusalem? When the Lord shall "bring again the captivity of His people," who is he that shall stop them? When His people of old were in Babylon, could "the two-leaved gates" bar them in? Could Cyrus, with all his armies, have kept them prisoners? Nay, the two-leaved gates open, the bars of brass give way; and Cyrus himself sends them back to their country, with gold and silver to build their temple. And when in later days the Jews shall return to their own land again, to worship God, who shall stop them? Shall aught keep them back? No; the city shall be builded again upon her own heap, and the tribes of the Lord shall yet go up again, to worship God where their forefathers bowed before them. Oh, people of God! it is so with you. "Who are these that fly as a cloud?" Try, try, O enemy, to stop one of the Lord's doves, when he is coming to the windows! You cannot do it. Did not the devil try to stop you, O brother, when you were coming

to God? Ah! he did; but it was all in vain. And when you went to join the church, how many difficulties there were in the way! But when you are called to God you will not be afraid, you will fly like a cloud. Ah! the world says we shall stop by-and-by; that all our success is as nothing; that it will soon die away; that it is a mere excitement, and will soon end. Ah! let them talk so, if they please. We are flying like a cloud. We have God within us; we have good within us; we have the might of the Deity within our church; and who is he that shall stop us? We bid the mighty men of this earth come; we bid carnal reason array itself against us; we bid the wisdom of the critic try to stop us. But they cannot do it. The weakness of God is mightier than man; and He who took us from the sheep-folds to lead His people Israel will not desert His David; He who has put us before His people will not cast us away, nor will He leave His church, nor forsake His chosen ones. "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"

Thus have I tried to picture to you the amazement of Christ's Church. "Who are these that fly as a cloud?" And now, Church of God, one word with thee, ere I leave thee. Your success is amazing one way; but it is not amazing if you look at it in another direction. It is amazing that any man should be saved, if you look at man; it is not amazing if you consider God. It is amazing that the wilderness should blossom as the rose, if you look at the wilderness; but it is not amazing if you consider Jehovah. It is wonderful that a desert should have the excellency of Carmel and Sharon: but, wonder all dies away, when you recollect that God who doeth as He wills in the armies of heaven doeth as He pleases in this lower world. O Church of God! give the honour and the glory to thy God, and to thy God only. Write His name upon thy banners; let thy sacrifice smoke before Him, and before none else. Let no man receive your honour. Give it unto God. Unto God belongs the shields of the mighty. "I am, and there is none else besides Me." Bow before Him; lest, if you give praise to the creature, and if you think we have done anything, and say, "Behold this great Babylon that I have builded," God would say, "Because thou hast exalted thyself like the cedars of Lebanon, therefore will I bring thee down to the earth, and thy glory shall be taken from thee." May the Lord in His mercy keep us from pride, and also keep us living on Him, believing in His might, and trusting in His power!

II. This brings us to the second portion of our discourse, which is the PLEASURE OF THE CHURCH. "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"

First, the church is exceedingly pleased at the *character* of those who come to her—"doves." We should always thank God, when those who join the church are of the right sort; for alas! there is such a thing as having a large addition to the church of men that are of no use whatever.

Many an army has swelled its ranks with recruits, who have in no way whatever contributed to its might; and it has been known in many great revivals, that large hosts have been gathered in, who have forsaken the truth in six months. I know a church which excommunicated eighty members in twelve months, for disorderly conduct and forsaking the truth; and they had taken in a hundred or so the year before, from some

great spasm, which had been occasioned by one of those spurious revivalists, who came about making a great noise, and doing no good whatever, but scorching and burning up the ground, where other men might have sown the good seed of the kingdom. I wonder that any man should be so self-conceited as to call himself a revivalist, or profess to be a revival-maker: let this be known, as my opinion. But where a church is cautious, where the minister exercises scrutiny, and all possible means are taken to see into character, it gives us great pleasure that they are of the right sort. Ah! beloved, you should be at our church meetings sometimes, and hear the sweet words of experience which are uttered there. I am sure you would say that they "fly as the doves to their windows." Now and then there comes before me an old croaking raven that wants to come in; but we are soon able to tell the raven from the dove. It may be, that now and then a raven gets into our church; but I do hope that the majority are doves. We have seen them so humble, so meek, trusting alone in Jesus, like timid doves, half afraid to speak and tell you, and yet so loving, that they seemed as if they had sat on the finger of Jesus, and picked their food from between His lips; we have marked their conduct afterwards, and seen it to be holy and consistent. We will glory before the world, that notwithstanding the numbers that have been added to us, we have had to cut off as few as any church in the world—but *one* in a year, out of our vast body! and that one was received from another church, and therefore had never been examined thoroughly. Oh, my brethren, always try to give the church pleasure by your dove-like conversation. "Be wise as serpents, but harmless as doves." Such was your Master's teaching. Let your character be—

"Humble, teachable, and mild,  
 Changed into a little child;  
 Pleased with all the Lord provides,  
 Weaned from all the world besides."

"Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." Be not like the unclean bird, that will devour all kinds of filth; but be like the dove, that liveth on the "good corn of the kingdom." And be ye sure that you are like them, loving and kind one to another; and, like them, always mourn when you lose your mate; weep when your Jesus is gone from you, and you lose His delightful presence. "Be ye like the dove in all these things.

Again: the church feels pleasure, not only in their character, but in their *condition*. Like doves "that fly." Lowth translates this portion of the verse "like doves on the wing." The church feels pleasure in thinking that her converts are "like doves on the wing." Do you never, beloved, get into such a condition, that you are not like a dove on the wing, but like a dove in a secret place, in the cleft of the rock, hiding yourself in darkness, because you are afraid to be seen? For my own part, I am often not like a dove on the wing, but like a dove hiding its head under its wing, afraid to fly. But "He reneweth our strength like the eagle's." There is a moulting time for the Lord's doves; but their feathers grow again, and then they have the wings of the dove, covered with silver, and their feathers with yellow gold; and they can fly upwards towards Jesus.

And will not our church rejoice when her converts appear to be all on the wing, not doubting, fearful converts, not converts that stand timidly, afraid to come ; but converts on the wing, flying upwards towards Jesus, prayerful, laborious, active ; not sitting still, doing nothing, but labouring and flying upwards towards Jesus. These are the converts we want. And the church is pleased when she can say, "Who are these that are like doves on the wing."

Furthermore ; the translation of the Septuagint gives us another idea. "Who are these that fly like doves *with their young*?" The church rejoices at the company that the converts bring with them. How charming is the sight when a father unites himself with the people of God, and then his children after him ! We had an instance a little while ago here, of two sons followed by their mother, and we have had many instances of a mother following her daughters, and of daughters following their mothers, and sons following their fathers. Oh ! how blessed it is, to see the doves come with their young ! If there is anything more beautiful than a dove, it is the little dove that flieth by its side. Beloved, do you not rejoice, some of you, that you have your children in the church ? that you can run your eye along the pew, where your offspring are sitting with you, and can say, "Ah ! glory be to God, it is not only I that have received His mercy, but here are my sons, too ; and there sits my daughter drinking from the same well as I draw from ; living on the same spiritual manna, looking to the same cross for salvation, and hoping for the same heaven ! But I notice some families here—I could point them out if I would : I notice them with sadness ; where there is a father and a mother, both of them heirs of heaven, but of whose sons we have no evidence and no hope that they are the children of God. And there are some of you, my friends, whose young ones have come before you. We have daughters here that have prayerless mothers ; we have sons that have ungodly fathers. Oh ! does it not seem hard that the children should be in the kingdom before the parents ? For if it be hard that a parent should see his children perishing, surely there is tenfold horror in the thought of children saved, and parents going to hell ; your offspring entering into the joy of their Lord, and ye yourselves cast "into outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." Daughter of Zion ! plead for your children. Men of Jerusalem ! plead for your children.

The church, again, feels pleasure at the *direction in which these doves move*. "Who are these that fly as the doves to their windows?" Where should the dove fly to else but to its dovecot ? The word means the dovecot, where the doves live, the little pigeon-holes, into which the doves enter and dwell. The joy of the church is, that the poor sinner does not fly to man, nor to the law, but flies to Christ, the dovecot ! I can recollect when, like a poor dove, sent out by Noah from his hand, I flew over the wide expanse of waters, and hoped to find some place where I might rest my wearied wing. Up towards the north I flew ; and my eye looked keenly through the mist and darkness, if perhaps it might find some floating substance, on which my soul might rest its foot, but it found nothing. Again it turned its wing, and flapped it, but not so rapidly as before, across that deep water that knew no shore ; but still there was no rest. The raven had found his resting-place upon a floating body, and was feeding itself upon the carrion of some drowned man's carcase ; but my poor soul



found none. I went on : thought I saw a ship floating out at sea ; it was the ship of the law ; and I thought I would put my feet on its canvas, or rest myself on its cordage for a time, and find some refuge. But ah ! it was an airy phantom, on which I could not rest ; for my foot had no right to rest on the law, I had not kept it, and the soul that keepeth it not must die. At last I saw the barque Christ Jesus—that happy ark ; and I thought I would fly thither ; but my poor wing was weary, and I could fly no further, and down I sank into the water ; but as Providence would have it, when my wings were flagging, and I dropped into the stream to be drowned, just below me was the roof of the ark, and I saw a hand put out from it that took me, and said, “I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore I have not delivered the soul of My turtle dove into the company of the wicked ; come in, come in !” and then I found I had an olive branch in my mouth of peace with God and peace with man, plucked off with Jesus’ power. Poor soul ! hast thou found a resting-place in the ark ? hast thou fled to thy window ? or art thou, O Ephraim, like the silly dove that hath no heart, that goeth down to Egypt, and resteth itself in Assyria ? Oh, say thou, why is it that thou art looking for rest, where none can be found ? There be many that say, “Who will show us any good ? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon me !” That is the dove’s resting-place ; that is his house. Have you found your home in Christ ? If you have not, when the storm comes, O dove, with ruffled plumage thou shalt be driven before the swift tempest ; thou shalt be blown along like a small feather before the stream, onward, onward, through the dark unknown, until thou findest thyself with burned and singed wings, falling into flames that have no bottom. The Lord give you deliverance, and help you to fly to Jesus.

III. Now we come to our third point—the CHURCH’S ANXIETY. “Ah !” says the church, “it is all very well their flying like a cloud ; it is all right their going as doves to their windows ; but who are they ?” The church is anxious, and she anxiously desires to be sure that it is all gold that is put into her treasury ; for she suspects that some of those lumps of bullion cannot be gold. She thinks, “Surely that is not all genuine metal, or there would not be so much of it ;” and she says, “Who are they ?” That is the question ! Now I address myself to an anxious church to answer it.

First, they are *those that fly*. Our next text says, “Who are these that fly ?” They are those who fly because they cannot stop where they were, and they are flying somewhere else for refuge. We trust that those who have joined our church are those who are persuaded that the land wherein they dwell is to be consumed with fire, who feel a necessity to come out of the place where they once lived, and have a strong desire to seek “a city that has foundations, whose builder and maker is God.” We hope, beloved, that those who have joined with us here are those who are escaping from hell and flying to heaven ; such as once had no sins that they cared for, but now come out because they needs must come, for their house has got too hot for them, and they cannot abide any longer in their sins. Here we have the idea of conviction. They are those that fly. They are not content now to make their nest of their own good works, with here and there a little bit of down picked off Morality-common, and here a piece of yarn that they have picked up in Legality palace, and here a piece of good work that they have picked up in the barn-yard of Ceremonialism. No

they are poor souls that have no rest anywhere, but are flying, and flying with rapid wing, until they can get to their windows. Are you such, my beloved, that have joined the church? or are you not? If you are not, you have deceived me, and you have deceived the church, for we thought you were; we want to have none united with us but those who are flying to us. We want no self-righteous ones; no self-sufficient ones, no good moral people: we want those who feel that they are nothing at all, and want Jesus Christ to be all in all. We want a church of poor ragged sinners, clothed by Jesus; poor dead sinners, made alive by Jesus. I ask God, when I ask Him to give me any, to give me those who are flying with haste for a Saviour; and if any of you that have come to us making a profession of flying are not such, I beseech you by everything that is solemn, by that hell of hypocrites, which is the hell of hells, and by the heaven you would lose, to bethink yourselves how sinfully you are acting, in continuing members of a Christian church when you are hypocrites and have never fled.

But again: they are those who fly *not on the ground, but like a cloud up high*. We know many a church, to which the people come, because there is so much charity connected with it. I know some country churches in the Establishment which are attended by some people, because they are regularly given away so many sixpences after the service. That is flying like a Will-o'-the-wisp, dancing about in dark marshy places. If I could buy all London for my congregation by the turn of a three-penny piece, I would not give it. If people do not come from some better motives, we do not wish to have any. But we have none of that sort, we trust. They fly higher than these groundlings. Zion rejoiced that they did not fly on the ground, but flew like a cloud. They were persons that did not care about the world, but wanted heaven.

They were *souls filled with rain*, like the clouds; or if they were not big and black with rain, as the clouds sometimes are when they are about to burst, yet they had a little grace in them, a little moisture, a little dew.

And they were *persons driven by the wind*, just as the clouds are—who do not move of themselves, but go because they must go—who have no power of themselves to move, but have something driving them behind. Brethren, we hope that the converts of this church have been driven to us by the power of the Holy Ghost, and could not help coming, and they have been men filled with rain, which they will drop out upon us in copious showers, if God pleases. They have been like the clouds, which tarry not for man, neither wait for the sons of men. They are come with us now; and we hope to see the clouds go up higher and higher into the air, until those clouds shall one by one, be swallowed up in Jesus, shall be lost in the one assembly of the First-born Church of the Holy Ghost. These are the persons who “fly as a cloud.”

We give thee yet another answer, O thou timid church. Those who come to join themselves with thee are *persons who have been regenerated*; for they are *doves*. They were not doves by nature; they were ravens; but they are doves now. They are changed from ravens into doves, from lions into lambs. Beloved, it is very easy for you to pretend to be the children of God; but it is not easy for you to be so. The old fable of the jackdaw dressed up in peacock's feathers often takes place now. Many

a time have we seen coming to our church, a fine strutting fellow, with long feathers of prayer behind him. He could pray gloriously; and he has come strutting in, with all his majesty and pride, and said, "Surely I must come, I have everything about me; am I not rich and polite? have I not learning and talent?" In a very little while we have found him to be nothing but an old prattling jackdaw, having none of the true feathers belonging to him; by some accident one of his borrowed feathers have dropped out, and we have found him to be a hypocrite. I beseech you, do not be hypocrites. The glory of the Gospel is not that it paints ravens white, and whitewashes blackbirds, but that it turns them into doves. It is the glory of our religion not that it makes a man seem what he is not, but that it makes him something else. It takes the raven and turns him into a dove; his ravenish heart becomes a dove's heart. It is not the feathers that are changed, but the man himself. Glorious Gospel, which takes a lion, and doth not cut the lion's mane off, and then cover him with a sheep's skin, but makes him into a lamb! O Church of God! these that have come like doves to their windows are trophies of regenerating grace, which has transformed them, and made them as new creatures in Christ Jesus.

The last answer I shall give respecting those who have come to join themselves with us is, that they are those, we hope, who have *fled to their windows*, and found a refuge in Christ my Lord. There is nothing we want to know of a person coming before the church, except this. Dost thou believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? Hast thou had pardon from His hands? Hast thou had union with His person? Dost they hold communion with Him day by day? Is He thy hope, thy stay, thy refuge, thy trust? If so, then thou mayest come in. If thou art one living in the dovecot we will not drive thee away; if thou hast fled like a dove to thy window, we are glad to have thee. But there is the anxious question—Have you fled to Christ? Beloved, there are some who think they have fled to Christ that have not; and there are some who think they have not fled to Christ that have. There are some of you who think yourselves safe for heaven, that are nothing but whitewashed sepulchres, like the Pharisees of old. It is a horrible thought, that there are some, we fear, who lay their head upon their death pillow, as they think, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, but will in hell lift up their eyes, being in torment. A dove, you know, can find good shelter for itself in other places beside a dovecot; there may be some little hole in the barn, and in there the dove gets and builds its nest, and is very happy and comfortable. Ah! dove, but there is no place that will protect you that is not a dovecot; and there is only one dovecot. You have built a nice snug nest perhaps in some of your trees; you are building your hope in some one of your merits; you are putting your trust in some of your own works. It is all in vain. There is only one dovecot. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ and Him crucified." There is only one hope for a poor sinner from the justice of Jehovah; and that is in the "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," who "gave His back to the smiters, and His cheeks to them that plucked off the hair." Do you know how *that* dovecot was made for you? Do you know how it is lined for you, and how large the door is? It was made by Jesus, the carpenter's son; it is lined with the

blood of His own heart ; and the door is so wide that the biggest sinner can get in ; but he who has any righteousness will find that the door is not large enough to let him carry his righteousness with him. Poor soul ! hast thou a dovecot ? and art thou living in it ? If so, we rejoice with thee, and glad enough should we be to have thee united with our church ; for we love all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ. Yet, lest thou shouldst not understand our holy religion, one moment shall suffice, and thou shalt go. Dost thou not know that the law which God made on Sinai has been broken by us all, and that God, the "jealous God," will "by no means spare the guilty ?" And dost thou not know, O sinner, that thou must offer something to God, to make up a recompense for what thou hast done ? Dost thou not know, that God is so angry with the man who sins, that He will damn that man, unless there is some one who will be damned for him, and suffer the punishment in his stead ? And dost thou not know, that our religion is a religion of substitution—that Jesus Christ the Son of God became Man ; that He might take the punishment we ought to have had ; that He bore the wrath we ought to have borne ; that He took the guilt we committed, just as the scape-goat of old did, and carried it right away into the wilderness of forgetfulness ; so that now a sinner who is putting his trust in that substitution can escape punishment. God's justice cannot demand payment twice—

"First at my bleeding Surety's hands,  
And then again at mine."

Precious Jesus ! what a substitute Thou wast for guilt ? Sweet Lord Jesus ! I kiss Thy wounds this day ! Thou Man ! Thou God ! Thou who didst wrestle with Jacob ! Thou who didst walk with Abraham ! the Man of God, of Mamre ! Thou who stoodst in the fiery furnace with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego ! Thou Son of God, Thou Son of Man, who didst appear to Joshua with Thy sword drawn ? I worship Thee, my substitute, my hope ; Oh ! that others might do so too, and that the whole of this vast multitude might, with one heart, accept Him as their Saviour ?

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A FEW WORDS TO MOTHERS.—Helen Mar says mothers do well to remember that their impress is often stamped upon their sons. Sir Walter Scott's mother was a small plain woman, well educated, of excellent sense, and a great lover of poetry and painting. Byron's mother, it is said, was proud, hasty, violent, and unreasonable. The mother of Napoleon was a woman of great beauty and remarkable energy. This last trait may be said to have possessed the Emperor's whole life. The mother of Robert Burns was a remarkable woman of amiable disposition, deep religious feeling, and used to give wings to weary hours by chanting songs of praise, and national ballads. Lord Bacon's mother is said to have been a woman of superior mind, great learning, and deep piety. The mothers of Washington, the Wesleys, the Adams's, and a host beside, all testify what power is in the mother to fashion her sons for eminence and God. Nero's mother was a murderess. The late John Randolph said, "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for the recollection of my mother taking my hands when I was a little child, and teaching me to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

## Mary Upton's Experiences.

A NARRATIVE FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER V.—“TAKING THE WORD AS IT IS.”

“FROM what I have said, ladies, you will have gathered that I was not in favour of the strike. In fact, as a Christian man, I am not in favour of any strikes. I go in for arbitration between masters and men fair and square, and I believe it will come to that sensible plan in the long run. In all trade disputes, so far as I have seen, there have always been two sides to the question: the masters have their side, and the men their side. But all strikes seem to me to be embarked in on the theory that the men are always right and the masters always wrong. But that is a false theory on the face of it. It is perfectly natural that the masters should want to pay as little as they can, and that the men should want to get as much as they can: and so the only way to keep both sides square is for them to meet, and get up evidence, and argue it fairly out. But that wasn't our plan. Among us there was a large number of thick heads who were for forcing the masters, as they said, to 'give in;' and the masters were just as determined not to give in. So the end of the thing was that capital beat labour, or rather *idleness*, as it generally does in nineteen strikes out of twenty, and as it's likely to do as long as the world lasts. But that, ladies, is not what I'm driving at just now. I only wanted to give you my views which I

entertained then, though not a Christian, just as I do now, and so to exonerate myself from any blame in the matter. With some fellow-workmen who saw just as I did I was forced to give up work or be treated as a 'knobstick,' or one of the 'black sheep,' which meant that I might have been waylaid some dark night, and had my head broken.”

“Well, I think that those were the black sheep,” said Miss Upton, interrupting him, “who would dare to have treated you in such a brutal fashion.”

“You are right, miss: as the proverb says, 'the boot should be put on the other leg.' The black sheep are the black strikers, who by their foolish conduct deprive honest working men of their liberties and their employment; and then 'ratten' them if they resist. But passing by all that, I felt disgusted with the whole affair; but it did me this good, it led me to *think*. My former troubles, and what I saw of the vanity of the world, led me to feel that if there wasn't something for us better than this world could give, it was at the best but a poor look out, and this feeling was strengthened by a visit I made. While the strike lasted I visited an old friend of mine that had had some kind of lung disease for over seven years, and who was slowly passing away. We were talking about the strike and its evils when a town missionary came in, and then they began to talk to one

another. They talked of course about religious things, and I remember the missionary saying: 'Well, my friend, I trust you have a good hope of a better world?' 'I should think, sir, I have,' said my friend. 'Only imagine, if you can, what I've suffered for the last seven years with my poor chest, and then when all's over to have no better world to go to! That, sir, would never do. Blessed be the Lord, I can say "I know Whom I have believed," and death therefore has no terrors for me: my home's in heaven, and I am only waiting till the Lord bids me go up higher.' What else was said I can't remember, but my poor friend looked so happy as he made the confession, that the thought struck me that the kind of happiness he had was just the sort of happiness I wanted. And now the fruit of seed sown sprung up. Up to sixteen years of age I had kept to the Sunday school; and then, like most foolish lads at that age, I threw up the school for the fields. Very rarely had I entered a place of worship since that time; and now, as I was pondering at home over what my friend had said, there seemed to come up before me my old Sunday-school teacher, that I had so often plagued, seated in his chair, and with great earnestness saying to us, 'My boys, my boys,' "*how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?*" Earnest though he was I thought nothing of it at the time, for I saw no danger and had desires of another kind; but now so powerful was the impression that I actually started up and looked around as if I heard his voice again. But of course that was fancy; but the words followed me up night and day, and I saw that there could be no escape for me unless I sought the great salvation at once. And so I

did. Next Sunday saw me for the first time for years again in the house of God seeking for pardon and light and peace. But it was months before I got what I wanted. I tried several places of worship, but got no good till I came to the Baptist's. But the first Sunday I came to our chapel I was released from my bondage. Mr. Matthews took for his text, 'Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me,' and he showed Jesus to be the way so beautifully that I felt as if I could almost have leaped in the pew for joy. The Lord applied the text with power to my poor soul, and as I came away from the chapel I realised that Christ was my way, my truth, and my life, and that in Him I was safe and happy. And what do you think was the first thing that I did after that? I went straight away to my poor sick friend and told him the story; and when he heard it he fairly cried for joy. We gave over after that talking about strikes and began to talk more about religion, and that was more congenial to us both. I was with him when he died, and he departed triumphantly, being sensible to the last. But you see, ladies, what a bit of good talk did between a town missionary and a sick man. That missionary doesn't know what good he did me to this day, for after that he left the town, and I've never seen him since: nor does my old Sunday-school teacher know how in after years the seed he sowed in the class was destined to spring up and be the means of leading me in earnest to seek salvation at last. But after all I must give God the glory for applying His word with power. My old Sunday-school teacher planted, the missionary and my sick friend watered, and God gave the increase. That's

the way to look at it, ladies, is it not?"

"It certainly is," said Miss Blossom. "We cannot but be thankful for the instruments used, but the Lord must have the glory. Still your case is a great encouragement to all those who labour in the pulpit, school, and home, to toil on even though they are not gladdened with present success. God has said that 'His word shall not return unto Him void, but that it shall accomplish that which He pleases, and prosper in the thing whereto He sends it,' and your conversion is a proof of His veracity. But allow me, Mr. Delver, to ask if these are the only cases in which God has applied His word with power to your soul?"

"No, ma'am, not by many a hundred. Pardon me, but you forget what I've said about the Word being my daily food. In a drawer upstairs I've got a book in which I've noted down at least fifty or sixty of the chief passages that have been applied by the Holy Spirit with power and unction to my soul in times of trouble, temptation, and difficulty. But besides all these, my daily meditation on God's holy word is a never-failing source of light and comfort, as I feel some portion of it opened up to me."

"But, Mr. Delver, cannot you be satisfied with taking God's word just as it is without such application?"

"No, Miss Blossom, I cannot. I've heard in my time a great deal about taking God's word as it is, and resting on it, all of which is very good *if you only can!* I am, as you see, only a plain working man, but I've thought a deal about that sort of teaching, which seems to be very popular in these days, and I must say that my thinking and experience causes me to differ from those

who give it. You won't be offended, ma'am, if I give you my humble views on that matter, will you?"

"Certainly not, my good friend: I shall only be too pleased to hear them."

"Then I'll tell you, ma'am, plainly what I think. Not long ago I went to what was advertised as a Holiness meeting. It was largely attended, but chiefly by well-to-do folk. There were several speakers, but they all harped on one string. We were told that we ought always to be in one frame of mind; never to have any doubts and fears; never to be cast down; never to be put about by anything, but always to be trusting and happy, and in a singing mood: and if we wanted to know how to get into this habitually happy state, all that we had to do was, under all circumstances, just to take the word of God as it is, and act up to it. Now, for a while this sort of teaching puzzled me. I thought, 'Well, it would be a grand frame of mind to be in: always to be happy and never to be cast down; no clouds, but constant sunshine; never being down in the valley, but always on the mountain top. Why, that's heaven on earth: and these good people tell us that all we have to do to get into that blessed state is to take the word of God as it is!' But I soon found out that I did take the word of God as it is, and yet that I was not always in that happy state: yea, more than that, that God never intended me to be always in that happy state. From reading the Scriptures I found that He intended me at times to be cast down, to be in the valley, to be encompassed with clouds and darkness; and, as a blind man, to be led by Him in a way that I knew not. First, I considered the history of the dear Master. Was He always on the mount? Wasn't He tempted

in the wilderness forty days and nights? Did He not say on one occasion, 'Now is My soul troubled'? Did He did not weep at the tomb of Lazarus? Did He not say, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt'? Did He not pray in agony in the garden of Gethsemane, and 'sweat as it were great drops of blood'? Did He not cry out on the cross, 'My God, my God: why hast Thou forsaken me'? Was not His public life a life of conflict from beginning to end? Yes, I saw that He was 'the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' that as the Captain of our salvation He was 'made perfect through sufferings;' and that 'for the joy that was set before Him he endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God.' Yet He always took the word of God as it is, and never doubted it for a moment. Then I thought of Paul and all his troubles and conflicts. Did he not take the word of God as it is? Yet was he always happy and in one frame of mind? In times of peril God had to come to him in the night and apply His blessed 'fear nots' to his soul, and then he was filled with courage and nerved to face his foes and do his appointed work. What a deal he tells us about his spiritual conflicts in the seventh chapter of Romans! What pathetic utterances he gives us about his sufferings and castings down, tears and perplexities, in the second Epistle to the Corinthians! And how does he sum it all up? 'For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are

not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.' Now that was Paul's life, and I should like to know how many of us are worthy to be compared to the great apostle? Not one of us, holy as we may be, are worthy to tread in his shoes for self-sacrifice, labour, suffering, and downright consecration for Christ. And yet that was the man for whom it was found necessary, after great spiritual revelations, to have given to him 'a thorn in the flesh,' lest he should 'be exalted above measure;' and I'm sure if the Lord found it necessary to bring such a holy man as Paul down, by giving him a thorn in the flesh to keep him humble, such poor, unworthy, and yet often vain creatures as we are, need thorns of some kind or other far more to keep us in our proper places. Speaking for myself I can only say, as our minister did the other Sunday morning, that I have found 'sanctified thorns in the flesh often to be more profitable in the end than an uninterrupted flow of prosperity.' It wouldn't do for us, ladies, always to be in one lofty frame of mind: human nature couldn't stand it; we should get spiritually proud, conceited, self-sufficient, high minded, presumptuous, and be near a fall. I could tell you a sad tale about one of these Holiness leaders if I liked, and how terribly he fell, after all his professions of 'sinless perfection,' and 'constant holiness,' and 'present salvation,' and so on. But such things are better buried, only they serve as warnings to us to lead us to *talk* about our boasted holiness less, and to learn by humbly walking to *live it more.*"

(To be continued.)



## Round the World in Seven Months.

WITH GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL LIFE IN OUR COLONIES, AND IN AMERICA.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

### PART V.—MELBOURNE TO SYDNEY.

#### *The Overland Journey.*

THE usual mode of travelling from Melbourne to Sydney is to go round the coast by steamer; but we found that there was a railway open between these two places, and so we preferred to go by that—partly because we had been told “You must see Albury; it is the prettiest place in Australia, and its vineyards are well worth a visit. We shall do great things with our Australian wines bye-and-bye.” But we had another and stronger reason. This railway runs right across the interior of the country for six hundred miles, and we reasoned that going by it we should get a better idea of station and bush life than would be possible if we confined our visit to the chief cities or the seaport towns. We left Melbourne at 6 a.m. for this long railway ride, very eager to get a seat by the window that we might view the scenery along the line; but after we had passed the pretty suburbs of the city there was very little to see. The line is carried across a sandy expanse of country whose chief products are the Eucalyptus or gum tree, beneath which grows a whitey-brown dried-up grass. The colour of the foliage of this gum tree is olive green, and the aspect is monotonous in the extreme, for the trees stand so thickly together as to shut out all view. Woe to the belated traveller who gets lost in this bush. He might wander about for many days and make no visible progress, and

perish from fatigue or drought before he recovered the track.

When a squatter settles in the interior, his first task is to get rid of these trees, and he effects this by a process called “ringing.” The bark is stripped off the trunk for twelve or eighteen inches at a distance of two or three feet from the ground. This kills the tree, whose leaves gradually drop off, leaving its skeleton trunk and branches gaunt and bare; the next step is either to fell the dead tree by the axe or to set it on fire, and again and again on our journey we came upon clearings many miles in extent with thousands of stumps left in the ground to decay, or clusters of blackened and charred trunks and branches standing erect half consumed by fire. These are allowed to stand and rot, and though cultivation is impossible until the land is cleared, the pasturage seems to be in no way impaired by this rough and ready mode of proceeding. Indeed, the decaying timber seems rather to improve the quality of the grass.

#### *Station Life.*

Now and then we came to a station consisting of a few rude timber huts roofed over with shingle or bark, each hut containing two rooms, one on either side of the door, at which might be generally seen a slipshod woman nursing a baby, with two or three other little ones toddling about, or a rough-looking bushman with the legs of his corduroy trousers stuffed inside his muddy Wellington

boots, and his woollen jersey relieved by a gaudy pair of braces. This, with a billy-cock hat, and a leathern belt carrying a bill-hook and a bowie-knife, completed his costume. He would nine times out of ten be smoking a short and blackened pipe.

The best house at the station would be the tavern (so-called), though little better than a shanty with lean-to roof, only distinguished from the settler's hut by being bigger and more gaily painted. Life in the Australian bush must be very dreary and desolate, with few comforts and many deprivations. At long intervals, it is true, we came to a township or village of some importance, with a place of worship in its centre, and villa residences, each with verandah and garden; a few good stores for provisions, and a still more showy public-house; but these were rarely met with save in the neighbourhood of the River Murray, or its tributaries. Water is the great necessity in Australia—where that exists, prosperous communities are soon formed. Alas! that the rivers are so often dry.

#### *Albury Vineyards.*

We reached Albury about 3 p.m., and rested for the night. It is a straggling town, planned on a large scale, and containing as yet only scattered houses; but there is a handsome railway-station, a fine post-office, a Gothic church, a few good shops, and a great many hotels; but the chief attraction is the vineyards. We hired a buggy, and drove to Fallon's, which is the principal one. The vines were about as high as our gooseberry bushes, the grapes only just formed, though green and healthy. We tasted the wine, but the only sample at all palatable was a white wine called

Reisling, resembling sherry or Bucellas—even that had a resinous flavour,—and the other samples were so strong and rough as to be actually disagreeable. Australians hope great things from their vineyards, but as yet they seem not to know how to make their wine either soft or delicate.

#### *An Australian Buggy.*

The vehicle we rode in, an Australian buggy, is a curious vehicle. It has very large wheels, the front pair nearly as high as those at the back. They are built so because of the badness of the roads. Small wheels would stick fast in the ruts, but these, made of hickory, as strong as iron and as tough as whalebone, run over the rough ground as nothing else could. The body is small and light, and the hood only a canopy without either side or back: this is for the sake of coolness. We climbed into this machine with difficulty, and what with the jolting and swinging, a sense of insecurity was felt which destroyed all the pleasure of the ride.

#### *Sleeping Berths.*

We left Albury by the afternoon train, and secured two bottom berths in the sleeping car, which is fitted on the American plan. All the beds, cushions, pillows, blankets, and fixings, are stowed away with much ingenuity either under the seats or in cupboards overhead; so that during the day the carriage forms a luxurious saloon, and at night is divided into separate sleeping berths. I cannot say that much sleep was obtained, for the oscillation was as great as that of a ship at sea, and the noises were both irritating and distracting. The lavatories are at the end of the

cars, where the shaking is so great that you must hold on with one hand, while you try to wash with the other.

### *Sydney.*

We reached Sydney about 7 a.m., and drove at once to Petty's Hotel, the only decent hotel in the place, and that not very good. We found Sydney to be much less regularly planned than Melbourne, but it has fine shops, handsome public buildings, and many churches; three public parks, and botanic gardens of remarkable beauty. Plenty of business seemed to be going on, and the streets were as much thronged as those of the East of London. At night, too, there were far too many "Larrikins" (*i.e.*, roughs) about, to make walking pleasant, and as compared with Melbourne, it was as Ratcliffe Highway is to Bond Street.

### *Sydney Harbour.*

But the glory of Sydney is not the town or gardens, but its harbour, of which the late Anthony Trollope said, "It is a place which, once seen, the beholder longs to gaze upon as long as he is capable of vision"—praise which seems extravagant, yet is fully warranted by its surpassing beauty. It consists of a series of promontories, enclosing lovely bays, with wooded hills rising up from the sloping shore, here and there diversified with mansions or country residences, surrounded by well-kept gardens or smoothly mown lawns. The general appearance from opposite Balmain reminded me of the view from the Hoe at Plymouth, looking towards Mount Edgecombe, or that from Lynton, in North Devon, or from Mosebach, at Stockholm. The rippling water, the frequent ferry-boats, the white-

winged yachts, the ocean steamers, the ships of war, all combined to make a picture of beauty and animation rarely seen; yet this was but one of twenty such bays, each having features of its own, all diversified, yet all equally lovely. Of our colonial pleasure trips few will dwell in the memory with more delight than our steam-boat excursion to Manley Beach, near the Heads which guard the entrance, or up the Parramatta River, which flows into Sydney Harbour. While there we saw the masts of the ill-fated steamer *Austral*, then lying submerged in mid-stream, but since raised and doing good service.

### *Religion in Sydney.*

So far as we could judge, the Sabbath was not so well kept here as in Melbourne. Not only was there more pleasure-seeking, for which the harbour offers strong temptations, but the places of worship were not so well attended, and the worship and teaching were less distinctly evangelical. The chapel in York Street, having seats for 1,200, had not 200 present at the service, far too much of which was monopolized by the choir, which gave an anthem quite twenty minutes long, interspersed with florid passages for solo singers, during which the congregation were as much spectators as if at a concert. At another large chapel, better filled, it is true, we were treated to a dissertation on "buying the truth and selling it not," more edifying for denouncing the tricks of trade than for any spiritual instruction; and in a country church, with a congregation of rustics, mostly farm labourers and children, we listened to a scholarly and elaborate attempt to reconcile

the Scripture account of the Creation to the theories of the late Mr. Darwin, all the concessions being made by Scripture—none by science—the unsuitableness of the theme to the audience being quite as objectionable as the unsoundness of the teaching; but in Sydney, as elsewhere, wherever a pure gospel is preached, the success is the greatest. The Evangelistic Services

held in the Music Hall and the Alliance Prayer Meetings were all fully attended, and the devout and earnest feeling were unmistakable. These, and the ministrations of the Rev. W. Fletcher, of Newington College, of the Rev. J. Oram, of Princes Street, and the Rev. R. Taylor, Globe Road, were all highly spiritual in tone and alike interesting and profitable.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### THE MAMMON OF UN-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

“And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.”—Luke xvi. 9.

THE new revised version gives an improved reading of this verse, which helps to set it in a much clearer light. We quote the new version; and put in *italics* those words which tend to make the meaning more clear,—“And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends *by means* of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when *it* shall fail, they may receive you into the eternal tabernacles.”

The word “mammon” is a foreign one (Syriac). Its precise derivation cannot be determined with certainty. It is used as meaning riches. It is also used to signify an idol. Here there can be no doubt that it is used in the former sense.

“Mammon of *unrighteousness*,” or “unrighteous mammon,” as in

the eleventh verse. The word “unrighteous” stands opposed to “the true riches,” which immediately follows; it means deceitful, false, and not to be trusted. The same meaning is given in 1 Tim. vi. 17. It does not of necessity mean riches acquired dishonestly; but rather that riches are deceitful and not to be trusted: “*uncertain* riches”—riches of uncertainty. Riches that are treacherous and precarious. It may also be termed the “mammon of unrighteousness,” because of the manner wherein it is commonly either procured or employed.

“Make to yourselves friends;” in other words, make friends of these uncertain, precarious riches. Learn of the steward, and turn them to your own advantage. Use them, so as to make friends of them.

“That when it shall fail” (it is uncertain, *and will fail*), “it may receive you into,” &c. This is a form of expression denoting merely, “that you may be received.” The one direction of this verse is, therefore, so to use our worldly riches that we may be

received into heaven when we die. We cannot properly study this verse without looking at the parable of which it is a part. Our purpose now is only to show that this ninth verse, as well as the whole parable, *together with the parable of the rich man and Lazarus*, go to teach us the right use of money, and the value it may be made to us when prudently and wisely used.

The steward in the parable when turned out of one house secured another by reason of his own cunning and prudence. But we, doing better than the steward, may secure a heavenly for an earthly, an everlasting for a temporary habitation. Money may be so used as to be made friendly and helpful. Rightly used, it may be to us a means of blessing; wrongly used, it becomes our greatest possible curse. *We may make to ourselves friends with it,—this we are bidden to do.* Read Matthew xxv. 34–40, and there see in what way friends can be made with it. On earth we can make our riches subservient to our ministrations of mercy; in the last great reckoning these same acts of mercy shall secure their eternal reward.

Then shall those we have relieved and blessed rise up as witnesses for us. Have a reference then, in the use of your money, to the future. Employ your money in works of mercy and benevolence; aiding the poor and contributing to the spread of the Gospel; and doing this in such a manner that God will approve the deed, and will bless you for it. Then, instead of riches being a hindrance to your piety, which they too often are, they will contribute to your spiritual well-being.

Do not think that this text teaches that money can be made the key to heaven. It is here rather shown as the test of character. No man shall be saved by the merit of his good works. Good deeds shall be rewarded, it is true; but salvation is not *by them*.

“The lord commended the unjust steward”—the revised version has it better—“his lord,” &c. It was the *prudence* of the unjust steward that the lord commended. The want of fidelity shown by the steward is loudly condemned by our Lord in the same parable. The steward’s one object was, when cast out of one home to secure another. For the foresight and skilful adaptation of means to the end, in that he was so prudent, cunning, and anxious; *in turning all his opportunities to good account*; it was for this only, that “the lord commended him.” This is the key to this parable, on which there have been so many differing views. The Lord does not commend the actions of the unjust steward, who stands before us as one of the “children of this world” (verse 8). He only shows us what lessons the “children of light” may learn from Him. It is that Christians often fail to *use* their opportunities, that the Lord said, “the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.”

In conclusion learn from this text:—

I. That while money is not to be idolised, it should not be despised. “Make to yourselves friends of (or with) it”—*use it for God’s glory.*

II. Be good stewards of the *lowest* talents entrusted to you.

GEO. NORRIS WILLOMATT.

## FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT.

FILLED with the Spirit ! as the flashing eye  
 Of yonder lighthouse in the raven night  
 Is filled with light :  
 Filled till it cannot hold the vast supply ;  
 But from its burning heart lights the dark aisles  
 With beaming smiles.  
 So may this heart be filled with light divine,  
 Filled with the flame of love, till it must shine.

Filled with the Spirit ! as the river's bed  
 Is flooded with the fulness of the hills,  
 Until it thrills  
 With new-born blood, and its arms outspread  
 In fertilizing streams that creep and wind,  
 New paths to find.  
 Filled with the Spirit may I onward roll,  
 Blessing and blest, a full and flooded soul.

Filled with the Spirit ! as the little chink  
 Within the broken Rock, but near the spring,  
 A little thing,  
 And always full, where any dog may drink.  
 Lowly, and often mired of passers-by ;  
 But water nigh  
 Keeping it ever clean. Such would I be ;  
 A crevice in the Rock : but filled by Thee.

Filled with the Spirit ! What most potent plea  
 May I now urge why thus my God should bless ?  
 My emptiness !  
 Ah, Lord, this is my argument with Thee :  
 Thou knowest well what emptiness is mine,  
 What fulness Thine !  
 Fill with Thyself this emptiness of mine,  
 Till, filled with Thee, I shall refresh and shine.

WILLIAM LUFF,

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CONSCIENCE.—There be five kinds of consciences on foot in the world : first, an ignorant conscience, which neither sees nor saith anything, neither beholds the sins in a soul, nor reproves them ; second, the flattering conscience, whose speech is worse than silence itself, which, though seeing sin, soothes men in the committing thereof ; third, the seared conscience, which hath neither sight, speech, nor sense, in men that are past feeling ; fourth, a wounded conscience, frightened with sin. The last and best is a quiet and clear conscience, pacified in Christ Jesus. Of these, the fourth is incomparably better than the three former, so that a wise man would not take a world to change with them. Yea, a wounded conscience is rather painful than sinful, an affliction, no offence, and is in the ready way at the next remove to be turned into a quiet conscience.—THOMAS FULLER.

## Reviews.

*Stray Leaves from My Life Story.*  
By F. MANTON SMITH. London:  
Passmore and Alabaster.

VERY entertaining. This is the sort of book for which we fancy our colporteurs will find a ready sale. The outside is gay with a golden illustration. The inside is bright with charming pictures. The titles of the twenty-seven chapters are catching. Dip into the little volume where you like you are sure to drop into a bit of dialogue that whets your appetite for the little story he has to tell. Manton Smith is a merry fellow; and there is a moral in all his mirth. His ready wit is now consecrated to the wise purpose of winning souls. The churches of Christ throughout the country know him as a *companion evangelist*. At first the comrade of Mr. A. J. Clarke, and subsequently of Mr. W. Y. Fullerton, both mission preachers of no mean order, he has posed before London and provincial congregations with his famous silver cornet, presented to him by the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, as a singing pilgrim. In these pages he paints himself as truly to the life as he paints the people he has met with. Of course he is the central figure in each incident he relates. But what of that? A dash of egotism is essential to a well-spoken tale. *Stray Leaves* like these are fitted to reclaim those who have gone astray. Such a conjunction of fervour and humour will merit the thanks of the Band of Hope, of which he is so distinguished an ornament and advocate.

*Memorial Sketch of John Stock, L.L.D., Minister of Salendine Park Chapel, Huddersfield.* By A. M. STALKER. Baptist Tract Society, Castle-street, Holborn, London.

THIS, too, being a sketch of the life

and death of a well-known and well-beloved brother in the Lord, will be welcomed by numbers who feel that he, though dead, yet speaketh. We can also, from our knowledge of the deceased, add our tribute to departed worth. The summary given by the editor is complete and concise: 1st. He was eminently devout. 2nd. He was mentally active. 3rd. He dearly loved evangelical truth. 4th. He was large-hearted and courageous. 5th. He was a cheerful man. 6th. Out of the pulpit he was exemplary: in it, he was powerful. 7th. His affection was great. 8th. He was an excellent pastor. What a grand description of a true Christian minister. We admire the grace of God in him, and are thankful for the brief sketch—our only complaint is that it is too brief.

*How do I know that the Sabbath was made for Man? By the author of How do I know that the Bible is True?* Fifth thousand. Religious Book Society, 28, Paternoster-row.

*The Truth Sought and Found, or the Scriptural Answer to the question, Was the Weekly Sabbath Annulled?* By Rev. GEO. PHILLIPS NICE, M.A., Baltimore.

*Sunday Closing Reporter.* Darrah Brothers, Queen's-buildings, York-street, Manchester.

OF the first of these valuable contributions we may say that we are right glad our friend and veteran tract writer, the author of "How do I know that the Bible is True?" &c., &c., has taken his pen in hand to help retain the sanctity and privileges of the Sabbath. The second, as above, is also a most valuable and complete little work. It is a great work in a small compass, and we regret that we cannot append

a publisher's name, but suppose that it could be obtained of the American Publishers, Paternoster-row. We class with their works the "Sunday Closing Reporter." We throw in our most hearty adhesion to any effort which will promote the closing of public-houses on the Lord's Day. Not that we would deprive the working man of his glass of beer—that is a matter he must settle with himself, though we are satisfied it would be the making of many a working man and the joy of his family if he settled not to take a glass more. But we take very much higher grounds. The opening is known to be a great injury to many. The opening keeps large numbers at work who deserve to be at rest. The opening causes great temptations, as demonstrated among the young. The openings are condemned by many of the publicans themselves. All this, apart from the religious question, makes us say, decidedly, *Close them.*

*The Sweet Briar Christian, The First Violet, My First Primrose.* Sacred thoughts suggested by the REV. WILLIAM FRITH, author of *General Gordon, the Man of Faith, The Age to Come, &c., &c.* S. W. Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row.

"My beloved has gone down into his garden to gather lilies." Our brother seems to be walking in the footprints of the Beloved. And as we read we are glad our friend has got among the flowers. They wear a bright and pleasant hue and send forth a sweet perfume. The nosegay is arranged with much skill, and a packet of these flowers may be obtained for sixpence.

*The Preacher's Analyst.* Conducted by the REV. J. L. S. BIRD, B.A. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THE April number is a good one, and contains lectures both on preaching by Dr. Ogilvie and an original sermon by the Editor. Subject: The Excellency of the Knowledge of

Christ. Worth more than the price of the number, and must reward a thoughtful perusal.

*The Ragged School Union Quarterly Record* has a good engraved likeness of H. R. Williams, Esq. A worthy picture of a worthy man.

*The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for April. This really good magazine has for its leading article one by the Rev. R. Glover, of Bristol. Subject: Christ and the Penitent Woman.

*The Silver Morn and Prophetic Voice.* S. W. Partridge, Paternoster Row. This is number six of volume one, and we think it is the best of the six. Should its present number prove a specimen of the future ones, it bids fair to be a power of service to those who study the prophetic pages.

*The Illustrated Missionary News.* Partridge and Co. The best of our illustrated Missionary periodicals.

*Experience.* A quarterly journal designed to revive the testimony of England's chief Evangelists, and to promote mission work. Not the least among the Quarterlies. Its reading will stir some of the best feelings, in thankfulness for the witnesses of the past, and earnest desire in us to serve the Master. It may be obtained at 66, Paternoster Row.

We have received from the Religious Tract Society *Boys' Own and Girls' Own Magazine, Sunday at Home, Leisure Hour, Friendly Greetings, Cottager and Artisan, The Child's Companion*, No. 18 of *New Biographical Series*, and the *Lord's Supper*, an abiding witness to the death of Christ. This last being the close of the first issue or series of *Present Day Tracts*; the second series will commence in the autumn. We value these tracts as a real treasure, and think that the Religious Tract Society have never served the Church and Christian world better than in



this issue. We would like to prevail on all who read these lines, especially thoughtful young men, to obtain these precious gems.

*The Baptist Magazine* has something rare in an article about an almost unknown book. The Life of George Eliot is continued, and we read with pleasure number two of Religion and the Future Life. The *Sword and Trowel* gives as its leader, Jesus, the Great Object of Astonishment, a communion address at Mentone, by C. H. Spurgeon. *The General Baptist*. The paper by the Rev. J. Fletcher on Church leakage is good, and we consider this a very fair average number. The time is at hand when the *Baptist and Freeman* will be of valued service to us in connexion with our annual denominational meeting. We wish them all a large amount of success.

There are before us *The Voice of Warning, Open Doors, The Bible Work, Evangelical Christendom, Quarterly*;

*Record* of the Trinitarian Bible Society, and *The Irish Baptist Magazine*. If we had space we could say a good word for each of these and their good design. We can only give them our best wishes.

Just received by post, *The River Singers*, by kind permission of the proprietors of the book. Arranged as a service of song in staff and sol fa notations, by JOHN BURNHAM, author of *Song Evangelists*. This service is specially adapted for Sunday school anniversaries. Its price is fourpence. Our brother is one of the most industrious brethren among us; he is ever at work, and if he tires, his own circle alone have the secret, for to us he is always full of music, full of sweetness, and full of love to the Master. We class this last work as among the best, and all we can say is—Beautiful! Nicholson and Sons, Warwick-square; also of Messrs. Burnham, Blenheim Villa, Windmill-road, Brentford.

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## THE SCRIPTURES.

The Bible is the arsenal for God's warriors. He who frequents this armoury will give the Devil something to do.

Take from Christendom the Bible and you have taken the moral chart by which alone its population can be guided.

Luther says:—"For several years I read the whole Bible twice in every twelvemonth."

Cecil says:—"In order to read the Bible with profit, we must begin by denying ourselves every step of the way; for every step of the way, it will be found to oppose our corrupt nature."

The more a man studies the Bible the further conviction will he have of his own ignorance, and of its inestimable value.

Live the Bible. All who heed its precepts and feed upon its promises, find it impossible to doubt for one moment its divine origin.—E BULLOCK.

A LESSON LEARNT BY SUFFERING.—When a little boy, who got lost in the city of New York, was found by his father after a two days' search, he could scarcely speak for joy, and could not be induced to leave his father's side, or let go his father's hand until he reached his home, where there was great rejoicing over his safe return. Well, too, would it be for us who have been sought for and found by the "everlasting Father," if we would manifest the same spirit, and never leave His side or let go His strong and loving hand, until we reach our home above, and mingle with the shining hosts of the redeemed, and taste those pleasures which are "for evermore."

*Nictaux, N.S.*

REV. J. CLARK.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. C. F. AKED, of the college at Nottingham, has accepted the pastorate of Queen-street Church, Ilkeston.

Rev. S. B. Rees, of Upper Tooting, has accepted the co-pastorate with Rev. Dr. Stanford, of the church at Denmark-place, Camberwell.

Rev. Henry Clinch, town missionary, has accepted the pastorate of Conway-street Church, Birkenhead.

Rev. Alfred Phillips, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Redruth.

### PRESENTATIONS.

REV. F. J. STEWARD, on leaving Calne, has been presented with a purse of gold in recognition of his services during the past five years as pastor of Castle-street Church in that town.

The church and congregation at Fenny Stratford have just presented their pastor (Rev. H. L. Smith) with a purse containing over £13. The pastor's wife was also presented with a dinner service.

Rev. W. Hetherington, prior to his removal to Redhill, was presented by the church at Great Whyte Chapel, Ramsey, with a purse containing twenty-one guineas, as a token of esteem and regard.

Rev. W. H. Smith, on leaving Ledbury to undertake the pastorate of the church at Minchinhampton, was presented with a marble time-piece as a token of regard. Mrs. Smith has also been presented by the members of her Bible-class with a morocco leather writing-desk.

TRINITY MEMORIAL CHURCH, GUNNERSBURY.—Rev. W. Frith having resigned the pastorate, has accepted that of Horton-street Chapel, Kensington.

On Thursday, March 26, a public meeting was held, presided over by Rev. J. Angus, D.D., when the Revs. Charles Graham, J. H. Topping, W. A. Blake, with Messrs. W. B. Croft, John Short and R. T. Smith, gave appropriate addresses. In the course of the evening Mr. T. W. Gunton placed in the hands of Rev. Dr. Angus a substantial testimonial, which amounted to £78 (and which has since been increased to £100), and which was presented to Rev. W. Frith for his long and faithful services in the cause of Christ, both at Gunnersbury and elsewhere. It had been originated by Messrs. E. F. Fritche and J. Crawford. Mrs. Frith has also been presented with an elegant silver-plated epergne by the ladies of the congregation, bearing a suitable inscription.

### RECOGNITIONS.

REV. T. E. RAWLINGS received recognition on the 10th of March as pastor of the Tabernacle, South Shields. Revs. W. Cuff, W. Hanson, G. West, M. Gray, W. Steele, A. F. Riley, and W. A. Bond took part in the proceedings.

Rev. Aquila Lemon was recognised on the 10th of March as pastor of the church at Chipping Sodbury. Mr. Essex La Trobe, of Bristol, presided. Revs. Dr. Culross, G. D. Evans, G. H. Lemon, H. Jones, W. Davy, and A. J. Parker delivered fraternal addresses.

The recognition of Rev. C. M. Longhurst, late of Acton, as pastor of the church at Stoke-green, Ipswich, took place on Tuesday, March 17. Mr. Alfred Piper, a deacon of Turret-green Chapel, presided. Revs. M. J. Morgan, H. Collinson, and W. Kern having spoken, Mr. W. Smyth, one of the Stoke-green deacons, referred to the circumstances connected with

Mr. Longhurst's settlement amongst them. Mr. Longhurst, in his address, promised to do all he could to promote the spiritual welfare of the people. Mr. F. A. Everett, one of the deacons from Acton, expressed the regret of the friends there at Mr. Longman's retirement. Rev. T. M. Morris, of Burlington Chapel, congratulated the people on their choice of a minister. Rev. W. Emery, of Turret-green, assured Mr. Longhurst that he would receive a warm welcome from his ministerial brethren.

Rev. Greenwood Robinson, late of Hugglescote, was recognised on Friday, April 3, as pastor of Praed-street Chapel, Edgware-road, W. Rev. J. Clifford presided; Rev. T. Goadby gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. Fletcher addressed the church. Revs. G. Bennett, G. W. McCree, R. P. Cook, and Mr. S. D. Rickards also took part in the proceedings.

Rev. H. Bull, of Nottingham College, was recognised on March 30 as pastor of Morcott and Barrowden Churches. Rev. W. R. Parker delivered a charge to the pastor, and Rev. T. Barrass the charge to the church. Revs. W. Skelly, T. C. Deeming, D. C. Lloyd, W. Sims, and C. F. Aked delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. Joseph Stead has been ordained pastor of the new chapel at Undercliffe-road, Eccleshill. Rev. E. Cossey presided, and gave the charge to the pastor. Revs. J. Rignalt, C. A. Davis, and E. S. Neale took part in the proceedings.

Rev. J. C. Foster, late of Braintree, was recognised on the 31st of March as pastor of the church at Forest-hill. Revs. T. Greenwood, S. Hall, W. Martin, T. Perry, J. Pickett, J. E. Radcliff, F. C. Rook, P. G. Scorey, J. Sears, J. C. Sweet, and W. L. Watkinson joined in welcoming Mr. Foster to his new sphere of labour.

At Wellington-street Chapel, Luton, recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. F. J. Feltham have recently been held. On Monday, March 9, a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. R. Wood,

President of the London Baptist Association, and on the day following large and enthusiastic meetings took place. Between 300 and 400 persons sat down to tea, and at the evening gathering, under the presidency of the Mayor of Luton, most of the ministers of the town and neighbourhood were present and took part. The proceeds of the services, £40 10s., were handed to the pastor to meet the expenses of his removal to his new sphere of labour.

#### NEW CHAPELS.

THE new chapel in Christ Church-road, Worthing, for the congregation, under the pastorate of Rev. C. D. Crouch, has been opened for public worship. Rev. Archibald G. Brown preached the opening sermon. The chapel, which will accommodate 500 persons, has been erected at a total cost of £2,202. It was mentioned that both the architect and builder, Mr. Moore and Mr. Sawle, were members of the church. Mr. Moore made no charge for the design. Mr. Sawle, responding to a vote of thanks, remarked that surprise had been expressed that the work had been done for the money. The secret of it was that he took off his coat, and went to work himself, which no man need be ashamed of doing. At the commencement of the meeting there was a deficit of £170, the whole of which was then cleared, and the building is now therefore free of debt.

A temporary church, capable of accommodating about 400 persons, has been erected, at a cost of £400, for the congregation at Lower Tooting, under the pastorate of Rev. T. Witney, the school chapel proving insufficient. In the opening services, Revs. T. V. Tymms, B. C. Etheridge, D. Jones, T. Lardner and E. Henderson took part. The contributions amounted to about £70, leaving about £200 necessary to clear off the liabilities.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE fifth anniversary of the cause

at Woking, Surrey, has just been celebrated. Rev. J. W. Boud, of Penge, preached on the 29th of March, and on the same day Rev. E. W. Tarbox preached at Penge Tabernacle, where the collections were generously presented to the Woking funds. The Woking congregation at present meets in a school-room, having grown in five years from a simple cottage meeting to a flourishing church, under the pastorage of Rev. E. W. Tarbox. At the public meeting, on April 1, a beginning was made for the building fund of a chapel, when £350 was subscribed.

The twelfth anniversary of Campsbourne Chapel, Hornsey, has been celebrated. A public meeting was held, presided over by Colonel Griffin, when addresses were delivered by the chairman and Revs. J. T. L. Maggs, W. R. Skerry, T. C. Thompson, and D. T. Young. At the meeting various collecting cards were brought in for the building fund of the proposed new chapel. These, with the collections and donations of friends, realised altogether the sum of £200, a cheque for which amount was handed to Colonel Griffin, the treasurer of the building fund.

The sixty-fourth anniversary of the Sunday school connected with Bethnal-green Church, of which Rev. W. Harvey Smith is pastor, was celebrated on the 23rd of March. The report showed that there are now 295 scholars on the books, with an average attendance of 270; of these 120 are over 15 years of age. There are four Sunday and four week-evening Bible classes. During the year 19 scholars had joined the church, making a total of 92 scholars since the building of the chapel three years ago; 70 of these were still with them, and 22 had been transferred to other churches. Twenty scholars had become teachers. The mission school reported 140 scholars, with an average attendance of 120. Revs. E. H. Ellis and W. T. Adey took part in the meeting.

PARK CHAPEL, BRENTFORD.—

During the past month a bazaar was held for the purpose of raising funds to aid in the erection of class-rooms for the Sunday school. The bazaar was opened by Mr. J. T. Olney, and continued for four days. After paying expenses, £165 was left for the object named.

TUBBERMORE RISING STAR BAND OF HOPE.—The fourth monthly meeting of this Society was held in the Baptist Chapel, on Wednesday evening, March 11, at seven o'clock. The chair was occupied by the pastor, the Rev. R. H. Carson. An enjoyable programme of addresses, recitations, and readings was given by Messrs. S. Nelson, Neely, Houston, J. Nelson, McKee, and McKinney. During the evening several temperance pieces were rendered by the choir, Miss Carson presiding at the harmonium. Twenty-seven cards were given out to the persons on probation since the last meeting, thus raising the number of members to 108. Twenty-five new names were taken by the secretary, Mr. R. H. Carson, after which the proceedings terminated.

## BAPTISMS.

- Abersychan*.—March 15, English Chapel, Ten, by J. Coles.  
*Ashton-under-Lyne*.—March 22, Weibek-street, Fifteen.  
*Athlone*.—March 21, Three, by F. J. Ryan.  
*Bacup*.—April 5, Ebenezer, Five, by J. Garden.  
*Birkenhead*.—March 31, Seven, by T. Lydiatt.  
*Birmingham*.—March 11, Graham-street, Ten, by A. Mursell; March 29, Constitution Hill, Two, by J. Burton.  
*Bishop Stortford*.—April 2, Three, by B. Hodgkins.  
*Boroughbridge*.—March 29, Sixteen, by A. Sprague.  
*Bradfield*, Suffolk.—April 5, Two, by W. Dixon.  
*Brannoxtown*, co. Kildare.—April 1, Three, by A. M'Caig.  
*Brentford*.—March 29, Seven, by J. S. Hockey.  
*Builth*.—March 22, Ebenezer, Eight, by W. H. Prosser.  
*Cardiff*.—March 29, Eight, by J. Berryman.  
*Carmarthen*.—March 22, Nine, by J. Thomas.

- Cascob.*—March 8, Four, by G. Phillips.  
*Chatham.*—March 29, Eight, by T. Hancock.  
*Coleford.*—March 22, Seven, by T. Williams.  
*Clare, Suffolk.*—March 29, Seven, by E. White.  
*Darkhouse.*—March 29, Five, by G. Dunnett.  
*Derby.*—March 29, Osmaston-road, Seven, by W. H. Tetley.  
*Eastbourne.*—April 1, Ceylon-place, Three, by W. Osborne.  
*Eythorne, Kent.*—March 29, Seven, by G. Stanley.  
*Garway.*—March 22, Eight, by W. Price.  
*Golcar.*—March 27, Two, and April 5, Two, by W. Gay.  
*Gravrd, Radnor.*—March 15, One, by J. Williams.  
*Greenock.*—March 8, Two, by R. Bennie, M.A.  
*Hay.*—March 22, Three, by N. Vanstone.  
*Hgh. Wycombe.*—March 22, Zion Chapel, Seven, by W. R. Palmer.  
*Hull.*—March 22, South-street, Two, by J. D. Rodway.  
*Idle, Yorks.*—March 8, Five, by E. F. Cossey.  
*Ilford.*—March 19, Two, by J. Young.  
*Ipswich.*—March 29, Stoke-green, Twelve, by C. M. Loughurst.  
*Kingston-on-Thames.*—February 22, Three, by G. Wright.  
*Knighton.*—April 5, Two, by W. Williams.  
*Leeds.*—March 29, Hunslet Tabernacle, Seven, by A. E. Greening.  
*Lominster.*—March 22, Two, by W. H. Purchase.  
*Littleborough.*—March 15, Four, by J. P. Newman.  
*London:*—  
*Leytonstone.*—March 29, Three, by J. Bradford.  
*Romney-street.*—March 29, Four, by G. Davies.  
*Walworth.*—April 1, Nine, by W. J. Mills.  
*Whitechapel, Commercial-street,* March 29, Two, by W. T. Avey  
*Woolwich.*—March 12, Parson's Hill, Eight, by J. Wilson.  
*Lora's Hill, Snailbeach, Salop.*—April 5, Two, by W. Jenkins.  
*Luton.*—March 29, Wellington-street, Three, by F. J. Feltham; Park-street, March 26, Fifteen; April 2, Eight, by J. H. Blake.  
*Measham.*—March 11, Nine, by B. Noble.  
*Merthyr.*—April 5, One, by B. Thomas.
- Middleton, near Manchester.*—March 29, Two, by H. Davies.  
*Millom.*—March 11, One, by J. MoNab.  
*Mivfield, Yorks.*—March 22, Two, by R. Evans.  
*Newport, Isle of Wight.*—March 29, Three, by H. J. Troslddor.  
*Newport, Mon.*—March 18, Commercial-road, Eight; March 29, Four, by A. T. Jones.  
*Norbilton.*—March 29, Four, by J. Clark.  
*Northampton.*—March 18, Prince's-street, Nine, by A. Middloditch.  
*Oldham.*—March 29, King-street, Four, by W. F. Edgerton.  
*Pembroke Dock.*—March 23, Bush-street, One, by R. O. Roberts.  
*Penge.*—April 1, Nine, by J. Wesley Boud.  
*Pole Moor.*—April 5, One, by J. Evans.  
*Presteign.*—March 29, Nine, by S. Watkins.  
*Princes Risborough.*—April 1, Seven, by W. Coombs.  
*Risca, Mon.*—March 22, Bethany, Three, by T. Thomas.  
*Ross.*—March 29, Four; April 5, Three, by J. E. Perrin.  
*Shrewton.*—March 15, Three, by T. A. Judd.  
*Siloam Machen.*—March 22, Three, by J. Morgan.  
*Southsea.*—April 5, Nine, by J. P. Williams.  
*Spenn.*—April 1, Five, by C. Saville.  
*Swansea.*—March 29, Tabernacle, One, by A. B. Johnson.  
*St. Helens Lancashire.*—March 30, Victoria Hall, Four, by C. Green.  
*Taunton.*—March 12, Albemarle Chapel, Ten, by L. Palmer.  
*Todmorden.*—March 25, Two, by W. March.  
*Tonyandy.*—March 22, English Chapel, Two, by Dr. Davies.  
*Treharris.*—March 22, Seven, by W. Jones.  
*Treorkey.*—April 5, Horeb, Three, by L. Jones.  
*Tunbridge Wells.*—March 29, Tabernacle, Five, by J. Smith.  
*Ventnor, I.W.*—April 3, One, by J. E. Shephard.  
*Waterbeach.*—April 4, Five, by J. Williams.  
*Waterhouse.*—March 22, Two, by R. W. Dobbie.  
*Wellington.*—March 22, Nine; March 23, Two, by J. B. Morgan.  
*Westbury Leigh.*—March 22, Seven, by T. J. Hazzard.  
*Wick, N.B.*—April 5, Two, by A. Hewlett.  
*Wimborne.*—March 24, Two, by J. Hooper.  
*Wincanton.*—March 26, Six, by G. Hider.  
*Wythall Heath.*—March 22, Two, by S. May.

THE COVENANT OF GRACE.—We know nothing of the covenant of grace, but as we feel the grace of the covenant in our hearts; there is a holy impossibility that where grace reigns, sin can reign also. They that live under fleshly principles cannot please God. It is meet that infinite holiness should love its own image wherever He implants it. Vile as you are, He has made you lovely by His grace.—ROWLAND HILL.

## GOD ALONE THE SALVATION OF HIS PEOPLE.\*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"He only is my rock and my salvation.—PSALM lxii. 2.

How noble a title! So sublime, suggestive, and overpowering. "My Rock." It is a figure so divine, that to God alone shall it ever be applied.

Look on yon rocks and wonder at their antiquity, for from their summits a thousand ages look down upon us. When this gigantic city was as yet unfounded they were grey with age; when our humanity had not yet breathed the air, 'tis said that these were ancient things; they are the children of departed ages. With awe we look upon these aged rocks, for they are among Nature's first-born. You discover, embedded in their bowels, the remnants of unknown worlds, of which the wise may *guess*, but which, nevertheless, they must fail to *know*, unless God Himself should teach them what hath been before them. You regard the rock with reverence, for you remember what stories it might tell, if it had a voice; of how through igneous and aqueous agency, it has been tortured into the shape it now assumes. Even so is our God pre-eminently ancient. His head and His hair are white like wool, as white as snow, for He is "the ancient of days," and we are always taught in Scripture to remember, that He is "without beginning of years." Long ere creation was begotten, "from everlasting to everlasting," He was God.

"My rock!" What a history the rock might give you of the storms to which it has been exposed; of the tempests which have raged in the ocean at its base, and of the thunders which have disturbed the skies above its head; while it, itself, has stood unscathed by tempests, and unmoved by the buffetings of storms. So with our God. How firm hath He stood—how steadfast hath He been—though the nations have reviled Him, and "the kings of the earth have taken counsel together!" By merely standing still He hath broken the ranks of the enemy, without even stretching forth His hand! With motionless grandeur like a rock He hath broken the waves, and scattered the armies of His enemies, driving them back in confusion. Look at the rock again; see how firm and unmoved it stands! It doth not stray from place to place, but it abideth fast for evermore. Other things have changed, islands have been drowned beneath the sea, and continents have been shaken; but see, the rock stands as steadfast as if it were the very foundation of the whole world, and could not move till the wreck of creation, or the loosening of the bands of nature. So with God: how faithful He is in His promises! how unalterable in His decrees! how unswerving! how unchanging!

The rock is immutable; nought hath been worn from it. You old granite peak hath gleamed in the sun, or worn the white veil of winter

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snow—it hath sometimes worshipped God with bare uncovered head, and at other times the clouds furnished it with veiling wings, that, like a cherub, it might adore its Maker ; but yet itself hath stood unchanged. The frosts of winter have not destroyed it, nor have the heats of summer melted it. It is the same with God. Lo, He is my rock ; He is the same, and His kingdom shall have no end. Unchangeable He is in His being, firm in His own sufficiency ; He keeps Himself immutably the same ; and “ therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.” The ten thousand uses of the rock, moreover, are full of ideas as to what God is. You see the fortress standing on a high rock, up which the clouds themselves can scarcely climb, and up whose precipices the assault cannot be carried, and the armed cannot travel, for the besieged laugh at them from their eminence. So is our God a sure defence ; and we shall not be moved if He hath “ set our feet upon a rock, and established our goings,” Many a giant rock is a source of admiration from its elevation ; for on its summit we can see the world outspread below, like some small map, we mark the river or broadly-spreading stream, as if it were a vein of silver inlaid in emerald. We discover the nations beneath our feet, “ like drops in a bucket,” and the islands are “ very little things ” in the distance, while the sea itself seems but a basin of water, held in the hand of a mighty giant. The mighty God is such a rock ; we stand on Him, and look down on the world, counting it to be a mean thing. We have climbed to Pisgah’s top, from the summit of which we can see across this world of storms and troubles to the bright land of spirits—that world unknown to ear or eye, but which God hath revealed to us by the Holy Ghost. This mighty rock is our refuge, and it is our high observatory, from which we see the unseen, and have the evidence of things which as yet, we have not enjoyed. I need not, however, stop to tell you all about a rock, we might preach for a week upon it ; but we give you that for your meditation during the week. “ *He is my rock.* ” How glorious a thought ! How safe am I, and how secure : and how may I rejoice in the fact, that when I wade through Jordan’s stream, He will be my rock ! I shall not walk upon a slippery foundation, but I shall tread on Him who cannot betray my feet ; and I may sing, when I am dying, “ He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him.”

We now leave the thought of the rock, and proceed to the subject of our discourse, which is this : that God alone is the salvation of His people.

“ He ONLY is my rock and my salvation.”

We shall notice, first, *the great doctrine, that God only is our salvation ;* secondly, *the great experience, to know and to learn that “ He only is my rock and my salvation ;* and, thirdly, *the great duty, which you may guess at, which is, to give all the glory and all the honour, and place all our faith on Him who “ only is our rock and our salvation.”*

I. The first thing is, THE GREAT DOCTRINE—that God “ only is our rock and our salvation.” If any one should ask us what we would choose for our motto, as preachers of the gospel, we think we should reply, “ God only is our salvation.” The late lamented Mr Denham has put at the foot of his portrait a most admirable text, “ Salvation is of the Lord.” Now, that is just an epitome of Calvinism ; it is the sum and the substance of it. If any one should ask you what you mean by a Calvinist,

you may reply, "He is one who says, *salvation is of the Lord.*" I cannot find in Scripture any other doctrine than this. It is the essence of the Bible. "He *only* is my rock and my salvation." Tell me anything that departs from this and it will be a heresy; tell me a heresy, and I shall find its essence here, that it has departed from this great, this fundamental, this rocky truth, "God is my rock and my salvation." What is the heresy of Rome, but the addition of something to the perfect merits of Jesus Christ—the bringing in of the works of the flesh, to assist in our justification? and what is that heresy of Arminianism but the secret addition of something to the complete work of the Redeemer? You will find that every heresy, if brought to the touchstone, will discover itself here, it departs from this, "He only is my rock and my salvation."

Let us now explain this doctrine fully. By the term "salvation" here, I understand not simply regeneration and conversion, but something more. I do not reckon that to be salvation which regenerates me, and then puts me in such a position that I may fall out of the covenant and be lost; I cannot call that a bridge which only goes half-way over the stream; I cannot call that salvation, which does not carry me all the way to heaven, wash me perfectly clean, and put me among the glorified who sing constant hosannas around the throne. By salvation, then, if I may divide it into parts, I understand deliverance, preservation continually through life, sustentation, and the gathering up of the whole in the perfecting of the saints in the person of Jesus Christ at last.

1. By salvation, I understand *deliverance* from the house of bondage, wherein by nature I am born, and being brought out into the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free, together with a putting "on a rock, and establishing my goings." This I understand to be wholly of God. And I think I am right in that conclusion, because I find in Scripture that man is dead; and how can a dead man assist in his own resurrection? I find that man is utterly depraved, and hates the divine change. How can a man, then, work that change which he himself hates? I find man to be ignorant of what it is to be born again, and, like Nicodemus, asking the foolish question, "How can a man enter again into his mother's womb, and be born?" I cannot conceive that a man can do that which he does not understand: and if he does not know what it is to be born again, he cannot make himself to be born again. No. I believe man to be utterly powerless in the first work of his salvation. He cannot break his chains, for they be not chains of iron, but chains of his own flesh and blood; he must first break his own heart before he can break the fetters that bind him. And how should man break his own heart? What hammer is that which I can use upon my own soul to break it, or what fire can I kindle which can dissolve it? Nay, deliverance is of God alone. The doctrine is affirmed continually in Scripture; and he who doth not believe it doth not receive God's truth. Deliverance is of God alone; "Salvation is of the Lord."

2. And if we are delivered and made alive in Christ, still *preservation* is of the Lord alone. If I am prayerful, God makes me prayerful; if I have graces, God gives me graces; if I have fruits, God gives me fruits; if I hold on in a consistent life, God holds me on in a consistent life. I do nothing whatever towards my own preservation, except what God Himself first does in me. Whatever I have, all my goodness is of the Lord alone.



Wherein I sin, that is my own ; but wherein I act rightly, that is of God, wholly and completely. If I have repulsed an enemy, His strength nerved my arm. Did I strike a foeman to the ground ? His strength sharpened my sword and gave me courage to strike the blow. Do I preach His word ? It is not I, but grace that is in me ? Do I live to God a holy life ? It is not I, but Christ that liveth in me ? Am I sanctified ? I did not sanctify myself ; God's Holy Spirit sanctifies me. Am I weaned from the world ? I am weaned by *God's* chastisements. Do I grow in knowledge ? The great Instructor teaches me. I find in God all I want ; but I find in myself nothing. "He only is my rock and my salvation."

3. And again : *sustentation* also is absolutely requisite. We need sustentation in providence for our bodies, and sustentation in grace for our souls. Providential mercies are wholly from the Lord. It is true the rain falls from heaven, and waters the earth, and "maketh it bring forth and bud, that there may be seed for the sower, and bread for the eater ;" but out of whose hand cometh the rain, and from whose fingers do the dew-drops distil ? It is true, the sun shines, and makes the plants grow, and bud, and bring forth the blossom, and His heat ripens the fruit upon the tree ; but who gives the sun his light, and who scatters the genial heat from him ? It is true, I work and toil ; this brow sweats ; these hands are weary ; I cast myself upon my bed, and there I rest, but I do not "sacrifice to mine own drag," nor do I ascribe my preservation to my own might. Who makes these sinews strong ? who makes these lungs like iron, and who makes these nerves of steel ? "God only is the rock of my salvation." He only is the salvation of my body and the salvation of my soul. Do I feed on the word ? That word would be no food for me unless the Lord made it food for my soul, and helped me to feed upon it. Do I live on the manna which comes down from heaven ? What is that manna, but Jesus Christ Himself incarnate, whose body and whose blood I eat and drink. Am I continually receiving fresh increase of might ? Where do I gather my might ? My salvation is of Him : without Him I can do nothing. As a branch cannot bring forth fruit except it abide in the vine, no more can I except I abide in Him.

4. Then if we gather the three thoughts in one. *The perfection* we shall soon have, when we shall stand yonder, near God's throne, will be wholly of the Lord. That bright crown which shall sparkle on our brow, like a constellation of brilliant stars, shall have been fashioned only by our God. I go to a land, but it is a land which the plough of earth hath never upturned, though it be greener than earth's best pastures, and though it be richer than all her harvests ever saw. I go to a building of more gorgeous architecture than man hath builded ; it is not of mortal architecture ; it is "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." All I shall know in heaven, will be given by the Lord ; and I shall say, when at last I appear before Him,—

"Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days ;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise."

II. And now, beloved, we come to THE GREAT EXPERIENCE. The greatest of all experience, I take it, is to know that "He only is our rock

and our salvation." We have been insisting upon a doctrine ; but doctrine is nothing unless proved in our experience. Most of God's doctrines are only to be learned by practice—by taking them out into the world, and letting them bear the wear and tear of life. If I ask any Christian in this place whether this doctrine is true, if he has had any deep experience he will reply, "True ! ay, that it is ; not one word in God's Bible is more true than that, for indeed, salvation is of God alone." "He only is my rock and my salvation." But, beloved, it is very hard to have such an experimental knowledge of the doctrine that we never depart from it. It is very hard to believe that "salvation is of the Lord." There are times when we put our confidence in something else but God, and sin by linking hand-in-hand with God—something besides Him. Let me now dwell a little upon the experience which will bring us to know that salvation is of God alone.

The true Christian will confess that salvation is of God alone *effectively* ; that is, that "He works in him to will and to do of His own pleasure." Looking back on my past life, I can see that the dawning of it all was of God ; of God effectively. I took no torch with which to light the sun ; but the sun did light me. I did not commence my spiritual life—no, I rather kicked and struggled against the things of the Spirit : when He drew me, for a time, I did not run after Him ; there was a natural hatred in my soul of everything holy and good. Wooings were lost upon me—warnings were cast to the wind—thunders were despised ; and as for the whispers of His love, they were rejected as being less than nothing, and vanity. But, sure I am, I can say now, speaking on behalf of myself, and of all who know the Lord, "He only is my salvation, and your salvation too." It was He who turned your heart, and brought you down on your knees. You can say in very deed, then—

"Grace taught my soul to pray,  
Grace made my eyes o'erflow,"

And coming to this moment, you can say,—

"'Tis grace has kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go."

I remember, when I was coming to the Lord, I thought I was doing it all myself, and though I sought the Lord earnestly, I had no idea the Lord was seeking me. I do not think the young convert is at first aware of this. One day when I was sitting in the house of God, I was not thinking much about the man's sermon, for I did not believe it. The thought struck me, "*How did you come to be a Christian?*" I sought the Lord. "*But how did you come to seek the Lord?*" The thought flashed across my mind in a moment—I should not have sought Him unless there had been some previous influence in my mind to *make me seek Him*. I am sure you will not be many weeks a Christian, certainly not many months, before you will say, "I ascribe my change wholly to God." I desire to make this my constant confession. I know there are some who preach one gospel in the morning, and another at night—who preach a good sound gospel in the morning, because they are preaching to saints, but preach falsehood in the evening, because they are preaching to sinners. But there is no necessity to preach truth at one time and falsehood at another. "The word of the

Lord is perfect, converting the soul." There is no need to put anything else in it, in order to bring sinners to the Saviour. But, my brothers, you must confess that "Salvation is of the Lord." When you turn back to the past, you must say, "My Lord, whatever I have, Thou gavest it me. Have I the wings of faith? I was a wingless creature once. Have I the eyes of faith? I was a blind creature once; I was dead, till Thou madest me alive; blind, till Thou openedst my eyes; my heart was a loathsome dunghill, but Thou puttest pearls there, if pearls there be, for pearls are not the produce of dunghills; Thou hast given me all I have." And so, if you look at the present, if your experience be that of a child of God, you will trace all to Him; not only all you have had in the past, but all you have now. Here you are, sitting in your pew this morning; now, I just want you to review where you stand. Beloved, do you think you would be where you are now if it were not for divine grace? Only think what a strong temptation you had yesterday; they did "consult to cast you down from your excellency;" perhaps you were served like I am sometimes. The devil sometimes seems to drag me right to the edge of a precipice of sin by a kind of enchantment, making me forget the danger by the sweetness which surrounds it; and just when he would push me down, I see the yawning gulf beneath me, and some strong hand put out, and I hear a voice, saying, "I will preserve him from going down into the pit; I have found a ransom." Do you not feel, that ere this sun goes down you will be damned, if grace does not keep you? Have you anything good in your heart that grace did not give you? If I thought I had a grace that did not come from God, I would trample it beneath my feet, as not being a godly virtue; I would guess it to be but a counterfeit, for it could not be right if it did not come from the mint of glory. It may look ever so much like the right thing; but it is certainly bad unless it came from God. Christian! canst thou say, of all things past and present, "He only is my rock and my salvation?"

And now look forward to the future. Man! think how many enemies thou hast; how many rivers thou hast to cross, how many mountains to climb, how many dragons to fight, how many lions' teeth to escape, how many fires to pass through, how many floods to wade. What thinkest thou, man? Can thy salvation be of anything except of God! Oh! if I had not that everlasting arm to lean upon, I would cry, "Death! hurl me anywhere; anywhere out of the world." If I had not that one hope, that one trust, bury me ten thousand fathoms deep beneath creation, where my being might be forgotten! Oh! put me far away, for I am miserable, if I have not God to help me all my journey through. Are you strong enough to fight with one of your enemies without your God? I trow not. A little silly maid may cast a Peter down, and cast you down too, if God do not keep you. I beseech you, remember this; I hope you know it by experience in the past; but try to remember it in the future, wherever you go, "Salvation is of the Lord." Do not get looking at your heart, do not get examining to see whether you have anything to recommend you, but remember, "Salvation is of the Lord." "He only is my rock and my salvation."

Effectively, it all comes of God; and I am sure we must add, *meritoriously*. We have experienced that salvation is wholly of Him. What merits have I? If I were to scrape together all I ever had, and then come to you and

beg all you have got, I should not collect the value of a farthing among you all. We have heard of some Catholic, who said that there was a balance struck in his favour between his good works and his bad ones, and therefore he went to heaven. But there is nothing of the sort here; I have seen many people, many kinds of Christians, and many odd Christians, but I never yet met with one who said he had any merits of his own when he came to close quarters. We have heard of perfect men, and we have heard of men perfectly foolish, and we have thought the characters perfectly alike. Have we any merits of our own? I am sure we have not, if we have been taught of God. Once we thought we had; but there came a man called Conviction into our house one night, and took away our gloryings. Ah! we are vile still. I do not know whether Cowper said quite right, when he said,—

“Since the dear hour that brought me to Thy foot,  
And cut up all my follies by the root,  
I never trusted in an arm but Thine—  
Nor hoped but in Thy righteousness divine!”

I think he made a mistake, for most Christians get trusting in self at times, but we are forced to own that “salvation is of the Lord,” if we consider it meritoriously.

My dear friends, have you experienced this in your own hearts? Can you say “amen” to that, as it goes round? Can you say, “I know that God is my helper”? I dare say you can, most of you; but you will not say it so well as you will by-and-by, if God teach you. We *believe* it, when we commence the Christian life; we *know* it afterwards; and the longer we live, the more we find it to be the truth—“Cursed is he that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm, but blessed is he who trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.” In fact, the crown of Christian experience is to be delivered from all trust in self or man, and to be brought to rely wholly and simply on Jesus Christ. I say, Christian, thy highest and noblest experience is not to be groaning about thy corruption, is not to be crying about thy wanderings, but is to say—

“With all my sin, and care, and woe,  
His Spirit will not let me go.”

“Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.” I like what Luther says: “I would run into Christ’s arms if He had a drawn sword in His hands.” That is called venturesome believing; but as an old divine says, there is no such thing as venturesome believing; we cannot venture on Christ; it is no venture at all; there is no haphazard in the least degree. It is a holy and heavenly experience, when we can go to Christ, amid the storm, and say, “O Jesus, I believe I am covered by Thy blood;” when we can feel ourselves to be all over rags, and yet can say, “Lord, I believe that through Christ Jesus, ragged though I am, I am fully absolved.” A saint’s faith is little faith when he believes as a saint; but a sinner’s faith is true faith when he believes as a sinner. The faith, not of a sinless being, but the faith of a sinful creature—that is the faith which delights God. Go, then, Christian; ask that this may be thy experience, to learn each day, “He only is my rock and my salvation.”

III. And now, in the third place, we speak of THE GREAT DUTY. We have had the great experience; now we must have the great duty.

The great duty is—if God only be our rock, and we know it, are we not bound to put all our trust *in* God, to give all our love *to* God, to set all our hope *upon* God, to spend all our life *for* God, and to devote our whole being to God? If God be all I have, sure, all I have shall be God's. If God alone is my hope, sure, I will put all my hope upon God; if the love of God is alone that which saves, sure, He shall have my love alone. Come, let me talk to thee, Christian, for a little while, I want to warn thee not to have two Gods, two Christs, two friends, two husbands, two great Fathers; not to have two fountains, two rivers, two sons, or two heavens, but to have only one. I want to bid thee now, as God hath put all salvation in Himself, to bring all thyself unto God. Come, let me talk to thee!

In the first place, Christian, *never join anything with Christ*. Wouldest thou stitch thy old rags into the new garment He giveth? Wouldest thou put new wine into old bottles? Wouldest thou put Christ and self together? Thou mightest as well yoke an elephant and an emmet; they could never plough together. What! wouldest thou put an archangel in the same harness with a worm, and hope that they would drag thee through the sky? *How inconsistent!* how foolish! What! thyself and Christ? Sure, Christ would smile; nay, Christ would weep, to think of such a thing? Christ and man together? CHRIST AND Co? No, it never shall be; He will have nothing of the sort; He must be all. Note how inconsistent it would be to put anything else with Him; and note again *how wrong* it would be. Christ will never bear to have anything else placed with Him. He calls them adulterers and fornicators that love anything else but Him; He will have thy whole heart to trust in Him, thy whole soul to love Him, and thy whole life to honour Him. He will not come into thy house till thou putttest all the keys at His girdle; He will not allow thee to give Him all the keys but one; He will not come till thou givest Him garret, parlour, drawing-room, and cellar too. He will make thee sing—

“Yet if I might make some reserve,  
And duty did not call,  
I love my God with zeal so great,  
That I should give Him all.”

Mark thee, Christian, it is a sin to keep anything from God.

Again *Christ is very grieved* if you do it. Assuredly you do not desire to grieve Him who sheds His blood for you. Surely there is not one child of God here who would like to vex his blessed elder Brother. There cannot be one soul redeemed by blood who would like to see those sweet blessed eyes of our best beloved bedewed with tears. I know ye will not grieve your Lord, will ye? But I tell you ye will vex His noble spirit if ye love aught but Him; for He is so fond of you, that He is jealous of your love. It is said, concerning His Father, that He is “a jealous God,” and He is a jealous Christ you have to deal with; therefore, put not your trust in chariots, stay not yourselves in horses, but say, “He only is my rock and my salvation.”

I beg thee, mark also, one reason why thou shouldest not look at anything else; and that is, if thou lookest at anything else, *thou canst not see Christ so well*. “Oh!” thou sayest, “I can see Christ in His mercies;” but

thou canst not see Him so well there, as if you viewed His person. No man can look at two objects at the same time, and see both distinctly. You may afford a wink for the world, and a wink for Christ; but you cannot give Christ a whole look and a whole eye, and the world half on eye too. I beseech thee, Christian, do not try it. If thou lookest on the world, it will be a speck in thine eye, if thou trustest in anything but Him, betwixt two stools thou wilt come to the ground, and a fearful fall wilt thou have. Therefore, Christian, look thou only on Him. "He only is my rock and my salvation."

Mark thee, again, Christian, I would bid thee never put anything else with Christ; for as sure as ever thou dost, *thou wilt have the whip for it*. There never was a child of God who harboured one of the Lord's traitors in his heart, but he always had a charge laid against Him. God has sent out a search-warrant against all of us; and do you know what He has told His officers to search for? He has told them to search for all our loves, all our treasures, and all our helpers. God cares less about our sins as sins than He does about our sins, or even our virtues, as usurpers of His throne. I tell thee, there is nothing in the world thou settest thy heart upon that shall not be hung upon a gallows higher than Haman's. If thou lovest anything but Christ, He will make it to do penance; if thou lovest thy house better than Christ, he will make it a prison to thee; if thou lovest thy child better than Christ, He will make it an adder in thy breast to sting thee; if thou lovest thy daily provisions better than Christ, He will make thy drink bitter and thy food like gravel stones in thy mouth, till thou comest to live wholly on Him. There is nothing which thou hast which He cannot turn into a rod, if thou lovest it better than Him; and rest assured He will do so, if thou makest it anything to rob thy Christ.

And, mark thee, once again, if thou lookest at anything save God, *thou wilt soon go into sin*. There was never a man who kept his eye on anything save Christ who did not go wrong. If the mariner will steer by the pole-star he shall go to the north; but if he steers sometimes by the pole-star and sometimes by another constellation, he knoweth not where he shall go. If thou dost not keep thine eye wholly on Christ, thou wilt soon be wrong. If thou ever dost give up the secret of thy strength, namely, thy trust in Christ; if thou ever dalliest with the Delilah of the world, and lovest thyself more than Christ, the Philistines will be upon thee, and shear thy locks, and take thee out to grind at the mill, till thy God give thee deliverance by means of thy hair growing once more, and bringing thee to trust wholly in the Saviour. Keep thine eye, then, fixed on Jesus; for if thou dost turn away from Him, how ill wilt thou fare! I bid thee, Christian, beware of thy graces; beware of thy virtues; beware of thy experience; beware of thy prayers; beware of thy hope; beware of thy humility. There is not one of thy graces which may not damn thee, if they are left alone to themselves. Old Brooks saith, when a woman hath a husband, and that husband giveth unto her some choice rings, she putteth them on her fingers; and if she should be so foolish as to love the rings better than her husband, if she should care only for the jewels, and forget him who gave them, how angry would the husband be, and how foolish she would be herself! Christian! I warn thee, beware of thy graces; for they may prove more dangerous to thee than thy sins. I warn thee of everything in this world; for everything has this tendency, especially

a high estate. If we have a comfortable maintenance, we are most likely not to look so much to God. Ah! Christian with an independent fortune, take care of thy money; beware of thy gold and silver; it will curse thee if it comes between thee and thy God. Always keep thine eye to the cloud, and not to the rain,—to the river, and not to the ship that floateth on its bosom. Look thee not to the sunbeam, but to the sun; trace thy mercies to God, and say perpetually, “He only is my rock and my salvation.”

Lastly, I bid thee once more to keep thine eye wholly on God, and on nothing in thyself, *because what art thou now, and what wast thou ever, but a poor damned sinner if thou wert out of Christ?* I had been preaching the other day all the former part of the sermon, as a minister; presently I thought I was a poor sinner, and then how differently I began to speak! The best sermons I ever preach are those I preach, not in my ministerial capacity, but as a poor sinner preaching to sinners. I find there is nothing like a minister recollecting that he is nothing but a poor sinner after all. It is said of the peacock, that, although he has fine feathers, he is ashamed of his black feet: I am sure that we ought to be ashamed of ours. However gay our feathers may appear at times, we ought to think of what we should be if grace did not help us. Oh! Christian, keep thine eye on Christ, for out of Him thou art no better than the damned in hell; there is not a demon in the pit but might put thee to the blush, if thou art out of Christ. Oh that thou wouldst be humble! Recollect what an evil heart thou hast within thee, even when grace is there. Thou hast grace—God loves thee; but recollect, thou hast a foul cancer in thy heart still. God has removed much of thy sin, but still the corruption remains. We feel that though the old man is somewhat choked, and the fire somewhat damped by the sweet waters of the Holy Spirit's influence, yet it would blaze up worse than before, if God did not keep it under. Let us not glory in ourselves, then. The slave need not be proud of his descent: he has the brand-mark upon his hand. Out upon pride! Away with it! Let us rest wholly and solely upon Jesus Christ.

Now, just one word to the ungodly—you who do not know Christ. You have heard what I have told you, that salvation is of Christ alone. Is not that a good doctrine for you? For you have not got anything, have you? You are a poor, lost, ruined sinner. Hear this, then, sinner: thou hast nothing, and thou dost not want anything, for Christ has all. “Oh!” sayest thou, “I am a bond slave.” Ah! but He has got the redemption. “Nay,” sayest thou, “I am a black sinner.” Ay, but He has got the bath that can wash thee white. Sayest thou “I am leprous”? Yes, but the good Physician can take thy leprosy away. Sayest thou, “I am condemned”? Ay, but He has got the acquittal warrant signed and sealed, if thou dost believe in Him. Sayest thou, “I am dead”? Ay, but Christ has life, and He can give thee life. Thou wantest nothing of thy own—nothing to rely on but Christ; and if there be a man, woman, or child here who is prepared to say, solemnly after me, with his or her heart, “I take Christ to be my Saviour, with no powers and no merits of my own to trust in; I see my sins, but I see that Christ is higher than my sins; I see my guilt, but I believe that Christ is mightier than my guilt;”—I say, if any of you can say that, you may go away and rejoice, for you are heirs of the kingdom of heaven.

## Mary Upton's Experiences.

A NARRATIVE FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER VI. — OLD-FASHIONED EXPERIENCE VERSUS NEW THEORIES.

"REALLY, Mr. Delver," said Miss Blossom, "you would I am persuaded do for a minister. Have you ever attempted to preach? Your flow of language is most remarkable. It is not often that I meet with a working-man that can express himself so fluently and clearly."

"Thank you, ma'am, for the compliment, but you know what the good old Book says, 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' I give you what I have 'tasted, handled, and felt.' It's not mere hearsay with me, nor second-hand talk. When John Bunyan wrote his 'Pilgrim's Progress,' he gave his own experience in his various characters, and it is that fact which has made the book such a blessing to millions. But John Bunyan's experience as therein given, seems to be going out of date these days, and a new experience to be invented. We have done for ever, if you believe these Holiness people, with the Slough of Despond. No Christian will ever flounder in that again. No 'burden' is to be carried on the back. There will be no 'lost-roll' to go back and seek; no 'Valley of the shadow of death' to pass through; no battles to fight with 'Apollyon'; 'no 'lions' to face; no getting into Doubting Castle and being beaten by Giant Despair; no sinking in deep waters when passing through death's river; the 'Littlefaiths,' the 'Fearings,'

the 'Feebleminds,' the 'Ready-to-halts,' and the 'Despondencies,' have died out and given place to a generation that have no dealings with characters such as these. In their fancied greatness and wisdom, they shoot high above them all, and so cast noble John Bunyan and his immortal book into the shade. But blessed be God, my experience tallies with John's characters, and by these changes and ups and downs my soul lives. But you ask me whether I have ever attempted to preach? Ask Miss Upton: she knows."

"Yes, aunt, Mr. Delver has. He is one of our local preachers, and has been on our preachers' plan, I believe, for more than two years. Is it not so, Mr. Delver?"

"It is, miss; but you know I never pretend to do more than I can. It is very plain and homely talk that I can give the people."

"But it is just such talk as I like to hear," said Miss Upton. "I have heard you often, and I shall never forget one sermon you preached at one of our village stations. What you said then has done me good many a time since, when I have thought about it."

"And if I may take the liberty of asking you, miss, pray what was it that I did say?"

"Your text was taken from the Second Epistle of Peter and the first chapter, 'For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'" Dwelling upon that word *abund-*



antly, you said, 'Some people that I meet with tell me that if they can only *creep* into heaven at last they will be satisfied. But that sort of thing won't do for me, I want something better than that. I want an *abundant* entrance into heaven. Instead of creeping, creeping, creep-into heaven, just as a culprit, dreading to be turned out of the house, would creep in at the back door. I pant for just such an entrance as conquerors and great generals used to have on returning from battle. When they had won great victories and came back with a long retinue to their own cities in triumph, they would be met by crowds of people, who welcomed them back with showers of garlands and roses, and made the welkin ring with their loud hurrahs and shouts and acclamations. And then the city gates would be flung wide open for them to pass through, and so give them an abundant entrance into their peaceful homes. Now that's the sort of entrance into heaven that I want, an abundant entrance and no creeping.' Those were your words, Mr. Delver, and, as I have said, they have done me more good than many a sermon."

"I am glad to hear it, Miss Upton. I remember very well giving the illustration some three or four months ago, and it did my soul good at the time. That thought struck me one night as I pondered over the text. You know, miss, I have no time to write out my sermons, but, after prayer to God, I generally take some text that the Holy Spirit applies to my soul, and which, therefore, I have fed upon, and dot down a few heads and illustrations, and then think them out as I am at my work, or when I get a bit of leisure time at home. But sometimes I get my best illustrations, or rather I should say

those illustrations that seem to do most good, while, when preaching, I am endeavouring to open up the text in my plain way, and I've observed that the liberty I have then is remarkable, and the word often comes home on such occasions to souls with power. Now that I reckon to be the special work of the Holy Spirit, and I prize such seasons beyond measure. But have we not wandered from the subject, Miss Blossom? We were talking about Christ and Paul taking the word as it is and resting upon it, and yet having conflict and trouble. Do you agree with me in my views?"

"Yes, Mr. Delver, to a certain extent. I regard the teaching which would inculcate upon the Christian one frame of mind only as erroneous and pernicious. With all our changes in this world it would be well-nigh impossible to maintain it; and it is evident from what you have advanced that the Lord does not grant it even to His most eminent servants; sufferings, conflicts, trials, and temptations, often of the direst kind, fall to the lot of the holiest and the most useful saints: and, in fact, it is these painful things that tend mostly to make them holy and useful. What does Paul himself say on this point? Just lend me the Testament, if you please, and I will read his own words. Here they are—2 Corinthians i. 3—7: 'Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ. And

whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effectual in the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer : or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation. And our hope of you is stedfast, knowing, that as ye are partakers of the sufferings so shall ye be also of the consolation.' These verses seem to me to set the matter straight. The trouble is ordained to do its humbling consecrative work, and the consolation is ordained to follow it, to lead the tried believer amid all to enjoy the peace that passeth all understanding. Without the trouble the consolation would be useless : the one is evidently set over against the other to sanctify the soul and fit it for the Lord's service. Still, Mr. Deiver, all this being granted, does not the same apostle in the fourth chapter of Philippians say, 'Rejoice in the Lord alway : and again I say, Rejoice' ? And does he not speak of himself in the Second Epistle of Corinthians, sixth chapter, "As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing" ? Now how do you square these passages with your views ?

"Very easily, ma'am. In my deepest sorrows and conflicts, I trust, I always rejoice in what Christ is, and in what He has done. I may have my fears about myself, and my circumstances and work, but I have no fears about Him and His work. I know He is 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,' and that His work stands sure to all generations. What He has said He will do. What He has promised He will perform. Has He not said, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall never pass away' ? Let the Lord then take from us what He will, Christ is always left for us to rejoice and

triumph in ! How then does the matter work ? Take my present position. Here am I suffering from the sudden loss of my dear blind child ? Oughtn't I to feel that loss ? Shouldn't I be an inhuman brute if I did not ? Why, even the poor dumb animal mourns over the loss of its offspring ! Am I to have less feeling than a bereaved dog, cat or bird ? The fact is God intends me to feel it, and to feel it acutely. And I do too. It will be a long time before I shall forget the awful feeling that came over me when I saw my darling brought in home and we thought he was dead ! And then his screams for hours after he became conscious thrilled through me, and I felt as if I could have died could I have relieved him. When they were lowering him into the grave it was just as if a part of myself was being put in. And now I seem to miss him everywhere. But while I thus feel about my poor child, do I rejoice the less in Christ ? No, I do not. He is to me as dear as ever, and I glory even in the thought that my dear darling is with Him. Yea, more than that ; I rejoice to think that we shall both be with Him by-and-bye, and be parted no more. The application of God's holy word by the power of His blessed Spirit has brought me there, and so I rejoice in Christ more than ever. Human sorrows and Divine consolation thus meet, and I know by experience what it is to be 'as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing.' My poor wife, though a Christian, has not got there yet ; but I trust she will, as the Lord leads her to look away from the grave with all its gloom to heaven with its brightness and glory."

"Well, Mr. Deiver," said Miss Upton, "we must be going now, for we have stayed far longer than we

intended. But before we go, I must say that I go with you in everything that you have said. I, too, take the word as it is, and seek grace to act up to it; but I find that in doing so I am far from being free from doubt, and fear, and conflict. The apostle Paul, describing his experience on one occasion, said, 'Without were fightings and within were fears'; and so I often find it. But amid all,

I trust I have these three marks, I 'rejoice in Christ Jesus,' 'worship God by the Spirit,' and 'have no confidence in the flesh.' The apostle tells us that those are the 'circumcision' who do that, and if all our changes bring us there, we may thank God for the sorrow as well as for the joy, for the trial that casts us down as well as for the deliverance that lifts us up."

(To be continued.)

## Round the World in Seven Months.

WITH GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL LIFE IN OUR COLONIES, AND IN AMERICA.

By W. P. GRIFFITH, Esq.

### PART VI.—SYDNEY TO AUCKLAND.

#### *Excursions round Sydney—Botany Bay.*

THE Pacific steamers between Sydney and San Francisco run every four weeks, and as one left the week before our arrival we had nearly three weeks at our disposal here, which enabled us to see the chief objects of interest in the city, and to make some excursions in the neighbourhood, of which those about the lovely harbour and up the Parramatta river afforded the greatest enjoyment. But two others were full of interest: one to Botany Bay, where Captain Cook landed on his voyage of discovery, and named Botany Bay because of its abundance of plants and flowers—a name which had anything but flowery or fragrant associations in after years, while the place was used as a penal settlement. But all this is changed now. The quiet bay, with its sandy beach surrounded by woods, is a place of holiday resort for the residents of the populous and thriving capital

of New South Wales—a sort of suburban watering-place. Where once the convict working gang was seen guarded by armed sentries—now excursionists picnic, children play, and visitors bathe. Tea gardens have superseded barracks, and a hospitable inn smiles a welcome where the guard-house once frowned defiance.

#### *Steam Tramways.*

We went and returned by the steam tram cars, which start from the circular harbour, and traverse the principal streets of the city. They run at a speed of about ten miles an hour, and stop only at their appointed stations. Many of the cars have two sets of places, those in the ordinary covered coach, and open benches on the roof above. These latter afford the best view of the country; but what with the clouds of dust blown up by the wind, and the hot damp steam which escapes from the engine they are very uncomfortable. But what seems most curious to the English

visitor is the fact that the track on which the trains run is not fenced in ; no ! not even in the busiest streets. The only protection afforded is that in the city : men are stationed at crossings to wave a red flag at the approach of the train. No wonder that accidents are frequent. Three deaths and several mutilations occurred in one week while we were there.

#### *The Blue Mountains.*

The other excursion we made was to a district called the Switzerland of Australia, about sixty miles out of Sydney, accessible by a railway which climbs the mountain-side by means of a series of inclined planes, the train going backward and forward zig-zag fashion instead of making curves in the ordinary way. The track rises thus about three thousand feet, and then is carried along a long narrow plateau of tableland, where little settlements of inns and lodging-houses have grown up at the most picturesque spots. It then descends on the opposite side by similar zig-zags, and runs many miles into the mining districts of the interior.

This high tableland is a favourite retreat for the wealthier citizens during the heats of summer, for here the air is purer and more invigorating than in Sydney ; and there are many charming bits of scenery, both in the secluded nooks and fairy-like dells to be found here and there amidst the forests, and in the magnificent distant prospects obtained from promontories in an irregular buttressed wall of rocks resembling the long line of cliffs of a sea coast. These extend for many miles, and overlook a vast forest-covered plain. The worst of it is, that the trees are mostly the dull monotonous Eucalyptus—a sort of blue-green in colour ; hence I sup-

pose the name the Blue Mountains. The district is a pleasant change from the dead level prevailing in other parts of the colony ; but it is ridiculous to compare it with Switzerland, which it in no way resembles ; and the hotel accommodation is rough, coarse, and costly.

#### *Sydney to Auckland.*

On the 25th January we embarked on the Pacific Company's steamship *Zealandia*—a fine vessel of over 3,000 tons—voyaging in her as far as Auckland, remaining in New Zealand two months, and then completing the journey to San Francisco in her sister ship the *Australia*. These vessels are fitted with a double row of deck cabins, above which is a promenade deck, very pleasant indeed in the fine weather and calm seas, which it is said usually prevail in the Pacific Ocean ; and as this promenade deck extends to the ship's sides, it forms a covered gangway on each side of the row of deck cabins, so that in wet weather walking is possible on the one sheltered from the wind. These deck cabins are, however, very much exposed in rough weather, when seas break over the vessel ; and the weight of all this top-hamper causes a great deal more rolling than is agreeable. Vessels thus constructed roll even when it is quite calm, and if the wind is high the passengers roll too—roll out of their berths sometimes ; then the joints roll out of the dishes on the table, the plates roll on to the laps of the diners, the boxes and bags roll about the cabin floor, and all things, including the poor passengers' brains, are in a whirl together. It is like living on a swing ; you are obliged to be constantly holding on lest you should be thrown out or thrown down.

#### *A Drunken Pilot.*

When we embarked on the

*Zealandia* in Sydney harbour, we noticed a man walking to and fro on the captain's bridge dressed as if he had just come from the race-course. He wore a chimney-pot hat, a light silk dust-coat, patent boots and black trousers—as unnautical a costume as could be imagined. We thought it was some passenger who had ignorantly intruded on the place reserved for the captain, and watched for the moment when he should be ordered to “come out of that.” But it turned out that this was no less a personage than the pilot, and when all the cargo and passengers were on board he was practically in command of the vessel. There was a good deal of noise and confusion in loosing her from her moorings—and as soon as she was free we saw her head drawn by the current dangerously near the shore. Cries of “Ease her,” “Back her,” “Port,” “Starboard,” came louder and quicker, and at length the captain angrily exclaimed—“Which do you mean? What are you about? You'll run her aground if you don't mind!” A brief altercation ensued, and our captain called out to the steam tender which had remained near, “Stand by. Pass over the hawser, and drag our head off the shore.” After some delay this was done amidst breathless excitement, and not a moment too soon. In another minute we should have drifted on to the rocks, and a terrible disaster must have ensued, if not involving loss of life, endangering both ship and cargo. The cause of this perilous drifting came out afterwards. The dandyfied pilot was drunk! gave contradictory orders, and nearly ran us on to the rocks. Yet notwithstanding his condition, when the ship reached the heads, he would not leave her till the steward

brought him another bottle of champagne. We were glad to learn that the captain reported him to the Harbour Board; and they will not do their duty unless they suspend or disrate him.

The voyage from Sydney to Auckland covers a distance of 1,300 miles, and occupies five days. It presented no feature differing from our previous sea voyages, save the incessant rolling, to which we gradually got accustomed. On the fourth day we sighted three detached islands, called the Three Kings, and before night rounded Cape Maria van Dieman, the most northerly point of New Zealand. As we approached the coast we noticed a striking contrast from that of Australia. There nothing was visible but sand and scrub: here tall cliffs and swelling hills met the eye, and the country was as green and fertile as our own Emerald Isle. We passed the Bay of Islands in the night, and the next morning steamed out of a heavy gale into the quiet water behind a long, low island, called the Barrier Reef, which protects the extensive and sheltered harbour of Auckland. This harbour, though less extensive, vies with that of Sydney for picturesque beauty. Country villas, with gardens to the water's edge, suggest prosperity and comfort, and pleasant hills, covered with grass and dwarf timber, diversify the shore.

In front rises the city of Auckland, built on a sloping hill, so that from the ship's deck you can see the whole length of the principal thoroughfare—George Street—stretching upwards from the quay, with its well-stocked shops and handsome public buildings. To the left are the green slopes of the “Domain,” or public park, surmounted by a handsome block of buildings, the Law Courts. Several

fine churches also attract attention, and Pitt Street Wesleyan Chapel, a noble structure in red brick with stone dressings, which stands on the very summit of the hill, is a conspicuous object of attraction. Parnell, a pretty suburb of villa residences, is seen to the left of this, and Mount Eden, on the top of which is the crater of an extinct volcano, forms a background to this magnificent scene. Indeed, for beauty of situation, few cities can compare with Auckland.

Its commercial advantages are also very remarkable. The bay on which it stands is recessed many miles from the east coast of the island, while the west coast is indented by another deep bay, on which stands the port of Onehunga, only eight miles distant, and connected by a railway. Thus Auckland has steam communication alike with both east and west coasts; and its commerce, considerable now, is certain to increase. Indeed, it promises to become the Liverpool of New Zealand.

#### *Social Life in New Zealand.*

The condition of the working classes seemed to us to resemble closely that in Australia, but with its peculiarities somewhat less pronounced. Wages ruled about the same, both for skilled and unskilled labour, but was not quite in such brisk demand, so that a shipload of emigrants was not quickly absorbed; and if two or three vessels arrive together, some weeks might elapse, and many would have to go up country, before they all got placed. But while we were in the colony there was a steady demand for labour, and farm and domestic servants could command very high wages—twelve to twenty-four shillings a week for indoor female servants, and £50 to £70

per annum, besides lodgings and rations, for the services of a man and wife on a country farm, the general complaint being that good servants could not be found, or if found, could not be kept. Your most intimate friend would think it excusable to entice a good cook or housemaid away by the offer of higher wages. "You know that I brought Emma from England," said a comely housewife one day. "I paid her passage out, and she agreed to stay as long as I wanted her at £16 a year; but I have been obliged to raise her wages by quick degrees to £24, or she would have left me, and I shall have to give her more if I want to keep her. Even this will not suffice very long; for she is sure to have offers of marriage, one or other of which she will accept, and then I must shift as well as I can with a rough colonial help."

Indeed, the demand for wives is almost as brisk as that for servants. A single man of the artisan class can earn £2 10s. to £3 a week, and he can get well lodged and fed at one of the numerous boarding-houses for 25s. His clothes and other necessities will be well covered by 10s.; thus leaving him 15s. to £1 to put into the savings bank towards furnishing a home. It is only too true, however, that many do not save, but squander their surplus earnings in drunkenness and vicious indulgence; but these are a class apart, separated by a wide gulf from the sober, steady artisan, who would think it a disgrace to be seen drinking at a public bar. So far as we could learn, moderate drinkers are rare. Either the man is a total abstainer, with a neat home, in which the chief piece of furniture is a piano or an harmonium, which he is painfully learning to play; or he is a thriftless, dissolute

loafer, spending his spare time in the public-house. It is no uncommon thing for such a one—especially if he has been working up country, where drink is not easily obtained—to keep steady for five or six months together, and then, drawing all his accumulated

earnings, come to the nearest grog-shop, and hand over the amount to the proprietor, and stay there, drinking and “shouting” (that is, standing treat) till his money is all gone, when he will quietly go back for another spell of work.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### THE NEW TESTAMENT ARGUMENT FOR INFANT BAPTISM.

BY REV. G. DUNCAN, D.D.

THERE are some arguments of a general character which our Pedobaptist friends urge in defence of infant baptism. They do not point to specific tests; there they for the most part surrender, or, at least, refuse to emphasize. They believe that the general scope and drift of the whole of the New Testament is in favour of something like their custom. They do not wish to take more definite ground than this, and as they do not consider the subject one of any great moment, their own minds and hearts are satisfied.

I wish in this discourse to examine some of the pleas for Pedobaptism. They are—

I. *That children require all the privileges of the Gospel.* On this proposition we make two remarks.

1. *The fact is indisputable.* There is not the slightest doubt but that infants are capable of receiving all the benefits of redemption, and we cannot but think that those who pass away in infancy do receive all the benefits of redemption. Now all arguments which are urged to prove this are arguments which we endorse, and they are so far forth

foreign to this controversy. We are all and all alike agreed that children are capable of at least some of the benefits of redemption. We are agreed also that they require them; that they must be born again, must have the blood of Christ applied to their souls, and that they must be changed before they can enter heaven. We do not for one moment call these things in question. But what then?

2. *The fact has nothing whatever to do with baptism.* Dr. Hodge tells us that the design of baptism is—“(1) Primarily to signify, seal, and convey to those to whom they belong the benefits of the covenant of grace.” He shows that it signifies, tells out fact that the believer thus declares that he has received the benefits of the covenant, but it fails to prove (a) that the baptism conveys or seals those benefits to any one, and (b) that infants either before, or at, or as the result of, their baptism received any benefit whatever. His argument is dangerously near supporting baptismal regeneration, and it does not uphold infant baptism.

I am nowhere commanded to baptise any person, young or old, infant or adult, because he is capable of receiving the benefits of salvation. Such a proposition or

suggestion is nowhere made in the Book, and I will not make it to myself.

In both of the Doctor's illustrations of his position he makes no reference whatever to infants, but in each case refers to "the believer" and "to those who receive with faith."

Pedobaptists always argue thus. They are to prove that infants are to be baptised, and yet all their arguments apply only to the believer. The Doctor tells us that the design was secondarily (1) to be a sign of our covenant to be the Lord's, and (2) a badge of our public profession, our separation from the world and initiation into the visible church.

Here again it will be seen that the Doctor plays into our hand, and uses arguments which defend our position and refute his own,

How sorely pressed the Doctor must have been when he is constrained to add, "The truth is faith is required, but it is the faith of the parent acting for the child." On this remarkable statement we can but say, (1) we are thankful to the Doctor for the admission that faith is really a prerequisite for baptism. (2) We look in vain for those passages of Scripture which teach the Doctor that the faith required is that of the parent acting for the child. When the Doctor proves that the believer is to be baptised he quotes several passages of Scripture, but for the baptism of infants he either quotes the confession of baptism or makes the statement on his mere *ipse dixit*. (3) We nowhere find it stated in the New Testament that the faith required is that of the parent acting for the child. Parents are nowhere taught this in the Book. They have no directions whatever on this one of their most important duties in the eyes of

many Pedobaptists. Ministers have no directions given them concerning the duty of impressing on the parents that they must believe for their children. This silence of the Scripture is a most eloquent argument against infant baptism.

Dean Stanley thinks that there is no wonder in the fact that parents are perplexed "at the various forms which once expressed a long preparation, a deliberate intention, a complete reformation at the most critical moment of maturer years" being reduced "into one brief act at the commencement of life." All the baptismal formularies of the church of any age have their basis in the personal faith of the candidate.

Canon Robertson, in his able and interesting history of the Christian Church, tells us that "in the apostolic" times baptism was administered on the acknowledgment of Christ by the receiver," and that even in later days "agreeably to apostolic practice a profession of faith was exacted at baptism," and yet he has the folly to add that "there are abundant grounds of *presumption*" that infants were baptised.

In the case of the believer the canon is clear, dogmatic, certain, but he dare not urge a stronger argument than presumption on behalf of infants, and the presumption is made to rest mainly on the fact that children are capable of receiving spiritual benefits, whereas, as we have seen, this has nothing whatever to do with the subject. When God commands us to baptise any one infant or adult on this ground we will be prepared to do it, but not till then. Dr. Halley and others think that the infants of penitents were baptised by John, but there is not a word on the subject in the whole of the New Testament.



Dean Stanley points out the fact that on the text "Suffer little children," etc., is based the practice of infant baptism. He says, "This is the true basis of infant baptism as it appears in the New Testament." He further says of this verse, "on which, and on which alone, the liturgy rests the practice of baptism."<sup>5</sup> In other words, the practice is based on a text of Scripture wherein the idea of and word "baptism" are entirely absent. Children, no doubt, require all the privileges of the Gospel but they neither require baptism nor are we commanded to give it to them.

II. *That children ought to be dedicated to God.*

1. *The statement is perfectly true.* Children ought to be dedicated to God: but how? You cannot dedicate them as you could money or other material commodity that has no will. The child has a will, and if it grows up may repudiate your dedication and question the wisdom of your act. You can dedicate your child in the sense of asking God's blessing on it, in the sense of accepting acquiescently whatever God sends to it, and in the sense of doing your utmost through grace to bring your child up in the fear of God. Christian instinct says, and properly says, Dedicate your child to God, and nourish the hope that it will be a child of God, but be sure that you name the act not baptism, which it is not, but dedication, which it is. The evil of your service consists in your calling it baptism, whereas baptism is a profession of our personal faith in Christ, is our publicly putting on Christ, which, of course, no babe can do for itself, and we have no warrant from either God or man to do it in the child's name.

Men will alter God's ordinance, some exalting it into a saving act,

others reducing it to a mere dedication service, whereas it is more than the latter, though less than the former. Baptism is neither regeneration nor dedication. If the service which is performed by our Pedobaptist friends is dedication, then (1) call it dedication; never miscall it baptism, for in so doing you can only mislead yourselves and others. (2) Do not use water. There is no necessity for the use of water. The service would be much more impressive without water than with it. The water in such a service symbolises nothing. (3) Do not go through the ceremony or even part of the ceremony of Christian baptism, for such a course is simply confusing. And (4) do not use the baptismal formula. If the service is a dedicatory one of human origin, let the fact be clearly stated, but do not allow this human service to supplant God's ordinance of Christian baptism. Have both if you will, but never neglect the latter. If one must be abandoned do not let that one be Christian baptism. But Pedobaptists have abandoned Christian baptism for the sake of a dedication service—a service performed at a time when the chief party concerned knew nothing about it, and that in the era not of mechanical symbols, but of spiritual realities.

This practice of dedicating children to God by a ritual act was unknown in apostolic times. Nowhere do the apostles base appeals to children on the vows made by their parents on their behalf. They were never told that their parents pledged them to love Christ, though such appeals now are common in Pedobaptist literature. The New Testament is a total blank on this subject. It details no fact and it states no principles that have anything whatever to do with it.

2. *The statement does not properly belong to the baptismal controversy.* With us Baptists the whole question resolves itself into a question of personal, conscious, loyal obedience to Christ. We ask: (1) What has He commanded? (2) What is the meaning of that command? (3) Is it a command addressed to me? We demand obedience to Christ in all things—(a) of ourselves and (b) of others. The spirit of obedience is not enough for us. We maintain that the spirit of obedience obeys just as the spirit of love loves, the spirit of worship worships, etc.; hence we seek to obey, and hence also we press obedience on others. If I have only the spirit of obedience I only keep the spirit of the commandment I must obey in order to make my obedience complete. Christ says, Submit to baptism; have yourselves baptised; be baptised. Have you obeyed this command? The main thing is not the baptism, but the obedience. Pedobaptists make the ritual act everything, for with them it is the only thing; but we nothing of the mere act or ritual: we make everything of the obedience. The command to submit to baptism is one which Pedobaptists do not observe. If they have obeyed, it must be some other command, such as, "Have this child baptised;" but no such command is to be found in the Book full of directions as to what we are to do with our children.

It will not do to say that, "I accept as my obedience to this command what my parents had done to me when I was an infant," for God says do a specific act, and it is folly for you to say that you rely on the obedience of another to another act altogether. The transaction called infant baptism has nothing to do with your obedience; you obeyed nothing. If you could prove that

you were baptised in your infancy, that would not dispense with the command addressed to you now, "Repent and be baptised." We do not allow "Repent" to stand by itself, and so dispense with baptism altogether; nor do we allow baptism to stand by itself, and thus ignore the repentance which ought to precede it. We keep the two together. Christ has so united the reality and the sign that it is not wise on our part to ignore either. He has permitted words sufficiently strong to suggest to able minds the dogma of baptismal regeneration, and yet sufficiently clear to explain it away; hence the importance of doing just what He has commanded. Its importance is seen in His submitting to a much less important baptism than ours. The command is not, "Repent and be baptised, unless you were baptised in your infancy: then you need only repent." the command is not "Satisfy your conscience," as some seem to imagine, do a specific act. If you are really not able to be baptised, then you do not disobey, but fail to obey. In such a case, what you require is repentance that you did not obey when you could. This ought to be a very common form of repentance, for many are delaying obedience to this command till obedience becomes impossible.

Many cannot plead that they are too ill, or that they have been overlooked, or even that they have not understood this commandment, and so are conscious that, whatever ceremony was performed on them in infancy at their parents' request, they have not obeyed a command addressed to them to be baptised. Oh, that our Pedobaptist friends would spend as much energy in really obeying the command to be baptised, as they do in seeking excuses for delay or disobedience. How

much better it would be. If all religious ceremonies were called by their right names, infant baptism would not last much longer.

III. *That children are addressed as members of the Church in the apostolical letters.*

1. *The statement in the main is true.* Dr. Hodge is careful to repeat the old argument that the church of the two dispensations were identical, that the apostles say nothing about any new organization, and that therefore those who were members of the church in Mosaic times ought to be members now. This statement is really startling, and we are amazed that Pedobaptists can persuade themselves to continue repeating it. All circumcised Jews were, according to this contention, members of the Jewish church, and yet those who were emancipated from Egypt never, with two exceptions, entered the land. Millions of those who did enter are denounced for all kinds of sin, and yet they were not excluded from this church. John denounced the circumcised of his day and exhorted them to flee from the wrath to come, to repent, to be baptised. But surely those were curious members of a church. A Jewish theocracy is not to be confounded with a Christian church; and the Pedobaptists never confound them but when they are defending the practice of infant baptism.

The fact that those who came to John were for the most part members of the old church was not enough; they must be born again. The fact that they will be circumcised was not enough; they must be baptised.

In a sense we all baptise infants: only the Pedobaptists, like the Jews, date from the natural birth, we from the spiritual. Our complaint is that we do not baptise more infants; that people will wait till they are

full grown in grace before they confess Christ in baptism. As soon as men are born of the Spirit we wish them to be born of the water, but they tarry and hesitate to their own hurt and to the great grief of the Church.

The apostles very properly regarded children as members of the Church; so do we, believing children, "little ones that believe in me," little ones who could be told their duty, and could be reasonably expected to do it. Such little ones we gladly receive as members, and grieve that more of them do not join our churches. But what has this to do with infant baptism, with little ones who not only do not believe, but who know nothing whatever about religious things. As Dean Stanley says, "Those who came to baptism came in full age and of their own deliberate choice." All these are at first but babes in grace, and have to grow up to spiritual manhood.

2. *The statement has nothing to do with the baptismal controversy.* In the Christian Church all the members are either children or parents, and if we are to deal in our letters or sermons with relative duties we must exhort them as such. We must tell the Christian parent his duty towards his offspring, and we must tell those children their duties towards their parents. These apostolic letters are instructions to Christians of all ages concerning their duties, among others, as parents and children. We need such counsel, and hence we get it. Children who are Christians must have their duty to their parents pointed out to and pressed on them.

But what has all this to do with unconscious babes, who are never addressed in apostolical letters, and never referred to as being proper

subjects of baptism? The Book has nothing to say on the subject, though in other relationships they are often spoken of. Great Pedobaptists see this and admit it. They candidly confess it. We are not told in express terms that the apostles did not baptise babes, but we are told whom they baptised, and on grounds which exclude pedobaptism. Relative duties are pointed out to those who are capable of understanding and performing them, but not to such creatures as Pedobaptists baptise. The Bible gives us instruction for all; it points out our obligations whether

we are members of the Church or not; parents are to bring up their children as the Book prescribes, and children are to obey in the way indicated by the Book: and if they fall short of this it will be that much the worse for them.

The New Testament declines, under even the extremest pressure and under the force of the greatest ingenuity, to lend its sanction in any way to the custom of sprinkling unconscious babes, a custom which in several churches displaced the rite of Christian baptism.

*Huddersfield.*

## Reviews.

It may be pleasant information to many of our readers that *The Home Evangel* is the present title of Mr. W. J. Fullerton's lively magazine which succeeds or supersedes *The Postman*. Bright with wood cuts, fresh from the block, under a new name, it is more attractive than ever. Our home evangelists are prone to be witty and wise; and the Editor, himself brimful of Celtic *naivete*, has gathered round him a staff of sympathetic contributors.

*Upton Chapel Sermons. A Centenary Memorial. With Three Photographs.* By W. WILLIAMS. London: Passmore & Alabaster.

HERE is a comely volume. The Baptist Church, now meeting at "Upton Chapel" Southwark (so called in honour of James Upton, its first pastor), celebrated its hundredth anniversary with a series of services at the close of last March; and this book, by the present pastor, is a suitable memorial of the occasion. It opens with a very loving but rather languid preface by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. We cannot

understand why the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle should send to press a narrative of some faint half-hour in his vigorous life. Such confessions might well astonish the thousands who assemble and witness the fulness of his strength, physical and spiritual, in his Sabbath ministrations. Next to the preface, we get a brief history of this church, which will be scanned with deep interest by those who know the charm of Congregationalism. Certain disciples of Christ, brethren and sisters, to the number of twelve souls, entered into solemn covenant a century ago: their fellowship has been perpetuated throughout three generations, with ebb and flow of tide as might be expected, though the ebb never ran so low as at the start, and the flow never rolled up higher than just now. As a corollary we are favoured with nineteen sermons by the present minister. They go to prove that the faith of the fathers is fully preserved by their posterity. Sound and sweet as these discourses undoubtedly are, we have no doubt they were spoken with freedom, and little hesitancy

in conjecturing that they have been skilfully polished for publication. This is as it should be. No preacher who commits himself, after never so much study of his subject, to spontaneous (or as it is sometimes called extempore) address, should tantalize his readers with the superfluity of words inevitable to a fluent talker. Written or spoken sermons—which are to be preferred? This is, and has been, for many a day a vexed question. Our method of solving it is simple enough. Speak them first; write them afterwards. Mr. Williams is a patient, plodding, painstaking labourer, who seems to us to have adopted a judicious plan. The portraits of Mr. Upton and Mr. Williams, and a picture of the interior of the chapel, add grace to the volume that tells of a thriving cause within almost a stone-throw of the Tabernacle.

*Scripture Biography and its Teaching: for the Use of Sunday-school Teachers and other Religious Instructors.* By JOSEPH HASSELL, A.K.C., author of "Common Things," etc., etc. Blackie and Son, Old Bailey.

THE author had the privilege during twenty years of his life of conducting a Sunday afternoon Bible-class for the students of the Training College in which he was then an officer. Among the many subjects chosen for study by the students was that of the men and women of the Bible. The notes of those lessons have since been enlarged. Other characters have been added to those then dealt with. A series of subjects for lessons on important Scripture doctrines has been appended, and thus the present volume in which we have the chief features in fifty Scripture characters, introductory notes to each group, and seven subjects of lessons for senior classes. We have rarely had a book before which we could more earnestly advise all Sunday-school teachers to get possession of. The writer speaks from

a rich experience. He teaches as one who has long passed his novitiate, and every line carries important and useful instruction.

*Notes for Boys (and their Fathers), on Morals, Mind, and Manners.* By An Old Boy. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

WRITTEN originally by the author for the benefit of his own boy, and afterward suggested that these materials might prove useful to other boys and their fathers. With that hope its contents are now given to the world. It is embodied in ten chapters embracing all the subjects which go to make up true manhood. The writer puts out his thoughts as not only having a consciousness of the importance of his work, but he has a mastery of his subject. His style has the stamp of manliness, and flows from a sound common-sense basis. We believe that no better thing could happen than for this book to be extensively read by our young men. On the subject of religion we go all the length of the author; but we would go farther. Our young men, to be fully equipped for both worlds, need the doctrines of Christ as well as the examples of His life, and we should, in the author's choice of books, liked to have seen a few which would be likely to promote spiritual life in the subjects of his solicitude. With this line of exceptions we say fathers will do well to present their sons with a copy of this excellent work.

*Priestly Pretensions, and God's Word.* By R. T. McMullen. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

WHAT an exposure of a so-called Protestant church! It would seem nearly impossible to read it without for ever giving up the once fondly conceived notion of some that the Church of England is a bulwark of Protestantism. We advise our

readers to obtain this tract. Thousands cannot be aware of the names and influences of those in the highest places of this land which are lent to the Rome-ward progress of the English church.

*The Power of the Spirit.* A Sermon, preached at the Half-yearly Meeting of the Wilts and East Somerset Association. By the Rev. F. Pugh, Swindon. S. Hawson, Wood Street, Swindon.

WE have had the pleasure of speaking of our worthy brother's efforts on some previous occasion. He here speaks words of weight and power on a subject which is in very low esteem in some quarters. We fear that like some of old, the confession might be made, We have not so much as heard of the Holy Spirit. We wish this sermon a large circulation.

*Church Bazaars: some Reasons for their Abolition.* By Rev. THOS. S. DICKSON, M.A., Bell Street United Presbyterian Church, Dundee.

OUR brother writes in strong language in condemnation of bazaars, and we would write with equal force if we thought that a bazaar could not be held without the glaring improprieties and inconsistencies referred to, but we believe that they are not inseparable, and we think we have attended some of these sales where there has been a

careful avoidance of anything that would be taken exception to by even a fastidious mind.

*Religious Tract Society.* We have received the biography of William Cowper, with what we suppose is a reliable likeness of Cowper, as he used to be known in the neighbourhood of Olney, in companionship with the Rev. Thomas Scott and Newton. We have paced the Guinea field between the poet's house and the rectory; we have sat in the summer-house where Cowper loved to muse, and have walked Cowper's walk, where he composed the favourite hymn, "Oh, for a chosen walk with God," etc. Number 19 of this series is to us one of special interest. But what we wish to call attention to is the marvellous cheapness of these biographies—sixteen pages for one penny. The whole series should be bound, and not fail in finding a place in every Sunday-school library of the land.

We have received No. 5 of *The Preachers' Analyst*—a good number; *The Silver Morn*, No. 7, vol. i, *The Sword and Trowel*, *The General Baptist* and *The Baptist Magazine*, with which is incorporated the *Missionary Herald*, the May number being of special interest. *The Baptist* and *Freeman* give us their usual seasonable service in the report of our Annual Meeting, &c.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. J. W. GENDERS, of Portsea, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Ilfracombe, Devon. He leaves Portsmouth with the loving esteem of all his brethren in the ministry.

Rev. S. Needham, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of Grafton Street Chapel, Northampton.

Rev. A. T. Osborne has given notice

of his intention to resign the pastorate of Stepney Church, King's Lynn.

Rev. J. Cynog Davies, of Manchester College, has accepted the ministerial charge of the church at Accrington.

Rev. J. Haslam Jones, of Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Sabden.

Rev. S. G. Woodrow, of Wokingham, has accepted the pastorate of Charlotte Chapel, Edinburgh.

Rev. W. F. Nichols, of Manchester College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Crouch Hill, formerly under the ministerial care of the late Rev. Henry Dowson.

Rev. J. W. Lance, after a pastorate extending over twenty-three years, has resigned the ministerial charge of Commercial Street Chapel, Newport.

Rev. A. C. Carter, of Nottingham College, has accepted the pastorate of the Church, Queensbury, near Bradford.

Rev. F. Norwood, of Nottingham College, has accepted the pastorate of the United Churches of Epworth, Butterwick, and Crowle (Lincolnshire).

Rev. W. C. Bassett, of Pontypool College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Hafod, Rhondda Valley.

Rev. G. W. McElwee, M.A., B.Sc., of Paisley, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Dumfries.

Rev. J. J. Ellis has accepted the pastorate of the church at Richmond.

#### RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. A. PHILLIPS has been recognised as pastor of the church at Redruth. Rev. J. S. Paige gave the charge to the church, and Rev. W. G. Hallstone addressed the pastor. Revs. W. Clatworthy, J. H. Allchurch, W. H. Mathews, and Messrs. Hall and Hancorne took part in the proceedings.

Rev. J. Gyles Williams has been recognised as pastor of Radcliffe Street Chapel, Nottingham. Rev. H. E. Stone presided. Rev. E. Medley gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. W. Woods addressed the church. Revs. S. S. Henshaw and J. McClune Uffen joined in welcoming Mr. Williams.

Revs. E. S. Coles received public recognition as pastor of Crown Lane Church, Maldon, on the 15th of April. Rev. W. Cuff preached the sermon, and the Mayor (Mr. J. G. Sadd) presided over the evening meeting. Revs. J. G. Hughes, A. Kollason, C. D. Gooding, W. Tomsett, and W. Robert-

son delivered fraternal addresses. The collections during the day amounted to £6 15s.

Rev. John Urquhart received public recognition as pastor of Wadham Street Church, Weston-super-Mare, on the 22nd of April. Mr. C. Townsend, of Bristol, presided, and among the speakers were Revs. D. Davies (the late pastor), Dr. Culross, S. Newnam, J. C. Graham, R. Murray, P. Hanks, &c.

Rev. W. H. Broad, of the Pastors' College, was recognised on the 22nd of April, as pastor of Cotton Street Chapel, Poplar. Professor Gracey gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. Archibald G. Brown the charge to the church. Revs. C. B. Sawday, W. T. Lambourne, R. H. Gillespie, J. S. Poulton, T. Noyes, T. Waddell, W. J. Orsmann, and P. Gast delivered fraternal addresses. The collections amounted to £36 7s. 3d., including £25 from Mr. James Duncan.

BETHEDA ENGLISH CHAPEL, MERTHYR VALE.—Ordination services were held on Sunday and Monday, March 8th and 9th. On Sunday, the Rev. J. Williams, Pontypool, preached in the morning and evening, and in the afternoon the Rev. J. M. Davies. On Monday evening the ordination meeting was held, when Mr. H. P. Jones was ordained pastor of the church. The Rev. J. Williams, of Pontypool, gave the charge to the minister, and the Rev. D. Davies the charge to the church.

#### PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. S. V. Lewis, on retiring from the stated ministry, after forty-five years of labour in Abingdon and the adjacent villages, has been presented with a purse containing fifty sovereigns, in testimony of the high esteem in which he is held by the various congregations and the town generally. Several local ministers were present, and bore testimony to Mr. Lewis's earnest piety and consistent and useful life.

Mr. P. Dodd, who rendered valuable

aid during the building of the Tabernacle, Tunbridge Wells, of which Rev. J. Smith is pastor, was presented, on the 20th April with a gold English lever watch in recognition of his services.

Rev. W. Davies, of Langum, has received as a mark of esteem from his congregation the proceeds of an entertainment.

Rev. W. Jones, pastor of Leeds Road Chapel, Bradford, on the completion of three years of pastorate, has been presented with an illuminated address, Mrs. B. Jones, at the same time, receiving a silver-plated tea and coffee-service.

Rev. S. B. Bees, in retiring from the pastorate of Trinity Road Church, Upper Tooting, has been presented with a drawing-room clock and a purse of gold as tokens of esteem.

#### NEW CHAPELS.

THE new chapel, Commercial Road, Portsmouth, has just been opened for public worship. Pastor Rev. W. J. Staynes, Revs. R. Y. Roberts, J. P. Williams, and T. W. Medhurst, preached the opening sermons. This chapel is erected for the church formerly meeting at Clarence Street. It seats 500 persons.

The new chapel at Tytherington has been opened. The cost of the chapel and school was £430, towards which £196 was collected prior to the opening. The chapel will seat 150 persons. Rev. E. G. Gange preached the opening sermon, which was followed by a tea and public meeting.

The London Baptist Association has secured a site at the corner of Holmesdale Road, for a place for worship, in South Norwood, which is to be erected at a cost of £4,000.

The church and congregation at Eccles have resolved upon building a school-chapel, to accommodate about 300 persons, at a cost of £700, and land has already been secured in Peel Street.

A new chapel has been opened at Menai Bridge, on a site granted on easy terms by the Marquis of Angle-

sey. The opening sermons were preached by Revs. David Roberts and W. Thomas, of Llangevni. The cost of the building was about £900.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE church at Armley, which has just been renovated, was re-opened on the 3rd May. The Rev. W. Sumner (pastor) preached special sermons, and in the afternoon the choir gave a service of song entitled, "The Roll Call," conducted by Mr. W. Hopkinson; Mr. D. Thompson, of Leeds, giving the connective readings. The collections amounted to £13 14s. 5d.

Mr. A. T. Bowser, in a paper on "Statistics of Religious Accommodation," read before the Spring meeting of the London Baptist Association, noted that the Baptists, who in 1851 had accommodation for 54,234, had since added 81,044 sittings. During the same period the Congregationalists had added 66,461 sittings; the Wesleyans and other Methodists 78,604; the Presbyterians 14,010; and the Church of England 206,811. Towards this increase, the London Baptist Association has been the direct means of adding twelve chapels, with 11,859 sittings, and these in turn had, in many instances, founded mission-rooms in their localities.

A memorial of Dr. Wm. Carey has just been erected at his birthplace, Paulerspury, Northamptonshire. The headstone on his grave, which had fallen somewhat, and the inscription on which was nearly illegible, has been re-lettered and placed in an upright position, and, in addition, a monumental brass has been fixed inside the porch of the church, very near the head of the grave. The brass bears the following inscription:—"To the glory of God, and in memory of Dr. Wm. Carey, missionary and Orientalist, who was born at Paulerspury, August 17th, 1761. Died at Serampore, India, June 9th, 1884." The expence of the work has been borne by Mr.



Elisha S. Robinson, of Bristol. The archdeacon and rector of the parish not only afforded every facility for doing the work, but the latter kindly remitted the usual fees.

The memorial-stone was laid, on the 5th of May, of an extension to the Sunday School attached to Wycliffe Chapel, Bristol Road, Birmingham. The schools having of late been found too small, some land adjoining them was secured, Mr. Wm. Middlemore contributing £300 towards the purchase. It is estimated that the extension of the school buildings, the provision of five classrooms in each school, and the purchase of suitable furniture, will involve an expenditure of £2,000. Towards that sum Mr. Middlemore has also contributed £1,000. The memorial-stone was laid by Mrs. Middlemore, to whom was presented an address, a silver trowel, and an ivory mallet. In the evening the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers conducted service in the chapel.

### BAPTISMS.

*Abercarn*, Mon.—April 12, English chapel, Five, by E. E. Probert.  
*Abersychan*.—May 10, English church, Twenty, by J. Coles.  
*Aldwinkle*.—April 7, Ten, by H. Trotman.  
*Astley Bridge*.—April 1, Four, by G. Williams.  
*Armley*.—May 10, Two, by W. Sumner.  
*Ashford*.—April 16, Ten; 20, Eight; 23, Fourteen, by E. Roberts.  
*Attleborough*.—May 3, Four, by J. T. Felce.  
*Bacup*.—May 3, Three, by J. S. Hughes; One, by J. Garden.  
*Bideford*.—April 22, Four, by W. Gillard.  
*Bideston*.—April 27, Three, by J. Easter.  
*Birmingham*.—April 26, Constitution Hill, Two, by J. Burton.  
*Brizham*.—April 26, Thirteen, by J. T. Almy.  
*Brannortown*, co. Kildare.—May 6, One, by A. McCaig.  
*Brynmawr*.—April 26, Six, by W. Morton.  
*Burnham*.—April 22, Two, by C. D. Gooding.  
*Cardiff*.—April 26, Hope Chapel, Four, by I. Watts; Six, by J. Berryman.  
*Carmarthen*.—April 30, Two, by G. H. Roberts.  
*Chalfont*.—May 2, at Gold Hill, Nine, by J. H. Grant.  
*Chatham*.—April 23, Four, by T. Hancocks.  
*Coalville*.—April 26, Four, by T. Hagen.  
*Cowbridge*.—March 22, One, by O. Jones.  
*Derby*, Osmaston-road.—April 26, Eleven, by W. H. Tetley.

*Drayton Parslow*, Bucks.—April 28, Three, by G. Farker,  
*Fairford*.—April 28, Three, by R. W. Ayres.  
*Farnworth*.—April 27, One, by R. A. Burrows.  
*Franksbridge*.—April 5, Two, by T. D. Jones.  
*Glodwick*.—April 21, Two; 26, Five, by W. Hughes.  
*Griffithstown*, near Pontypool.—April 5, Three, by J. Tucker.  
*Grimsby*.—April 5, Zion Chapel, Three, by W. Onton.  
*Haslingden*.—April 26, Fourteen, by G. T. Bailey.  
*Hemyock*.—April 19, Four, by A. Pidgeon.  
*Hitchin*, Walsworth-road.—April 5, Two; 29, Five, by F. J. Bird.  
*Landore*.—May 3, Three, by W. John.  
*Llanwenarth*.—April 13, Two, by T. H. Williams.  
*London*:—  
     Carpenters-road, Stratford, May 10, Twenty, by G. Towner.  
     John-street, Edgware-road, April 20, Four, by J. O. Fellowes.  
*Luton*.—April 26, Wellington-street, Nine, by F. J. Feltham.  
*Maesteg*.—April 19, Two, by T. A. Pryce.  
*Nantyglo*.—April 12, Four, by J. Pugh.  
*New Malden*.—April 26, Five, by S. H. Moore.  
*Newbridge*, Newport, Mon.—April 19, Six, by J. M. Jones.  
*Newbury*.—April 12, Nine, by E. George.  
*Newport*, Mon.—April 21, Commercial-road, Fourteen, by G. Harris; 26, Six, by A. T. Jones.  
*Norbilton*.—April 26, Four, by J. Clark.  
*Northampton*.—May 6, Prince's-street, Five, by A. B. Middleditch.  
*North Curry*.—April 26, Three, by Wm. Fry.  
*North Shields*.—April 26, Three, by R. Herries.  
*Okehampton*.—April 5, One, by G. Haddon; 26, Four, by E. Marks.  
*Oldham*.—April 19, King-street, Six, by W. F. Edgerton.  
*Painscastle*.—April 19, Four, by D. Powell.  
*Porth*.—April 5, at the Tabernacle, Six, by O. Owens.  
*Pontardawe*.—April 13, Three, by J. T. Morgan.  
*Portsmouth*.—April 29, Lake-road, Nine, by T. W. Medhurst.  
*Presteign*.—May 10, Seven, by S. Watkins.  
*Ponkey*, N. Wales.—March 29, Three, by E. Mitchell.  
*Rawdon*.—April 30, Six, by A. P. Fayers.  
*Risca*.—May 10, Three, by E. Thomas.  
*Rochdale*.—April 26, Nine, by D. O. Davies.  
*Rotherham*.—April 19, Two, by B. Lee.  
*Skipton*.—May 10, Seven, by W. Judge.  
*Speen*.—May 6, Two, by C. Saville.  
*Spratton*.—April 21, Two, by W. L. Jones.  
*Sutton*.—April 19, One, by J. Harper.  
*Talgarth*.—April 19, One, by J. Griffiths.  
*Taunton*.—April 9, Albemarle Chapel, Five; 12, Six, by Levi Palmer.

## HATRED WITHOUT CAUSE.\*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"They hated Me without a cause."—JOHN xv. 25.

It is usually understood that the quotation our Saviour here refers to is to be found in the thirty-fifth Psalm, at the nineteenth verse, where David says, speaking of himself immediately and of the Saviour prophetically, "Let not them who are mine enemies rejoice over me, neither let them wink with the eye that hate me without a cause." Our Saviour refers to that as being applicable to Himself, and thus He really tells us, in effect, that many of the Psalms are Messianic, or refer to the Messiah; and, therefore, Dr. Hawker did not err when he said he believed the Psalms referred to the Saviour, though he may have carried the truth too far. But it will be a good plan, in reading the Psalms, if we continually look at them as alluding not so much to David as to the Man of whom David was the type, Jesus Christ, David's Lord.

No being was ever more lovely than the Saviour; it would seem almost impossible not to have affection for Him. Certainly at first sight it would seem far more difficult to hate Him than to love Him. And yet, lovable as He was, yea, "altogether lovely," no being so early met with hatred, and no creature ever endured such a continual persecution as He had to suffer. He is no sooner ushered into the world than the sword of Herod is ready to cut Him off, and the innocents of Bethlehem, by their dreadful massacre, gave a sad foretaste of the sufferings which Christ would endure, and of the hatred that men would pour upon His devoted head. From His first moment to the Cross, save the temporary lull, while He was a child, it seemed as if all the world were in league against Him, and all men sought to destroy Him. In different ways that hatred displayed itself, sometimes in overt deeds, as when they took Him to the brow of the hill, and would have cast Him down headlong, or when they took up stones again to stone Him, because He said that Abraham desired to see His day, and saw it, and was glad. At other times the hatred showed itself in words of slander, such as these,—"He is a drunken man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners;" or, in looks of contempt, as when they looked suspiciously at Him, because He did eat with publicans and sinners, and sat down to table with unwashed hands. At other times that hatred dwelt entirely in their thoughts, and they thought within themselves, "This man blasphemeth," because He said, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." But at almost every time there was a hatred towards Christ; and when they took Him, and would have made Him king, and a shallow, fleeting flood of popular applause would have wafted Him on to an unsteady throne, even then there was a latent hatred towards Him, only kept under by loaves and fishes, which only wanted an equal quantity of loaves and fishes offered by the priests, to develop itself in the cry of

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‘Crucify Him! crucify Him!’ instead of the shout of “Hosannah! blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!” All grades of men hated Him. Most men have to meet with some opposition; but then it is frequently a class opposition, and there are other classes who look at them with respect. The demagogue, who is admired by the poor, must expect to be despised by the rich; and he who labours for the aristocracy, of course meets with the contempt of the many. But here was a man who walked among the people, who loved them, who spoke to rich and poor as though they were (as indeed they are) on one level in His blessed sight; and yet all classes conspired to hate Him; the priests cried Him down because He spoiled their dogmas; the nobles would put Him to death because He spoke of being a king; while the poor, for some reasons best known to themselves, though they admired His eloquence, and frequently would have fallen prostrate in worship before Him, on account of the wondrous deeds He did, even these, led by men who ought to have guided them better, conspired to put Him to death, and to consummate their guilt by nailing Him to the tree, and then wagging their heads, bade Him, if He could build a temple in three days, to save Himself and come down from the cross. Christ was the hated One, the slandered and scorned; He was “despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.”

Now, we shall try this morning, first, to justify the Saviour's remarks, that He was hated without a cause; and secondly, to dwell upon the sin of men—that men hated Him without a cause; in the third place, to give a lesson or two to Christ's own people, which they may well learn from the fact that their Saviour was hated without a cause.

1. First, then, beloved, let us JUSTIFY WHAT THE SAVIOUR SAID,—“They hated Me without a cause.” And we remark, that, apart from the consideration of man's sinfulness, and Christ's purity, there certainly is no cause whatever to be discovered why the world should have hated Him.

First, let us regard Christ *in His person*. Was there anything in Christ's person as a man, when He lived in this world, which had a natural tendency to make any person hate Him? Let us remark, that there was an absence of almost everything which excites hatred between man and man. In the first place, there was *no great rank* in Christ to excite envy. It is a well-known fact that let a man be ever so good, if he be at all lifted above his fellow-creatures by riches, or by title, though one by one men will respect him, yet the many often speak against him, not so much for what he is, as for his rank and his title. It seems to be natural to men in the mass to despise nobles; each man, individually, thinks it a wonderfully fine thing to know a lord; but put men together, and they will despise lords and bishops, and speak very lightly of principalities and powers. Now Christ had none of the outward circumstances of rank, He had no chariot, no long sleeves, no elevation above His fellows; when He walked abroad there were no heralds to attend Him, there was no pomp to do Him honour. In fact, one would think that Christ's appearance would naturally have engendered pity. Instead of being lifted above men, He did, in some sense, seem to be below them, for foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, but the Son of Man had not where to lay His head. Many a democrat has railed against the archbishop when he has gone by

Lambeth palace ; but would he curse or despise him if he were told the archbishop had not where to lay his head, but simply toiled for the truth's sake, and had no reward ? The envy naturally excited by rank, station, and such-like, could not have operated in Christ's case ; there was nothing in His garb to attract attention ; it was the garb of the peasant of Galilee —“of one piece woven from the top throughout.” Nor was there anything in His rank. He might have been the son of an ancient royal family but its royalty was apparently extinct, and He was only known as the Son of the carpenter. They hated Him, then, in that sense, “without a cause.”

Many persons seem to have envy excited in them against those who exercise rule or government over them. The very fact of a man having authority over me stirs up my evil passions, and I begin to look at him with suspicion, because he is invested with that authority. Some men naturally fall into the groove, and obey simply because the rule is made ; principalities and powers are established, and they submit themselves for the Lord's sake ; but the many, especially in these republican times, seem to have a natural tendency to kick against authority, simply because it is authority. But if authorities and governments were changed every month, I believe that in some countries, in France, for instance, there would be revolutions as much under one government as under another ; in fact, they hate all government there, and wish to be without law, that each man may do what is right in his own eyes. But this did not operate in Christ's case. He was not a king, He did not assume sway over the multitude. It is true He was Lord over tempests and seas, it is true He could command demons, and, if He pleased, men must have been His obedient servants, but He did not assume power over them. He marshalled no armies, He promulgated no laws, He made Himself no great one in the land ; the people did just as they liked for all the authority He exercised over them. In fact, instead of binding laws upon them which were severe, He seemed to have loosened the rigidity of their system, for when the adulterous woman who otherwise would have been put to death, was brought before Him, He said, “Neither do I condemn thee.” And He relaxed, to a certain extent, the rigidity of the Sabbatical ordinance, which was in some respects too burthensome, saying, “The Sabbath was made for man.” Surely, then, they hated Him “without a cause.”

Some men make others dislike them because they are *proud*. I know some men that I should have liked very well if the starch had been left out of them ; I should really sympathize with them and admire them if they had the least degree of condescension, but they seem to walk about the world with such a style of pride ! They may not be proud—very likely they are not ; but, as an old divine said, “When we see a fox's tail sticking out of a hole, we naturally expect the fox is there.” And, somehow or other, the human mind cannot bear pride ; we always kick against it. But there was nothing of that in our Saviour. How humble He was ! Why, He stooped to anything. He would wash His disciples' feet ; and when He walked about among men, there was no parade about Him, as if He would say to them, “See My talent, see My power, see My rank, see My dignity ; stand by, I am greater than you.” No, He takes His seat there. There is Matthew, the publican, sitting beside Him, and He does not think He is hurt by the publican, although He is the worst of sinners ; and there is a

harlot, He speaks to her ; there is another with seven devils, and He casts the devils out of her, and another, who has the leprosy, and He even touches the leper to show how humble He was, and that there was nothing of pride about Him. Oh ! could you have seen the Saviour ; He was the very paragon of humility ! There were none of your forms of etiquette and politeness about Him ; He had that true politeness which makes itself affable to all men, because it is kind and loving to all. There was no pride in the Saviour, and consequently there was nothing to excite men's anger on that account. Therefore, they hated Him "without a cause."

There are others that you cannot help disliking, because they are so snappish, and waspish, and *angry* ; they look as if they were born on some terribly dark, stormy day, and as if, in the mixture of their body, no small quantity of vinegar was employed. You could not sit long with them, without feeling that you have to keep your tongue in pretty tight chain ; you must not talk freely, or there would be a quarrel, for they would make you an offender for a word. You may say, "Such an one is no doubt a good man ; but really, that temper of his I cannot bear it." And when a man stands prominently before the public, with a nasty sour disposition, one feels inclined to dislike him. But there was nothing of this about our Saviour. "When He was reviled, He reviled not again ;" if men spat in His face He said nothing to them ; and when they smote Him, He did not curse them ; He sat still and bore their scorn. He walked through the world, with contempt and infamy constantly poured upon Him ; but "He answered not a word ;" He was never angry. You cannot find, in reading the Saviour's life, that He spake one angry word, save those words of holy wrath which He poured, like scalding oil, upon the head of Pharisaic pride ; then, indeed, His wrath did boil, but it was holy wrath. With such a loving, kind, gentle spirit, one would have thought that He would have gone through the world as easily as possible. His kind spirit seemed to make a straight road for His feet. But, notwithstanding all that, they hated Him. Truly, we can say, "They hated Him without a cause."

There is another set of people you can scarcely help disliking ; they are *selfish* people. Now, we know some persons who are very excellent in temper, who are extremely honest and upright, but they are so selfish ! When you are with them, you feel that they are just friends to you for what they can get out of you ; and when you have served their turn, they will just lay you aside, and endeavour to find another. In trying to do good, their good deed has an ulterior object, but, somehow or other, they are always found out ; and no man in the world gets a greater share of public odium than the man who lives a selfish life. Among the most miserable men in the universe, kicked about the world like a football, is the selfish miser. But in Christ there was nothing selfish ; whatever He did, He did for others. He had a marvellous power of working miracles, but He would not even change a stone into bread for Himself ; He reserved His miraculous power for others ; He did not seem to have a particle of self in His whole nature. In fact, the description of His life might be written very briefly : "He saved others, Himself he did not save." He walked about ; He touched the poorest, the meanest, and those who were the most sick ; He cared not what men might say of Him ; He seemed to have no regard for fame, or dignity, or ease, or honour. Neither His

bodily nor His mental comforts were in the least regarded by Him. Self-sacrifice was the life of Christ ; but He did it with such an ease that it seemed no sacrifice. Ah ! beloved, in that sense certainly they hated Christ without a cause ; for there was nothing in Christ to excite their hatred—in fact, there was everything, on the other hand, to bind the whole world to love and reverence a character so eminently unselfish.

Another sort of people there are that I do not like, viz., the *hypocritical* ; nay, I think I could even live with the selfish man, if I knew him to be selfish ; but the hypocrite, do not let him come anywhere near where I am. Let a public man be a hypocrite once, and the world will scarcely trust him again ; they will hate him. But Christ was, in this particular, free from any blame ; and if they hated Him, they hated Him not for that, for there never was a more unvarnished man than Christ. He was called, you know, the child Jesus ; because as a child speaks itself out, and has no reserve, and no craftiness, even so was it with Jesus ; He had no affectation, no deceit. There was no change about Him ; He was “without variableness or shadow of turning.” Whatever the world may say of Christ, they never said they believed He was a hypocrite ; and among all the slanders they brought against Him, they never disputed His sincerity. Had they been able to show that He really had been imposing upon them, they might have had some grounds for hating Him ; but He lived in the sunlight of sincerity and walked on the very mountain-top of continual observation. He could not be a hypocrite, and men knew He could not ; and yet men hated Him. Verily, my friends, if you survey the character of Christ, in all its loveliness, in all its benevolence, in all its sincerity, in all its self-devotion, in all its intense eagerness to benefit man, you must say, indeed, “They hated Him without a cause.” There was nothing in Christ’s person to lead men to hate Him.

In the next place, *was there anything in Christ’s errand* which could make people hate Him ? If they had asked Him, For what reason have you come from heaven ? would there have been anything in His answer likely to excite their indignation and hatred ? I trow not. For what purpose did He come ? He came, first of all, to explain mysteries—to tell them what was meant by the sacrificial lamb, what was the significance of the scape-goat, what was intended by the ark, the brazen serpent, and the pot of manna ; He came to rend the veil of the Holy of holies, and to show men secrets they had never seen before. Should they have hated One who lifted the veil of mystery, and made dark things light, and expounded riddles ? Should they have hated Him who taught them what Abraham desired to see, and what prophets and kings had longed to know, but died without a knowledge of ? Was there anything in that to make them hate Him ? What else did He come for ? He came on earth to reclaim the wanderer ; and is there anything in that that should make men hate Christ ? If he came to reform the drunkard, to reclaim the harlot, and gather in the publican and sinners, and bring prodigals to their father’s house again, sure that is an object with which every philanthropist should agree ; it is that for which our governments are formed and fashioned, to bring men to a better state ; and if Christ came for that purpose, was there anything in that to make men hate Him ! For what else did He come ? He came to heal the diseases of the body ; is that a legitimate object of hatred ? Shall

I hate the physician who goes about gratuitously healing all manner of diseases? Are deaf ears unstopped, are mouths opened, are the dead raised, are the blind made to see, and widows blest with their sons? Are these causes why a man should be obnoxious? Surely, He might well say, "For which of these works do ye stone Me? If I have done good works, wherefore speak ye against Me?" But none of these works were the cause of men's hatred; they hated Him without a cause. And He came on earth to die that sinners might not die! Was that a cause of hatred? Ought I to hate the Saviour because He came to quench the flames of hell for me? Should I despise Him who allowed His Father's flaming sword to be quenched in His own vital blood? Shall I look with indignation upon the Substitute who takes my sins and griefs upon Him, and carries my sorrows? Shall I hate and despise the Man who loved me better than He loved Himself—who loved me so much that He visited the gloomy grave for my salvation? Are these the causes of hatred? Surely His errand was one that ought to have made us sing His praise for ever, and join the harps of angels in their rapturous songs. "They hated Me without a cause."

But once more: *was there anything in Christ's doctrine* that should have made us hate Him? No, we answer; there was nothing in His doctrine that should have excited men's hatred. Take His preceptive doctrines. Did He not teach us to do to others as we would they should do to us? Was He not also the exponent of everything lovely and honourable and of good repute? And was not His teaching the very essence of virtue, so that if virtue's self had written it, it could not have written such a perfect code of lovely morals and excellent virtues. Was it the ethical part of His doctrine that men hated? He taught that rich and poor must stand on one level; He taught that His gospel was not to be confined to one particular nation, but was to be gloriously expansive, so as to cover the world? This perhaps, was one principal reason of their hating Him; but, surely there was no justifiable cause for their indignation in this. There was nothing in Christ to lead men to hate Him. "They hated Him without a cause."

II. And now, in the second place, I come to dwell on MAN'S SIN, that he should have hated the Saviour without a cause. Ah! beloved, I will not tell you of man's adulteries, and fornications, and murders, and poisonings, and sodomies. I will not tell you of man's wars, and bloodsheds, and cruelties, and rebellions. If I want to tell you of man's sin, I must tell you that man is a deicide—that he put to death his God, and slew his Saviour; and when I have told you that, I have given you the essence of all sin, the master-piece of crime, the very pinnacle and climax of the terrific pyramid of mortal guilt. Man outdid himself when he put his Saviour to death, and sin did out-Herod Herod when it slew the Lord of the universe, the Lover of the race of man, who came on earth to die. Never does sin appear so exceedingly sinful as when we see it pointed at the person of Christ, whom it hated without a cause. In every other case, when man has hated goodness, there have always been some extenuating circumstances. We never do see goodness in this world without alloy; however great may be any man's goodness, there is always some peg whereon we may hang a censure; however excellent a man may be, there is always some fault which may diminish our admiration or our love. But in the Saviour there was nothing of this. There was nothing that could

blot the picture ; holiness stood out to the very life ; there was holiness—only holiness. Let a man hate Whitfield, one of the holiest men that ever lived ; he would tell you he did not hate his goodness, but he hated his ranting preaching, and the extraordinary anecdotes he told ; or he would pull out something that dropped from his lips, and hold it up to derision. But in Christ's case men could not do that ; for though they sought for false witnesses, yet their witnesses agreed not together. There was nothing in Him but holiness ; and any person with half an eye can see that the thing men hated was simply that Christ was perfect ; they could not have hated Him for anything else. And thus you see the abominable, detestable evil of the human heart—that man hates goodness simply because it is such. It is not true that we Christian people are hated because of our infirmities ; men make our infirmities a nail whereon to hang their laughter ; but if we were not Christians they would not hate our infirmities. They hold our inconsistencies up to ridicule ; but I do not believe our inconsistencies are what they care about ; we might be as inconsistent as all the rest of the world if we did not profess religion, or if they did not think we had any. But because the Saviour had no inconsistencies or infirmities, men were stripped of all their excuses for hating Him, and it came out that man naturally hates goodness, because he is so evil that he cannot but detest it.

And now let me appeal to every sinner present, and ask him whether he ever had any cause for hating Christ. But some one says, "I do not hate Him ; if He were to come to my house I would love Him very much." But it is very remarkable that Christ lives next door to you, in the person of poor Betty there. She goes to such-and-such a chapel, and you say she is nothing but a poor canting Methodist. Why don't you like Betty ? She is one of Christ's members, and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." You say you do not hate Christ. Now, look across the chapel. Don't you know a man, a member of this place, a very holy man, but somehow or other you cannot bear him, because he told you of your faults once. Ah ! sir, if you loved Christ you would love His members. What ! tell me you love my head, but you do not love my hands ? My dear fellow, you cannot cut my head off and let me be the same person. If you love Christ the head, you must love His members. But you say, "I do love His people." Very well, then, you have passed from death unto life, if you love the brethren. But you say, "I am not sure that I am a changed character, still, I am not aware that there is any opposition in my heart to Christ and His gospel." You may not be aware of it, but it is your not being aware of it that makes your case all the more sad. Perhaps if you knew it, and wept over it, you would come to Christ ; but since you do not know it and do not feel it, that is a proof of your hostility. Now, come, I must suppose you to be hostile to Christ unless you love Him ; for I know there are only two opinions of Him. You must either hate Him or love Him. As for indifference with regard to Christ, it is just a clear impossibility. A man might as well say, "I am indifferent towards honesty." Why, then, he is dishonest, is he not ? You are indifferent to Christ ? Then you hate Him. And why is it that you hate Him ? Many a time you have been wooed by the gospel ; you have resisted appeals, many of them ; come, now, for which of Christ's works do you hate Him ? Have I a persecutor here ?



Sinner ! for what dost thou hate Christ ? Dost thou curse Him ? Tell me what He has done that thou shouldst be angry with Him. Point to a single fault of His in His carriage towards thee. Has Christ ever hurt thee ? " Oh ! " says one, " He has taken my wife and made her one of His children, and she has been baptised and comes to chapel, and I cannot bear that." Ah ! sinner, is that why thou hatest Christ ? Wouldst thou have hated Christ if He had snatched thy wife from the flames, if He had saved her from going down to death ? No, thou wouldst love Him. And He has saved thy wife's soul. Ah ! if He never saves thee, if thou lovest thy wife thou wilt have enough cause to love Him to think He has been so good to thee. I tell thee, if thou hatest Christ, thou not only hatest Him without a cause, but thou hatest Him when thou hast ample cause to love Him. Come, poor sinner, what hast thou got by hating Christ ? Thou hast stings of conscience. Many a sinner by hating Christ has been locked up in jail, has a ragged coat, a diseased body, a nasty, filthy house, with broken windows, a poor wife, nearly beaten to death, and children that scamper out of the way as soon as father comes home. What hast thou got by hating Christ ? Oh ! if thou wert to estimate thy gains, thou wouldst find that getting Christ would be a gain, but that hating Him is a dead loss to thee. Now, if you hate Christ and Christ's religion, I tell you that you hate Christ without a cause ; and let me give you one solemn warning, which is this, that if you keep on hating Christ till you die, you will not hurt Christ by it, but you will hurt yourself most awfully. Oh ! may God deliver you from being haters of Christ ! There is nothing to get by it, but everything to lose by it. For what cause do you hate Christ, sinner ? For what cause do you hate Christ, persecutor ? For what cause do you hate Christ, ye carnal, ungodly men ? What do you hate Christ's gospel for ? His ministers—what hurt have they done you ? What hurt can they do you, when they long to do you all the good in the world ? Why is it you hate Christ ? Ah ! it is only because you are so desperately set on mischief—because the poison of asps is under your lips, and your throat is an open sepulchre. Otherwise ye would love Christ. They hated Him " without a cause."

And now, Christian men, I must preach at you for just a moment. Sure ye have great reason to love Christ now, for ye once hated Him without a cause. Did ye ever treat a friend ill and did not know it ? It has been the misfortune of most of us to do it sometimes. We had some suspicion that a friend had done us an injury ; we quarrelled with him for weeks, and he had not done it at all. What he had done was only to warn us. Ah ! there are never tears like those we shed when we have injured a friend. And should we not weep when we have injured the Saviour ? Did He not come to my door one cold night, and I shut my door against Him ? Oh ! I have done what I cannot undo ; I have slighted my Lord, I have insulted my friend, I have thrown dishonours upon Him whom I admire. Shall I not weep for Him ? Oh ! shall I not spend my very life for Him ? for my sins, my own treachery spilled His blood. Monuments, ah ! monuments I will build ; where'er I live, where'er I go, I'll pile up monuments of praise that His name may be spread ; and where'er I wander, I'll tell what He did, with many a tear, that I so long have ill-treated Him and so fearfully misunderstood Him. We hated Him without a cause ; therefore let us love Him.

## III. TWO LESSONS TO THE SAINTS.

In the first place, *if your Master was hated without a cause, do not you expect to get off very easily in this world.* If your Master was subject to all this contempt and all this pain, do you suppose you will always ride through this world in a chariot? If you do, you will be marvellously mistaken. As your Master was persecuted, you must expect to be the same. Some of you pity us when we are persecuted and despised. Ah! save your pity, keep it for those of whom the world speaks well; keep it for those against whom the woe is pronounced.—“Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.” Save your pity for earth’s favourites; save your pity for this world’s lords, that are applauded by all men. We ask not for your pity; nay, sirs, in all these things we rejoice, and “glory in tribulations also, knowing that the things which happen unto us, happen for the furtherance of the gospel;” and we count it all joy when we fall into manifold temptations, for we rejoice that thus the name of Christ is known and His kingdom extended.

The other lesson is, *take care, if the world does hate you, that it hates you without a cause.* If the world is to oppose you, it is of no use making the world oppose you. This world is bitter enough, without my putting vinegar in it. Some people seem to fancy the world will persecute them; therefore, they put themselves into a fighting posture, as if they invited persecutions. Now, I do not see any good in doing that. Do not try and make other people dislike you. Really, the opposition some people meet with is not for righteousness’ sake, but for their own sin’s sake, or their own nasty temper’s sake. Many a Christian lives in a house—a Christian servant-girl perhaps; she says she is persecuted for righteousness’ sake. But she is of a bad disposition; she sometimes speaks sharply and her mistress reproves her. That is not being persecuted for righteousness’ sake. There is another, a merchant in the city, perhaps; he is not looked upon with much esteem. He says he is persecuted for righteousness’ sake, whereas, it is because he did not keep a bargain some time ago. Another man says he is persecuted for righteousness’ sake; but he goes about assuming authority over everybody, and now and then persons turn round and upbraid him. Look to it, Christian people, that if you are persecuted it is for righteousness’ sake; for if you get any persecution yourself you must keep it yourself. The persecutions you bring on yourself for your own sins, Christ has nothing to do with them; they are chastisements on you. They hated Christ without a cause; then fear not to be hated. They hated Christ without a cause; then court not to be hated, and give the world no cause for it.

And now, may you who hate Christ love Him. Oh! that He would bring Himself to you now! Oh! that He would show Himself to you! And then sure you must love Him at once. He that believeth on the Lord Jesus will be sure to love Him and he that loveth Him shall be saved. Oh! that God would give you faith, and give you love, for Christ Jesus’ sake! Amen.

## Mary Upton's Experiences.

A NARRATIVE FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER VII.—THE NEW MINISTER'S PERFORMANCES.

MISS BLOSSOM had not long returned to her somewhat desolate home, when the Baptist Church in Middlebrook received two severe blows. One was in the shape of the removal of their esteemed minister, Mr. Matthew, to "a larger sphere of usefulness," and the other in the death of the senior deacon, an aged brother who had long been both spiritually and financially the chief stay of the cause. For some months, therefore, under rather unfavourable circumstances, the pulpit was occupied by "supplies," with the usual result that some were liked, and others disliked, the congregations varying accordingly. But this discouraging state of things was not destined long to continue. The repeated cry for "a new minister!" at last brought one, who from the first "carried all before him." His first sermon, delivered one Lord-day's morning to a thin congregation, riveted the attention of all present; and his subsequent address to the Sunday school in the afternoon served to bring a much larger congregation at night. The young people, in fact, were so delighted, that, although it was the middle of summer and a remarkably fine day, they cheerfully responded in good numbers to the ministerial invitation to stay to the after meeting, and seemed to enter into the service heart and soul. The consequence was, that at the close of this exciting meeting the deacons were bombarded by many persons who

eagerly asked them if they did not think that "he was the man," and whether "he could be had." A second invitation, and this time to occupy the pulpit for two consecutive Sundays, soon settled the matter; the youthful preacher not only cordially agreeing to come, but also during the intervening week, without any pumping, dropping sundry hints that "Middlebrook was just the town he had longed to work in," and that "if anything like a unanimous call were given he believed he should accept it." After this the reader will not be surprised to learn that such a call was given; and that every religious newspaper in the kingdom briefly announced that the Rev. Theophilus Skylark had become the pastor.

Before, however, the call was given, at the suggestion of two or three of the senior members, some steps were taken to ascertain what sort of report could be furnished concerning his antecedents. It was found that, although he was not over thirty-two years of age, he had already been the pastor of three churches. Brought to prefer Christ at a great evangelistic meeting, when twenty-six years old, and filled with new-born zeal, he set up almost immediately as a street preacher, and astonished his rude and uncultivated audiences with the versatility of his remarkable powers. He took odd texts, from which he preached still more odd sermons, told the most original anecdotes, sang popular solos, inviting his audiences to join in the choruses, and demonstrated the way to heaven to be so easy that the wonder was that all

who heard him did not in rapture at once embrace such glory at such little cost. From street preaching he soon mounted the pulpit, and accepted a call to a village station, from which, after two years' service, he removed to a larger village, where as pastor he stayed exactly the same period; and then came a removal to a small town, which was left immediately the call came from Middlebrook. It was found that at each place "a number had been brought in;" but it was also hinted that not a few of them had better have been "kept out." Still, apparently in each place "a good work had been done;" and whatever else he might be, Mr. Skylark was, if shifty and sensational, zealous, gifted, and evidently desirous of "saving souls" and swelling the statistics of the Baptist denomination. So far, therefore, nothing serious could be said against him, and as he had taken so well with the people, it was fondly hoped that a new and flourishing era had broken in upon the delighted church and congregation.

At the recognition service, which was a large one, and attended by every minister that Mr. Skylark could persuade to be present, the new pastor boldly and honestly gave his audience his views. He was not, he said, in favour of what was termed "advanced thought," or "the new theology," but an ardent advocate for the "old, old story." That was the story he loved to tell, and he hoped to tell it till he died; but while that was true he must say that he was not in favour of old methods or stereotyped usages. If he read aright the signs of the times, the churches wanted stirring up and rousing from their lethargy; most of them were dead, or were afflicted with the dry-rot. They indulged in hum-drum singing, listened to ser-

mons that were as dry as chips, and dwelt in a spiritual atmosphere that was as cold as the Arctic regions. And what was the consequence? Conversions were rare, and probably in an association it would be found that the average additions yearly to the churches would not amount to more than one and a half per church. Now, was that a fact to be lightly thought of? Ought there not to be improvement? Did God ever intend that His Church should drag on such a dying existence as that? No; certainly not, in this age of electricity and steam. It might have done for the days of the old stage-coaches and carrier's carts, but it would not do for the present century, when engines ran at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and telegrams could cross the Atlantic Ocean in less than five minutes! This was decidedly an age of progress, and in a right way the church must progress with it. He was therefore for *startling* the people, for *rousing them to the utmost*, and making them feel that the Church was a living thing, and not a dead substance. What he would say was, "Get at the people. Whatever you do, get at them." If nothing would reach them but novelty, then give them novelty. If nothing would reach them but odd subjects, then give them odd subjects. If nothing would reach them but music, then give them music. Anyway, get at them, and convert them, and never rest till they were got at and converted. That at any rate was the system he had carried out in connection with the three churches of which he had been the pastor, and it was the system he intended to carry out at Middlebrook.

And carry it out he did. True to his word he soon made all Middlebrook and the surrounding districts

know of his advent in their midst. One of his first moves was to placard the walls with a striking list of novel and odd subjects which he proposed to handle for one quarter on Lord's-day evenings; and odd enough they were. Such original subjects had certainly never been taken by any minister of any denomination in the town before. Crowds stopped to read them, and better still, crowds came to hear them delivered. The success that attended the effort brought out such another placard for the second quarter; and similar tactics were adopted on the third and on the fourth. It is possible that the reader would like to learn what these remarkable subjects were. All of them we cannot give, but we will at least try to satisfy him with a selection. Here, then, are some of them:—"The Devil in the Garden;" "Apes and Peacocks;" "The man with six fingers and six Toes," "The Plague of Frogs," "Dry Bones," "Brimstone and Fire," "Tinkering Gipsies," "The Remedy for Boils," "Swallowed Alive," "The First Vagabond," "Wedding Presents," "The Man who never shaved," "Living on Grass," "A Mad Fellow," "A Great Reformer," "A Good Lawyer," "The Big Man with a Soft Head," "Spiders' Webs," "Miraculous Sticks," "The Cheapest Market," "A Handsome Young Man," "A Fine Woman," "A Sweet Singer," "An Old Witch," "The Talking Ass," "Men who turn the world upside down." After this last subject, we feel we need not name any more. No doubt of all his striking themes in this one Mr. Skylark felt most at home. His aim was at least to turn Middlebrook upside down, and to a certain extent he accomplished the task. The strange titles took, and the people came

mainly out of curiosity to hear what he would make of them. And to do him justice he did bring something out of every one of them. It is true that some satirical critics were bold enough to affirm that in not a few cases he performed a miracle, by often bringing out of his text what was never in it. But to such criticism he paid no heed. By hook or by crook, in some ingenious way or other, out of every text and every subject he managed to lug in what he delighted to call "the old Gospel story," though, often at the great risk of allying in the strangest way the solemnities of the Cross with the buffoonery of the Clown. But he did not stop here. As already intimated he was a very good singer, and therefore a great advocate for what in modern times is called the "Service of Song." He believed that nothing was more calculated to draw the people to the house of God than music, and acting upon this belief, music and song through his instrumentality soon became in the chapel the order of the day. Having by his indefatigable efforts succeeded in gathering a large choir; anthems, songs, duets, solos, trios and quartettes were not only introduced largely into the ordinary services, but also formed the prominent feature in special services, which, got up for pecuniary purposes, frequently converted the Lord's house into nothing better than a mere concert room. To this sort of musical innovation some of the older people gravely objected, on the ground that when they came to the house of the Lord, they came there to worship and not to listen to a musical *entertainment*. But this sort of argument Mr. Skylark pooh-poohed! The times demanded music, and music must be had. It was time that the dull old services had come to an end.

The people were not attracted by them, and they never would be. But music drew them, and once drawn they could be talked to, and who could tell therefore how many out of them might be saved? The end justified the means, and on that account these musical services should be held, say what these grave people would. So for the first year of the musical minister's pastorate, these odd sermons were preached and these musical entertainments were held, with the pleasing result that every sitting in the chapel was let, that the pastor's salary was largely

increased, and that no fewer than sixty candidates were baptized and added to the church. Such a "revival" as this the ancient church at Middlebrook had never witnessed within its chapel walls before, and yet strange to relate, amid the general rejoicing, there were a few of the grave and thoughtful members who were heard quietly to question whether the time would not soon come when the church would sorrowfully declare that it never wanted to see such a revival again!

*(To be continued.)*

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### OUR FATHER IS GOOD.

OUR Father is good! Is He not, sad heart?

For the summer's swift lightnings play,  
And high in the heavens of midnight dart  
The flash of His love's bright ray.

Oh! whisper thou not of a coming storm!

For the stars of His promise shine:  
While over the waters His own fair form  
Is nearing that barque of thine.

Our Father is good! Is He not, glad soul,

On the shores of love's boundless sea,  
Where ever and constant the deep waves roll,  
And rise to thy wading knee?

Thy footprints often are wide and turned;  
But the feet that are bathed in grace  
Will find that the beautiful truth is learned,  
That He covers the path we trace.

"Our Father is good, is He not?" I asked

Of a feeble and sickly one,  
As stretched on the sands by the sea she basked  
In the light of the healing sun.  
And the eye was lit with reflected rays  
From the beautiful Eye above:  
Till it seemed to rival in brilliant praise,  
The Sun of Redeeming Love.

Our Father is good! Oh, I cannot say

What "the good" of the world may be;  
But the God we love and to whom we pray,  
He is good, only good unto me.

And I never yet from His hand received,  
Either present, or word, or deed!  
But ever and only as Faith believed,  
Proved His goodness in my great need.

WILLIAM LUFF.

## Round the World in Seven Months.

WITH GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL LIFE IN OUR COLONIES, AND IN AMERICA.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

### PART VII.—LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.

#### *Religious Life.*

NEW ZEALAND, like its sister colonies, has no State church, and never has had, and we were curious to see the results of the voluntary principle on religious life there. Would the Episcopal Church languish or die for the want of State support? would Voluntaryism provide for the religious needs only of the cities and larger towns, leaving the country places neglected and destitute? We found neither of these predicted results had taken place, the religious aspect of New Zealand differing very slightly from that of our own country. Notwithstanding the loss of revenues, power, and prestige, the Church of England in the colony has the largest number not only of places of worship, but also of nominal adherents; and the several Nonconformist denominations bear nearly the same proportion to it and to each other as they do at home. The last census returns showed that out of a population of 500,000, those who returned themselves as members of the Church of England, numbered 200,000, or 40 per cent.; the Presbyterians came next with 120,000, or 24 per cent.; the Methodist bodies counted 40,000; Baptists and Independents, 20,000; Roman Catholics, 70,000; and those who neglected to declare themselves, and a small number of professed unbelievers, made up the balance of 50,000. The distribution too is very

general. Canterbury, which was originally settled under clerical influence, has the largest proportion of churchmen. The Scotch settlements of Dunedin and Invercargill are the strongholds of Presbyterianism; but the other religious bodies are fairly distributed over the entire Colony. Nor are the remoter villages left very destitute; when a new settlement is formed not much time is suffered to elapse before some building or hall is set apart for divine worship, and some religious service organised either by the minister of one denomination or by a succession of ministers of various denominations; while in all the chief towns there are sure to be found churches belonging to all the more important religious bodies. So far as religious worship is concerned the colony is nearly as well supplied as the old country.

On the other hand it would be a mistake to imagine that no effect has been produced by the abolition of State patronage. True the Church of England retains much of its prestige. It is still *good form* to go to church rather than to chapel. Nearly all the official, the governing, the wealthy classes, and the *haut ton* patronise the Episcopal church; but Bishops are rarely styled "My Lord;" they have no precedence as such in official ceremonials. To be a member of the English church confers no exclusive privilege, and to be a Nonconformist involves no disability. Ritualistic ceremonial

finds little favour, and priestly assumption is generally discountenanced.

If the pay of the clergy is in some places a little below that of the settled Nonconformist minister, it is because the churchman, accustomed to find his clergyman provided for by endowment, has not been trained to the same scale of giving as his dissenting neighbour; all the Churches, however, depend on the offertory which is made every Sunday.

This dependence on voluntary offerings, however, produces some undesirable results, perhaps more pronounced amongst Dissenters than Churchmen. It makes success depend too much on adventitious circumstances. Pulpit talent, musical attractiveness and personal influence count for more in the colonies than at home, so that it is difficult to ensure uniformity or to enforce discipline. A popular minister may indulge in speculative doctrine, may in many ways act independently of the opinions of his brethren or of his flock, and it is difficult for any authority to effectively bring him to book.

The minister in his turn can rarely afford to deal severely with a prominent deacon or liberal supporter of the cause even if his habits or opinions prove objectionable, and altogether the free and easy tone which pervades colonial life in all its aspects finds its way into the churches, and fosters a spirit of independence unfavourable to strictness of discipline. It is the fashion with some ministers to discard any distinctive dress, and a few take part in diversions and amusements which would be strongly objected to at home. In these cases the members of their flocks, as might be expected, allow themselves even greater latitude still, so that

the church and the world mingle more freely. Having said this, however, we feel pleased to add that so far as our observation and inquiries went, there is still a great preponderance of sound evangelical teaching and of earnest godly effort in the churches of New Zealand. Wherever Gospel truth is unfalteringly proclaimed, wherever spirituality of tone prevails with minister and people, *there* the cause is sure to be in the greatest prosperity, while unsoundness of doctrine, laxity in discipline, worldliness of spirit, always produce feebleness, if not failure.

In Auckland, for instance, the most crowded church is that of the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, who can only find room for his morning congregation by filling the aisles with seats, and in the evening is compelled to hold his service in the Music Hall, which seats 1,200 persons, and is always full. He is doing there a work proportionately as great as that of his father, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, is doing in London; and we are glad to find that a new Tabernacle is now being erected for the accommodation of his flock.

Next to his, in point of numbers, are the attendants on the evangelical Services held on Sunday evenings, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, in the theatre, which is always crowded to the doors.

In all the churches great prominence is given to the singing. One anthem or other set piece of music (sometimes more) is sung by the choir, while the congregation sit as listeners; and Moody and Sankey's hymns and choruses are great favourites. We shall never forget the effect produced by the piece, "It is well! It is well! with my soul!" as sung in the Music Hall by Mr. Spurgeon's choir.



Sunday is well kept, so far as total cessation from labour and suspension of all kinds of business are concerned; but here, as at Sydney, the lovely scenery of the harbour attracts many excursionists and picnic parties, the most frequented spot being the public park on the north shore, from the centre of which rises the hill where stands the signal station, commanding a most magnificent view. The next most popular excursions are to Mount Eden and to the harbour of Onehunga.

#### *New Zealand Railway Travelling.*

Being invited to visit a farm situated near the banks of the Waikalo river, some ninety miles from Auckland, we took the train to Rukuhia, the nearest station. We found the arrangements more primitive than in Australia: for instance, the cab to the station cost us 4s., though the ride was less than a quarter of a mile. When we arrived, there were no porters; we had to drag our luggage about ourselves. The fare was £1 2s. 6d., or 3d. a mile. The carriages were long saloons, with rather hard seats from end to end, affording, it is true, a good view of the country, but far from pleasant to travel in, for at every station there was a rush of rough and eager passengers embarking or disembarking, and slamming the doors at either end. Then the favourite place was the platform, just outside these doors, which was all the way crowded with smokers, who often filled the interior with the odour of stale tobacco smoke. Many sat on these platforms with their feet hanging over the side; others hung on to the handrails, and dropped down or climbed up while the train was in motion, quite reckless of danger.

We found the scenery *en route*

far finer than that of Australia. New Zealand has what that country lacks—mountains and hills, wood and water, lakes and rivers, grassy slopes and fertile plains. In more than one place we saw an elegant mansion standing in verdant meadows, with clumps of trees here and there, quite like an English park. There are, of course, districts not yet cleared, where stumps of trees or half-burnt trunks stand about in wild confusion; but even in these the work is done more thoroughly than in Australia. There is also much Bush, a shrub about four or five feet high, called the "Ti-tree," being very abundant. But this is easily fired and soon burns off, leaving the land very good for cultivation. Thistles cover large tracts of country; and, strange to say, the farmers do not complain of them. "They die off in three years," and then give no further trouble, "and the land is the better for them;" so, at any rate, we were told.

Before reaching our destination, we had to cross large tracts of marsh land, where dry grass was burning fiercely. In places the hot blast swept across the railway and half stifled us with smoke and heat. These fires are often very destructive, licking up dwellings and crops with their fiery tongues. They cannot be extinguished or controlled, but when they have burnt themselves out, the land is so rich that it will carry any crop that the farmer may require.

#### *The Maoris.*

On this journey we saw a good many natives, called Maoris (Mowreys), a dark-skinned, coarse-featured race who disfigure their faces—the men by an elaborate and intricate tattooing, which gives the appearance of being seamed like a carved cocoon; the women by two straight

lines of bright blue from the under lip to the chin. These mostly wear but a single garment, a kind of whitey-brown chemise or sack, and they have a squat, dumpy appearance. The men have a finer figure, tall, erect, agile, and muscular, but they are steadily diminishing in number. Small-pox, measles and fevers are very destructive, for they refuse to adopt any European method of treatment, and drunkenness and other vices are even more destructive than disease.

#### *A New Zealand Farm.*

We reached our destination in about eight hours, and were met at the station by the son of our hospitable host. There is no porter or station-master here. If a passenger wants to alight he tells the guard; if he wants to enter the train, he goes to a signal box and waves a red flag, when the train will be stopped for the purpose. We had next a drive of three miles, across a pretty rough bit of road; then entering the grounds of our host, we drove between a grove of Norfolk pines to a pretty farmhouse, which though built mainly of wood was as commodious and comfortable as any English homestead. The farmer's wife, a buxom dame of about forty, rejoiced in the presence of her sixteen children, who did not appear to have damped her spirits, nor caused her to look faded or worn-out. The farm itself, about 300 acres, was in fairly good cultivation, but labour is so scarce and dear that most of the work had to be done by the family; under these circumstances there could not be much in the way of luxury, but there was abundance of good food and plenty of homely comfort, and the welcome was most hearty and cordial.

#### *Sunday in the Provinces.*

The nearest town to Rukuhia is Hamilton, some six miles distant, a very clean and pretty place, on the banks of the Waikalo river, here spanned by a handsome girder bridge 300 yards long. Three religious denominations have churches here. We found a congregation of about seventy assembled in that belonging to the Wesleyans, a neat wooden structure with 200 sittings. The resident minister having to preach elsewhere, the pulpit was occupied by a probationer, a young man of great promise, who preached an excellent sermon from Romans viii. 1, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Interesting in his introduction, clear in his statement of doctrinal truth, convincing in its logical structure, and earnest in faithful appeal, it exhibited considerable pulpit power. It was no timid dissertation on a well-worn theme, but a sound and manly setting forth of a most important doctrine, was listened to with deep attention, and evoked much devout feeling. After the sermon, the sacrament of the Lord's supper was celebrated, the communicants not coming forth to kneel before the table, but arranged in alternate rows of seats, so that the young minister could easily bring the bread and wine to them: a very solemn and orderly service indeed. We visited the Sunday school in the afternoon, and found it well filled, with an amount of attention and good order equal to any similar school in our own country. We went to tea with the superintendent, who lives a mile away across the river in a neat little freehold cottage of his own, and is doing a good trade as keeper of a grocery and general store. A few years ago he

came out as a working man, with no capital, save his stout muscles and strong common-sense. He has

never tasted beer, wine, or spirits in his life, and is a good specimen of a class who make our best settlers.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### DORCAS: A PATTERN FOR CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

(Acts ix. 36-42.)

BY THE LATE REV JOHN COX, OF WOOLWICH.

It is very pleasing to read Scripture biography, and it is very profitable to study prayerfully the characters therein portrayed. We may form a tolerably correct judgment as to what was the general habit and character by so doing, and thus learn what we should avoid and what we should imitate. Thus, when we read of Mary "that she sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His words," we can but view her as a devout and contemplative believer. Martha, of whom it is said that she was "cumbered with much serving," we regard as very hospitable, though over-anxious, and easily moved by trifles. Of Priscilla it is said, that she was able to instruct zealous Apollos "in the way of God more perfectly;" and we feel sure that she was a woman deeply taught of God, and ready of speech: not full of *talk*, but of that speech which is "seasoned with salt." After reading the Divine testimony respecting Dorcas, we conceive of her as a quiet, unobtrusive, sympathetic, and laborious Christian; one who wept over human misery, and laboured to alleviate it. If Christian females have not all the gifts of Priscilla, let them try and imitate Dorcas. It is a disgrace to be idle,

or to spend precious time in trifling while there is so much to do for God, while every spirit of evil is so industriously employed, and while souls are perishing on every side. Dr. Watts has a very cutting sarcasm on such lovers of ease, which they would do well seriously to ponder.

"There are a number of us creep  
Into this world to eat and sleep;  
And know no reason why they're  
born,  
But merely to consume the corn,  
Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,  
And leave behind an empty dish,  
Then if their tomb stones when  
they die,  
Ben't taught to flatter and to lie;  
There's nothing better will be said,  
Than that they've eat up all their  
bread,  
Drank up their drink and gone to  
bed."

Still let such remember "that for all these things God will bring them into judgment."

Dorcas was not such a trifler. She lived to some purpose, she was one of the redeemed and peculiar people who was zealous of good works. She had found salvation in Christ, and she felt a burning zeal for Christ. It may be profitable to meditate a short time upon *her useful life—her lamented death—and her miraculous resurrection.*

Respecting her usefulness in life; we have it recorded by a pen which never flatters, that "she was full

of good works and alms-deeds *which she did.*" She not merely proposed and promised, but she *did.* She not only exhorted others, but she set them an example. Her good works arose out of Christian principle; she was a "*disciple,*" that is, a learner from, a believer in, an imitator of that great Redeemer who gave Himself for sinners. The love of Christ constrained her. She abode in Him and endeavoured to walk as He walked. Her works were not occasional, performed just to satisfy conscience, or to escape the censure of others—to do good was her habit and delight. She was *full* of good works; she felt that to do good to others was the business of her life; that she was new-born for this express purpose. Her head was *full of plans*; her heart *full of feeling*; and her hands *full of labour.* She was often no doubt asking, "What can be done?" "What can I do?" "How may I induce others to assist me?"

But in the midst of her usefulness Death the stern messenger appears and beckons her away. Would that he found all as well prepared and as well employed as was Dorcas! For her to live was Christ; to know Him, love Him, imitate Him, and to die will be gain. *She* has nothing to fear; death cannot hurt her, for she is passed from death to life. All is peace within, for the blood of Christ is there. All is bright above, for the Forerunner is waiting to receive her. All is glorious beyond the grave, for death shall soon be swallowed up in victory.

But what an afflictive event is this for others! While the sickness lasts, alternate hopes and fears fill the bosoms of those around her bed: but their worst fears are soon realised; she utters her last farewell, gives a parting exhortation to be

"always abounding in the work of the Lord," and then sweetly sleeps in Jesus. The standers-by weep and wonder at the mysterious providence; and perhaps some who had been relieved by her bounty and industry said, "Why are we left in our poverty, sickness, and helplessness, burdens to ourselves and others, and this useful woman taken away in the midst of her labours?" Peace, peace! troubled mourners, God is wise, and cannot do wrong; God is good, and will not act unkindly; God is a Sovereign, and must not be dictated to. Conclude not hastily, speak not rashly: all will be made plain hereafter. Wait on the Lord!

May we not learn from the unexpected death of Dorcas not to presume upon the certainty of life, whatever be our condition, relationship, or usefulness? Were God only to take those whom we think could be spared, others in the prime of life and in the field of usefulness would think themselves secure, and would want the incentive to watchfulness and labour which they now possess. "I die daily," was the language of one whom the world or the Church could ill spare. Oh, to have the lamp always trimmed, and the Lord's glory ever in view, that whether He come in the clouds of glory, or send death as His messenger, we may be found in Him, near to His cross, and active in His work!

After the honoured dust of Dorcas was prepared for the silent tomb, and while the mourners were sitting round recalling her character and example to mind, a strange thought thrills through one or more of the company. It soon was uttered and attracted attention: "The name of Jesus is stronger than the arm of death; that name has often robbed death of its prey; one who wields its glorious energies is near at hand:

who can tell, but the Lord will be gracious unto to us!" Hope was soon excited—earnest prayer was offered; messengers were despatched with all haste, and soon Peter stands among the group of mourners. What a scene met his eye! There lay the beloved Dorcas clasped in the embrace of death, round her silent clay stood those whose widowhood knew the solace of her sympathy, while down those furrows which grief and bereavement had ploughed on their countenances the tears swiftly chased each other. They hold in their hands the garments which Dorcas had made for them, gifts now doubly dear; these are shown to Peter, and the imploring look says, "Can we spare such a one? Oh, entreat God to give us back our benefactress, our friend, our pattern!" This touching scene shows how much she was loved, it proves that the poor have gratitude, and that there is no monument like the testimony, "I was naked, and ye clothed me."

Doubtless Peter was deeply affected by the scene, but he kindly and solemnly dismisses the weeping company. The tumultuous wailing of grief is succeeded by an awful silence. Peter is left in company with the dead saint and the living God. There is something very solemn in the spectacle of a dead body. As we look at the prostrate form once animated by the immortal spirit, we almost instinctively ask what end has been answered by *your* existence in this world? how have those hands, now so *powerless*, been employed? where did those now motionless feet love to tread? what theme employed that tongue now so silent? and where is the soul that once inhabited this crumbling tenement? How unsatisfactory the answer—how distressing the conclusion in numbers of instances. How

many through life, "yield their members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin!" They live without holiness, and die without hope. How many pass through this world as if it were indeed "a world without souls!" If Dorcas had spent her whole life in embroidery work, and had left behind her specimens of skill and industry for succeeding generations to admire—if she had as some do, devoted most of her thoughts and nearly every moment's leisure to the cultivation of her garden—if she had employed herself day after day in reading books of fiction and works of taste, which merely excite useless sensibilities, unfit for every-day life, and produce a distaste for holy truth—if she had, been one of "the tender and delicate women who would not venture to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness" (Deut. xxviii. 56)—if she had been a slave to the foolish fashions of the world, ever delighting in putting on fine and costly apparel; we should never have found her name in the sacred page, or heard of widows weeping over her.

But behold Peter bows himself before the throne of God, his spirit wrestles mightily. He has ascertained the Divine will; he rises assured that with God nothing shall be impossible. Strong in the might of Him who is the resurrection and the life, he approaches the sleeping saint, he calls her by name and bids her "Arise!" His voice penetrates the regions of death, brings back the absent spirit, and unites again for a short time the severed links of humanity. Dorcas opens her eyes, gazes on the countenance of the Lord's apostle, and rises again from the bed of death.

Who can paint the joy of those who again behold the benevolent and animated countenance of their

restored friend? They are lost in astonishment at the prevalency of prayer, the power of faith, the virtue of Jesus' name, and the greatness of God's love. "Yes," say they, "He who so loved us as to give His Son for us, has given us again our Dorcas, and now we, who sowed in tears, reap in joy." The wondrous tidings were circulated through the city, and "many believed in the Lord."

The life of Dorcas was beneficial, but her death and resuscitation were much more so. If we strive to honour God in lowly paths, we know not what dignity He may

confer upon us; but if we refuse to labour for Him unless we can do something which appears great in the eyes of men, we despise Him, and shall be lightly esteemed.

Peter is gone; we have no workers of miracles among us to bring back our loved ones from the arms of death: but Jesus lives, He lives to quicken and comfort our souls, and He is able even by our instrumentality to raise up many from the death of sin, and render them, like Dorcas, ornaments to the Church, and benefactresses to the world. Who would not labour for such a friend?

## Rebuke.

*My Sermon Notes.* By C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster.

THE second part of this work is just issued. The two parts bound together make a handsome five-shilling volume. This completes the Old Testament series. Another series of corresponding size, on the New Testament, will complete the project. From an early period of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry in London, he has shown extraordinary and increasing zeal in the training of pastors, evangelists, missionaries, and colporteurs for the manifold agencies of spreading the Gospel. Spurgeon's men are to be met with in all parts of the British Empire and of the habitable earth. The present generation cannot gainsay his enterprise, nor does it entertain a wish to do so. But his published works will prove to posterity, when he and all of us are gathered to our fathers, that it was his hearty desire to send forth faithful men, fully equipped for the service. Two sets of "Lectures to my Students" were supplemented by his

admirable treatise on "Commenting and Commentaries." And now "My Sermon Notes" supplies the key to the best method of preparation for the pulpit. We look upon these outlines as far more than helps to local preachers. Bright intellects may grow more brilliant by the use of Spurgeon's "patent burner." His own notes are far more concise: a half sheet of note paper holds them. When he turns the slip over he has come to the conclusion of the whole matter. The advantage of preparing a brief manuscript is obvious. It tethers a man to his text. Unlike Rowland Hill, of blessed memory, he never rambles.

*Morning by Morning*, by the same author, has been in circulation for the past twenty years. We notice it now, because the hundredth volume has just been issued. A sister volume, born a few years later, and christened "Evening by Evening," is following hard at its heels for popularity in Christian households.

*Fatherly Chastisement ; or, Comfort for God's People in Affliction and Trouble.*

By HENRY H. BOURN, author of "Gleanings from the Life and Teachings of Christ," &c., &c. S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

Who would seem so competent to comfort the afflicted as a man of God who has been for years in the furnace and sorely tried by hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick? This type of Christian experience has fallen to the lot of the writer of this book. Its contents are full of consoling thoughts calculated to show the silver lining to the dark cloud, and make the weary sufferers among God's children to sing songs in the night. We give the headings of seven chapters:—"Thoughts on Providence," "Suffering, the common lot of all man," "A much needed Lesson," "Wilderness Teaching," "The Pruning Knife," "The Consolation of God remarkably bestowed in the season of affliction and trial, and in the hour of death," "Encouragements to rely upon God in times of affliction and trouble.

*Kissing: Its curious Bible Mention.*

By JAMES NEIL, M.A., formerly Incumbent of Christ Church, Jerusalem, author of "Palestine Explored," &c., &c. Simpkin and Marshall, 4, Stationers' Hall Court.

It may strike some that this book would prove more curious than profitable. We have in it, however, a Biblical Expository most suitable for the libraries of ministers, local preachers and Sunday-school teachers. The writer shall speak for himself. He says: "The Bible mentions kissing no less than fifty times. Again, as many as twenty-eight times the reference is to men kissing men: a striking confirmation of the Oriental origin of Holy Scripture. As, however, many of the particular allusions to this practice are but little understood, some are very obscure, and one or two are most important, I

purpose in these pages to explain them all, and to point out the exact force and appropriateness of each." In the third chapter, the author shows that the apostolic exhortation "Great each other with a holy kiss," was addressed to men, with respect to men only, and to women with respect to women only. This is good, for in the stern times of good old John Bunyan, it is said he had to give a rebuke, he observing that the salutations were often partial, the most comely being selected for salute. This is a very instructive and worthy book.

*Think. A Reply to Lord Bramwell's "Plea for Drink."* By DAWSON BURNS, D.D. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

Dr. DAWSON BURNS is never so much at home as when dealing with the Drink question, and always proves his skill in dissecting an opponent. Both writers here state their case with considerable force, and we commend this pamphlet to the perusal of all. It gives the whole of Lord Bramwell's "Plea."

*Bible Light for Truthseekers and Christian Workers.* J. SHAW & Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

We called attention some time since to this work, which was forwarded to us in volume form. We again say a word for it, as it is a really good and useful penny monthly.

*The Illustrated Home Evangelist*, with which is incorporated "The Postman," edited by W. Y. FULLERTON. THIS is also a very worthy penny service, well illustrated with woodcuts, and contains General Articles, Readings for Children, Poetry, Biography, &c.

*Apostolic Preaching and its Infallible Success.* By THOMAS PAYNE. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THIS penny tract is quite according to our mind. It contains the very pith of the all-important question, What and how are we to preach to

the people? Our spirit burns with earnest and devout desire that the whole ministry may be baptized anew with the determination to preach nothing else but this apostolic Gospel, pure and unadulterated as received from the Master's hands.

*Methodist New Connexion Magazine* is a bright, intelligent, stimulating monthly, full to the overflow with stirring articles and useful information. In the June number is a very striking paper entitled "Charles Kingsley and Gambling," also a good woodcut likeness of the Rev. Charles Kingsley. The paper contains a letter from the reverend gentleman to his eldest son, when he was a boy at school, and who had put into a lottery at Derby. The Editor says, "I wish this letter would be read by all the youths of our Sunday schools and families. Around many of them the coils of this deadly serpent are entwined, and, as the coil tightens, the healthy religious and moral influences of the Sunday school and home are being pressed out of them."

*The Preacher's Analyst*, a monthly Homiletical Magazine (Elliot Stock), is now the best of this class of work that comes under our notice. We recommend for good, sound, interesting reading, the *Evangelical Christendom*, *Open Doors*, *The Silver Morn*, *Bible Work*, *Life and Light*, *The British Flag*, *Voice of Warning*,

all of which are working good in the Master's vineyard.

*The Sword and Trowel*. The June number contains the annual paper concerning the Lord's work in connection with the Pastors' College, 1884-85. The *General Baptist* has some valuable correspondence on the subject of Deacons, in relation to their terms of office. The *Baptist Magazine* has a good summary of our recent anniversaries, while the *Baptist* and *Freeman*, always good, are especially good at anniversary times.

The Religious Tract Society's Magazines for the young—the *Boys' Own* and the *Girls' Own*. We ask ourselves the question, How is it that in so many houses we enter we meet with these monthlies? We seek the answer by perusing the *Boys' Own* for June. Well, we find the first page bright, and it is bright each month with its coloured chromos. Here we have good likenesses of General Gordon and General Wolseley. Then its illustrations are so profuse and so good. We have been struck by the stirring, startling, and exciting character of the tales, yet their purity, possibility, and good instruction are sound. Then the columns on games for boys are undoubtedly an important factor in the interest excited. Well, supposing we could go back to boyhood, in all probability we should say, This is the monthly for us.

**SHEPHERD'S STAFF AND CROOK.**—The shepherd carried with him two instruments—the staff, for his own support, and to attack a beast or robber; and the crook, or rod. By this crook the shepherd guided a sheep in a dangerous pass, placing the crook under the sheep's neck, to hold him up and assist his steps. When a sheep was disposed to stray, the shepherd could hold him back with his crook. When the sheep had fallen into the power of a beast, the crook assisted in drawing him away. A good sheep loved the crook as much as the staff—to be guided as well as to be defended. Both of the shepherd's instruments were a great comfort to the sheep while passing through a frightful and dangerous valley. The interpretation usually given to the words "thy rod and staff"—as though they meant "thy gentle reproofs and thy severe rebukes"—is erroneous. A sheep would hardly tell his shepherd that his chastening rod, and the heavy blows of his staff, comforted him: The meaning is, It is a comfort to me to feel the crook of thy rod helping me in trouble, and to know that thy staff is my defence against wild beasts.



## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. W. GOODMAN has announced his intention to retire, at the end of this month, from the pastorate of the church at Belvedere, where he has laboured for twenty-one years.

Rev. F. J. Steward, of Calne, has accepted the pastorate of Ebenezer Church, Corsham, in succession to the late Rev. J. Hurlstone, who was also pastor at Calne previous to his removal to Corsham.

Rev. T. Maine, of Stogumber, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Ashton-under-Lyne.

Rev. R. Wallace, after nearly forty years' honourable service as minister of the church at Tottenham, has decided to resign his pastorate at Midsummer next; by arrangement, he will continue to reside in the chapel house. Rev. William W. Sidey, of Cupar Fife, has accepted the pastorate.

Rev. R. Wignall, of Brighton-grove College, has accepted the pastorate of Bethel Chapel, Waterfoot, near Manchester.

Rev. Frank Russell (late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's evangelist) has commenced his ministry at the Tabernacle, St. Luke's-street, Hull.

BRAINTREE, ESSEX.—Rev. J. A. Jones, of Regent's Park College, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate.

SHIPSTON-ON-STOUR.—Rev. R. T. Lewis has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate.

### PRESENTATIONS.

REV. T. LABDNER was presented, at the first anniversary of the opening of Battersea Park Tabernacle, with a cheque for twenty guineas in recognition of his devoted labours during the progress of the building. The congregations at the services are very

large, and there are now over 1,000 children on the roll of the Sunday school. Towards the debt of £1,500, a sum of £100 is promised from Mr. Meade's fund, conditionally upon another £300 being raised. The collections at the anniversary services amounted to over £50.

At the anniversary meeting of Chadwell Heath Chapel, the pastor, Rev. D. Taylor, was presented with a purse of gold and an illuminated address from the church and congregation, recognising in appreciative terms his labours among them during the last ten years.

### RECOGNITIONS.

REV. ARTHUR CLARENCE CHAMBERS was recognised on the 14th of May, as pastor of the church at Loose, near Maidstone. The charge to the pastor was given by Professor Gracey; Rev. C. Chambers, of Perth, addressed the church.

Rev. G. H. Harris was recognised on the 20th of May, as pastor of Highfield Road Chapel, Dartford.

Rev. Arthur Dewdney received public recognition, on the 19th of May, as pastor of the chapel at New Road, Rotherhithe.

Rev. John Griffiths, late of Pontypool College, was recognised on the 4th of May, as pastor of the English Church, Melincrythan. The charge to the minister was given by Rev. D. Davies; Rev. James Williams addressed the church and congregation.

Rev. I. O. Stalberg was recognised on the 28th of May, as pastor of the church at Faringdon.

Rev. A. Hetherington received public recognition on the 28th of May, as pastor of the church at Redhill.

Rev. J. H. Robinson, of the Pastors' College, received public recognition as pastor of the church at Henley-in-

Arden, on the 2nd of May. The late pastor (Rev. W. Radburn) presided. Rev. W. W. Robinson delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. Fisk addressed the church and congregation. Fraternal addresses were given by Revs. M. Philpin, L. Dunn, G. Lear, R. Willis, and J. Pugh.

Rev. W. A. Barker, of Regent's Park College, received public recognition on the 20th of May, in the chapel at Fritelstock. The charge to the young minister was delivered by his father, Rev. W. Barker, of Hastings; Rev. T. B. Field addressed the church. A vote of thanks was passed to the elders of the Bible Christian Chapel for the loan of their school-room for the evening meeting. In response, Messrs. Nichol and Bennett expressed the hope that the old brotherly feeling between the churches of North Devon would increase and manifest itself in a more practical manner in the future.

Rev. J. H. Kelly, of Sudbury, was recognised on the 19th of May as pastor of the church at Kingsbridge, vacant by the resignation of Rev. E. D. Wilks. The sermon was preached by Rev. S. Vincent. At the evening meeting Mr. R. C. Serpell presided. Revs. S. Vincent, I. Spear, A. Bridge, E. Fison, H. Hewitt, and H. Rattenbury delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. W. H. McMechan was recognised on the 20th of May as pastor of New Park Road Chapel, Brixton-hill. Rev. Dr. Green, President of the Baptist Union, who is a member of the church, occupied the chair, and in the name both of the congregation and of his brethren of the whole denomination, gave the right hand of fellowship to the pastor. Mr. McMechan, who was very cordially received, expressed his regret that his honoured predecessor (Rev. David Jones), was prevented by a prior engagement from being among them on that occasion. Revs. J. P. Gledstone, J. Douglas, and W. Horbert delivered fraternal addresses.

ALPERTON CHAPEL, NEAR SUDBURY,

MIDDLESEX.—The anniversary services, coupled with the recognition of the Rev. E. W. Stenlake as pastor, took place on Thursday, June 11th. Rev. J. R. Wood (President of the London Baptist Association), preached in the afternoon. Tea was provided in a marquee. A public meeting was held at 6.30, in the chapel, Colonel J. T. Griffin in the chair. Revs. W. A. Blake, J. C. Foster, H. H. Pullen, E. W. Stenlake, J. R. Wood, and Messrs. S. Shirley, and R. Terry addressed the meeting.

#### NEW CHAPELS.

MEMORIAL stones of a new chapel have just been laid at Wirksworth by Messrs. Thos. Spencer, W. Richardson, J. Keys, and Rev. C. Springthorpe, for his son, who was unavoidably absent through illness. From a statement made by the secretary of the building committee, it appeared that the subscription list, which was headed by the late Mr. R. Spencer with £500, did not reach the amount required by about £600. A collection made on the spot produced £115. In the evening there was a public meeting at the town hall, addressed by Revs. Dr. Underwood, T. R. Stevenson, W. H. Tetley, S. S. Allsop, G. Needham, I. R. Barnsley, H. F. Holmes, and C. Springthorpe, Mr. Councillor Bennett, of Derby, occupying the chair.

The Mayor of Eastbourne has laid the foundation stone of a new chapel, in course of erection at a cost of about £9,000, for the congregation under the pastorate of Rev. W. Osborne. The Mayor, as a member of the Church of England, expressed his thanks to the Baptists for what they had done in the past, ever since the days of the early reformers, and wished all possible success and prosperity to the Baptist cause in that place. The treasurer, in his address, said the church was designated Calvinistic Baptist, but differed somewhat from other churches bearing that name, the Lord's Table being open to all believers, and the

ordinance of baptism not being made a barrier to church membership.

Memorial stones of a new chapel have just been laid at Littleborough by Mr. Ald. Hargreaves, of Bacup; Mr. F. L. Stott, Rochdale; Mr. E. Wrigley, Smallbridge; and Mr. W. Greenwood, Littleborough. The building is estimated to cost from £1,800 to £2,000, and towards this amount about £850 has already been realised.

Foundation-stones of a new chapel and school have been laid on Wednesday at Arthur's-hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The new buildings will include chapel, school, and lecture-hall, and are estimated to cost £10,800. The chapel is intended to accommodate 850 persons, the school 500 children, and the lecture-hall 200 persons.

A building to seat 980 persons is about to be erected in Regent-street, Swindon, for the congregation now worshipping in Fleet-street. The design is to be similar to that of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION OF BAPTIST CHURCHES.**—Annual meetings were held at Portsmouth, June, 8th, 9th, and 10th. J. R. Smith, Esq., presided in the absence of the Moderator, who was ill. Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, was elected Moderator for the ensuing year. The association sermons were preached by Revs. H. C. Lake, of Southampton, and W. Julyan, of Bournemouth. The association letter was prepared and read by Rev. W. S. Davis, of Ryde, on "Brotherly Love." At the united communion service, Rev. J. W. Genders, of Kent Street Chapel, presided, and Rev. J. Harrison, of Niton, gave the address.

The annual meetings of the Beds Union of Christians (founded 1797) were held on Wednesday, May 27th, at Bedford. In the morning the Rev. Francis Tucker preached in Howard Chapel. The public meeting was held in the Bunyan-rooms in the afternoon, Rev. J. Brown in the chair. Addresses were given by Revs. G.

Hawker, A. S. Howell, T. Voysey, T. Watts, W. P. Irving, J. Cole; Messrs. G. Carruthers, G. M. Johnson, J. Goff, and others. Rev. Newman Hall preached in the evening at Bunyan meeting.

**LONGTOWN, HEREFORDSHIRE.**—The anniversary of Salem Sunday school was celebrated on May 2nd, when special sermons were preached in the morning and in the evening by the pastor, the Rev. J. S. James. In the afternoon appropriate recitations were given by the scholars, and several hymns and an anthem were sung by them under the leadership of Mr. E. Gardner. The collections were the largest ever realised, and the school is in a most flourishing condition.

**BRENTFORD PARK CHAPEL.**—The anniversary of the above chapel was held on Whit-Monday, May 25th, presided over by Mr. J. Corp, of Twickenham. Rev. J. S. Hockey, the pastor, gave a satisfactory report of the progress of the cause during the year. Addresses were delivered by Rev. W. Edwards, E. B. Pearson, J. Burnham, W. A. Blake, and by the deacons, Messrs. Brown and Barnes. On the following Sunday, sermons were preached by Rev. W. Edwards and E. B. Pearson.

**LUTON.**—Anniversary services were held at Wellington Street, on May 31st and June 2nd. On the Sunday, sermons were preached morning and evening by Rev. Isaac Levinsohn, and in the afternoon Mr. Levinsohn delivered an address to the young. On the Tuesday afternoon, a large number of friends partook of tea, and in the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, which was decorated with flowers and plants. Rev. F. J. Feltham, the pastor, presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. W. D. L. Slack, G. Durrell, W. E. Hurndall, I. Levinsohn, —Jupe, and the pastor, who promised to obtain £40 if the congregation would give the remainder of a sum of £125, the balance of the debt, etc. This has been done, and the church is for

the first time since its erection free from debt.

On June 8th, a sale of useful and fancy articles was opened at the School-rooms of Park Street Chapel, Luton, by J. Neil, Esq., of London, in connection with the Beds Baptist Association; the sale was continued on Tuesday night, and on Wednesday an entertainment was given by Miss Blake and others, consisting of music and recitations. The net proceeds were £100, which will be given to the village and poorer churches of the association. At the opening, addresses were given by Rev. Walker Feltham, Charlesworth Anderson, and J. H. Blake. The result was reached without games of chance, costumes, and some other practices often resorted to, and the most scrupulous could not find fault.

### RECENT DEATHS.

AFTER a long and painful illness, which for several years confined her to her couch, on April 30th Mrs. Ann Watts, of Gloucester, mother of the Rev. H. Watts, of Hyde, Manchester, fell asleep in Jesus, at the ripe age of 77 years. The daughter of godly parents, belonging to the Independent persuasion, she was brought in her early days to embrace Baptist tenets on witnessing a public baptism by the late Rev. James Smith, at Cheltenham. Amid the greatest social and domestic trials she remained firm to her principles, adhering steadfastly to Christ and His cause, when some of her dearest relatives forsook Christianity to embrace, through Robert Owen's teaching, the delusive theories of Socialism. For upwards of half a century she held on her way, being in any locality where she sojourned "a light in a dark place." To do good to individuals, either by word, deed, or letter-writing, was her delight even to the last; and her love for the oppressed brute creation often prompted her to "open her mouth for the dumb." Her complicated physical sufferings

were at times almost beyond endurance, but in answer to repeated prayers, the Lord graciously granted her an unclouded intellect to her dying day. The night before she departed she conversed calmly with a Christian friend for about an hour on religious topics, declaring that while she had no great joy she realised a trust in Jesus only that gave her solid peace. At one o'clock the next morning she told her only daughter that she felt she was dying, and shortly after eight, apparently in a state of unconsciousness, quietly breathed her last. She was interred on May 5th, in the cemetery, in the same grave as her husband had been ten years before, the Rev. John Bloomfield, of Gloucester, being the officiating minister.

We have to announce with deep regret the sudden death of our valued friend, Mr. James Benham, so many years treasurer to the Baptist Building Fund. His death took place on Monday, June 13th, at his residence in Wigmore Street, W.

### BAPTISMS.

- Aberavon.*—May 24, Two, by T. Richards.  
*Abercarn.*—May 17, English chapel, Four, by E. E. Probert.  
*Aldershot.*—May 27, York Town, Seven, by J. Aubrey.  
*Barrow-in-Furness.*—May 6, Two, by J. Hughes; June 7, Abbey Road, Eleven, by J. Russell.  
*Belfast.*—May 19, Two; May 26, Two; June 2, One, by E. J. Mateer.  
*Birmingham.*—May 31, Small Heath, Eleven, by C. Joseph.  
*Boroughbridge.*—May 17, Thirteen, by A. Sprague.  
*Bradfield.*—May 3, Two, by W. Dixon.  
*Carmarthen.*—May 17, Five, by J. Thomas.  
*Caerphilly.*—May 19, Six, by W. Morgans.  
*Caeuwent.*—May 31, Two, by S. H. Jenkins.  
*Chatham.*—May 20, Five, by T. Hancock.  
*Conlig.*—May 31, One; June 6, Two, by F. J. Ryan.  
*Cradley.*—May 31, Four, by J. Brown.  
*Crickhowell.*—May 8, Four, by J. Jenkins.  
*Darkhouse, Coseley.*—May 31, Seven; June 7, Six, by G. Dunnett.  
*Duisfermline.*—May 13, Eight; 20, Three, by J. T. Hagen.  
*Eythorne, Kent.*—May 31, Seven, by G. Stanley.  
*Grange'own.*—May 31, Eight, by J. Berryman.

- Great Grimsby*.—April 30, One; May 14, One, by W. Orton.
- Guildford*.—May 31, Commercial-road, Four, by J. Rankine.
- Haslingden*.—June 6, Four, by G. T. Bailey.
- Hereford*.—June 4, Two, by J. Williams, B.A.
- Holyhead*, Bethel.—March 28, Sixteen; May 10, Three, by R. Thomas.
- Idle*.—May 17, Twenty-five, by E. F. Cossey.
- Knighton*.—May 3, One; June 7, Fourteen, by W. Williams.
- Leigh*.—May 20, Five, by J. W. Wise.
- Llandudno*.—June 7, Seven, by J. Raymond.
- Llanwenarth*.—May 17, Four, by T. H. Williams.
- Longtown*.—May 31, Two, by J. S. James.
- London* :—
- Brixton*.—May 14, Seven, by W. Sullivan.
- Camberwell*.—May 31, East-street, Seven, by T. A. Carver.
- Enfield Highway*.—April 26, Potteridge-road, Four, by A. Brown.
- Lambeth*.—June 3, Upton, Fourteen, by G. W. Williams.
- Lewisham*.—May 31, Six, by A. C. Gray.
- Mill-End*.—May 21, Globe-road, Six, by F. Shearer.
- Peckham*.—June 3, James's-grove, Three, by J. E. Bennett; June 4, Three, for the church at Gordon-road, by T. H. A. Court.
- Putney*.—May 31, Four, by W. Thomas.
- Westminster*.—May 31, Romney-street, Six, by G. Davies.
- Loughwood*.—May 3, Two, by R. Bastable.
- Loose*, Maidstone.—June 3, Four, by A. C. Chambers.
- Luton*, Park-street.—June 1, Fourteen; 4, Five, by J. H. Blake.
- Lynn*.—May 24, Two, by H. Davies.
- Marlborough*.—May 26, Three, by A. G. A. Dridge.
- Measham*.—May 21, Twelve, by E. Noble.
- Merthyr*.—May 24, Four; 30, One, by E. Lewis.
- Mumbles*.—May 24, Bethany Chapel, Four, by T. Davis.
- Nantwich*.—May 31, Three, by P. Williams.
- Nantyglo*.—June 7, Five, by J. Pugh.
- Neath*.—June 6, Herbert-road, Two, by J. Griffiths.
- Nelson*, Lancashire.—May 13, Carr-road, Ten, by C. G. Croome.
- Norbiton*.—May 31, Three, by J. Clark.
- Newport*, Mon.—June 3, Inkerman-street, Four, by G. Harris.
- Ogden*.—May 31, Two, by W. S. Llewellyn.
- Offord*, Hunts.—June 7, Three, by G. Brown.
- Portsmouth*.—June 3, Lake-road, Six, by T. W. Medhurst.
- Presteign*.—May 31, One, by S. Watkins.
- Rawdon*.—June 3, One, by A. P. Fayers.
- Risca*, Mon.—May 17, Bethany Chapel, Four, by T. Thomas.
- Rochdale*.—May 13, Two, by D. O. Davies.
- Ross*.—June 7, One, by J. E. Perrin.
- St. Mellons*.—May 24, Seven, by T. Thomas.
- Selkirk*, N.B.—June 4, Four, by J. Brown.
- Sheerness*.—May 24, Four, by J. R. Hadler.
- Southsea*.—May 31, Seven, by J. P. Williams.
- South Stockton*.—May 31, Westbury-street, Three, by H. Winsor.
- Stockton-on-Tees*.—May 17, Six, by T. L. Edwards.
- Swansea*.—May 14, Seven, by D. Davies.
- Tenbury*.—May 17, Three, by H. V. Hobbs.
- Torquay*.—May 3, Upton Vale, Seven, by E. Edwards.
- Ton-y-Pandy Rhondda Valley*.—May 24, English Chapel, Four, by D. Davies.
- Tunbridge Wells*.—April 30, Ten, by J. Smith.
- Waltham Abbey*.—May 31, Four, by W. Jackson.
- Waterhouses*, near Durham.—May 3, One, by R. W. Dobbie.
- Wellington*, Salop.—May 24, Four, by J. B. Morgan.
- Widnes*.—May 31, Four, by R. Yeatman.
- West Row*, Suffolk.—June 4, Three, by J. Sage.
- Wick*, N.B.—May 17, One, by A. Hewlett.

**MARRIAGE.**—When a young man in Holland wishes to marry, the first question asked by his friends is, "Are you able to pay the charges?" That is, in plain English, "Are you able to keep a wife when you have got her?" What an amount of misery would be saved in this country if each person would ask himself this question, and give a sober, practical, matter-of-fact reply! Married life is not all poetry, honeymoons, and sweetmeats; but it is made up of stern, often very stern, realities, requiring much consideration and forbearance. It is most unwise for an ardent pair to rush hastily into responsibilities from which there is no escape except by death. The ways and means by which the daily wants are to be met require careful consideration before the "happy day" is appointed. To the neglect of this necessary precaution much of the misery in domestic life that now prevails may be attributed.

## SALVATION TO THE UTTERMOST.\*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.”—HEB. vii. 25.

SALVATION is a doctrine peculiar to revelation. Revelation affords us a complete history of it, but nowhere else can we find any trace thereof. God has written many books, but only one book has had for its aim the teaching of the ways of mercy. He has written the great book of creation, which it is our duty and our pleasure to read. It is a volume embellished on its surface with starry gems and rainbow colours, and containing in its inner leaves marvels at which the wise may wonder for ages, and yet find a fresh theme for their conjectures. Nature is the spelling-book of man, in which he may learn his Maker's name, he has studded it with embroidery, with gold, with gems. There are doctrines of truth in the mighty stars, and there are lessons written on the green earth and in the flowers upspringing from the sod. We read the books of God when we see the storm and tempest, for all things speak as God would have them; and if our ears are open we may hear the voice of God in the rippling of every rill, in the roll of every thunder, in the brightness of every lightning, in the twinkling of every star, in the budding of every flower. God has written the great book of creation, to teach us what He is—how great, how mighty. But I read nothing of salvation in creation. The rocks tell me, “Salvation is not in us;” the winds howl, but they howl not salvation; the waves rush upon the shore, but among the wrecks which they wash up they reveal no trace of salvation; the fathomless caves of ocean bear pearls, but they bear no pearls of grace; the starry heavens have their flashing meteors, but they have no voices of salvation. I find salvation written nowhere, till in this volume of my Father's grace I find His blessed love unfolded towards the great human family, teaching them that they are lost, but that He can save them, and that in saving them He can be “just, and yet the justifier of the ungodly.” Salvation then, is to be found in the Scriptures, and in the Scriptures only; for we can read nothing of it elsewhere. And while it is to be found only in Scripture, I hold that the peculiar doctrine of revelation is salvation. I believe that the Bible was sent not to teach me history, but to teach me grace—not to give me a system of philosophy, but to give me a system of divinity—not to teach worldly wisdom, but spiritual wisdom. Hence I hold all preaching of philosophy and science in the pulpit to be altogether out of place. I would check no man's liberty in this matter, for God only is the Judge of man's conscience; but

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it is my firm opinion that if we profess to be Christians, we are bound to keep to Christianity; if we profess to be Christian ministers, we drive away the Sabbath-day, we mock our hearers, we insult God, if we deliver lectures upon botany, or geology, instead of delivering sermons on salvation. He who does not always preach the Gospel, ought not to be accounted a true-called minister of God.

Well, then it is salvation I desire to preach to you. We have in our text two or three things. In the first place, we are told *who they are who will be saved*, "them that come unto God by Jesus Christ;" in the second place we are told *the extent of the Saviour's ability to save*,—"He is able to save to the uttermost;" and in the third place, we have *the reason given why He can save*, "seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

I. First we are told **THE PEOPLE WHO ARE TO BE SAVED**. And the people who are to be saved are "those who come unto God by Jesus Christ." There is no limitation here of sect or denomination: it does not say the Baptist, the Independent, or the Episcopalian that comes unto God by Jesus Christ, but it simply says, "*them*," by which I understand men of all creeds, men of all ranks, men of all classes, who do but come to Jesus Christ. They shall be saved, whatever their apparent position before men, or whatever may be the denomination to which they have linked themselves.

1. Now, I must have you notice, in the first place, *where these people come to*. They "come unto God." By coming to God we are not to understand the mere formality of devotion, since this may be but a solemn means of sinning. What a splendid general confession is that in the Church of England Prayer Book: "We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep; we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and we have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and there is no health in us." There is not to be found a finer confession in the English language. And yet how often, my dear friends, have the best of us mocked God by repeating such expressions verbally and thinking we have done our duty! How many of you go to chapel and must confess your own absence of mind while you have bowed your knee in prayer, or uttered a song of praise! My friends, it is one thing to go to church or chapel; it is quite another thing to go to God. There are many people who can pray right eloquently, and who do so; who have learned a form of prayer by heart, or, perhaps, use an extemporary form of words of their own composing: but who, instead of going to God, are all the while going from God. Let me persuade you all not to be content with mere formality. There will be many damned who never broke the Sabbath, as they thought, but who all their lives were Sabbath-breakers. It is as much possible to break the Sabbath in a church as it is to break the Sabbath in the park; it is as easy to break it here in this solemn assembly as in your own houses. Every one of you virtually break the Sabbath when you merely go through a round of duties, having done which, you retire to your chambers, fully content with yourselves, and fancy that all is over—that you have done your day's work—whereas, you have never come to God at all, but have merely come to the outward ordinance and to the visible means, which is quite another thing from coming to God Himself.

And let me tell you, again, that coming to God is not what some of you

suppose—*now and then sincerely performing an act of devotion, but giving to the world the greater part of your life.* You think that if sometimes you are sincere, if now and then you put up an earnest cry to heaven, God will accept you; and though your life may be still worldly, and your desires still carnal, you suppose that for the sake of this occasional devotion God will be pleased, in His infinite mercy, to blot out your sins. I tell you, sinners, there is no such thing as bringing half of yourselves to God, and leaving the other half away. If a man has come here, I suppose he has brought his whole self with him; and so if a man comes to God, he cannot come, half of him, and half of him stay away. Our whole being must be surrendered to the service of our Maker. We must come to Him with an entire dedication of ourselves, giving up all we are, and all we ever shall be, to be thoroughly devoted to His service, otherwise we have never come to God aright. I am astonished to see how people in these days try to love the world and love Christ too; according to the old proverb, they “hold with the hare and run with the hounds.” They are real good Christians sometimes, when they think they ought to be religious; but they are right bad fellows at other seasons, when they think that religion would be a little loss to them. Let me warn you all. It is of no earthly use for you to pretend to be on two sides of the question. “If God be God, serve Him; if Baal be God, serve him.” I like an out-and-out man of any sort. Give me a man that is a sinner: I have some hope for him when I see him sincere in his vices, and open in acknowledging his own character; but if you give me a man who is half-hearted, who is not quite bold enough to be all for the devil, nor quite sincere enough to be all for Christ, I tell you, I despair of such a man as that. The man who wants to link the two together is in an extremely hopeless case. Do you think sinners, you will be able to serve two masters, when Christ has said you cannot? Do you fancy you can walk with God and walk with Mammon too? Will you take God on one arm, and the devil on the other? Do you suppose you can be allowed to drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of Satan, at the same time? I tell you, ye shall depart, as cursed and miserable hypocrites, if so you come to God. God will have the whole of you come, or else you shall not come at all. The whole man must seek after the Lord; the whole soul must be poured out before Him; otherwise it is no acceptable coming to God at all. Oh halts between two opinions, remember this and tremble.

I think I hear one say, “Well, then, tell us what it is to come to God?” I answer, coming to God implies *leaving something else.* If a man comes to God, he must leave his sins; he must leave his righteousness; he must leave both his bad works and his good ones and come to God, leaving them entirely.

Again, coming to God implies, *that there is no aversion towards Him*; for a man will not come to God while he hates God; he will be sure to keep away. Coming to God signifies *having some love to God.* Again: coming to God signifies *desiring God*, desiring to be near to Him. And, above all, it signifies *praying to God and putting faith in Him.* That is coming to God; and those that have come to God in that fashion are among the saved. They come to God: that is the place to which their eager spirits hasten.

2 But notice, next, *how they come.* They “come unto God by Jesus



*Christ.*" We have known many persons who call themselves natural religionists. They worship the God of nature, and they think that they can approach God apart from Jesus Christ. There be some men we wot of who despise the mediation of the Saviour, and, who, if they were in an hour of peril, would put up their prayer at once to God, without faith in the Mediator. Do such of you fancy that you will be heard and saved by the great God your Creator, apart from the merits of His Son? Let me solemnly assure you, in God's most holy name, there never was a prayer answered for salvation, by God the Creator, since Adam fell, without Jesus Christ the Mediator. "No man can come unto God but by Jesus Christ;" and if any one of you deny the Divinity of Christ, and if any soul among you do not come to God through the merits of a Saviour, bold fidelity obliges me to pronounce you condemned persons; for however amiable you may be, you cannot be right in the rest, unless you think rightly of Him. I tell you, ye may offer all the prayers that ever may be prayed, but ye shall be damned, unless ye put them up through Christ. It is all in vain for you to take your prayers and carry them yourself to the throne. "Get thee hence, sinner; get thee hence," says God; "I never knew thee. Why didst not thou put thy prayer into the hands of a Mediator? It would have been sure of an answer. But as thou presentest it thyself, see what I will do with it!" And He reads your petition, and casts it to the four winds of heaven; and thou goest away unheard, unsaved. The Father will never save a man apart from Christ; there is not one soul now in heaven who was not saved by Jesus Christ; there is not one who ever came to God aright, who did not come through Jesus Christ. If you would be at peace with God, you must come to Him through Christ, as the way, the truth, and the life, making mention of His righteousness, and of His only.

3. But when these people come, *what do they come for?* There are some who think they come to God, who do not come for the right thing. Many a young student cries to God to help him in his studies; many a merchant comes to God that he may be guided through a dilemma in his business. They are accustomed, in any difficulty, to put up some kind of prayer, which, if they knew its value, they might cease from offering, for "the sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord." But the poor sinner, in coming to Christ, has only one object. If all the world were offered to him, he would not think it worth his acceptance if he could not have Jesus Christ. There is a poor man condemned to die, locked up in the condemned cell: the bell is tolling: he will soon be taken off to die on the gallows. There, man, I have brought you a fine robe. What! not smile at it? Look! it is stiff with silver! Mark you not how it is bedizened with jewels? Such a robe as that cost many and many a pound, and much fine workmanship was expended on it. Contemptuously he smiles at it! See here, man, I present thee something else; here is a glorious estate for thee, with broad acres, fine mansions, parks and lawns; take that title deed, 'tis thine. What! not smile, sir? Had I given that estate to any man who walked the street, less poor than thou art, he would have danced for very joy. And wilt not thou afford a smile, when I make thee rich and clothe thee with gold? Then let me try once more. There is Cæsar's purple for thee; put it on thy shoulders—there is his crown; it shall sit on no other head but thine. It is the

crown of empires that know no limit. I'll make thee a king ; thou shalt have a kingdom upon which the sun shall never set ; thou shalt reign from pole to pole. Stand up ; call thyself Cæsar. Thou art emperor. What ! no smile ? What dost thou want ? "Take away that bauble," says he of the crown ; "rend up that worthless parchment ; take away that robe ; ay, cast it to the winds. Give it to the kings of the earth who live ; but I have to die, and of what use are these to me ? Give me a pardon, and I will not care to be a Cæsar. Let me live a beggar, rather than die a prince." So is it with the sinner when he comes to God : he comes for salvation. He says—

"Wealth and honour I disdain ;  
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain,  
These will never satisfy,  
Give me Christ, or else I die."

Mercy is his sole request. O my friends, if you have ever come to God, crying out for salvation, and for salvation only, then you have come unto God aright. It were useless then to mock you. You cry for bread : should I give you stones ? You would but hurl them at me. Should I offer you wealth ? It would be little. We must preach to the sinner who comes to Christ, the gift for which he asks—the gift of salvation by Jesus Christ the Lord—as being his own by faith.

4. One more thought upon this coming to Christ. *In what style do these persons come ?* I will try and give you a description of certain persons, all coming to the gate of mercy, as they think, for salvation. There comes one, a fine fellow in a coach and six ! See how hard he drives, and how rapidly he travels ; he is a fine fellow ; he has men in livery, and his horses are richly caparisoned ; he is rich, exceeding rich. He drives up to the gate, and says, "Knock at that gate for me ; I am rich enough, but still I dare say it would be as well to be on the safe side ; I am a very respectable gentleman ; I have enough of my own good works and my own merits, and this chariot, I dare say, would carry me across the river of death, and land me safe on the other side ; but still, it is fashionable to be religious, so I will approach the gate. Porter ! undo the gates, and let me in ; see what an honourable man I am." You will never find the gates undone for that man ; he does not approach in the right manner. There comes another ; he has not quite so much merit, but still he has some ; he comes walking along, and having leisurely marched up, he cries, "Angel ! open the gate to me ; I am come to Christ ; I think I should like to be saved. I do not feel that I very much require salvation ; I have always been a very honest, upright, moral man ; I do not know myself to have been much of a sinner ; I have robes of my own ; but I would not mind putting Christ's robes on ; it would not hurt me. I may as well have the wedding garment ; then I can have mine own too." Ah ! the gates are still hard and fast, and there is no opening of them. But let me show you the right man. There he comes, sighing and groaning, crying and weeping all the way. He has a rope on his neck, for he thinks he deserves to be condemned. He has rags on him, he comes to the heavenly throne ; and when he approaches mercy's gate he is almost afraid to knock. He lifts up his eyes and he sees it written, "Knock, and it shall be opened to you ;" but he fears lest he should profane the gate by

his poor touch ; he gives at first a gentle rap, and if mercy's gate open not, he is a poor dying creature ; so he gives another rap, then another and another ; and although he raps times without number, and no answer comes, still he is a sinful man, and he knows himself to be unworthy ; so he keeps rapping still ; and at last the good angel smiling from the gate, says, " Ah ! this gate was built for beggars, not for princes ; heaven's gate was made for spiritual paupers, not for rich men. Christ died for sinners, not for those who are good and excellent. He came into the world to save the vile.

'Not the righteous,—  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.'

Come in, poor man ! Come in. Thrice welcome !" And the angels sing, " Thrice welcome !" How many of you, dear friends, have come to God by Jesus Christ in that fashion ? Not with the pompous pride of the Pharisee, not with the cant of the good man who thinks he deserves salvation, but with the sincere cry of a penitent, with the earnest desire of a thirsty soul after living water, panting as the thirsty hart in the wilderness after the water-brooks, desiring Christ as they that look for the morning ; I say, more than they that look for the morning. As my God who sits in heaven liveth, if you have not come to God in this fashion, you have not come to God at all ; but if you have thus come to God, here is the glorious word for you—" He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him."

II. Thus we have disposed of the first point, the coming to God ; and now, secondly, WHAT IS THE MEASURE OF THE SAVIOUR'S ABILITY ? This is a question as important as if it were for life or death—a question as to the ability of Jesus Christ. How far can salvation go ? What are its limits and its boundaries ? Christ is a Saviour : how far is He able to save ? He is a Physician : to what extent will His skill reach to heal diseases ? What a noble answer the text gives ! " He is able to save to the uttermost." Now, I will certainly affirm, and no one can deny it, that no one here knows how far the uttermost is. David said, if he took the wings of the morning, to fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, even there should God reach him. But who knoweth where the uttermost is ? Borrow the angel's wing, and fly far, far beyond the most remote star : go where wing has never flapped before, and where the undisturbed ether is as serene and quiet as the breast of Deity itself : you will not come to the uttermost. Go on still ; mounted on a morning ray, fly on still, beyond the bounds of creation, where space itself fails, and where chaos takes up its reign : you will not come to the uttermost. It is too far for mortal intellect to conceive of ; it is beyond the range of reason or of thought. Now, our text tells us that Christ is " able to save to the uttermost."

1. Sinner, I shall address thee first ; and saints of God, I shall address you afterwards. Sinner, Christ is " able to save to the uttermost ;" by which we understand that *the uttermost extent of guilt* is not beyond the power of the Saviour. Can any one tell what is the uttermost amount to which a man might sin ? I may imagine a person has crept in here, who thinks himself to be the most loathsome of all beings, the most condemned of all creatures. " Surely," says he, " I have gone to the utmost extremity of sin ; none could outstrip me in vice."

My dear friend, suppose you had gone to the uttermost, remember that even then you would not have gone beyond the reach of divine mercy; for He is "able to save to the uttermost," and it is possible that you yourself might go a little further, and therefore you have not gone to the uttermost yet. However far you may have gone—if you have gone to the very Arctic regions of vice, where the sun of mercy seems to scatter but a few oblique rays, there can the light of salvation reach you. If I should see a sinner staggering on in his progress to hell, I would not give him up, even when he had advanced to the last stage of iniquity. Though his foot hung trembling over the very verge of perdition, I would not cease to pray for him; and though he should in his poor drunken wickedness go staggering on till one foot were over hell, and he were ready to perish, I would not despair of him. Till the pit had shut her mouth upon him I would believe it still possible that divine grace might save him. See there! he is just upon the edge of the pit, ready to fall; but ere he falls, free grace bids, "Arrest that man!" Down mercy comes, catches him on her broad wings, and he is saved, a trophy of redeeming love. If there be any such in this vast assembly—if there be any here of the outcast of society, the vilest of the vile, the scum, the dross of this poor world,—oh! ye chief of sinners! Christ is "able to save to the uttermost." Tell that everywhere, in every garret, in every cellar, in every haunt of vice, in every kennel of sin; tell it everywhere! "To the uttermost!" "He is able also to save them to the uttermost."

2. Yet again: not only to the uttermost of crime, but to the uttermost of rejection. I must explain what I mean by this. There are many of you here who have heard the gospel from your youth up. I see some here, who like myself, are children of pious parents. There are some of you upon whose infant forehead the pure heavenly drops of a mother's tears continually fell; there are many of you here who were trained up by one whose knee, whenever it was bent, was ever bent for you. She never rested in her bed at night till she had prayed for you, her first-born son. Your mother has gone to heaven, it may be, and all the prayers she ever prayed for you are as yet unanswered. Sometimes you wept. You remember well how she grasped your hand, and said to you, "Ah! John, you will break my heart by this your sin, if you continue running on in those ways of iniquity; oh! if you did but know how your mother's heart yearns for your salvation, surely your soul would melt, and you would fly to Christ." Do you remember that time? The hot sweat stood upon your brow, and you said—for you could not break her heart—"Mother, I will think of it;" and you did think of it; but you met your companion outside, and it was all gone: your mother's expostulation was brushed away; like the thin cobwebs of the gossamer, blown by the swift north wind, not a trace of it was left. Since then you have often stepped in to hear the minister. Not long ago you heard a powerful sermon; the minister spoke as though he were a man just started from his grave, with as much earnestness as if he had been a sheeted ghost come back from the realms of despair, to tell you of his own awful fate, and warn you of it. You remember how the tears rolled down your cheeks, while he told you of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come; you remember how he preached to you Jesus and salvation by the cross, and you rose up from your

seat in that chapel, and you said, "Please God I am spared another day, I will turn to Him with full purpose of heart." And there you are, still unchanged—perhaps worse than you were; and you have spent your Sunday afternoon the angel knows where: and your mother's spirit knows where you have spent it too, and could she weep, she would weep over you who have this day despised God's Sabbath, and trampled on His Holy Word. But dost thou feel in thine heart to-night the tender motions of the Holy Spirit? Dost thou feel something say, "Sinner! come to Christ now?" Dost thou hear conscience whispering to thee, telling thee of thy past transgression? And is there some sweet angel voice, saying, "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus; He will save you yet?" I tell you, sinner, you may have rejected Christ to the very uttermost; but He is still able to save you. There are a thousand prayers on which you have trampled, there are a hundred sermons all wasted on you, there are thousands of Sabbaths which you have thrown away; you have rejected Christ, you have despised His Spirit; but still He ceases not to cry, "Return, return!" He is "able to save thee to the uttermost," if thou comest unto God by Him.

3. There is another case which demands my particular attention to-night. It is that of the man who has gone to the *uttermost of despair*. There are some poor creatures in this world, who from a course of crime have become hardened, and when at last aroused by remorse and the prickings of conscience, there is an evil spirit which broods over them, telling them it is hopeless for such as they are to seek salvation. We have met with some who have gone so far that they have thought that even devils might be saved rather than they could. They have given themselves up for lost, and signed their own death-warrant, and in such a state of mind have positively taken the halter in their hand, to end their unhappy lives. Despair has brought many a man to a premature death; it hath sharpened many a knife, and mingled many a cup of poison. Have I a despairing person here? I know him by his sombre face and downcast looks. He wishes he were dead, for he thinks that hell itself could be scarce worse torment than to be here expecting it. Let me whisper to him words of consolation. Despairing soul! hope yet, for Christ "is able to save to the uttermost;" and though thou art put in the lowest dungeon of the castle of despair, though key after key hath been turned upon thee, and the iron grating of thy window forbids all filing, and the height of thy prison-wall is so awful that thou couldst not expect to escape, yet let me tell thee, there is One at the gate who can break every bolt, and undo every lock; there is One who can lead thee out to God's free air and save thee yet, for though the worst may come to the worst, He is "able to save thee to the uttermost."

4. And now a word to the saint, to comfort him: for this text is his also. Beloved brother in the gospel! Christ is able to save thee to the uttermost. Art thou brought very low by *distress*? hast thou lost house and home, friend and property? Remember, thou hast not come "to the uttermost" yet. Badly off as thou art, thou mightest be worse. He is able to save thee; and suppose it should come to this, that thou hadst not a rag left, nor a crust, nor a drop of water, still He would be able to save thee, for "He is able to save to the uttermost." So with temptation. If thou shouldst have the sharpest *temptation* with which mortal was ever

tried, He is able to save thee. If thou shouldst be brought into such a predicament that the foot of the devil should be upon thy neck, and the fiend should say, "Now I will make an end of thee," God would be able to save thee then. Ay, and in the uttermost *infirmity* shouldst thou live for many a year, till thou art leaning on thy staff, and tottering along thy weary life, if thou shouldst outlive Methuselah, thou couldst not live beyond the uttermost, and He would save thee then. Yes, and when thy little bark is launched by *death* upon the unknown sea of eternity, He will be with thee ; and though thick vapours of gloomy darkness gather round thee, and thou canst not see into the dim future, though thy thoughts tell thee that thou wilt be destroyed, yet God will be "able to save thee to the uttermost."

Then, my friends, if Christ is able to save a Christian to the uttermost, do you suppose He will ever let a Christian perish? Wherever I go, I hope always to bear my hearty protest against the most accursed doctrine of a saint's falling away and perishing. There are some ministers who preach that a man may be a child of God (now, angels! do not hear what I am about to say, listen to me, ye who are down below in hell, for it may suit you), that a man may be a child of God to-day, and a child of the devil to-morrow ; that God may acquit a man, and yet condemn him—save him by grace, and then let him perish—suffer a man to be taken out of Christ's hands, though He has said such a thing shall never take place. How will you explain this? It certainly is no lack of power. You must accuse Him of a want of love, and will you dare to do that? He is full of love ; and since He has also the power, He will never suffer one of His people to perish. It is true, and ever shall be true, that He will save them to the very uttermost.

III. Now, in the last place, WHY IS IT THAT JESUS CHRIST IS "ABLE TO SAVE TO THE UTMOST?" The answer is, that He "ever liveth to make intercession for them." This implies that *He died*, which is indeed the great source of His saving power. Oh! how sweet is it to reflect upon the great and wondrous works which Christ hath done, whereby He hath become "the high priest of our profession," able to save us! It is pleasant to look back to Calvary's hill, and to behold that bleeding form expiring on the tree ; it is sweet, amazingly sweet, to pry with eyes of love between those thick olives, and hear the groanings of the Man who sweat great drops of blood. Sinner, if thou askst me how Christ can save thee, I tell thee this—He can save thee, because He did not save Himself ; He can save thee, because He took thy guilt and endured thy punishment. There is no way of salvation apart from the satisfaction of Divine justice. Either the sinner must die, or else some one must die for him. Sinner, Christ can save thee, because if thou comest to God by Him, then He died for thee. God has a debt against us, and He never remits that debt ; He will have it paid. Christ pays it, and then the poor sinner goes free.

And we are told another reason why He is able to save : not only because He died, *but because He lives to make intercession for us*. That Man who once died on the cross is alive : that Jesus who was buried in the tomb is alive. If you ask me what He is doing, I bid you listen. Listen, if you have ears! Did you not hear Him, poor penitent sinner? Did you not hear His voice, sweeter than harpers playing on their harps?

Did you not hear a charming voice? Listen! what did it say? "O my Father! forgive —!" Why, He mentioned your own name! "O my Father, forgive him; he knew not what he did. It is true he sinned against light, and knowledge, and warnings; sinned wilfully and woefully; but, Father, forgive him!" Penitent, if thou canst listen, thou wilt hear Him praying for thee. And that is why He is able to save.

A warning and a question, and I have done. First, a warning. Remember, *there is a limit to God's mercy*. I have told you from the Scriptures, that "He is able to save to the uttermost;" but there is a limit to His purpose to save. If I read the Bible rightly, there is one sin which can never be forgiven. It is the sin against the Holy Ghost. Tremble, unpardoned sinners, lest ye should commit that. If I may tell you what I think the sin against the Holy Ghost is, I must say that I believe it to be different in different people; but in many persons, the sin against the Holy Ghost consists in stifling their convictions. Tremble, my hearers, lest to-night's sermon should be the last you hear. Go away and scorn the preacher, if you like; but do not neglect his warning. Perhaps the very next time thou laughest over a sermon, or mockest at a prayer, or despisest a text, the very next oath thou swearest, God may say, "He is given to idols, let him alone; my Spirit shall no more strive with that man; I will never speak to him again." That is the warning.

And now, lastly, the question. *Christ has done so much for you: what have you ever done for Him?* Ah! poor sinner, if thou knewest that Christ died for thee—and I know that He did, if thou repentest—if thou knewest that one day thou wilt be His, wouldst thou spit upon Him now? wouldst thou scoff at God's day, if thou knewest that one day it will be thy day? wouldst thou despise Christ, if thou knewest that He loves thee now, and will display that love by-and-by? Oh! there are some of you that will loathe yourselves when you know Christ because you did not treat Him better. He will come to you one of these bright mornings, and He will say, "Poor sinner, I forgive you;" and you will look up in His face, and say, "What! Lord, forgive me? I used to curse Thee, I laughed at Thy people, I despised everything that had to do with religion. Forgive me?" "Yes," says Christ, "give me thy hand; I loved thee when thou hatedst Me: come here!" And sure there is nothing will break a heart half so much as thinking of the way in which you sinned against One who loved you so much.

Oh! beloved, hear again the text,—*"He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."* I am no orator, I have no eloquence; but if I were the one, and had the other, I would preach to you with all my soul. As it is, I only talk right on, and tell you what I do know; I can only say again,

"He is able;  
He is willing; doubt no more.

Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify:  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh—  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy."

"Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." O Lord! make sinners come! Spirit of God! make them come! Compel them to come to Christ by sweet constraint, and let not our words be in vain, nor our labour lost; for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

## Mary Upton's Experiences.

A NARRATIVE FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER VIII.—A SENSATIONAL END.

ONE of the characteristics of the Nineteenth Century is that indisputably, above all past ages, it is an age of competition. Business men of all classes tell us that they meet with it everywhere. No sooner is one invention patented than it is soon superseded by another of a superior kind that serves to put the original design in the shade. If one shop is opened to sell a particular article in a certain street, just as a good sale is secured, another enterprising individual opens a second, with a puffing intimation that a better article of the same class can be had there at less cost. The same difficulty meets the merchant on 'Change, and the commercial traveller as he goes his rounds. In every trade, and in every profession, numbers are to be found ever ready to undersell their neighbour, or to produce articles which professedly are far more worthy of the purchaser's acceptance!

We need hardly add that this spirit of competition has also found its way into the ministry.

Looking around, we observe its prevalence in almost every denomination. The High Church ministry caters for the public with its ritualistic vagaries. The Dissenting sects are largely doing the same thing by the wholesale introduction of novel emotional missions. Not a few ministers of the Skylark type seek to attract the people by sensational subjects and methods; and the culmination of all this is naturally seen in the advent of the so-called Salvation Army, with its unscriptural officers, irreverent placards, noisy processions, and grotesque performances. The introduction of one novelty invariably leads to the introduction of another, and the second to a third, and so on, until the people get satiated and turn away from the whole with unmitigated disgust. The competition does its work; and the end, in the religious world, as well as in the commercial, is often the Court of Bankruptcy, and well nigh irretrievable ruin.

It was not long before Mr. Skylark was destined to learn this sad lesson. Scarcely had his first year's pastorate expired, before the "Pri-



mitives," finding that their congregations had seriously declined through the new Baptist minister's rousing tactics, thought it to be time to enter on the same rousing reprisals; and they too, secured a man who, in his peculiar line, was soon reputed to "beat him hollow!" by leading processions in the streets, and singing on the road, and then gathering the people in to hear sermons of the revival kind, and rousing them often to a pitch of intense excitement, numbers of the new converts were easily drawn from the Baptist chapel to listen in ecstasy to the new Methodist preacher. The increasing thinness of his congregations began to give Mr. Skylark some measure of uneasiness; and his spirit of dejection increased when he found that a more exciting quarterly placard of singular subjects which he put forth failed to win back the attendance of the fickle multitude. It is said that "troubles seldom come alone," and Mr. Skylark seemed doomed to verify its accuracy. It so happened that just as the Methodist revival fever was at its height, the Salvation Army put in an appearance, and created more than usual excitement among "the roughs" in the town and district, by opening their Barracks, and inaugurating their martial processions. The regimen'als, the unique bonnets, the big drum, the brass instruments, the tambourines, and the popular choruses seemed to set all Middlebrook on fire. Whole streets turned out to view the strange phenomena, the chapels were half emptied, and the new converts, both of the Baptists and the Primitives by their constant attendance soon made it manifest that in the new sensation they had now found novelties far more to their taste than any that Mr. Skylark

or the Primitive Methodist minister had invented. How to meet this unexpected species of competition almost drove Mr. Skylark to his wit's end; and his trouble was by no means decreased when he found that his Primitive brother had ingeniously solved the problem, so far as he himself was concerned, by partially joining in with the Salvation Army people, and thus shrewdly securing for his own body a goodly number of their rough recruits.

From a congregation of six hundred, in less than nine months Mr. Skylark's congregation had dwindled down to one of less than half that number; and to add further to his grief, not only had the pew-rents decreased in proportion, but a good number of his newly-made converts had already ceased to attend their own chapel, except at irregular intervals. In vain he visited them, and "hunted them up;" either they promised to come and did not, or else they honestly confessed that they found far more *entertainment* at the Salvation Army Barracks. What to do, therefore, to counteract the evil he knew not; but one thing he was bound inwardly to confess, and that was that unless things mended in some unexpected way, only one resource would be open to him; he must as a matter of necessity send in his own resignation.

But happily for him this anticipated ignominious close to a short pastorate was, after all, not destined to be realised. In the church he had at least one genuine and true friend, whose honest strictures on his sensational conduct had often led him to imagine her to be a real foe. At the time he was chosen so suddenly to be the pastor, Miss Upton was away paying a visit to her aunt, Miss Blossom. When she came back she viewed with some degree of alarm

the proceedings of the new pastor. She soon therefore let him know that she disagreed with his extraordinary performances. The consequence was that a coolness sprang up between them that led her seriously to question whether it was her duty to sit under such a ministry. But her class in the Sunday-school, with other work in the church, prevented for a time at least a severance that she feared must ultimately take place. Now, however, the clouds seemed to disperse. What caused some in the church sorrow caused her real joy. In fact she saw farther than many. She believed that the death-blow given to unscriptural novelties would be succeeded by the importation of new spiritual life into the church. She also hoped that profiting by the severe lesson that he was receiving Mr. Skylark, if a sadder, would become a wiser and a better man. So to that gentleman's surprise, in the time of his deep depression, at a seasonable opportunity, she held out to him a friendly hand, and gave him a cordial invitation to dine with the family and to stay to tea. Surprised but gratified at this unexpected act of kindness, he smilingly agreed to come, at the same time, however, suspecting that Miss Upton had some ulterior object in view in thus drawing him again after an interval of many months to Melbourne House.

And in this shrewd suspicion Mr. Skylark was not wrong. Soon after the dinner things had been removed, both he and Miss Upton were, by a private family arrangement, left in the drawing-room alone. After a little general conversation the talk naturally drifted into the state of affairs in the church and in the town. This was just the thing Miss Upton wanted, and she therefore abruptly dived at once into the sub-

ject that lay nearest her heart by saying :

"I suppose, Mr. Skylark, you feel very sorry that our congregation has gone down so?"

"Indeed I do," was the reply.

"But I do not, sir."

"You do not!" he ejaculated in surprise.

"No. On the contrary, I am very glad."

"Are you not joking, ma'am?"

"No, sir: I was never more serious in my life. Stare as you may, I really mean what I say."

"You astonish me, Miss Upton. I never supposed that you had a nature that could take pleasure in calamity."

"Nor have I, Mr. Skylark. It is evident you do not see where I am. I do not look upon it as a calamity. If I did, I should be as sorry over it as you are."

"Then do you not reckon it to be a calamity when a congregation declines?"

"Not always. It depends, you see, on *why* it declines. If people decline to attend because they dislike to hear the Gospel faithfully preached, that would be to me a cause for great sorrow: but if they decline because they prefer a lesser entertainment for a greater, I do not see that there is much ground for complaint."

"I hardly understand what you mean, Miss Upton!"

"Well, then, if you will take it kindly, I will be honest and tell you. You know very well that I was not at home when you were chosen to be our pastor. If I had been, after hearing you three or four times, I believe I should have voted against you. One thing I know, my parents did not vote either for or against you, but remained neutral. They have told me since that they hardly knew

what to make of you, but when they saw the young people carried away so by your sermons and singing, they thought it best to be quiet and let matters take their course. But my mind was soon made up, and subsequent events have shown that the conclusion I came to was correct. Now, Mr. Skylark, I do not wish to flatter you, but I say honestly that I think you have a very good delivery, and sometimes, when you are solemn, you can be most impressive. You have also what in a minister I value most highly, and that is a power of appeal, which, when you are *quietly* in earnest, tells home with remarkable force upon your hearers' consciences. It is only a minister here and there that has this appealing power; and you may feel very grateful to God for bestowing upon you this valuable gift. But when I have said that I have said all I care to say of a commendatory kind. If I could say more I would; for whether you believe me or not, I can assure you, sir, I would rather utter a dozen words of praise than one word of blame. But truth, and I may even add the regard that I have for yourself, and the earnest desire I entertain for your usefulness and spiritual prosperity, compels me to speak out, if, indeed, you will hear me at all. Will you therefore promise me that you will not take offence if I speak out my mind plainly for your good?"

"Go on, Miss Upton: go on. Please, however, in a spirit of

charity, to give me credit at least for one other good quality in addition to the two you have kindly enumerated. Give me credit for not readily taking offence at being castigated when I see that my critic really means my good. You have already given me a little light. Until I came here to-day I really supposed that you had no regard for me, but rather despised me, and, therefore, I am pleased to learn from your lips that you think there is anything good in me at all. But in all fairness let there be this understanding: you must concede to me the right of reply. If you hit me, although it may be very ungallant on my part to do so to a lady, you must allow me, Miss Upton, to hit as hard as I can in return. What do you say to that?"

"Oh! so long as the hitting means tongue-work and not fist-work, Mr. Skylark, you can hit me in return as hard as you like. If I am wrong and you can put me right, to me that will be right. But I think if you will hear me out and allow the Scriptures to decide the points at issue, there will not be much controversy, but a positive agreement in the long run."

"Very well, then, Miss Upton, we understand each other. With much patience I await your admonitory strictures. Now, pray, what is your first charge?"

*(To be continued.)*

## Round the World in Seven Months.

WITH GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL LIFE IN OUR COLONIES, AND IN AMERICA.

By W. P. GRIFFITH, Esq.

### PART VIII.—THE HOT LAKES, AND PINK AND WHITE TERRACES.

#### *A Cruise upon Wheels.*

THE most striking features of New Zealand are the Hot Lakes, and the Pink and White Terraces. They are situated about 150 miles East of Auckland, and the journey is usually made by steamer to Tauranga, from whence a colonial coach runs in ten hours over a terribly rough road to Ohenimuto. But Hamilton, where we were staying, lies geographically much nearer to it than Auckland, and rather than go back some ninety miles, we decided to charter a buggy and find our way thither across country. We call this expedition a "Cruise" because it had so many resemblances to a voyage on board ship. In the first place, we had to lay in a stock of provisions and utensils, for none could be brought *en route*; in the second, we had to guide our course very much by the compass, striking across the great Tokoroa Plains, whose prairies rise and fall in ridges like the waves of the sea, with no defined road, scarcely a track, and are bounded by ranges of mountains and hills which rise steeply like cliffs on an ocean shore; and, lastly, because the track was so bad that our vehicle rocked quite as much as any ship at sea. We started early on Tuesday morning, four passengers, besides the driver in the buggy, drawn by two horses, and two gentlemen on horseback.

Our first day's journey was through a town called Cambridge, and along the picturesque banks of the Waikato river. The scenery was beautiful. Range after range of hills covered with bracken, or diversified with forest trees; at intervals, broad meadows with cattle; here and there neat farm-houses, or more substantial dwellings standing in grounds like an English park. For some miles beyond Cambridge we found the country settled, and generally in good cultivation; then we had to cross the river by a frail wooden bridge, marked "Dangerous—Drive slowly!" but this seemed to make no difference to our driver, who rattled over till it quivered beneath us. Henceforth the travelling was rough. A road seemed to have been made many years ago, but nothing had been done to keep it up, so we bumped over great stones, dropped into hollows, sank into soft bogs, or swirled two feet deep through pools of muddy water. We climbed steep hills, ran headlong down steeper declivities, or wobbled perilously along a narrow track of loose sand scooped out of the river bank at a considerable height. The recent rains had washed down this sand, so that the path was no longer level, but sloped fearfully outwards, threatening to overbalance our vehicle and precipitate it and us into the torrent beneath.

From this point we lost sight of human habitations, save a few Maori huts, at long intervals—says

forty miles apart—and we had literally to guide our course by the compass as best we could. Across the plains we drove through the thickly growing ferns over rounded hills, across little valleys, fording the rivers which came in our way, and camping like gipsies for our meals; cutting down bushes to make fires to heat our chocolate or coffee, and living on bread and tinned meats bought before we set out. We wondered what we should do if our horses or vehicle broke down. How could we possibly get help in a country where we did not meet a single human being during a ride of thirty or forty miles? We got shelter, it is true, on the two nights we spent *en route* in what were called inns, kept by Maoris, or by half-castes; but we found the beds hard, the sheets dirty, and were sadly tormented by mosquitoes, fleas, and sand-flies. Repining was no use, however. We had begun our trip across country, and must go through with it. As we neared the great Hora-hora mountains, the scenery became grander, and towards the evening of the third day we left the plains, and began to ascend a steep mountain path; and when we crossed the Col, we looked down and saw Lake Rotorua gleaming in the distance.

But what is this peculiar smell? How pungent, and how nasty! It is the sulphur from great pools of boiling mud. As we descend, the road skirted their shores, and we saw them boiling, seething, smoking, and stinking, sending forth volumes of sulphuretted gas, which impregnated the air for miles around.

A long drive brought us to Ohenimutu, where we found a group of hotels, which, though of the rough colonial type, were not worse than those in the Blue Mountains of Australia, and, on the

whole, but little inferior to those in Auckland.

### *The Hot Lakes and Boiling Springs.*

Next morning we took a stroll round the town to see the boiling springs, which burst through the earth in every direction. In fact, the ground is only a crust, thicker or thinner as the case may be; where it happens to be thin, the boiling sulphuretted water forces its passage upward, sometimes in jets like fountains, sometimes by intermittent spurts, sometimes in a steady flow. The pools steam like a laundry, and it is necessary to skirt them with care on the windy side. At night it is dangerous to go out without a lantern. Many a tipsy native or heedless child has fallen in, and been scalded to death. The natives utilize this subterranean heat for cooking purposes. Wherever their hut may happen to be they have but to dig a hole, thrust in a wooden box, in which to place their food, usually potatoes or fish, shut the lid or cover with a cloth, and in ten minutes the contents will be perfectly cooked. Baths of course abound, and the natives count it the height of luxury to lie for hours in a steaming pool of water which smells like rotten eggs. It is said that they sleep in these baths, the head supported on a wooden pillow. Perhaps the most famous baths are those known as the "Priest's Pool" and "Madame Rachel's Pool." The former is so highly impregnated with sulphur that it blackens silver, and alloys gold. It is said to be good for biliousness, dyspepsia, and other diseases of the digestive organs. The latter imparts a glossy pliability to the skin, and gives a highly pleasurable feeling of exhilaration. The properties of others are indi-

cated by their names, as "The Pain-killer," "The Oil Bath," "The Lobster Pot," etc. Close by are wonderful geysers and mud volcanoes, the largest of which will throw up a column of water fifty feet high. In fact the whole neighbourhood is in a state of suppressed ferment, and tourists must take care lest they be overwhelmed by the boiling ebullitions, or scalded by immersion in the heated quagmires.

#### *A Maori Holiday.*

The next day was the Maori "Derby," and Ohenimuto was crowded with natives from all the country round. They came in conveyances of every kind, on horses of all sorts and sizes, in costumes of the very brightest colours, and of the most fashionable styles. Many of the older men wore a loose jacket or woollen shirt, and instead of trousers had a shawl or tartan or plaid wrapped round the loins like a Highland kilt. The younger men wore ordinary tourist suits, like our English "Arries." But the appearance of the women was most striking. All the second-hand, washed-out, tattered fashionable finery that could be found was in requisition to day. Here is a dark-skinned belle in a faded, spotted, and stained riding habit, originally of light blue velvet. Another wears a dirty cream-coloured satin dress with a crimson tie round her neck and a drooping peacock's feather in her slouching hat; another has a white calico robe with a red shawl carelessly thrown around her, and a blue handkerchief over her head. Her feet are bare and her hair streams in the wind. But simple as is her attire she looks more graceful than any other as she rides daintily along disdainful of saddle or stirrup. Here is an old crone

with a face like a nutmeg, bending beneath the weight of years, who has but one garment, a loose bedgown, tied round the neck, and reaching to the feet, swelling out like a balloon, the pattern of which consists of red and black squares, each a foot wide. She is a very grand personage, and the honour of rubbing noses with her is much coveted; still more that of taking a few whiffs from her black and stinking pipe, which, being done, the pipe is duly returned to the mouth from which it came. Plenty of children are here, clad in short chemises open at the neck, and babies who are loosely tied on the mothers' backs in a way which looks fearfully perilous. All the natives had beautifully white teeth, in spite of the universal habit of smoking indulged in by both men and women. Many of both sexes were wonderfully graceful in form and lithe and agile in movement; and altogether the scene was animated and interesting. One or two cases of drunkenness were manifest, but the offender was soon hustled into some tent to sleep off the effects of the liquor, and there was neither noise nor disorder of any offensive kind. It was a Maori holiday, and far less turbulent than any similar gathering would be in England. So far as we could judge, the racing was miserably poor, but we saw no signs of betting or gambling of any kind.

#### *The White and Pink Terraces.*

These are some twelve miles distant from Ohenimuto, and the usual course is to take the stage to Wairoa, and, sleeping there at the clean and comfortable hotel, to give a long day to the excursion to the Terraces. The road soon becomes picturesque, rising steeply along the mountain side, and then

entering the Forest, on emerging from which we pass two fine lakes, called respectively the Blue Lake and the Green Lake, from the prevailing tint of their waters. The stage was a true colonial coach suspended on stout leathern straps, because neither steel nor iron springs would bear the strain. The driving was colonial, too; that is, wild and reckless. Once the driver, who appeared to be half drunk, quite lost control of his team, and but for the presence of mind of a passenger who adroitly recovered the reins which had slipped from the driver's hand, we might have been thrown over the precipice and dashed to pieces. We arrived at last in safety, and were taken at once to see the Tarawera Waterfall, an imposing stream of water not unlike the Pisse-vache in the Rhone Valley. But the waterfall did not create half the astonishment that we felt at hearing the half-dozen Maori children who acted as our escort suddenly strike up in English Moody and Sankey's hymn,

"Dare to be a Daniel,  
Dare to stand alone," etc., etc.

We asked, "who taught you this?" "Schoolmaster," was the reply. "Where does he live?" "There," said the children, pointing to a neat white building standing in a pretty garden. We went to the place, and found a tall, intelligent Englishman, who, with his daughter, have literally buried themselves alive in this remote corner of the earth to teach the degraded natives and their children the way of salvation. In this task they are aided by a Mr. Fairbrother, formerly one of the students of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's college, who shares their voluntary exile and assists in their godly work; and he told us that he had determined to devote his life to

the service of his Master in this remote corner of the vineyard. All honour to these good people. What a contrast they exhibit to those coarse-minded visitors who give money and liquor to the Maori women to witness their obscene dances, thus degrading instead of elevating, corrupting instead of refining, brutalizing instead of humanizing. Next day we started early for the Terraces, first descending by a steep path to the shore of Lake Tarawera, where a pinnace awaited us, manned by a crew of half-naked Maories, who rowed us in three hours to the entrance of a little creek which connects Lake Tarawera with Lake Rotomahana. Here we had to take our places in a native canoe, shaped out of the trunk of a tree. As it had no keel it required careful balancing or it would turn over, and as there were no seats the passengers must squat in an uncomfortable posture on a few dry ferns on the bottom of the canoe, and thus placed we were paddled amidst rushes and mosquitoes along the narrow and tortuous streamlet, till we entered the waters of Lake Rotomahana, which were palpably warm to the touch. Once out of the creek the White Terraces were in sight.

Their formation is very peculiar. At some remote period a boiling spring has burst forth, volcano-like, from the summit of the hill some three hundred feet above the level of the lake. This geyser has hollowed out for itself a circular cauldron seventy feet in diameter, and one hundred feet deep, within which its seething waters have boiled, bubbled, steamed, and finally overflowed, running down the banks till they have fallen into the lake. So far there is nothing peculiar, save the high temperature of the water, a boiling volcanic spring

instead of a cold one. But these waters are strongly charged with silicates, which they deposit as they descend upon everything they pass over, thus producing a crystallised crust, like the petrification of the Matlock springs. And as the hillside fell in ridges or terraces, the silicate threw up a series of beaded borders, shell-like in shape, solid as marble, and of exquisite delicacy and purity, each shell forming a fairy-like basin of limpid water. These basins became larger and more numerous as the stream widened in its progress towards the lake, and, seen from a distance, spread like an inverted fan.

No words can describe the effects. Looking down from the summit you see a long series of coral-lapped basins, filled with an azure liquid which reflects every ray of light, and takes in turn all the colours of the rainbow, of every variety of shape, size, and configuration, but as delicate as mother of pearl, as beautifully carved and convoluted as shells of the ocean, and brimming and overflowing with limpid fluid which trickles over their lips in continuous thread-like streamlets. This seen in the dazzling light of the sun was a spectacle worth coming all the way from England to see. The temperature of the water is at boiling point in the top-most pools, but it cools as it descends; and it is the fashion to bathe first in the warmer basins, then dip successively in those beneath, till you end in a bath barely tepid; and this they say is the height of luxury. But we did not try it. We sat down and rested while others went through the process, and while waiting felt three distinct shocks of an earthquake. The whole region is volcanic, and will, we think, some day be destroyed by an eruption. Not far

off we found a boiling geyser, which throws scalding water to a height of thirty feet.

We were next conducted to a place called the Devil's Hole, a yawning cavity in the hillside, from whose depths jets of hot steam burst forth at irregular intervals with violent bellowsings and groanings. Near at hand, Lake Kakiarike, twenty yards wide, shows a steaming surface of seething waters, and all around are blow-holes, steam-jets, and boiling fountains. The whole district is in a ferment: a stick thrust into the ground at any point creates a funnel for the escape of steam, and huge cauldrons of boiling mud throw up their contents and bespatter the banks on either side.

When we had explored the neighbourhood of the White Terraces, we re-embarked in two of the same uncomfortable canoes, which, when encumbered with our weight, sank within an inch of the water's edge, giving us an awful sense of insecurity; but we were paddled along without mishap to the Pink Terraces. We found these to be of less magnitude than the white, but what they lacked in size they gained in beauty. Their steps if shallower were more regular, and formed a perfect giant's staircase, two hundred feet high, each step fringed with rows of beads of a delicate pink-like coral, the shell-like hollows filled, as the others, with trickling streams of boiling water, which cooled as it fell, but yet warmed the waters of the lake half a mile from the shore. We knew not which to admire most, the grandeur and purity of the white, or the symmetry and beauty of the Pink Terraces. Both may be reckoned as amongst the wonders of the world.

*(To be continued.)*



## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### A LIVING SACRIFICE.

"Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head."—JOHN xiii. 9.

OH, for a blessed and perfect surrender of my whole united being to Him who gave it! Not a mere subjection of my lower nature to my intellectual powers, not merely the bringing under of my body, and subjecting my animal propensities, my desires, to my own will—but the yielding of my higher moral powers, yea, the whole of my being, to my blessed Master. Not only may my outward life be of an exemplary character—righteous in all my dealings, upright and unblamable before the world—but may my inner life, known only to the Searcher of all hearts, be holy and spotless, reflecting the image of Him who is too pure to behold iniquity. "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults;" from envy, malice, unkind and unholy thoughts, uncharitable opinions, lingering desires for the world's pleasures or emoluments, weakness of faith, and coldness of heart. "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Wash my feet, that I may walk circumspectly, as wise, "redeeming the time, because the days are evil;" that I may give offence to no man; that my "conversation may be such as becometh the Gospel of Christ;" true to myself, true to Thee. But, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands;" that they may be fit for active service, ready for Thy use; prepared by Thy cleansing for acts of tenderness and loving-kindness; gentle in touch, ever learning from Thee. "And my head," that the five talents that Thou hast com-

mitted to my care may gain other five, that the whole of my intellectual powers may be improved for Thine honour and glory, my memory for Thy use. Lord, I would be Thine, wholly Thine. Sanctify me wholly, "then shall I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee:"—

"A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine: [good,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and  
A copy, Lord, of Thine."

GEO. N. WILLOMATT.

### CHRISTIANS "THE SALT OF THE EARTH."

THE Lord Jesus in His discourses, while He sought to correct the mistaken opinion of His followers with respect to the earthly grandeur of His kingdom, instructed them in all that belonged to their true and proper dignity. Thus, after He had declared the spiritual character of His subjects in opposition to the carnal notions of His disciples, He says, "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men" (Matt. v. 13).

The persons here addressed by Jesus are those who, in the former part of His discourse, He had pronounced "blessed." True believers in Christ, though they are useless in and of themselves, are made useful by sovereign grace. They having been "once purged" by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus, "should have had no more conscience of

sins" (Heb. x. 2). The blood having been shed and accepted by God, sin is for ever put away from the believer. The heart of God is satisfied with Christ, in whom the believer stands perfect. The heart of the saint has been searched by the Holy Spirit (Rom. viii. 27), and his life is preserved through faith unto salvation by the power of God. This having been divinely "finished," believers are to the moral world what salt is to the animal world. The Christian, having the salt of grace within, should season with grace all with whom he may be brought into contact. Believers in Christ are the only beings of essential use to the world. All besides are corrupting in their influence; but the influence of the believer should be for good, and last through all eternity.

Christians have a similar relation to the earth to that which salt has to food. They are called to exercise an influence for good on the world. For the accomplishment of this end, they must remain in the world; they are neither to be monks nor nuns. The world ever persecutes the believer; but the believers should ever seek to bless the world. Christians may well afford to suffer the world's scorn with patience, because of their high and glorious destination. The ancients looked on salt as an indispensable necessary of life. Christians are the life of the world. Let the salt of Christianity be removed, and the world shall be given over to destruction, as were Sodom and Gomorrah. The cities of the plain would not have been blotted out of existence had there been a sufficient number of grains of salt therein. The whiteness of salt is employed by the ancients as an emblem of purity. Believers should keep their garments white in the midst of the world's impurity. Salt is used to season food.

The world is tasteless and insipid, and needs Christianity as food needs seasoning. Salt preserves from corruption, and the world being corrupt and corrupting, needs Christians as a preservative. The speech of believers ought always to be seasonable. Thus the inspired penman directs: "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man" (Col. iv. 6). Salt is the sign of a covenant which can never be broken. The follower of Jesus must be true and just in all his business engagements with the world; whoever else may prove to be defaulters, Christians must not. Not only should believers impart sincerity to the world in their commercial transactions, they should likewise show the world that the path of strict honesty is the only path of pure wisdom; they should be just and honest, not because "honesty is the best policy," but because honesty is right, and they cannot stoop to the performance of a wrong action, even though that wrong action be generally winked at under the false plea that it cannot be always avoided "in the way of business." No man can be a Christian, unless, in the strictest meaning of the word, he be an honest man.

T. W. MEDHURST.

Portsmouth.

#### THE FIRST FALSE STEP.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."—PROV. i. 10.

#### ADDRESS FOR THE YOUNG.

My Dear Young Friends,—I am always anxious to address you: I have many times done so through our little *Messenger*. You see what I have taken for our subject. The text is the language of the

wisest of men. Solomon, you know, had great wisdom given him; but you must bear in mind that it was God who gave it. We like to hear what a wise man has to say. He speaks about being enticed by sinners: he was aware of the danger to which the young and inexperienced were subjected in this world, therefore he uses the words of our text as a warning. There was once a Sunday-school scholar who joined in company with evil companions, who agreed to break into a warehouse; this Sunday-school scholar was appointed to watch, while the others went in and broke open the office door and took what cash they could find. I may tell you that a policeman noticed these lads and hid himself away, and when they came out he took them all into custody. They were brought before the magistrates, and they were sentenced to nine months' imprisonment; and sad it is to tell you, dear young friends, this Sunday-school scholar who was put to watch was sentenced to nine months, he being equally guilty, as the law considered. But, alas! before the expiration of the nine months, he literally died of a broken heart in prison. His widowed mother was requested to take away the body of her son. This was too much for the poor widowed mother; she sank from that time, pined away, and died of a broken heart, soon after she buried her son. What a sad picture this is, dear young friends, when we join with those whose feet are swift to do evil. Be careful what company you keep. Look to Jesus to help you and guide your feet in the path of religion and virtue. You need Jesus to keep you and sustain you. In this world there are so many temptations around us: there is the devil, evil companions, and our

own heart, we have to guard against. Oh, beware! and may you look to Jesus. I hope you who belong to a Sunday school will remember what your teachers tell you from time to time. You know what the burden of their teaching means—that you love the Saviour while you are young: “Oh, remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth, before the evil days draw nigh.” Now is the best time to serve the Lord. May you look to Him for pardon; no one can give you peace like Jesus. When you go to your Sunday school, always listen to your teacher attentively: do not give him needless trouble. Now is the best time, your golden opportunity. There are so many things in the world to draw you away from good; if sinners entice you, consent thou not. Will you look more to Him who can help you and protect you? He can give you strength to enable you to overcome many a difficulty and temptation. Look in the Bible and you will see what He has done for His people of old. He is the same God now, and ever will be. Yes! He changeth not. He knows all our sorrows and troubles, and He will bless them that put their trust in Him. Let me thus admonish you to forsake that which is evil, and cleave to that which is good. But you must not for a moment think you can do good without the help of Jesus: if we go to a warfare in our own strength we shall get beaten, for the devil will lead us on and draw us into sin; but there is One who is stronger, and if we look to Him we shall come off victorious, and beat Satan under our feet.

THOMAS HEATH,  
Sunday School Superintendent.  
*Plymouth.*

## Reviews.

*The Father Revealed and Christ Glorified.* By HENRY BOURN, author of "Gleanings from the Life and Teachings of Christ," "Christ in the Pentateuch," &c., &c. S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

Our brother, during his long affliction, has proved himself a competent book-writer. We have several times written a few words of descriptive approval of his endeavours to instruct and edify those for whom he writes. The present volume is a careful, thoughtful exposition of our Lord's Prayer in the 17th chapter of John. The writer acknowledges his indebtedness to Alford, Stier, Bengal, Olshausen, Westcott, Schaff, Meyer, Lange, Luthardt, Godet, and others. In addition to the extensive field thus explored, the reader will have the thoughts of a mind matured in the knowledge of Divine things, and the outgrowth of a mellow Christian experience. The book contains nineteen chapters. The first, The Persons Prayed for, and the Opinions of Celebrated Men respecting Our Lord's Intercessory Prayer; and the last chapter, The Closing Appeal and the Ultimate Glory. The work is well bound and well printed. TO READ WILL BE TO PROFIT.

*A New Solution in Part of John's Revelation, showing that chapters first and eleventh chiefly describe the Apostacy, and chapters twelve and twenty-second the True Church.* By the Rev. R. GASCOYNE, M.A., Bath. Third edition, corrected and enlarged. Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.

THIS book, which is of a deeply interesting character, will be read with special pleasure by those who are familiar with prophetic subjects. The lines along which the writer

leads us are to discover in the leading events of the past a fulfilment of that portion of the Book of Revelation which describes the Apostacy, and in the manner of interpretation used in the first part. The writer follows the same plan to those portions which remain unfulfilled. He says, "Such is my solution of those parts of John's Revelation that have been fulfilled. If it be correct, the twelve hundred and sixty years persecution of the two witnesses will not expire for forty years, and may, perhaps, extend even to sixty; and another thirty years will yet transpire before the vials of the seventh trumpet are poured out. Now, judging from the present aspect of missionary effort, we can hardly estimate the vast results of another ninety years among the heathen. New openings are continually made, and no sooner are they filled up than others are disclosed to be taken up, till, as Holy Scripture declares, the earth is full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." The writer then proceeds to describe a dark and ominous background in the present Nationalism and Popery of the age; and so on. The work deserves a careful perusal.

*All Israel shall be Saved.* By ADOLPH SAPHIR, B.A., D.D. Second edition. Morgan & Scott, Paternoster Buildings.

It is nearly always refreshing to read an Israelite's writings about his own people, and we venture to say it is always so when the writer of the book is Adolph Saphir. He speaks as one having authority; his utterances are the outcome of reading, thought, and experience; and we have no hesitation in saying that all who read this sixpenny treatise will be well repaid.

*Safety, Certainty, and Enjoyment. If a Believer, Why not sure of Salvation? If Saved, Why not Happy?* 675th thousand. W. H. Broom & Rouse, 25, Paternoster Square.

THIS valuable little work can be had, sixty-four pages in cloth, for sixpence; Morocco, two shillings, or in covers for twopence. We are glad to see that it has had so large a circulation. It deserves it, and if any are desirous of helping the trembling and afraid, or those whose sight at present is feeble, whose see men as trees walking, let them well circulate this book. We use it largely among our own inquirers and others.

*Daniel in Babylon, or Fidelity Rewarded.* By the Rev. CHARLES JUPE, Luton, Beds.

THIS is a religious drama of considerable merit. The whole history is brought out most clearly. The introduction of the characters are well planned, and the writer never loses sight of his object—to exhibit truth in a striking and telling form for the young. We believe copies may be had direct from the author at the small charge of twopence each. With a good reader, and with the Sacred Songs taken from Daniel by the Sunday School Union, we have an interesting evening for our young people.

*Annual Report of the Ragged Church and Chapel Union, 4, Trafalgar-square, Charing-cross.* Preaching stations 102, at which were held—  
Gross Av.

102 Sunday services, with attendance . . . . .	9,389-92
69 Week-day do. do. . . . .	3,534-54
36 Children's do. do. . . . .	3,615-95
54 Sunday-school do. do. . . . .	9,582-77

The committee appeal earnestly for increased funds. The work done is extensive and important indeed, as compared with the small amount placed at their disposal. Will any of the readers of this column help by sending the editor a donation?

*Emmanuel: Leaves from the Life and Notes on the Work of Jesus Christ.* By the Rev. J. B. FRIGGS, M.A. S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

THIS book is by a well-known minister and pastor at Brighton, and reveals the secret of his success as a preacher, and the root of that permanent love and esteem felt and displayed towards him and his ministry for many years past. The book is divided into short chapters, and is indeed an eloquent and able exposition of the name of Emmanuel. In the *Sword and Trowel*, speaking of it, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon says: "This is a delightful volume, reader; get it as soon as you can, and read it with prayer and praise;" and we can only repeat his words and say that, with the Divine blessing, it cannot fail to quicken and enliven the faith and love of the aged pilgrim, while yet in thought and style it is especially adapted to interest and enlarge the knowledge and experience of the young Christian, and to further his progress in the Divine life.

*The Sunday at Home*, by Religious Tract Society, has for July the first of what we feel sure will be a very serviceable set of papers by Dr. Green on the Revised Old Testament; also what will have a special call on the Baptist readers, the Congo Basin and its Mission, by the Rev. W. Holman Bentley. Chapter number four *Home Life*. These chapters are well illustrated.

*The Leisure Hour* continues its Sixth Paper on Curiosities of Music, Singers, and Singing. The biographical series gives us sixteen pages, by Dr. Blakie, on the Life of Richard Baxter. We are pleased with it; we love the memory of Richard Baxter though he did say and write many things against his brethren the Baptists—things bitter and absurd. The thought of them always seemed to sour his otherwise earnest, wise and gracious nature.

*The Preacher's Analyst* has a sermon on Satan. The preacher, after introducing the speculative questions which some are fond of putting, to our mind, well says: "Those inquiries we must leave for the present; all we know is that those who serve the devil will go to the devil, and be with him where he is and share his woe. Nothing more is revealed to us, and all surmises are dangerous (and are surmises still). Our work is plain: we have to resist the devil, we have to remember he is our foe—planning, seeking, contriving our destruction; we have to remember there is a possibility of escape from his toils; we have to remember that a crown will be given to him that is victorious; and we have to remember that faith is the means of victory whereby we overcome." These are wise words.

*The Home Evangelist* is full of good matter, and profusely illustrated. We wonder how it can be produced for the penny.

*The Illustrated Missionary News.* Always good; will be read with special note by Baptists. The July number contains a description of getting the

steamer "Peace" to Stanley Pool, by Rev. T. J. Comber; and Mr. Stanley's speech at the Baptist Missionary Breakfast.

All who are interested in the spiritual welfare of the British soldier should send to the office of the Soldiers' Friend Society, 4, Trafalgar-square, and obtain the speeches and report of the annual meeting.

*Footsteps of Truth.* By C. Russell Hurditch. We never read this monthly without being grateful for its instructive and pure spiritual words.

*Baptist Magazine* contains an editorial postscript announcing the death of the Rev. P. Barnett; also a paper by Rev. Arthur Mursell, Subject, "Not dead but sleeping." *The General Baptist and Sword and Trowel* are good numbers.

We have received some very effective specimen tracts, by Mr. Spurgeon. Published by E. G. Berryman, 84, Blackheath-road. They are illustrated, and will sure to be read; are specially suitable for open-air distribution, and are offered at very low prices.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. W. F. Gooch has resigned the pastorate of the church at Lower Norwood.

Rev. C. Rudge has entered upon the pastorate of the church at Sevenoaks.

Rev. A. H. Smith, from Chesterfield, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Southend.

Rev. J. Stanley, of the Metropolitan College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Semley.

Rev. F. Walker has accepted the pastorate of the church at Thaxted.

Rev. Richard Steel, late Evangelist of the Scottish Baptist Union, has entered on the pastorate of the church at Kelso.

Rev. G. J. Knight has retired from the pastorate of the church at Girlington.

Mr. W. S. Wyle, of Ashford, has accepted the pastorate of Zion Chapel, Swarden.

Rev. G. E. Payne, of Nottingham College, has accepted the pastorate of Parker Street Chapel, Burton-on-Trent.

Rev. Charles Hobbs, of Union

Chapel, Gosport, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire.

Rev. J. Bateman, formerly of Liverpool, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Hanley.

Rev. P. Lewis, late of Brearley, Yorkshire, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Campden, Gloucestershire.

Rev. J. Brown has resigned the pastorate of the church of Melksham, where he has laboured for over five years, and accepted a call to the church at Teignmouth, South Devon, to labour in connection with Rev. E. T. Scammell.

#### PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. EVAN EDWARDS, on retiring from the pastorate of Upton Vale Chapel, Torquay, where he has laboured for seventeen years, following twenty-five years at Chard and five at Beckington, was presented at the meeting of the Devon Baptist Association with a series of addresses expressive of esteem, accompanied by substantial proofs of regard. Rev. J. Aldis, who presided, announced that the cheque from Mr. Edwards's Torquay friends amounted to £320, from the Devon Association £170, and from the Western Association £110, making in all a sum of £600. Among those present at the presentation were the Revs. J. Dawson and T. Cameron Wilson, incumbent and curate of Trinity Church; the address was also signed by the Revs. J. A. Jamieson and E. L. Fawcett, vicar and curate of Ellacombe Church.

Rev. W. E. Winks, minister of Bethany Church, Cardiff, has recently been presented by a few members of that church and congregation with a purse of fifty guineas, as a token of sympathy with him and his family in the recent affliction from which they have suffered during the past winter, and as an expression of regard felt for him personally and for his faithful ministry.

Rev. G. W. White, of the Tabernacle, Enfield, has been presented by the members of the Young Men's Bible Class with Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" as a recognition of his services. There are now fifty names on the roll, with an average attendance of over thirty.

Rev. R. T. Lewis, before leaving New Whittington, where he has laboured for ten years, was presented with a purse of money as a testimonial of esteem. Various gifts were also presented to Mrs. Lewis, who has been an earnest and faithful worker in the church.

Rev. C. Brown, of Shortwood, has been presented by the members of his Bible-class, which has now a membership of more than fifty, with a copy of the Parallel Bible, in recognition of his services.

#### RECOGNITIONS.

THE recognition of Rev. W. Frith as pastor of Horton Street Church, Kensington, took place on Thursday, June 25. The charge to the pastor was delivered by Rev. Chas. Graham, and that to the people by Rev. David Davis, of Regent's Park.

Rev. J. Palmer, late of Chesterton, was recognised on the 9th of June as pastor of the church of Haddenham. Rev. T. G. Tarn gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. A. G. Brown addressed the church. Revs. C. W. Dunn, J. P. Campbell, H. F. Griffin, and W. C. Bryan also took part in the services.

Recognition meetings in connection with the settlement of Mr. J. Haslam Jones, of Bristol College, as pastor of the church at Sabden, were held on the 28th and 29th of June. Rev. Dr. Culross preached on the Sunday, and on the following day gave the charge to the pastor. Rev. C. Williams addressed the members of the church. Revs. D. McCullum, J. Kemp, W. M. Thomas, G. H. Heynes, A. Parker, C. G. Croome, and M. H. Whetnal took part in the proceedings.

## NEW CHAPELS.

THE memorial-stone of the chapel now being erected in St. Michael's-road, Northampton, for the congregation gathered together by Rev. H. Bradford since his resignation of the pastorate of Prince's Street Church, in the same town, has been laid by Admiral Sir Wm. King Hall, K.C.B. The cost of the land was about £900, and the chapel, which is to seat 1,000 persons, will involve an expenditure of £2,000. Ample room is provided for a good block of school buildings, which are to be erected hereafter. Previous to the stone-laying, about £2,000 had been promised or given.

A chapel, and minister's house adjoining, have been erected at Waterlooville, Hants, and presented to the church, by Messrs. James and George S. Lancaster, father and son. The opening services were held on June 29th. Rev. E. G. Gange, of Bristol, preached from Job xvi. 21 and John xiv. 16. The chapel seats 350 persons, and is in the Italian style of architecture. Rev. C. H. Thomas, from the Pastor's College is the newly-appointed minister.

A new church, in the Early English style of architecture, erected at a cost of £2,800, and capable of accommodating 560 persons, has been erected in Madeira Street, North Leith, for the congregation under the pastorate of Rev. J. P. Clark.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## BOW BAPTIST CHAPEL CENTENARY.

—Services in connection with the above were held on Lord's Day, June 21st, when sermons were preached in the morning and afternoon by the Rev. E. H. Carr, pastor, and in the evening by the Lord Mayor of London, followed on the Monday by a public meeting; chairman, Mr. Richard Corry, of Cardiff. The speakers were the Revs. J. Teal, C. Sawday, E. Schnadhorst, J. H. Blake (during whose ministry the present chapel

was erected), E. H. Carr, and others. Mr. J. Sorrell read a very interesting history of the church. Its pastors have been Revs. J. Knott, Dr. Newman, C. Middleditch, A. G. Fuller, E. W. Fishbourne, W. P. Balfour, J. H. Blake, G. G. Edgley, and E. H. Carr. The church and congregation are making worthy and strenuous efforts to clear off the whole of the debt during the centenary year, and any contributions towards this object will be most gratefully received.

Church-street Chapel, Edgware Road, has been opened after thorough renovation and repair. The sermon was preached in the morning by the pastor, Rev. R. P. Cook, in the evening by Rev. Dr. Clifford. At the meeting on the following day Dr. Dawson Burns presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. R. F. Griffiths, J. Fletcher, and R. P. Cook. At the close of the addresses the choir gave the first part of Farmer's oratorio, "Christ and His Soldiers."

LUTON.—On Sunday evening, June 29th, Rev. J. H. Blake, pastor, in his sermon gave a very interesting sketch of the rise and progress of the church meeting in Park Street. During the past year forty-eight members have been added to the church, and during the nine years' ministry of Mr. Blake 488 members have been added, bringing the number of members up to 700, Sunday-school teachers 100, scholars 1,000.

THE HOP PICKERS' MISSION.—Just as we are going to press we have received from our friend Mr. Burnham an appeal on behalf of the above. We are sorry our space will not allow of its being admitted, but we commend the work to our readers. The result of the Mission has been most satisfactory, and the friends deserve every encouragement. Parcels of clothing, tracts, books, &c., should be sent, carriage paid, to Rev. J. J. Kendon, Marden Station, South Eastern Railway; contributions to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.; Rev. J. J. Kendon,



Bethany House, Goudhurst, Staplehurst, Kent; or to Mr. John Burnham, Brentford, Middlesex.

### BAPTISMS.

*Allea*, N.E.—June 21, Ten, by F. Forbes.  
*Bradford*.—May 30, Bethel, Three, by D. S. Williams; June 3, Heaton Chapel, Two, by E. Howarth.  
*Bridgnorth*.—July 5, Seven, by W. J. Dyer.  
*Brymbo*.—June 8, English Chapel, Three, by E. H. Girdlestone.  
*Burnham*.—June 7, Two, by J. Gifford.  
*Cardiff*.—June 28, Four, by J. Berryman.  
*Cefn-mawr*.—June 14, Ebenezer, Two, by E. H. Girdlestone.  
*Cheddar*.—June 21, Three, by T. Hanger.  
*Clay Cross*.—June 26, Six, by F. Samuels.  
*Cowbridge*.—June 14, Four, by O. Jones.  
*Crickhowell*, Breconshire.—July 5, Two, by J. Jenkins.  
*Dalton-in-Furness*.—June 14, Three, by J. G. Anderson.  
*Dawley*.—June 7, Six, by E. Spanton.  
*Doals*, Bacup.—June 7, Two, by J. Garden.  
*Dublin*.—June 21, Two, by H. D. Brown, B.A.  
*Dunfermline*.—June 10, Seven, by J. T. Hagen.  
*Earlestown*, Lancashire.—June 21, Nine, by W. C. Taylor.  
*Emsworth*, Hants.—July 1, Five, by A. W. Barker.  
*Farnworth*, near Bolton.—June 14, Six, by E. A. Burrows.  
*Germanstweck*, Devon.—June 14, Nine, by W. Gliddon.  
*Great Broughton*.—July 3, Two, by Wm. Pilling.  
*Halwill*, Devon.—June 7, One, by W. Gliddon.  
*Hay*, Breconshire.—May 31, One, by W. J. N. Faustone.  
*Hunslet*, Leeds.—June 28, Two, by A. E. Greening.  
*Kingston*.—May 31, Three; June 28, Five, by G. Wright.  
*Knighton*.—June 30, One; July 5, Five, by W. Williams.  
*London*:—  
 Berkley Road, Chalk Farm.—July 2, Three, by Geo. Scudamore.  
 Ernie d Highway.—May 31, Four, July 26, Two, by A. F. Brown.  
 Gray's Inn Road.—June 3, Arthur Street, Four; June 10, Six; July 1, Three, by W. Smith.

Leystons'one.—June 28, Three, by J. Bradford.  
 Waltham Road.—July 1, Thirteen, by W. J. Mills.  
 Wood Green.—June 21, Three, by W. Haines.  
 Woolwich.—June 28, Parson's Hill, Ten, by J. Wilson.  
*Lyme*.—June 7, Three, by E. Marks.  
*Lynn*, Cheshire.—July 5, Two, by H. Davies.  
*Maesycwmmmer*.—June 21, Two, by T. Batstone.  
*Market Drayton*.—June 29, Three, by T. Clark.  
*Melksham*.—June 28, Seventeen, by J. Brown.  
*Milton*, Oxford.—June 18, Six, by G. W. Davidson.  
*Necton*, Norfolk.—July 5, One, by T. H. Sparham.  
*New Mill*, Tring.—July 1, Three, by H. F. Gower.  
*Newport*, Isle of Wight.—June 28, Three, by H. J. Tresidder.  
*Newport*, Mon.—May 31, Two, by A. T. Jones; July 1, Inkerman Street, Eight, by G. Harris.  
*New Whittington*.—June 21, Two, by R. T. Lewis.  
*Norbiton*.—June 28, Bunyan Chapel, Five, by J. Clark.  
*North Cheam*.—June 10, Three, by A. C. Batts.  
*Oldham*.—June 28, King Street, Twelve, by F. Edgerton.  
*Pontnewynydd*, Pontypool.—July 1, Merchant's-hill Church, Six, by J. L. Jones.  
*Princes Risborough*.—July 1, Three, by W. Coombs.  
*Sandy, Beds*.—July 2, Ten, by T. Voysey.  
*Stockton-on-Tees*.—June 14, Nine; July 5, Six, by T. L. Edwards.  
*Stow-on-the-Wold*.—June 3, Five, by F. E. Blackaby.  
*Southampton*.—June 28, Nine; July 5, Carlton Chapel, Two, by E. Osborne.  
*South Bank*, Yorks.—June 14, Five, by W. Whale.  
*Slansbatch*, Herefordshire.—June 28, One, by S. Watkins.  
*Sunningdale*.—June 15, Three; June 28, One, by A. Corbet.  
*Swindon*.—June 3, Ten, by F. Pugh.  
*West Bromwich*.—June 21, Seven; June 28, Six, by A. F. Mills.  
*Wincanton*, Somers't.—June 8, Two, by G. Hider.

## CHRIST EXALTED.\*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"This Man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till His enemies be made His footstool."—HEBREWS x. 12, 13.

At the Lord's table we wish to have no subject for contemplation but our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, and we have been wont generally to consider Him as the crucified One, "the Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," while we have had before us the emblems of His broken body, and of His blood shed for many for the remission of sins; but I am not quite sure that the crucified Saviour is the only appropriate theme, although, perhaps, the most so. It is well to remember how our Saviour left us—by what road He travelled through the shadows of death; but I think it is quite as well to recollect what He is doing while He is away from us—to remember the high glories to which the crucified Saviour has attained; and it is, perhaps, as much calculated to cheer our spirits to behold Him on His throne as to consider Him on His cross. We have seen Him on His cross, in some sense; that is to say, the eyes of men on earth did see the crucified Saviour; but we have no idea of what His glories are above: they surpass our highest thought. Yet faith can see the Saviour exalted on His throne, and surely there is no subject that can keep our expectations alive, or cheer our drooping faith better than to consider, that while our Saviour is absent, He is absent on His throne, and that when He has left His Church to sorrow for Him, He has not left us comfortless—He has promised to come to us; that while He tarries He is reigning, and that while He is absent He is sitting high on His father's throne.

The apostle shows here the superiority of Christ's sacrifice over that of every other priest. "Every priest standeth daily ministering and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins: but this man," or priest—for the word "man" is not in the original—"after He had offered one sacrifice for sins," had finished His work, and for ever, He "sat down." You see the superiority of Christ's sacrifice rests in this, that the priest offered continually, and after he had slaughtered one lamb, another was needed; after one scape-goat was driven into the wilderness, a scape-goat was needed the next year, "but this man, when He had offered only one sacrifice for sins," did what thousands of scape-goats never did, and what hundreds of thousands of lambs never could effect: He perfected our salvation, and worked out an entire atonement for the sins of all His chosen ones.

We shall notice, in the first place, this morning, *the completeness of the Saviour's work of atonement*—He has done it: we shall gather that from the context; secondly, *the glory which the Saviour has assumed*; and thirdly, *the triumph which He expects*. We shall dwell very briefly on each point, and endeavour to pack our thoughts as closely together as we can.

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1. We are taught here in the first place, THE COMPLETENESS OF THE SAVIOUR'S WORK. He has done all that was necessary to be done, to make an atonement and an end of sin. He has done so much, that it will never be needful for Him again to be crucified. His side, once opened, has sent forth a stream deep, deep enough, and precious enough, to wash away all sin; and He needs not again that His side should be opened, or, that any more His hands should be nailed to the cross. I infer that His work is finished, from the fact that He is described here as sitting down. Christ would not sit down in heaven if He had more work to do. Sitting down is the posture of rest. Seldom He sat down on earth. He said, "I must be about My Father's business." Journey after journey, labour after labour, preaching after preaching, followed each other in quick succession. His was a life of incessant toil. Rest was a word which Jesus never spelled. He may sit for a moment on the well; but even there He preaches to the woman of Samaria. He goes into the wilderness, but not to sleep; He goes there to pray. His midnights are spent in labours as hard as those of the day—labours of agonising prayer, wrestling with His Father for the souls of men. His was a life of continual bodily, mental, and spiritual labour; His whole man was exercised. But now He rests; there is no more toil for Him now; there is no more sweat of blood, no more the weary foot, no more the aching head. No more has He to do. He sits still. But do you think my Saviour would sit still if He had not done all His work? Oh! no, beloved; He said once, "For Zion's sake I will not rest until her glory goeth forth like a lamp that burneth." And sure I am He would not rest, or be sitting still, unless the great work of our atonement were fully accomplished. Sit still, blessed Jesus, while there is a fear of Thy people being lost? Sit still, while their salvation is at hazard? No; alike Thy truthfulness and Thy compassion tell us, that thou wouldst still labour if the work were still undone. "Oh! if the last thread had not been woven in the great garment of our righteousness, He would be spinning it now; if the last particle of our debt had not been paid, He would be counting it down now; and if all were not finished and complete, He would never rest, until, like a wise builder, He had laid the top-stone of the temple of our salvation. No; the very fact that He sits still, and rests, and is at ease, proves that His work is finished and is complete.

And then note again, that His sitting at the right hand of God implies, that *He enjoys pleasure*; for at God's right hand "there are pleasures for evermore." Now, I think, the fact that Christ enjoys infinite pleasure has in it some degree of proof that He must have finished His work. It is true, He had pleasure with His Father ere that work was begun; but I cannot conceive that if, after having been incarnate, His work was still unfinished, He would rest. He might rest before He began the work, but as soon as ever He had begun it, you will remember, He said He had a baptism wherewith He must be baptised, and He appeared to be hastening to receive the whole of the direful baptism of agony. He never rested on earth till the whole work was finished; scarcely a smile passed His brow till the whole work was done. He was "a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" until He could say, "It is finished;" and I could scarcely conceive the Saviour happy on His throne if there were any more to do. Surely, living as He was on that great throne of His, there would be

anxiety in His breast if He had not secured the meanest lamb of His fold, and if He had not rendered the eternal salvation of every blood-bought one as sacred as His own throne. The highest pleasure of Christ is derived from the fact, that He has become the "Head over all things to His Church," and has saved that Church. He has joys as God; but as the Man-God, His joys spring from the salvation of the souls of men. That is His joy, which is full, in the thought that He has finished His work and has cut it short in righteousness. I think there is some degree of proof, although not perhaps positive proof there, that Jesus must have finished His work.

But now something else. *The fact that it is said He has sat down for ever proves that He must have done it.* Christ has undertaken to save all the souls of the elect. If He has not already saved them, He is bound to do something that will save them, for He has given solemn oath and promise to His Father, that He will bring many souls unto glory, and that He will make them perfect through His own righteousness. He has promised to present our souls unblemished and complete,—

"Before the glory of His face,  
With joys divinely great."

Well, if He has not done enough to do that, then He must come again to do it: but from the fact that He is to sit there for ever, that He is to wear no more the thorny crown, that He is never again to leave His throne, to cease to be King any more, that He is still to be girded by His grandeur and His glory, and sit for ever there, is proof that He has accomplished the great work of propitiation. It is certain that He must have done all, from the fact that He is to sit there for ever, to sit on His throne throughout all ages, more visibly in the ages to come, but never to leave it, again to suffer and again to die.

Yet, the best proof is, *that Christ sits at His Father's right hand at all.* For the very fact that Christ is in heaven, accepted by His Father, proves that His work must be done. Why, beloved, as long as an ambassador from our country is at a foreign court, there must be peace; and as long as Jesus Christ our Saviour is at His Father's court, it shows that there is real peace between His people and His Father. Well, as He will be there for ever, that shows that our peace must be continual, and like the waves of the sea, shall never cease. But that peace could not have been continual, unless the atonement had been wholly made, unless justice had been entirely satisfied, and, therefore, from that very fact it becomes certain that the work of Christ must be done. What! Christ enter heaven—Christ sit on His Father's right hand before all the guilt of His people was rolled away? Ah! no; He was the sinner's substitute; and unless He paid the sinner's doom, and died the sinner's death, there was no heaven in view for me. He stood in the sinner's place, and the guilt of all His elect was imputed to Him. God accounted Him as a sinner, and as a sinner, He could not enter heaven until He had washed all that sin away in a crimson flood of His own gore—unless His own righteousness had covered up the sins which He had taken on Himself, and unless His own atonement had taken away those sins which had become His by imputation; and the fact that the Father allowed Him to ascend up on high—that He gave Him leave, as it were, to enter heaven, and that He

said, "Sit Thou on My right hand," proves that He must have perfected His Father's work, and that His Father must have accepted His sacrifice. But He could not have accepted it if it had been imperfect. Thus, therefore, we prove that the work must have been finished, since God the Father accepted it. Oh ! glorious doctrine ! This Man has done it ; this Man has finished it ; this Man has completed it. He was the Author, He is the Finisher ; He was the Alpha, He is the Omega. Salvation is finished, complete ; otherwise, He would not have ascended up on high, nor would He also sit at the right hand of God. Christian, rejoice ! Thy salvation is a finished salvation ; atonement is wholly made ; neither stick nor stone of thine is wanted ; not one stitch is required to that glorious garment of His—not one patch to that glorious robe that He has finished. 'Tis done—'tis done perfectly ; thou art accepted perfectly in His righteousness ; thou art purged in His blood. "By one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."

II. And now, our second point—THE GLORY WHICH HE HAS ASSUMED. "After He has offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God"—the glory which Christ has assumed.

Now, by this you are to understand the complex person of Christ ; for Christ, as God, always was on His Father's throne ; He always was God ; and even when He was on earth He was still in heaven. The Son of God did not cease to be omnipotent and omnipresent, when He came wrapped in the garments of clay. He was still on His Father's throne ; He never left it, never came down from heaven in that sense ; He was still there, "God over all, blessed for ever." As He has said, "The Son of Man who came down from heaven, who, also," at that very moment, was "in heaven." But Jesus Christ, as the Man-God, has assumed glories and honours which once He had not ; for as man, He did not at one time sit on His Father's throne ; He was a man, a suffering man, a man full of pains and groans, more than mortals have ever known ; but as God-man, He has assumed a dignity next to God ; He sits on the right hand of God : at the right hand of the glorious Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, sits the person of the man Jesus Christ, exalted at the right hand of the Majesty on High. From this we gather, that the dignity which Christ now enjoys is *surpassing* dignity. There is no honour, there is no dignity to be compared to that of Christ. No angel flies higher than He does. Save only the great Three-One God, there is none to be found in heaven who can be called superior to the person of the man Christ Jesus. He sits on the right hand of God, "far above all angels, and principalities, and powers, and every name that is named." His Father "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 of things on earth, and of things under the earth." No dignity can shine like His. The sons of righteousness that have turned many to God, are but as stars compared with Him, the brightest of the suns there. As for angels, they are but flashes of His own brightness, emanations from His own glorious self. He sits there, the great masterpiece of Deity.

"God, in the person of His Son,  
Hath all His mightiest works outdone."

hat glorious man taken into union with Deity, that mighty Man-God,

surpasses everything in the glory of His majestic person. Christian ! remember, thy Master has unsurpassed dignity.

In the next place, Christ has *real* dignity. Some persons have mere empty titles, which confer but little power and little authority. But the Man-Christ Jesus, while He has many crowns and many titles, has not one tinsel crown or one empty title. While He sits there He sits not there *pro forma* ; He does not sit there to have nominal honour done to Him ; but He has real honour and real glory. That Man-Christ, who once walked the streets of Jerusalem, now sits in heaven, and angels bow before Him. That Man-Christ, who once hung on Calvary, and there expired in agonies the most acute, now on His Father's throne exalted sits, and sways the sceptre of heaven—nay, devils at His presence tremble, the whole earth owns the sway of His providence, and on His shoulders the pillars of the universe rest. "He upholdeth all things by the word of His power." He overruleth all mortal things, making the evil work a good, and the good produce a better, and a better still, in infinite progression. The power of the God-Man Christ is infinite : you cannot tell how great it is. He is "able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by Him." He is "able to keep us from falling, and to present us spotless before His presence." He is able to make "all things work together for good." He is "able to subdue all things unto Himself." He is able to conquer even death, for He hath the power of death, and He hath the power of Satan, who once had power over death ; yea, He is Lord over all things, for His Father hath made Him so. The glorious dignity of our Saviour ! I cannot talk of it in words, beloved : all I can say to you must be simple repetition. I can only repeat the statements of Scripture. There is no room for flights ; we must just keep where we ever have been, telling out the story that His Father hath exalted Him to real honours and real dignities.

And once more : this honour that Christ hath now received (I mean the Man-God Christ, not the God-Christ, for He already had that, and never lost it, and therefore could never obtain it ; He was Man-God, and as such He was exalted ;) was *deserved* honour ; that dignity which His Father gave Him He well deserved. I have sometimes thought, if all the holy spirits in the universe had been asked what should be done for the Man whom the King delighteth to honour, they would have said, Christ must be the Man whom God delighteth to honour, and He must sit on His Father's right hand. Why, if I might use such a phrase, I can almost suppose His mighty Father putting it to the vote of heaven as to whether Christ should be exalted, and that they carried it by acclamation, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive honour and glory for ever and ever." His Father gave Him that ; but still the suffrages of all the saints, and of all the holy angels said to it, amen ; and this thing I am certain of, that every heart here—every Christian heart, says amen to it. Ah, beloved, we would exalt Him, we would crown Him, "crown Him Lord of all ;" not only will His Father crown Him, but we ourselves would exalt Him if we had the power ; and when we shall have power to do it, we will cast our crowns beneath His feet, and crown Him Lord of all. It is deserved honour. No other being in heaven deserves to be there ; even the angels are kept there, and God "chargeth His angels with folly," and gives them grace, whereby He keeps them ;

and none of His saints deserve it ; they feel that hell was their desert. But Christ's exaltation was a deserved exaltation. His Father might say to Him, "Well done, My Son, well done ; Thou hast finished the work which I had given Thee to do ; sit Thou for ever first of all men, glorified by union with the person of the Son. My glorious co-equal Son, sit Thou on My right hand, till I make Thine enemies Thy foot-stool."

One more illustration and we have done with this. We must consider the exaltation of Christ in heaven as being in some degree a representative exaltation. Christ Jesus exalted at the Father's right hand, though He has eminent glories, in which the saints must not expect to share, essentially He is the express image of the person of God, and the brightness of His Father's glory, yet, to a very great degree, the honours which Christ has in heaven He has as our representative there. Ah ! brethren it is sweet to reflect, how blessedly Christ lives with His people. Ye all know that we were

" One, when He died, one, when He rose,  
One, when He triumphed o'er His foes ;  
One, when in heaven He took His seat,  
And angels sang all hell's defeat."

To-day you know you are one with Him, now, in His presence. We are at this moment "raised up together," and may, afterwards, "sit together in heavenly places, even in Him." As I am represented in parliament, and as you are, so is every child of God represented in heaven ; but as we are not one with our parliamentary representatives, that figure fails to set forth the glorious representation of us which our forerunner, Christ, carries on in heaven, for we are actually one with Him ; we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones, and His exaltation is our exaltation. He will give us to sit upon His throne, for as He has overcome, and is set down with His Father on His throne ; He has a crown, and He will not wear His crown, unless He gives us crowns too ; He has a throne, but He is not content with having a throne to Himself ; on His right hand there must be His bride in gold of Ophir. And He cannot be there without His bride ; the Saviour cannot be content to be in heaven unless He has His Church with Him, which is "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." Beloved, look up to Christ now ; let the eye of your faith catch a sight of Him ; behold Him there, with many crowns upon His head. Remember, as ye see Him there, ye will one day be like Him, when ye shall see him as He is ; ye shall not be as great as He is, ye shall not be as glorious in degree, but still ye shall, in a measure, share the same honours, and enjoy the same happiness and the same dignity which He possesses. Be then content to live unknown for a little while ; be content to bear the sneer, the jest, the joke, the ribald song ; be content to walk your weary way, through the fields of poverty, or up the hills of affliction ; by-and-by ye shall reign with Christ, for He has "made us kings and priests unto God, and we shall reign for ever and ever." By-and-by we shall share the glories of the Head ; the oil has been poured on His head ; it has not trickled down to us yet, save only in that faithful fellowship which we have ; but by-and-by that oil shall flow to the very skirts of the garments, and we, the meaneast of

His people, shall share a part in the glories of His house by being made kings with Him, to sit on His throne, even as He sits on His Father's throne.

III. And now, in the last place, WHAT ARE CHRIST'S EXPECTATIONS? We are told, *He expects that His enemies shall be made His footstool.* In some sense that is already done; the foes of Christ are, in some sense, His footstool now. What is the devil but the very slave of Christ? for he doth no more than he is permitted against God's children. What is the devil, but the servant of Christ, to fetch His children to His loving arms? What are wicked men, but the servants of God's providence unwittingly to themselves? Christ has even now "power over all flesh that He may give eternal life to as many as God has given Him," in order that the purposes of Christ might be carried out. Christ died for all, and all are now Christ's property. There is not a man in this world who does not belong to Christ in that sense, for he is God over him and Lord over him. He is either Christ's brother, or else Christ's slave, his unwilling vassal, that must be dragged out in triumph, if he follow Him not willingly. In that sense all things are now Christ's.

But we expect greater things than these, beloved, at His coming, *when all enemies shall be beneath Christ's feet upon earth.* We are, therefore, many of us, "looking for that blessed hope; that glorious appearing of the kingdom of our Saviour Jesus Christ;" many of us are expecting that Christ will come; we cannot tell you when, we believe it to be folly to pretend to guess the time, but we are expecting that even in our life the Son of God will appear, and we know that when He shall appear He will tread His foes beneath His feet, and reign from pole to pole, and from the river even to the ends of the earth. Not long shall anti-Christ sit on her seven hills; not long shall the false prophet delude his millions; not long shall idol gods mock their worshippers with eyes that cannot see, and hands that cannot handle, and ears that cannot hear—

"Lo! He comes, with clouds descending."

In the winds I see His chariot wheels; I know that He approaches, and when He approaches He "breaks the bow and cuts the spear in sunder, and burns the chariot in the fire;" and Christ Jesus shall then be King over the whole world. He is king now, virtually; but He is to have another kingdom; I cannot see how it is to be a spiritual one, for that is come already; He is as much king spiritually now as He ever will be in His Church, although His kingdom will assuredly be very extensive; but the kingdom that is to come, I take it, will be something even greater than the spiritual kingdom; it will be a visible kingdom of Christ on earth. Then kings must bow their necks before His feet; then at His throne the tribes of earth shall bend; then the rich and mighty, the merchants of Tyre, and the travellers where gold is found, shall bring their spices and myrrh before Him, and lay their gold and gems at His feet;

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."



Once more, beloved. *Christ will have all His enemies put beneath His feet, in that great day of judgment.* Oh ! that will be a terrible putting of His foes beneath His feet, when at that second resurrection the wicked dead shall rise ; when the ungodly shall stand before His throne, and His voice shall say, "Depart, ye cursed." Oh ! rebel, thou that has despised Christ, it will be a horrible thing for thee, that that Man, that gibbeted, crucified Man, whom thou hast often despised, will have power enough to speak thee into hell ; that the Man whom thou hast scoffed and laughed at, and of whom thou hast virtually said, "If He be the Son of God, let Him come down from the cross," will have power enough, in two or three short words, to damn thy soul to all eternity : "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Oh ! what a triumph that will be, when men, wicked men, persecutors, and all those who opposed Christ, are all cast into the lake that burneth ! But, if possible, it will be a greater triumph, when he who led men astray shall be dragged forth.

"Shall lift his brazen front, with thunder scarred,  
Receive the sentence, and begin anew his hell."

Oh ! when Satan shall be condemned, and when the saints shall judge angels and the fallen spirits shall be under the feet of Christ, "then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, He hath put all things under Him." And when death, too, shall come forth, and the "death of death and hell's destruction" shall grind his iron limbs to powder, then shall it be said, "Death is swallowed up in victory," for the great shout of "Victory, victory, victory," shall drown the shrieks of the past ; shall put out the sound of the howlings of death ; and hell shall be swallowed up in victory. He is exalted on high—He sitteth on His Father's right hand, "from henceforth expecting till His enemies be made His footstool."

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### LIFE IS PASSING AWAY.

#### A FRAGMENT.

BEAUTIFUL child, with rapturous eyes,  
Gazing on all with a glad surprise,  
Dancing along with your painted ball,  
Heart of your parents and joy of all,  
Oh learn to say, as you meekly pray,  
"Thro' loving obedience lies my way  
To the home above  
Where all is love,  
And life is passing away."

Oh ! brothers and sisters, whate'er your degree,  
You are treading the slopes of eternity,  
And God's fair light will guide you aright,  
With flowers by day and stars by night :  
Only love, and say, while you work and play,  
"My soul with my life is passing away,  
Passing away,  
To the judgment day ;  
Oh, life is passing away."

## Mary Upton's Experiences.

A NARRATIVE FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER IX.—INDICTMENT NUMBER ONE.

"MY first charge Mr. Skylark, is this. I affirm that, from the time you commenced your ministerial work in Middlebrook until the present day, your tactics have been carnal and not spiritual. Let us go back to the beginning. How did you start? You started with the bold declaration that *any way* the people were to be got at! Now, I demur to that at the outset. That it is desirable that the people should be reached, there can be no question. They have all souls to be saved; and they all need to hear the Gospel in order to be saved. So far we agree. But from this point we diverge, and that broadly. If the people are to be got at 'any way,' what tactics may we not adopt to get at them? Can any kind be wrong? Answer that, if you please, Mr. Skylark. Do you go so far as to say we may adopt any method we like?"

"No, Miss Upton; I dare hardly say that."

"No, you dare not, and I will tell you why. If you said so, you would be compelled to follow out the tactics of the Salvation Army, and try all kinds of tomfoolery to get at the people. You, as a minister, might dress as a clown and preach a sermon in that dress in the open air. You might ride in parade on a white horse or a black donkey, and so attract crowds to your preaching station. You might blacken your face like a nigger, and

play on the banjo, and sing at the same time your solos, and so entertain the multitude. Or, if you want to vary the proceedings, you may do as the Salvation Army recently did in a Yorkshire town: you may carry a tub with you *filled with fire and brimstone*, to let the wicked see visibly the kind of material hell to which they are fast going! But what does it matter?—anyway you get at the people!

"Come, Miss Upton; that is too bad: you really are too satirical. You know I publicly denounce such absurd performances."

"I know you do, sir: but has it never struck you how inconsistent you are in so doing? What did you say at your Recognition service? I know because I have the newspaper report by me. You said, 'Any way we must get at the people. If we cannot get at them but by novelty, we must have novelty.' And so strictly carrying out your creed, you began with novelty: You chose novel texts and novel subjects, and issued large novel placards. You said novel things, and you gave novel incidents and anecdotes. In fact, there was hardly any kind of novel manoeuvre that could be adopted with any degree of propriety that you did not readily stoop to to get at the people. And you did get at them. They came to our chapel in large numbers. The bait took, and the curious crowds were caught. But what is the end of it? Superior novelties first took them away to the Primitive Methodists, and have finally taken them to the Salvation

Army Barracks. And so you have lost them: for you may depend upon it most of them will never come back to you again. They are like people who have left one shop because in their idea they can obtain superior goods at another. Now, if your novel theory is correct, I reckon General Booth to be a far wiser man than you are. He evidently believes the theory, and carries it out to its legitimate issue. But what do you do? With marvellous inconsistency you say the people are to be got at any way, and yet you stop half-way in the process. Now, be honest, Mr. Skylark, and go over at once to the service of General Booth. I pay you no mean compliment, when I give it as my opinion that the General would regard you as a great prize, and that you would be quite a prominent officer in his army. He would soon bring you to the front and exhibit you in triumph amid a chorus of deafening hallelujahs!

"I am sure, in spite of your hard hitting, Miss Upton, you make me laugh; but I fear it will be a long time before General Booth will have the privilege of exhibiting to his devotees such a distinguished trophy as your humble servant."

"But what do you say about my argument, Mr. Skylark?"

"Just this, Miss Upton: I am compelled logically to modify my statement of getting at the people 'any way.' But you must bear in mind that, when I started in Middlebrook I had no other notion in my brain than seeking in the ways I adopted to attract the people. I did not see then, as I do now, where this sort of thing leads. Had I seen then that it would lead to the introduction of such strange antics as we are unhappily too conversant with in our town, I should have

shrunk from the very appearance of the thing; but even now I fail to see why we should not take means to attract the people."

"Have I ever said you should not take means to attract them, Mr. Skylark?"

"Does not your argument imply as much, Miss Upton?"

"No; it does not, sir. The question is not as to taking means to attract them, but *what* means? Now, let me ask you a few questions. Are we to take vulgar means?"

"No."

"Nor means that are calculated to bring the Scriptures into ridicule?"

"No; certainly not."

"Nor means that would lower the status or character of the Christian ministry?"

"No, again, Miss Upton."

"Then in giving a negative to all these things you condemn yourself, Mr. Skylark. Were not many of your advertised subjects vulgar? Were they not calculated to make the Scriptures appear ridiculous in the eyes of many people? And did not their publication in such a sensational form lower you as a minister in the eyes of thoughtful people?"

"Let me answer your last question first. I do not dispute that many thoughtful people did disagree with me in the course I took, and possibly they might have had some good reasons for doing so. But I must demur decidedly to the assumption that either my subjects were vulgar or that they were designed to bring the Scriptures into ridicule. They were ingenious, but not vulgar, and designed to introduce the Gospel, and so save souls."

"So you may think, Mr. Skylark: but your thought does not alter facts. Now, let me tell you two or three things. You know well that

when your placards were first posted they proved attractive enough. Crowds read them, and it was curious to hear their comments. Laughter and jokes were the order of the day. Each comic title afforded food for some vulgar jest, and one working man, that I overheard myself, affirmed that—"if the Bible contained such subjects it was a rum book!" One man after hearing you, as he walked a little before me, declared to his mate that 'it was as good as going to a theatre;' and as to sceptics, I know well, from information received, that at their infidel meetings they have often made you, your subjects, and your sayings the butt of their keenest ridicule. Now these things have grieved me to the heart; and I only mention them now with pain."

"But you know souls were saved through delivering them?"

"But that is just what I do not know, Mr. Skylark. That many professed to be saved, I do know; but where are they now? Not to talk of three or four that have already been excluded for immorality, what will the statistical column for erasure be likely to show at the next Association? Will that report be at all flattering to yourself and to your ministerial, or rather I should say, sensational tactics?"

"You do not mean to say, Miss Upton, that all who may have wandered to the Salvation Army or elsewhere are among the unsaved?"

"No, I do not; that is altogether another matter: all that I affirm is that I do not *know* that they were saved through the delivery of your sermons; and that if we are to presume about the matter the facts look rather the other way. But you must admit that, be as charitable as you will with regard to many, there is much room for doubt."

"Let us leave them, Miss Upton, and come back to the argument. If I listened aright you said that you did not object to means that would attract; so please allow me to ask you what means you hold to be justifiable?"

"All means that are Scriptural, sir. Now, I do not wish you to misunderstand me, Mr. Skylark. I do not object to an announcement of subjects either on large bills or small bills. On the contrary, I think that judicious advertising is not only lawful but may do good. But the question is what *ought* to be advertised? Ought clap-trap of any kind? I boldly answer no. All clap-trap is vulgar. The showman employs it to get the people to his show. The puffing advertiser employs it to induce people to buy his wares. The publican employs it to decoy dupes to his drinking den. And any one who wishes to cheat the simple makes it a prime agency to attain that despicable end. Its adoption, therefore, on the part of any pastor or evangelist degrades the ministry; and worse still, lowers the Scriptures in the eyes of the people. They are certain to associate it with the tactics of the cheat and the liar, and therefore to set down the whole thing as a fraud. In the adoption of advertising clap-trap, no minister can come up to the placards of the Salvation Army. With their 'Blood and Fire,' 'Converted Clowns and Devil Smashers,' 'Faith Healings and Kingly Feasts,' 'Warriors' Battles and Glorious Victories,' they can outshine any other sectarian sensational attempt, and such ministers as yourself. Therefore, Mr. Skylark, you may just as well retire from the conduct, and award them the victors' palm. Professedly using these outlandish and questionable methods to gather in 'the roughs,' on that ground the public

will tolerate them far more than they are likely to do men like yourself, who occupy a totally different position, and are expected to use far more elevating means. Attract them by bills if you can, but let your subjects be worthy of the Word and of your profession. But having done this, when the people come take care to expound the Word. Do not try to bring out of it what is not really in it, but show the meaning of every text, and what alone it is designed by the Holy Spirit to teach. In my opinion, in this age if the people need anything it is *true and faithful Scriptural exposition*; and a hundred people that will listen seriously to it are to be preferred as a congregation to five hundred who can only be drawn by sensational efforts of the Salvation Army type. Give our people that, Mr. Skylark, and you will soon see what a difference it will make in promoting their spiritual well-being."

"Well, I think you've said enough about your first charge, Miss Upton, and you will give me credit for having given you a fair and patient hearing. Now, what is your second charge? for I think you said there were other points at issue that you desired to be discussed. So please what comes next?"

"I am sure I am obliged to you for listening to me so patiently, Mr. Skylark, and I must apologise if I speak strongly and in any way hurt your feelings. I do not wish to do so if I can help it, I am sure."

"Never mind my feelings, Miss Upton. God knows my heart; if I am wrong, I want to be set right. He knows that if I have erred, it has not been wilfully; and if I can but only get at the truth I shall only be too happy to put it into practice. What I have wanted ever since He converted my soul was to be the instrument of extending His kingdom, and if I can but do that in a right way I shall be satisfied. 'Thy kingdom come' is my daily prayer, and I feel as if I could sacrifice anything if that prayer were but answered."

"That I firmly believe, sir, and because I believe it I have dared to risk giving you offence with the plain declaration of my opinions on points on which we have differed. Had I not believed it, you may rest assured this conference between us would not have taken place to-day."

"Enough of apology, Miss Upton. Now for your next indictment!"  
(*To be continued.*)

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THE best name by which we can think of God is Father. It is a loving, deep, sweet, heart-touching name; for the name of father is in its nature full of inborn sweetness and comfort. Therefore, also, we must confess ourselves children of God; for by this name we deeply touch our God, since there is not a sweeter sound to the Father than the voice of the child.—MARTIN LUTHER.

## Round the World in Seven Months.

WITH GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL LIFE IN OUR COLONIES, AND IN AMERICA.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

PART IX.—ROUND THE COAST, AND THROUGH THE INTERIOR OF NEW ZEALAND.

### *New Plymouth.*

WE returned from the Terraces to Hamilton by the same conveyance and route as we went, and thence by rail back to Auckland; but we had as yet seen only the chief wonders of New Zealand, and we wanted to view the country, the people, and their ways of life. So we decided to make the circuit of the North Island, leaving the South Island to some future visit. We accordingly booked places in the *Penguin*, a steamer which serves the west coast, starting from Onehunga and completing its voyage at Wellington. The harbour of Onehunga has an awkward bar at its mouth which none but small vessels can cross, so we found the *Penguin* only about seven hundred and fifty tons burthen, but she proved a good, seaworthy, comfortable, well-appointed ship. We had fine weather and bright moonlight for our voyage, which was enlivened further by the company of Mr. Archibald Forbes, formerly war correspondent of the *Daily News*. He was on a lecturing tour, attracted large audiences, and, they said, made much money.

Next morning we disembarked in great lighters, wound ashore by a stationary windlass, and landed at New Plymouth. The town as yet

consists of one main street of timber-built shops or stores, with a few streets parallel to and across it for private residents; but a fine break-water and pier is being constructed, and is fast approaching completion. When this is done the place cannot fail to improve, as the land around is of fair quality, and both stock and crops are good.

This district was some years ago the centre of the Maori revolt, and we were shown a memorial of the conflict in a large block-house or compound, built on a hill, within whose precincts all the white population took shelter during the war. Divided into stalls like horse-boxes, each compartment was the abode of a family or group. Loopholed for musketry and strongly fortified, it was shelter, but that was all, and life there was a life of hardship, privation, and peril. We saw also the graves of a company of English soldiers who fell in defence of their countrymen, and whose monuments tell not only of their valour, but of troublous times long past.

We stayed a week at a comfortable farmhouse about six miles from the town, from whose verandah we could see the entire coast line for fifty miles. We found that land here could be bought freehold at about £3 an acre. And here we settled one of our sons, satisfied that not only were the views picturesque but the prospects of success good.

### *Whanganui.*

We travelled thence by rail

through a country literally covered with blackened, half-burnt trunks of trees, so rapidly is the district being cleared for cultivation. Sleeping at Hawera, which is surrounded by some of the finest land in the colony, and can boast of farms equal to the best-kept and most productive in England, we took coach to Nelson, thence rail again to the important town of Whanganui, situated on the river of that name, the scenery of which at this point reminded us of the Rhine. Here we found a thriving settlement and many signs of prosperity, and here we spent Sunday, worshipping both morning and evening in a handsome church which seats six hundred people, and in the afternoon we visited a village Church, six miles distant, the services of which are conducted in rotation by a clergyman of the Episcopal Church and by the Wesleyan, the Baptist, and the Congregational minister. A curious arrangement, but successful, because each confines his teaching to the broad general principles of Christian truth, avoiding doctrinal differences. There was a large congregation, most of whom came in some sort of conveyance, and here, as in many other country districts, the church has attached to it a range of stabling, covered sheds for vehicles, and a paddock in which the riding horses are turned out. It is no uncommon experience for a Colonial minister, after he has finished his service, to have to go into the meadow and catch his horse, sometimes a long and wearisome task.

#### *Palmerston North.*

From Whanganui we went to the scattered but rapidly growing township of Palmerston North, where our other son was pastor of a church, and where the building,

having become too small for the increasing congregation, we had the pleasure of laying the foundation stone of a new and larger structure. The growth and development of the cause here demonstrated that good old Evangelical doctrines had not lost their power. Solongasmere literary, intellectual and rationalistic teaching had prevailed (albeit, the former pastor, was an exceptionally able man), the church had languished. It was the simple preaching of Christ and Him crucified that woke the people from their slumber, and more than doubled the number of church members within six months.

#### *The Manawatu Gorge.*

And now we decided to make a journey across country to see what the interior was like. Our first day's coach-ride was along the great Manawatu<sup>2</sup> Gorge. "*Manawatu*" means "*Out of breath*," and the tradition is that a Maori chief, being nearly exhausted while battling with the current of the rapid river which rushes along the bottom of this gorge, exclaimed, "*Manawatu!—I've lost my breath!*" by which name it was ever afterwards called. We found the gorge for twenty miles to consist of steep, sloping, well-wooded banks—the river rushing along the bottom, and the road a mere unprotected shelf scraped out of the side, only just wide enough for a single vehicle—a fearful road to ride along in the day. What it must be at night I know not, but it is regularly traversed both night and day. The scenery all the way is most romantic, and, save for some trepidation caused by seemingly reckless driving, the ride is a great treat to all lovers of the picturesque. We slept at a comfortable modern inn at Woodville, whose landlady told us she had been there

eight years, and was the first white woman to settle in the place, but now there were two hundred inhabitants; and next morning we started for the famous ride through

*The Forty-mile Bush.*

"Bush," in the Colonies, always means forest, and this is a dense, aboriginal forest. Tall trees stand up like masts of ships thirty or forty feet high; a dense undergrowth of smaller trees and shrubs, mingled with the impenetrable supple-jack, fill up the space between the larger timber. Flowers gleam in red masses here and there, and a rich carpet of grass covers the earth beneath—a dense mass, the growth of centuries. But straight through this bush for nearly forty miles the woodman's axe has hewn out a broad road quite twenty feet wide. This road has been levelled, metalled, and drained: where streams intersect it, they have either been bridged, or are provided with large pontoon ferries. When we reach these we drive vehicle and horses bodily on to the pontoon, the chains are loosed, and, after a little pushing to get it afloat, the current carries it all to the other side. Then came a rather monotonous journey for eight hours, stretch after stretch of level road, bordered by thick forest, quite a marvel of industry, enterprise, and public spirit. Throughout the day we came at frequent intervals to new settlements, consisting of a cluster of timber huts for workmen, and a handsome residence for the proprietor. All around for miles half-burnt trunks of trees, or the stumps of those which had been felled, encumbering the ground, but in no way hindering the pasturage. In fact all the indications were of growth, abundance, and prosperity.

*The Rematuka Railway.*

We slept at the clean, bright-looking town of Masterton, and next morning started for Wellington by the wonderful railway which has been carried over the Alpine range of the Rematuka Mountains—a feat of engineering skill fit to be associated with that of the Rigi railway in Switzerland. The line rises so steeply that the engine has a pair of central-toothed wheels, which fit into a double row of cogs, fastened on either side of beams of timber fixed midway between the rails, while as a further protection against running back, two engines are employed, one before, the other behind the train. The curves are so sharp that a story is current that a new engine driver one day pulled up suddenly on seeing before him red lights, which he took for danger signals of a train in front of him, but which proved to be the tail lamps of his own. It is absolutely true, however, that once, in a furious westerly gale, an entire train (engine, carriages, passengers and all) was blown off the track at its most exposed part, and hurled to the bottom of a deep ravine. The place is now protected, not by a wall or screen, which would certainly be overthrown in a similar tempest, but by piles placed at intervals of two feet from each other, which break the force of the wind, and offer but little resistance to its fury. The scenery all the way is romantic in the extreme, and the ride equal to any that can be obtained in Switzerland.

*Wellington and its Harbour.*

We reached Wellington about mid-day, and, as we did not embark till evening, had time for a hasty survey of the place which



is now the legislative and administrative capital of the colony. The harbour is remarkably beautiful. It consists of a circular lake, twenty miles in diameter, surrounded by green hills, save at the entrance, opposite to which, at the northern end of the bay, rises the clean, well-built city, about which we strolled, and found good thoroughfares, well stocked shops, handsome public-buildings, and many churches: that belonging to the Wesleyans being very convenient and commodious, having its seats arranged in curves like an amphitheatre, giving accommodation for 1,200 worshippers. Behind this are very large and complete school premises for senior, junior, and infant scholars. These buildings cost over £10,000; and other churches are said to be quite as large and handsome as this. There is an extensive range of quay accommodation at Wellington, and we saw many fine vessels loading and unloading. We embarked in a magnificent steamer called the *Wairarapa*, 2,500 tons burthen, fitted with electric light and every modern luxury, and about dusk we steamed out of the harbour, and began our voyage back to Auckland.

#### *The East Coast of the North Island.*

We left Wellington on Saturday night, and about 11 a.m. on Sunday morning dropped anchor in the roadstead off Napier, a thriving town, the chief port of a large wool-growing district. We longed to land, in the hope of attending public worship, but as there is no quay, all communication with shore is carried on by steam tender, and the landing stage is four miles from the town, so we remained on board, sadly distracted by steam cranes landing or embarking cargo, and

still more disturbed by a bevy of half-tipsy betting men fresh from the Napier races. These brought their tobacco pipes and cigars into the ladies' cabin and dining saloon, and in other ways set all rules and regulations at defiance; and not until we got out into the open sea, by which time most of them were prostrate with sea-sickness, did we get any comfort or peace. The coast scenery was all the way very fine—chalk cliffs like those of Albion, rounded headlands green like Beachy Head, and pretty little settlements whose white houses glistened in the sunlight, intermingled with patches of bush or forest. All these seen under a clear blue sky flecked with fleecy clouds, and reflected in the rippling waters, made up a panorama of natural beauty very pleasant to behold, while seaward shoals of flying fish and flocks of sea birds enlivened the scene. Early on Monday we passed Gisborne, and about 4 p.m. disembarked once more at the quay at Auckland.

#### *Farewell to New Zealand.*

After a quiet Sunday in Auckland, on which we worshipped at the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon's church in the morning, and heard him give an address at the music hall in the evening, finally assisting at the service from 8 to 9.15 in the theatre, we paid our round of farewell visits, and on the 27th of March embarked in the good ship *Australia* for our long voyage across the Pacific to San Francisco. In bidding farewell to New Zealand we wish to record our impression that, like Australia, it is a fine country for the sober, thrifty, industrious, handy working man. Such cannot fail to improve their position by going there. Wages are higher, hours of labour are fewer, and all absolute necessaries (save

clothes and rent) are cheaper than in the old country. And unless there should be too rapid an influx of immigrants, which might necessitate patience and a temporary lowering of the amount of earnings within the district affected, we anticipate for some years a continued and general demand for suitable labour all over the colony. The climate is delightful, far superior to that of Australia, and the scenery is as much superior as the climate. Mountain and plain, hill and dale, forest and meadow, river and lake, with a sea coast always within easy reach, varied by lovely indentations, forming harbours, sounds, or bays of large extent and picturesque beauty. Land is abundantly productive: no need there for bone-dust, artificial manures, or other scientific appliances to increase fertility, for here "The earth bringeth forth fruit of

itself." Cattle and sheep thrive rapidly on the succulent grasses which abound in all the grazing districts, and horses do more work fed upon grass than in England on corn. Let the poor, half-ruined farmers of England, or rather, let their stalwart sons, come out here, and instead of struggling for a bare subsistence at home, they may eat meat three times a day, and command £1 or £1 10s. per week, with board and lodging, or £2 10s. to £3 without. At present the demand for suitable labour is so great that men make their own terms with the employer, who goes about seeking them, instead of they having to seek the employer.

Add to the climate of Italy the scenery of North Wales, or of Scotland, and you have the best idea we can give you of the Colony of New Zealand.

(To be continued.)

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## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

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### HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, KEYSOE, BEDFORDSHIRE.

BY PASTOR T. G. HEAD.

As this is one of the earliest-formed churches in this part of the country of Nonconformists, a sketch may be interesting to the readers of the *Messenger*. The church dates from 1652, but the first pastor whose name is recorded is the Rev. John Donne, ejected from Pertenhall, the adjoining village, on the memorable Bartholomew's Day, 1662. There is an account given of this eminent man in the "Nonconformist's Memorial" (Vol. I., p. 284).

Pertenhall, Mr. John Donne, of King's College, Cambridge. This

living was of good value, he therefore would not trouble any of the parish for his tithes. He was very charitable to the poor, and a hearty good lover of all good people. After his ejection he lived at Keysoe, in the neighbourhood, where he had a congregation, among whom he took great pains, preaching constantly at his meeting every Lord's Day, and sometimes also on week-days. Being disturbed, he did not desist; but preached in the wood and other obscure places. At length he was imprisoned at Bedford, and continued some years, which occasioned an ill-habit of body and hastened his end. He left a widow and five children, with but little to support them, but the providence of God kept them from want. He was a

man of great faith and courage, though such was his natural timidity that he would say, "Were it not for Christ, the shaking of a leaf would affright me." It appears that his church suffered severely in the persecution during the reign of Charles the Second. The people assembled in the neighbouring wood under the cover of night to worship the Lord. Not only their pastor, but many of his flock were fellow-prisoners with John Bunyan. A brother is spoken of and referred to as sanctioned by the church to exercise his gifts, because in such troublesome times he boldly endured suffering and willingly encountered difficulty on Christ's behalf. He was confined with others in Bedford Jail. In the account given of Bunyan's release in 1672, the names of five persons, prisoners, besides Bunyan's, are given, inserted in the king's order for their liberation. Four, if not five, have signed the church covenant for the Baptist church at Keysoe, which is as follows:—"We, whose names are hereunder written, having found by sad experience how uncomfortable it is to walk in a disorderly, unsettled condition, and having a desire to partake in all the ordinances of God which are made known to us in His Word, do hereby this day give up ourselves to the Lord, and to the word of His grace, to be guided, governed and directed by Him in all His ways; and we do likewise promise in the presence of the Lord to walk with our brethren in this congregation with all watchfulness and tenderness, avoiding all jealousies, suspicious, backbitings and censuring, and to have special regard to that rule of the Lord Jesus: to bear and forbear, to give and forgive one another, as He Himself has taught us; and we do likewise

desire to obey God in all His commands, and to give no offence to the Jews nor to the Gentiles, nor to the Church of God as much as in us lieth." This covenant was signed by seventy persons, among whom the four or five following names were fellow-prisoners of John Bunyan in Bedford—John Donne, James Rogers, Thomas Haynes, Samson Haynes, and James Farr. The following well-authenticated fact is snatched from oblivion, though the honoured name has been forgotten. During the fierce persecution of the Dissenters of those times, two persons came one morning early from Bedford to a farm at Keysoe named Buryfields, to arrest the pious farmer and confine him in jail for the offence of Nonconformity. The Christian man suspecting their errand, invited his visitors to share his breakfast. In asking a blessing and in returning thanks for their meal, he emphatically pronounced these words, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." His persecutors were so far softened that they went away without taking him into custody, verifying the words, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

Several pastors succeeded to the pastorate—John Norman, Benjamin Dawson, and others whose names are lost, who ministered to the church, which grew and prospered in such persecutions. In December, 1725, Mr. Samuel Cole, of Biggleswade, was called to the pastoral office, and was ordained on the following May. Under his ministry the church greatly revived. In 1741, the present substantial chapel was built to hold 500. Mr. Cole died in 1746. His remains are interred in the burial-ground adjoining the chapel. He

was succeeded by the Rev. Richard Denny, the last surviving student of Dr. Doddridge. It was during his pastorate that the Rev. George Whitfield preached in the chapel at Keysoe. The next permanent pastor was the Rev. William Dickens, who laboured for 32 years till he ceased labouring in the Lord's vineyard October 13, 1798. The Lord blessed his labours with great success. He was a man of distinguished piety, greatly esteemed for integrity. His remains also rest in the meeting-house graveyard. The next pastor who lived, laboured, and died at Keysoe, was the Rev. William Brown, a student of the Rev. J. Sutcliffe, of Olney. He was greatly beloved throughout the neighbourhood; his labours were much blessed, and the church and congregation very much increased. His work ceased December 16, 1818, and his ashes repose by the side of Mr. Dickens. His name is still fragrant in the memories of a few who, when young were benefited by his ministrations. From 1818 to 1838, the church had several pastors, whose honoured labours the Lord blessed. On October 31, 1838, Rev. Thos. Gate was ordained as pastor, under whose ministrations the cause greatly revived. The present comfortable and convenient manse and substantial school-house were built, his beloved wife entering heartily into the work collecting a large portion of the money. On October 27, 1841, the centenary of the erection of the present meeting-house was held. In the morning at five o'clock they assembled for prayer, the Scriptures were read, and the pastor gave an address on the persecution endured by the early Nonconformists. At eleven a service was held, when the Rev. Thos. Robinson, of Little Staughton, read the Scriptures and

offered prayer. The Rev. Renhold Hogg, who was in his 90th year, preached an appropriate sermon from 1 Sam. vii. 12. Meetings followed during the day, many friends and ministers taking part and showing their sympathy in and with the celebration. Hearty praise and believing prayer were presented to the Lord for gospel mercies past and for a continuation of the same. Thus for sixteen years the Head of the church prospered His cause at Keysoe by the labours of His servants, Mr. and Mrs. Gate, Thomas Gate ending his work with his mortal life. Having preached three times on Lord's Day, December 3, 1854, he died at midnight. His last discourse was from Rev. iii. 20: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," &c. His words to one who saw his end were, "The knock is come to my door first." He is buried in the same graveyard with the other worthies. A vast concourse of people, who esteemed him highly for his work's sake, came to his funeral, when the Rev. S. Edgar, B.A., of Kimbolton, delivered an address. His funeral sermon was preached on the following Sabbath by the Rev. W. E. Archer, of Spaldwick.

Rev. M. Edwards, a student of Bradford, succeeded him until the death of his widow, which was twelve years after. Her name is still most fragrant, her work spoken of with pleasure, and her memory revered. The Rev. F. Perkins followed Mr. Edwards, who is still at Liverpool. Mr. Perkins was trained at Cheshunt, a man of great learning and spiritual power, a good Greek scholar, and of eminent piety, who had served the church for many years, consolidating it, and increasing the congregation. He has retired from the pastorate, still resides at

Keysoe, attends the chapel, takes an interest in the church, sometimes preaches for the present pastor, presides at public meetings, giving wise counsel to the congregation. May he be long spared to give good and weighty words, unfolding the mysteries of the kingdom of God.

Thus for more than two hundred and thirty years this church has been preserved to bless the neighbourhood and influence many souls. Generations have borne testimony to her usefulness. Not only has the immediate neighbourhood benefited by her vitalizing and refreshing power, but moral and spiritual light has been carried to other places by those who have gone out from the church at Keysoe. Thus, like many other village churches, she has been kept alive by the Holy Spirit amid all the poverty, ignorance and persecutions. Though great are the struggles, they nurture their sons and daughters in the religion of the Bible, and help fill the churches of the towns with members of spiritual vigour and freshness. Should not the more wealthy churches in the towns send back their help and sympathy to strengthen and encourage the villages? This church, I trust, will still maintain her usefulness in the service of the Lord. There are still a flourishing Sabbath-school, a Blue Ribbon Mission, and other organizations in connection with her. Present membership one hundred and eleven.

### THE BRIDE'S REQUEST.

By PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST.

"I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon."

The persons here addressed may

mean professors though not possessors—the "daughters of Jerusalem," but not "the Lamb's bride"; such cannot understand the experience of true believers. The Jews looked with a jealous eye on the Gentile church.

The Christian may be compared to two men in one, for he possesses two distinct natures—the old nature inherited from Adam, which shall ere long be entirely destroyed, and a new nature, created in Christ Jesus, which shall increase mightily day by day, till at last, freed from its sinful companion, it shall walk at large in the perfect enjoyment of likeness to, and presence with, its Almighty Redeemer.

Saints, viewed in themselves, and in union with their natural head, Adam, are black as Kedar's sunburnt tents; but seen in Jesus, and by Jesus, they are comely as Solomon's gorgeous curtains. The redeemed Bride has no beauty in herself, she has no deformity in Jesus, for in Him she is all fair and spotless. This comeliness is hidden from the carnal man, because it is inwrought. It is only this inward beauty that renders her meet to be brought into the chambers of communion.

Commentators differ as to the age of Solomon when he wrote this book. I am inclined to the opinion that it was in his old age; for, most certainly, none but an advanced believer can experimentally use the language of this verse, for it is only such an one who is fully sensible of his own deformity. Paul was an aged man when he called himself less than the least of all saints, and the chief of sinners.

"*Look not upon me, because I am black.*"—This request may be understood thus: "Look not upon me, because I am black," so as to scorn me, for though in myself my black-

ness is apparent, yet, in Jesus my blackness passes away, and I become fair in His spotless righteousness, which becomes mine by imputation. "Look not upon me" in a prying manner, seeking to discover flaws in my character, for you, O carnal man, cannot loathe my defilement more than I abhor myself. "Look not upon me," delighting in my imperfections, for without a spot, wrinkle, or any such thing, I am complete in Jesus. In myself, sin is active, seeking my destruction; but ah, it shall strive in vain, for I, through Jesus, am dead to sin; therefore, though sin dwelleth in me, yet I allow it not, but would do good.

"Because the sun hath looked upon me; my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards: but mine own vineyard have I not kept."—The Bride here gives a reason for her blackness. "The sun has looked upon me." This may mean the hot and burning sun of persecution, which had scorched her complexion, causing her to be exceeding sorrowful, like unto her Lord; or, the Sun of Righteousness had looked upon her, so that she, seen by contrast with His purity, was blacker still; therefore she urges the daughters of Jerusalem not to look on her, but

to direct their attention to her Jesus, who is the altogether Lovely One. Her "mother's children were angry with" her, her foes were of her own household, her inbred lusts had changed her features; they had made her a "keeper" of other "vineyards;" she doubtless had embraced some errors in false churches at the instigation of her inward foes, her "mother's children;" this had caused her to neglect her "own vineyard," which is another and a great cause of her blackness. Thus the child of God makes no excuse for his deformity, or want of beauty, but with shame of face, and sorrow of heart, confesses it to be the result of his own sin.

"But though my folly hath me marred,  
And wrought my own distress;  
Yet be not at religion scar'd,  
Nor stumbled at my bliss.

"For 'gainst myself I bear record,  
That hence my slavery flows;  
While I neglect to serve my Lord,  
I'm left to serve my foes.

"Their hate and envy made me trudge,  
Their vineyards to inspect;  
And while at theirs I was a drudge,  
My own I did neglect."

R. ERSKINE.

Portsmouth.

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How rich soever any man be on earth, he is still God's beggar. The beggar takes his stand before the rich man's house; but the rich man himself stands before the door of the great rich One.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

## DAILY RULES FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

1.—*Seek Daily Consecration.*

Live more and more for Christ,  
Who gave His life for thee;  
And bore thy sins on His own head,  
Upon the accursed tree.

2.—*Let your Speech be always with Grace.*

Let the love of Jesus ever be the topic of thy speech;  
Avoid the vain and empty talk which worldlings often teach.

3.—*Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience.*

Obtain the polished shield of faith,  
And strive to keep it bright—  
By constant friction 'gainst God's Word,  
Each morning, noon, and night.

4.—*Never give way to sinful doubts.*

Whene'er the clouds of sin and doubt  
Hang heavy on thy soul;  
Lift up thy heart to God in prayer,  
And He will make thee whole.

5.—*Pray without ceasing.*

And all the minor cares of life  
Turn into instant prayer:  
When other sources fade and fail,  
There still is solace there.—H. H. S.

THE CAFFRE CONVERTED.—A Caffre, a fine, tall, athletic young man, addicted to all the debasing and demoralizing customs of his nation, but who had occasionally attended public worship, one night resolved to go into the colony of Chumie for the purpose of stealing a horse, which is a common practice with them. He immediately left home, came into the colony, and watched for an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose, which soon presented itself. He found two horses grazing in a sheltered situation near a bush, and he instantly seized one of them, and made off with it as fast as he could. Elated with his success, and rejoicing in the prospect of securing his prize without being detected, he proceeded towards Caffreland, when all at once the thought struck him, "Thou shalt not steal." He could go no further, but immediately drew up his horse and said to himself, "What is this? I have heard these words before in the church, but I never felt as I do now. This must be the Word of God." He dismounted, and held the bridle in his hand, hesitating whether to go forward with the horse, or to return with it and restore it to the owner. In this state he continued for upwards of an hour. At last he resolved to take the horse back again, which he accordingly did, and returned home a true penitent, determined to serve God. When he reached his dwelling he could not rest; sleep had departed from him; the sting of conviction abided deep in his conscience and he could not shake it off. The next day he took an ox out of his kraal (cattle place), and went to the nearest village to sell it, in order that he might buy European clothing with the money, and attend the house of God like a Christian. When he returned with his clothes he went to the minister, told him all that had taken place, and requested to be admitted on probation as a church member. The minister, cheered with his statement, received him, and after keeping him on trial the appointed time, and finding him consistent in his conduct, a short time ago baptized him; and he is now a member of the Christian church, and adorning his profession.—*Bible Treasury.*

## Reviews.

*Madge and Bessie; The Three Sisters; A Good Soldier, and Timothy Dove; Mother's Little Lamb, and other Stories; Hope On, and other Stories; The Two Cousins, and other Stories; Twice made Free, and other Stories; Little Barbara, and A Talk with the Little Ones.* Baptist Tract Society, Castle Street, Holborn.

WE are able to recommend these tales and stories for young people. They are healthy and well told. Children and young persons will be benefited by reading them; parents and guardians will be pleasing and profiting their charges by placing one or all of these threepenny, nicely-bound books in their hands. We take up one as a specimen. "Twice Made Free, and other Stories," contains thirty-seven pages, three pictorial illustrations; and besides the first story contains: "How an Atheist became a Believer," and "An Intended Suicide at Westminster Bridge, and How it was Prevented."

*Lamps for Little Feet; a Series of four-page Illustrated Tracts for the Young.* By EVA TRAVERS EVERED POOLE. Morgan and Scott.

THESE lamps are beautiful, bright, and shining lights. It has given us frequent pleasure to read Mrs. Poole's poetry, and we have not derived less in reading some of these touching, useful stories. We should like to know of their being circulated in tens of thousands.

*Prayer Power; or, Prayer a Real Force among the Affairs of Men.* Rev. A. FERGUSSON. Baptist Tract Society.

THIS is a thorough, devotional work, and well calculated to keep the fire burning on the altar of the heart, and should stir every reader who knows the worth of prayer to again and again seek the throne of grace,

and by faith, holding by the horns of the altar, prove with the writer the mighty power of prayer. The author divides his subject into five chapters—"The seat of prayer," "Some marks of the class of men who believe that prayer is a real force among the affairs of men," "How prayer is excited to a state of activity among the aff of men," "The form prayer power assumes when excited to activity," and "Prayer power in a state of activity." We thank the author, and wish him a multitude of readers.

*The Devotional Service and Chant Book.* W. B. Whittingham and Co., 91, Gracechurch Street.

THE chief object here is to provide, as well as chants, a service of responses from our congregations. To us this is very desirable wherever it is attainable—and that is in every willing congregation. The book is well and carefully prepared, and is thoroughly evangelical in its tone, and contains thirty-four Chants including the Te Deum and Doxology, as well as the services for minister and people. It has also the advantage of cheapness.

*The Homes of the Baptist Missionary Society, from Kettering to Castle Street; with brief Memoirs of the Officers and Missionaries whose Busts and Portraits are preserved in the Mission House.* CHARLES KINTLAND. Alexander and Shephard, Castle Street, Holborn.

BUT one opinion can be formed as to the good service our brother has done for the Baptists and the Missions in producing this comprehensive and valuable history. *It was needed.* We have found many of our church members in utter ignorance of the former men and their wonderful work



under God in connection with our foreign missions. We wish it were possible to place a copy in the hands of every church member. *Baptists, purchase it. Baptists, circulate it.*

*Darwinism Refuted out of Darwin's Book.* HENRY WALDUCK. Elliot Stock.

A TRACT which deals heavy logic against Darwinism.

*The Girl's Own Paper.* Religious Tract Society. Part 67. August.

HAS a new and complete story, "The Dutch Orphans; or, The Doctor's Fee," illustrated by a full-page frontispiece; also for the chapter on "Famous Lady Travellers," a sketch of Miss Constance F. Gordon Cumming, accompanied with a well-executed likeness. This number is well filled with all the subjects of usual interest to girls—needlework, painting, music, cookery, etc.

We have received the *Report of the Ragged School Union*; also the *Report of the Annual Meeting of the Trinitarian Bible Society*. Both have our heartiest sympathy.

Our Magazines:—*The Baptist* contains a sermon by the Rev. W. T. Rosevear, in memory of the late J. P. Barnett. *The General Baptist* gives a paper by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, subject, "The Church for the Times." *The Sword and Trowel* gives the opening of the Auckland Tabernacle, by Thomas Spurgeon.

We have received *Evangelical Christendom, The Voice of Warning, Open Doors, Light and Truth, Home Evangel, Report of the Open Air Mission, Life and Light, The Silver Moon, The British Flag*. For all of them we could say some kind words. They have our prayers and best wishes.

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## Denominational Intelligence.

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### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. D. LLEWELLYN, of Burton Latimer, has accepted the pastorate of Trinity Road Church, Upper Tooting.

Rev. H. H. Pullen, of Harrow Church, has accepted the pastorate of Grange Road Church, Darlington.

Rev. W. A. Davis, of Rushden, has accepted the pastorate of the Church at Acton.

Rev. James Mursell, of Rawdon College, has accepted a call from Castlegate Church, Berwick.

Rev. T. Wilkinson has resigned the pastorate of the church at Tewkesbury, where he has laboured for nearly thirty-four years.

Rev. B. Bowker, of Sunnyside Chapel, Crawshawbooth, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Knowsley Street Chapel, Bury.

Rev. W. R. Parker, late of Bolton has accepted the pastorate of the church at Gainsborough.

Mr. Walter Davies, of Llangollen College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Upton-on-Severn.

Rev. F. H. Newton has resigned the secretariat of the German Baptist Mission, the duties of which will now be discharged by Mr. Martin H. Wilkin.

Rev. W. Ross, late of the Congo Mission, has accepted the pastorate of the Tabernacle Church, Liverpool Road, Burslem.

Rev. W. Fuller Gooch, of Lower Norwood, has accepted the pastorate of Bethesda Church, Sunderland, of which the Rev. A. A. Rees was pastor for forty years.

Rev. J. E. Jones has resigned the pastorate of the church at Pattishall.

Rev. D. Cook has retired from the pastorate of the churches at Calstock and Metherill, where he has laboured for fifteen years.

Rev. W. Dickens has resigned the pastorate of the church at the Rayleigh.

Rev. W. Morlais Evans, of Liverpool, has been recognised as pastor of the church at Tyldesley.

Mr. G. T. Gillingham, evangelist, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Barking.

Rev. T. Harley has resigned the pastorate of Peckham-park Road Church.

Mr. A. Graham Barton, a member of the First Baptist Church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Hamsterley.

Rev. S. Cheshire, of Regent's Park College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Banbury.

LEAFIELD, OXON.—Rev. W. H. Tubb has resigned the pastorate of the church, Leafield, Oxon., and accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the church, Lechlade, East Gloucester.

LONDON: GUNNERSBURY.—Rev. J. W. Kirton, LL.D., has accepted a cordial invitation to undertake the temporary pastorate, in the hope that a flourishing cause may ere long be established in this growing suburb of the metropolis.

PONTNEWYNYDD.—Zion Hill Church has given an invitation to Rev. Isaac Cool, of Cardiff, to become their pastor.

HALIFAX.—Rev. Duncan Stuart, of Ballron, Stirling, N.B., has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at Pellon Lane.

CREWE.—Rev. J. B. Morgan, of Wellington, Salop, has accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Victoria Street Church.

BARNSTAPLE.—Rev. J. M. Murphy, late of the Home and Irish Missions, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of this church.

## PRESENTATIONS.

REV. S. COULING, on retiring from the pastorate of the church at Chipperfield, after forty years of ministerial and evangelistic work, has been presented with a purse of £16, to which the vicar of Chipperfield, Rev. W. G. Sharpin, contributed one guinea, accompanying the gift with a letter expressive of friendship and esteem.

On Sunday afternoon, July 12th, at the annual flower service held at Vernon Chapel, King's Cross, the teachers and scholars of the Sunday-school presented their late superintendent, Mr. G. R. White, with a timepiece in recognition of his long services in the school, and as a token of their esteem and regard. The pastor, Rev. C. B. Sawday, conducted the service.

Rev. E. E. Probert, of the English Chapel, Abcarn, was presented on the 15th of July, on the occasion of his marriage, with a silver tea and coffee service, and a timepiece from the church, a silver cruet-stand from the Sunday-school, and a silver cake-basket from the Band of Hope.

Rev. J. Brown closed his ministry at Melksham on the 12th of July, on which occasion thirteen persons were baptised in the afternoon, who, with seventeen baptised a fortnight previous, were received into the fellowship of the church in the evening. On the following Wednesday a public meeting was held to bid farewell to the pastor, who presided. Mr. E. Spackman on behalf of the church and other friends, presented Mr. Brown with a purse of £15.

Rev. J. Trafford, on retiring from the pastorate of the church at Weymouth, was presented with the Revised Version of the Bible in five volumes, and other tokens of regard.

## RECOGNITIONS.

REV. F. NORWOOD was ordained on the 7th of July as pastor of the churches of Epworth, Butterwick, and Crowle. Rev. W. M. Anderson, the late pastor, presided, and gave

the right hand of fellowship to the new pastor. Professor Goadby gave the charge to the minister, and Rev. D. McCullum addressed the church.

TYLDESLEY, NEAR MANCHESTER.—Services in connection with the settlement of Rev. W. Morlais Evans, of Liverpool, to the pastorate of the Welsh church were held on July 11th, 12th, and 13th, in the Temperance Hall. On the Saturday evening sermons were preached by Revs. J. Davies, Birkenhead, and C. Davies, Liverpool. On the Sunday, at 10.30, a Welsh sermon was preached by Rev. G. A. Jones, and in the afternoon and evening English sermons were preached by the pastor, and Rev. G. A. Jones preached in Welsh. On the Monday two sermons were preached by Rev. G. A. Jones and the pastor in Welsh, and Rev. R. Roberts, of Cefn Mawr also took part. The congregations and collections were good.

Rev. John Stanley, of the Pastors' College, was recognised, on the 5th of August, as the minister of the church at Semley. Sir T. F. Grove, Bart., presided. Rev. G. Short gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. T. A. Judd addressed the church. Several other ministers, of various denominations, took part in the proceedings. Mr. J. Farley Rutter, of Mere, who presided over the evening meeting, said there was singular appropriateness in Sir Thomas Grove taking the chair at the service in the afternoon, for an ancestor of his was the one who gave shelter to old Peter Ince, who, from being rector of Donhead St. Mary, after leaving that fine old mansion, ultimately became a shepherd on the Ferne estate for conscience sake, receiving a pittance of so many shillings a week. It was through the large-heartedness, liberality, and Christian faith of Sir Thomas's ancestor that Peter Ince became the pastor of the church and congregation now represented at Birdbush. Ince was sent to Dorchester gaol, and there he had the pleasure of shaking hands with the Rector of

Shaftesbury, the curate of Wincanton, and the Vicar of Sherborne. Mr. Rutter also alluded to Lady Lisle, who, in 1685, was sentenced by Judge Jeffreys to be burned alive for harbouring a Dissenting minister. The brutal judge, after much persuasion, changed the sentence, and the lady, at the age of 81, was beheaded.

#### NEW CHAPELS.

ECCLES, MANCHESTER.—On July 4th the memorial stone of the new school chapel, situate at the corner of Peel Street, was laid by Mr. V. K. Armitage, J.P. The building is to cost about £700, and seat 300 people. There was a large attendance. Mr. Edward Clarke said the church was inaugurated some seven years ago, and their object in building was not so much to make themselves comfortable as to have a place of worship that would attract others to hear the sound of the Gospel. A hymn having been sung and prayer offered by Rev. H. H. Carlisle, LL.B., Mr. Hurrell presented to Mr. Armitage, on behalf of the church, a wrought silver trowel and a mallet, the former bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to V. K. Armitage, Esq., J. P. Swinton Park, Manchester, on the occasion of his laying the memorial stone of the Baptist School Chapel, Eccles, July 4th, 1885." Mr. V. K. Armitage received a cordial greeting, and said that underneath the stone he was about to lay would be a document giving a brief history of the church, etc., a circular issued by the committee, a copy of the *Eccles Journal*, a copy of the *Baptist*, dated 4th July, 1885, and the portraits of Revs. J. J. Mead, their first pastor, and G. E. Ireland, their second. Mr. Armitage having declared the stone to be well and truly laid, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" was sung, and Rev. E. K. Everett (Gorton) delivered an address. Tea was subsequently provided in the school, and a public meeting followed. Mr. Joseph Dawson presided.

The new chapel and schoolroom in King Street, Oldham, were opened on the 8th of July. The Rev. J. Rankin preached on the occasion. In the afternoon there was a sale of useful and fancy articles. A public meeting, presided over by the pastor, Rev. R. Wilson, was addressed by Revs. J. Rankin, Jas. Rose, H. Martin, F. Baldwin, and J. J. Irving. The chapel is built of red and white bricks, and will accommodate 160 persons. The proceeds of the day realised £39 5s. 9d., which were devoted to the building fund.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

On Sunday, July 26th, thanksgiving services were held at Wellington Street Chapel, Luton, in commemoration of the extinction of the debt, the sermon in the morning being preached by the pastor (F. J. Feltham), and in the evening by the Rev. W. D. L. Slack (Wesleyan). Special thankofferings were presented at each service in aid of the funds of the Cottage Hospital.

New schools and minister's vestry in connection with the church at Bugbrooke were opened on the 6th of August by Rev. J. T. Brown, of Northampton, who also presided at the evening meeting. From the statement made by the pastor, Rev. F. J. Flatt, it appeared that the total outlay had been about £500, towards which £400 has been subscribed. Revs. H. Trotman and E. R. Broom and others delivered addresses.

Grove Chapel, Stratford, is now undergoing a thorough renovation, the pastor (Rev. J. Banfield) meanwhile holding services in the adjoining Sunday-school.

#### BAPTISMS.

*Aberavon.*—August 2, Ebenezer Chapel, Eighteen, by O. W. James.  
*Armley.*—July 22, Four, by W. Sumner.  
*Ashwater District.*—August 9, Two, by W. Gliddon.  
*Attleborough, Nuneaton.*—August 2, Two, by J. T. Felce.  
*Bacup.*—July 26, One, by E. A. Tydeman.  
*Birmingham.*—July 26, Longmore Street, Three, by A. T. Prout.

*Blaenarvon, Mon.*—July 9, Six, by O. Tidman.  
*Bramley, Yorks.*—August 2, Five, by M. G. Coker.  
*Brockenhurst.*—July 29, Four, by W. H. Payne.  
*Brynn, near Wigan.*—July 12, St. Helens, Three, by W. C. Tayler.  
*Cardiff.*—July 12, Hope Chapel, Canton, Two, by J. Collins.  
*Chatham.*—July 29, Six, by T. Hancock.  
*Chepstow.*—July 29, One, by A. J. Davies.  
*Chester.*—August 2, Milton Street, Two, by W. S. Jones.  
*Cold Inn, Tenby.*—July 26, Five, by J. Jenkins.  
*Cutsdean, Worcestershire.*—July 30, Four, by C. Sirett.  
*Dawley, Salop.*—August 2, Three, by E. Spanton.  
*Derrynail, County Down.*—July 26, One, by F. J. Ryan.  
*Dolan, Radnor.*—July 12, Four, by J. Williams.  
*Dronfield.*—July 26, One, by S. Hewitt.  
*Epworth.*—August 5, Five, by F. Norwood.  
*Eden Bridge.*—July 28, Five, by R. H. Powell.  
*Fairford.*—July 28, Two, by R. W. Ayres.  
*Farnborough.*—August 5, Eleven, by H. J. Martin.  
*Ferndale, Pontypridd.*—July 5, English Chapel, Two; August 2, Four, by G. G. Cule.  
*Glodwick, Oldham.*—July 26, Three, by W. Hughes.  
*Great Grimsby.*—July 26, Five, by E. Lauderdale.  
*Gravel, Radnor.*—July 26, One, by J. Williams.  
*Heaton.*—July 29, Six, by R. Howarth.  
*Hull.*—July 12, Three, by F. Russell.  
*Inskip, near Preston.*—August 2, Three, by C. W. Townsend.  
*Keysoe, Brookend.*—July 26, One, by T. G. Head.  
*Leominster.*—June 28, Two, by W. H. Purchase.  
*Llanwenarth.*—August 9, One, by T. H. Williams.  
*London:*—  
*Enfield.*—July 27, Seven, by G. W. White.  
*Leytonstone.*—July 19, Two, by J. Bradford.  
*Westminster.*—July 19, Romney Street, Five, by G. Davies.  
*Whitechapel, July 26, Little Alie Street, Four, by R. E. Sears.*  
*Lurgan.*—August 9, Two, by F. J. Ryan.  
*Machen.*—August 2, One, by J. Morgan.  
*Melksham.*—July 12, thirteen, by J. Brown.  
*Merthyr, Bethel, George Town.*—July 12, Two, by E. Lewis.  
*Merthyr Tydvil.*—August 2, Two, by B. Thomas.  
*Neath, South Wales.*—July 5, Orchard Place, Two, by A. E. Johnson; July 26, One, by J. Griffiths.  
*Newbury, Berks.*—July 26, Ten, by E. George.  
*Newport, Mon.*—July 29, Inkerman Street, Four, by G. Hart's.

<p><i>Northampton.</i>—July 22, Prince's Street, Nine, by A. B. Middleditch; August 2, Grafton Street, Four, by S. Needham.</p> <p><i>Okehampton.</i>—July 5, Three, by W. Gliddon.</p> <p><i>Oldham.</i>—July 26, Thirteen; 29, Two, by W. F. Edgerton.</p> <p><i>Red Hill.</i>—July 26, Two, by W. Hetherington.</p> <p><i>Royton, near Oldham.</i>—August 16, Five, by W. Holroyd.</p> <p><i>Selkirk, N.B.</i>—July 12, One, by J. Brown.</p> <p><i>Southampton.</i>—July 26, Carlton Chapel, Three, by E. Osborne.</p> <p><i>Southsea.</i>—August 2, Elm Grove, Four, by J. P. Williams.</p>	<p><i>South Stockton.</i>—July 26, Westbury Street Three, by H. Winsor.</p> <p><i>Swansea.</i>—Mount Zion, February 22, Three; March 29, Five; April 5, Three; May 31, Two; June 28, Four, by D. Maxworth.</p> <p><i>Tirpi, Glamorgan.</i>—August 9, One, by T. Phillips.</p> <p><i>Trevel, Tredegar, Mon.</i>—July 26, Three, by W. Jones.</p> <p><i>Tunbridge Wells.</i>—July 20, Five; 23, Seven, by J. Smith.</p> <p><i>Tydee, Newport.</i>—July 12, Four, by W. Owen.</p> <p><i>Wimborne.</i>—July 5, Four; 28, Two, by J. Hooper.</p> <p><i>Wick, N.B.</i>—July 12, Five, by A. Hewlett.</p>
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## SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

## WOVEN OF GOD; OR, THE CONDITIONS OF A TRUE LIFE.

“To be contented, grateful in the enjoyment of prosperity, patient in tribulation, making all a help to faith, and a means of drawing us Godward, instant in prayer, warm and broad in love, vigilant and strenuous in working, if work be possible, this is to live. *So the life will be woven for us by God.*”—  
ROBERT ALFRED VAUGHAN.

OH, let me live a woven life,  
Such as they live above,  
Not twisted by our own poor skill,  
But by the hand of Love.

The pattern perfect—traced above,  
For faith to work out here,  
Each letter spelling out Christ's love,  
In language mute but fair.

And to this end help me to yield  
My all to Thee, O Lord,  
My life made plastic by Thy love  
And moulded by Thy word.

So shall my life 'mid tangled threads,  
And colours dark and bright,  
Shine out the legend of Thy love  
However dark the night.

Brighton.

W. POOLE BALFERN.

## HEAVEN.\*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"As it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed *them* unto us by His Spirit : for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."—1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.

How very frequently verses of Scripture are misquoted ! Instead of turning to the Bible to see how it is written, and saying, "How readest thou?" we quote from one another : and thus a passage of Scripture is handed down misquoted, by a kind of tradition, from father to son, and passes as current among a great number of Christian persons. How very frequently at our prayer meetings do we hear our brethren describing heaven as a place of which we cannot conceive ! They say, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him ;" and there they stop, not seeing that the very marrow of the whole passage lies in this—"But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." So that the joys of heaven (if this passage alludes to heaven, which, I take it, is not quite so clear as some would suppose), are, after all, not things of which we cannot conceive ; for "God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."

I have hinted that this passage is most commonly applied to heaven, and I shall myself also so apply it, in some measure, this morning. But anyone who reads the connection will discover that the apostle is not talking about heaven at all. He is only speaking of this—that the wisdom of this world is not able to discover the things of God—that the merely carnal mind is not able to know the deep spiritual things of our most holy religion. He says, "We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory : which none of the princes of this world knew : for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit : for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." And then he goes on, lower down, to say, "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God : for they are foolishness unto him : neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." I take it that this text is a great general fact, capable of specific application to certain cases ; and that the great fact is this—that the things of God cannot be perceived by eye, and ear, and heart, but must be revealed by the Spirit of God ; as they are unto all true believers. We shall take that thought, and endeavour to expand it this morning, explaining it concerning heaven, as well as regards other heavenly matters.

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Every prophet who has stood upon the borders of a new dispensation might have uttered these words with peculiar force. He might have said as he looked forward to the future, God having touched his eye with the anointing eye-salve of the Holy Spirit, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him; but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." We will divide the economy of free grace into different dispensations. We commence with the *patriarchal*. A patriarch, who like Abraham was gifted with foresight, might have looked forward to the Levitical dispensation, glorious with its tabernacle, its Shekinah, its gorgeous veil, its blazing altars; he might have caught a glimpse of Solomon's magnificent temple, and even by anticipation heard the sacred song ascending from the assembled thousands of Jerusalem; he might have seen king Solomon upon his throne, surrounded with all his riches, and the people resting in peace and tranquillity in the promised land; and he might have turned to his brethren who lived in the patriarchal age, and said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him' in the next dispensation. Ye know not how clearly God will reveal Himself in the Paschal Lamb—how sweetly the people will be led, and fed, and guided, and directed all the way through the wilderness—what a sweet and fair country it is that they shall inhabit; eye hath not seen the brooks that gush with milk, nor the rivers that run with honey; ear hath not heard the melodious voices of the daughters of Shiloh, nor have entered into the heart of man the joys of the men of Zion, 'but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit.'"

And so, moreover, at the close of the Levitical dispensation, the *prophets* might have thus foretold the coming glories. Old Isaiah, standing in the midst of the temple, beholding its sacrifices, and the dim smoke that went up from them, when his eyes were opened by the Spirit of God, said—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." He saw by faith Christ crucified upon the cross; he beheld Him weltering in His own blood in Gethsemane's garden; he saw the disciples going out of Jerusalem, to preach everywhere the Word of God; he marked the progress of Messial's kingdom, and he looked down to these latter days, when every man under his own vine and fig-tree doth worship God, none daring to make him afraid; and he could well have cheered the captives in Babylon in words like these: "Now ye sit down and weep, and ye will not sing in a strange land the songs of Zion; but lift up your heads, for your salvation draweth nigh. Your eye hath not seen, nor your ear heard, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; but He hath revealed them unto me by His Spirit." And now, beloved, we stand on the borders of a new era. The mediatorial dispensation is almost finished. In a few more years, if prophecy be not thoroughly misinterpreted, we shall enter upon another condition. This poor earth of ours, which has been swathed in darkness, shall put on her garments of light. She hath toiled a long while in travail and sorrow. Soon shall her groanings end. Her surface, which has been stained with blood, is soon to be purified by love, and a religion of peace is to be established. The hour is coming, when storms shall be hushed, when tempests shall be

unknown, when whirlwind and hurricane shall stay their mighty force, and when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ." But you ask me what sort of kingdom that is to be, and whether I can show you any likeness thereof. I answer, no; "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him," in the next, the Millennial dispensation; "but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." Sometimes, when we climb upwards, there are moments of contemplation when we can understand that verse, "From whence we look for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be revealed from heaven," and can anticipate that thrice-blessed hour, when the King of kings shall put on His head the crown of the universe, when He shall gather up sheaves of sceptres, and put them beneath His arm—when He shall take the crowns from the heads of all monarchs, and welding them into one, shall put them on His own head, amidst the shouts of ten thousand times ten thousand who shall chaunt His high praises. But it is little enough that we can guess of its wonders.

But persons are curious to know what kind of dispensation the Millennial one is to be. Will the temple, they ask, be erected in Jerusalem? Will the Jews be positively restored to their own land? Will the different nations all speak one language? Will they all resort to one temple? and ten thousand other questions. Beloved, we cannot answer you. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." We do not profess to understand the minutæ of these things. It is enough for us to believe that a latter-day glory is approaching. Our eyes glisten with joy, in the full belief that it is coming; and our hearts swell big at the thought that our Master is to reign over the wide, wide world, and to win it for Himself. But if you begin questioning us, we tell you that we cannot explain it. Just as under the legal dispensation there were types and shadows, but the mass of the people never saw Christ in them, so there are a great many different things in this dispensation which are types of the next, which will never be explained till we have more wisdom, more light, and more instruction. Just as the enlightened Jew partially foresaw what the Gospel was to be by the law, so may we guess the Millennium by the present. But we have not light enough; there are few who are taught enough in the deep things of God to explain them fully. Therefore we will say of the mass of mankind—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit," in some measure, and He will do so more and more, by-and-by.

And this brings us to make the application of the subject to *heaven itself*. You see, while it does not expressly mean heaven here, you may very easily bring it to bear upon it; for concerning heaven, unto which believers are all fast going, we may say, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."

Now, beloved, I am about to talk of heaven for this reason: you know, I never preach any funeral sermons for anybody, and never intend. I have



passed by many persons who have died in our church, without having made any parade of funeral sermons ; but, nevertheless, three or four of our friends having departed recently, I think I may speak a little to you about heaven, in order to cheer you, and God may thus bless their departure. It is to be no funeral sermon, however—no eulogium on the dead, and no oration pronounced over the departed. Frequent funeral sermons I utterly abhor, and I believe they are not under God's sanction and approval. Of the dead we should say nothing but that which is good : and in the pulpit we should say very little of that, except, perhaps, in the case of some very eminent saint, and then we should say very little of the man ; but let the "honour be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever."

Heaven—then, what is it? First, what is it not? *It is not a heaven of the SENSES*—"Eye hath not seen it." What glorious things the eye hath seen! Have we not seen the gaudy pageantry of pomp crowding the gay streets. We have seen the procession of kings and princes ; our eyes have been feasted with the display of glittering uniforms, of lavished gold and jewels, of chariots and of horses ; and we have perhaps thought that the procession of the saints of God may be dimly shadowed forth thereby. But, oh ! it was but the thought of our poor infant mind, and far enough from the great reality. We may hear of the magnificence of the old Persian princes, of palaces covered with gold and silver, and floors inlaid with jewels ; but we cannot thence gather a thought of heaven, for "eye hath not seen" it. We have thought, however, when we have come to the works of God, and our eye hath rested on them ; surely we can get some glimpse of what heaven is here. By night we have turned our eye up to the blue azure, and we have seen the stars—those golden-fleeced sheep of God, feeding on the blue meadow of the sky, and we have said, "See ! those are the nails in the floor of heaven up yonder ;" and if this earth has such a glorious covering, what must that of the kingdom of heaven be? And when our eye has wandered from star to star, we have thought, "Now I can tell what heaven is by the beauty of its floor." But it is all a mistake. All that we can see can never help us to understand heaven. At another time we have seen some glorious landscape ; we have seen the white river winding among the verdant fields like a stream of silver, covered on either side with emerald ; we have seen the mountain towering to the sky, the mist rising on it, or the golden sunrise covering all the east with glory ; or we have seen the west, again, reddened with the light of the sun as it departed ; and we have said, "Surely, these grandeurs must be something like heaven ; we have clapped our hands, and exclaimed :—

" Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green ! "

We have imagined that there really were fields in heaven, and that things of earth were patterns of things in heaven. It was all a mistake—"Eye hath not seen" it.

Equally does our text assert that "the ear hath not heard" it. Oh ! have we not on the Sabbath day sometimes heard the sweet voice of the messenger of God, when he has by the Spirit spoken to our souls ! We knew something of heaven then, we thought. At other times we have

been entranced with the voice of the preacher, and with the remarkable sayings which he has uttered ; we have been charmed by his eloquence ; some of us have known what it is to sit and weep and smile alternately, under the power of some mighty man who played with us as skilfully as David could have played on his harp ; and we have said, "How sweet to hear those sounds ! how glorious his eloquence ! how wonderful his power of oratory ! Now I think I know something of what heaven is, for my mind is so carried away, my passions are so excited, my imagination is so elevated, all the powers of my mind are stirred up so that I can think of nothing but of what the preacher is speaking about !" But the ear is not the medium by which you can guess anything of heaven. The "ear hath not heard" it. At other times, perhaps, you have heard sweet music ; and hath not music charms, even on savage breasts like some of ours ? We have heard music, whether poured forth from the lungs of man—that noblest instrument in the world—or from some manufacture of harmony, and we have thought, "Oh ! how glorious this is !" and fancied, "This is what John meant in the Revelation—'I heard a voice like many waters, and like exceeding great thunders, and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps ;' and this must be something like heaven, something like the hallelujahs of the glorified." But, ah ! beloved, we made a mistake. "Ear hath not heard" it.

Here has been the very ground of that error into which many persons have fallen concerning heaven. They have said that they would like to go to heaven. What for ? For this reason : *they looked upon it as a place where they should be free from bodily pain.* They should not have the head-ache or the tooth-ache there, nor any of those diseases which flesh is heir to, and whenever God laid His hand upon them they began to wish themselves in heaven, because they regarded it as a heaven of the senses—a heaven which the eye hath seen or the ear heard. A great mistake ; for although we shall have a body free from pain, yet it is not a heaven where our senses shall indulge themselves. The labourer will have it, that heaven is a place,

"Where on a green and flowery mount  
His weary soul shall sit."

Another will have it that heaven is a place where he shall *eat to the full, and his body shall be satisfied.* We may use these as figures ; but we are so degenerate that we are apt to build a fine Mahometan heaven, and to think there shall we have all the delights of the flesh ; there shall we drink from bowls of nectared wine ; there shall we lavishly indulge ourselves, and our body shall enjoy every delight of which it is capable. What a mistake for us to conceive such a thing ! Heaven is not a place for the delight of mere sense ; we shall be raised not a sensual body, but a spiritual body. We can get no conceptions of heaven through the senses ; they must always come through the Spirit. That is our first thought. It is not a heaven to be grasped by the senses.

But, secondly, *it is not a heaven of the IMAGINATION.* Poets let their imaginations fly with loosened wings, when they commence speaking of heaven. And how glorious are their descriptions of it ! When we have read them, we say, "And is that heaven ? I wish I was there." And we think we have some idea of heaven by reading books of poetry. Perhaps

the preacher weaves the filigree work of fancy, and builds up in a moment by his words charming palaces, the tops of which are covered with gold, and the walls are ivory. He pictures to you lights brighter than the sun; a place where spirits flap their bright wings, where comets flash through the sky. He tells you of fields where you may feed on ambrosia, where no henbane groweth, but where sweet flowers cover the meads. And then you think you have some idea of heaven; and you sit down and say, 'It is sweet to hear that man speak; he carried me so away; he made me think I was there; he gave me such conceptions as I never heard before; he worked on my imagination.' And do you know, there is not a greater power than imagination. I would not give a farthing for a man who has not imagination; he is of no use, if he wishes to move the multitude. If you were to take away my imagination I must die. It is a little heaven below, to imagine sweet things. But never think that imagination can picture heaven. When it is most sublime, when it is freest from the dust of earth, when it is carried up by the greatest knowledge, and kept steady by the most extreme caution, imagination cannot picture heaven. "It hath not entered the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Imagination is good, but not to picture to us heaven. Your imaginary heaven you will find by-and-by to be all a mistake; though you may have piled up fine castles, you will find them to be castles in the air, and they will vanish like thin clouds before the gale. For imagination cannot make a heaven. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man to conceive" it.

Our next point is, that *it is not a heaven of the INTELLECT*. Men who take to themselves the title of intelligent, and who very humbly and modestly call themselves philosophers, generally describe heaven as a place where we shall know all things; and their grandest idea of heaven is, that they shall discover all secrets there. There the rock which would not tell its origin shall bubble forth its history; there the star which would not tell its date, and could not be made to whisper of its inhabitants, shall at once unravel all its secrets; there the animal, the fashion of which could scarcely be guessed at, so long had it been buried amongst other fossils in the earth, shall start up again, and it shall be seen of what form and shape it really was; there the rocky secrets of this our earth that they never could discover will be opened to them; and they conceive that they shall travel from one star to another star, from planet to planet, and fill their ennobled intellect, as they now delight to call it, with all kinds of human knowledge. They reckon that heaven will be to understand the works of the Creator; and concerning such men as Bacon and other great philosophers, of whose piety we generally have very little evidence, we read at the end of their biographies—"He has now departed, that noble spirit which taught us such glorious things here, to sip at the fountain of knowledge, and have all his mistakes rectified, and his doubts cleared up." But we do not believe anything of the kind. Intellect! thou knowest it not! "It hath not entered into the heart of man." It is high; what canst thou know? It is deep; what canst thou understand? It is only the Spirit that can give you a guess of heaven.

Now we come to the point—"He hath revealed it unto us by His Spirit." I think this means, that it was revealed unto the apostles by the

Spirit, so that they wrote something of it in the Holy Word ; but as you all believe that, we will only hint at it, and pass on. We think also that it refers to every believer, and that every believer does have glimpses of heaven below, and that God does reveal heaven to him, even whilst on earth, so that he understands what heaven is, in some measure. I love to talk of the Spirit's influence on man. I am a firm believer in the doctrine of impulse, in the doctrine of influence, in the doctrine of direction, in the doctrine of instruction by the Holy Spirit ; and I believe Him to be an interpreter, one of a thousand, who reveals unto man his own sinfulness, and afterwards teaches him his righteousness in Christ Jesus. I know there are some who abuse that doctrine, and ascribe every text that comes into their heart as given by the Spirit. We have heard of a man who, passing by his neighbour's wood, and having none in his own house, fancied he should like to take some. The text crossed his mind—"In all these things Job sinned not." He said, "There is an influence from the Spirit ; I must take that man's wood." Presently, however, conscience whispered, "Thou shalt not steal ;" and he remembered then that no text could have been put into his heart by the Spirit, if it excused sin or led him into it. However, we do not discard the doctrine of impulse, because some people make a mistake ; and we shall have a little of it this morning—a little of the teaching of God's gracious Spirit, whereby He reveals unto us what heaven is.

First of all, we think a Christian gets a gaze of what heaven is, *when in the midst of trials and troubles he is able to cast all his care upon the Lord*, because He careth for him. When waves of distress, and billows of affliction pass over the Christian, there are times when his faith is so strong that he lies down and sleeps, though the hurricane is thundering in his ears, and though billows are rocking him like a child in its cradle, though the earth is removed, and the mountains are carried into the midst of the sea, he says, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Famine and desolation come ; but he says, "Though the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall there be fruit on the vine, though the labour of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no increase, yet will I trust in the Lord, and stay myself on the God of Jacob." Affliction smites him to the ground ; he looks up, and says, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." The blows that are given to him are like the lashing of a whip upon the water, covered up immediately, and he seems to feel nothing. It is not stoicism ; it is the peculiar sleep of the beloved. "So He giveth His beloved sleep." Persecution surrounds him ; but he is unmoved. Heaven is something like that—a place of holy calm and trust—

"That holy calm, that sweet repose,  
Which none but he who feels it knows.

This heavenly calm within the breast  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest.  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains."

But there is another season in which the Christian has heaven revealed to him ; and that is, *the season of quiet contemplation*. There are precious hours, blessed be God, when we forget the world—times and seasons when

we get quite away from it, when our weary spirit wings its way far, far from scenes of toil and strife. There are precious moments when the angel of contemplation gives us a vision. He comes and puts his finger on the lip of the noisy world; he bids the wheels that are continually rattling in our ears be still; and we sit down, and there is a solemn silence of the mind. We find our heaven and our God; we engage ourselves in contemplating the glories of Jesus, or mounting upwards towards the bliss of heaven—in going backward to the great secrets of electing love, in considering the immutability of the blessed covenant, in thinking of that wind which “bloweth where it listeth,” in remembering our own participation of that life which cometh from God, in thinking of our blood-bought union with the Lamb, of the consummation of our marriage with Him in realms of light and bliss, or any such kindred topics. Then it is that we know a little about heaven. Have ye never found, O ye sons and daughters of gaiety, a holy calm come over you at times, in reading the thoughts of your fellow-men? But, oh! how blessed to come and read the thoughts of God, and work, and weave them out in contemplation! Then we have a web of contemplation that we wrap around us like an enchanted garment, and we open our eyes and see heaven. Christian! when you are enabled by the Spirit to hold a season of sweet contemplation, then you can say, “But He hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit;” for the joys of heaven are akin to the joys of contemplation, and the joys of a holy calm in God. But there are times with me—I daresay there may be with some of you—when we do something more than contemplate, when we arise by meditation above thought itself, and when our soul, after having touched the Pisgah of contemplation by the way, flies positively into the heavenly places in Christ Jesus. There are seasons when the spirit not only stands and flaps his wings o’er the gulf, but positively crosses the Jordan and dwells with Christ, holds fellowship with angels, and talks with spirits, gets up there with Jesus, clasps Him in his arms, and cries, “My beloved is mine, and I am His; I will hold Him, and will not let Him go.” I know what it is at times to lay my beating head on the bosom of Christ with something more than faith—actually and positively to get hold of Him; not only to take Him by faith, but actually and positively to feed on Him; to feel a vital union with Him, to grasp His arm, and feel His very pulse beating. You say, “Tell it not to unbelievers; they will laugh!” Laugh ye may; but when we are there we care not for your laughter, if ye should laugh as loud as devils: for one moment’s fellowship with Jesus would recompense us for it all. Picture not fairy lands; this is heaven, this is bliss. “He hath revealed it unto us by His Spirit.”

And let not the Christian, who says he has very little of this enjoyment be discouraged. Do not think you cannot have heaven revealed to you by the Spirit. I tell you, you can, if you are one of the Lord’s people. And let me tell some of you, that one of the places where you may most of all expect to see heaven is at the Lord’s table. There are some of you, my dearly beloved, who absent yourselves from the supper of the Lord on earth; let me tell you in God’s name, that you are not only sinning against God, but robbing yourselves of a most inestimable privilege. If there is one season in which the soul gets into closer communion with Christ than another, it is at the Lord’s table. How often have we sang there.

“ Can I Gethsemane forget ?  
 Or there Thy conflicts see,  
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
 And not remember Thee ?  
 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,  
 And all Thy love to me—  
 Yes, while a pulse, or breath remains,  
 I will remember Thee.”

And then you see what an easy transition it is to heaven :—

“ And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
 And thought and memory flee ;  
 When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
 Jesus, remember me.”

O my erring brethren, ye who live on, unbaptized, and who receive not this sacred supper, I tell you not that they will save you—most assuredly they will not, and if you are not saved before you receive them they will be an injury to you ; but if you are the Lord's people, why need you stay away ? I tell you, the Lord's table is so high a place that you can see heaven from it very often. - You get so near the cross there, you breathe so near the cross, that your sight becomes clearer, and the air brighter, and you see more of heaven there than anywhere else. Christian, do not neglect the supper of thy Lord ; for if thou dost, He will hide heaven from thee, in a measure.

Again, how sweetly do we realise heaven, *when we assemble in our meetings for prayer*. I do not know how my brethren feel at prayer meetings ; but they are so much akin to what heaven is, as a place of devotion, that I really think we get more ideas of heaven by the Spirit there, than in hearing a sermon preached, because the sermon necessarily appeals somewhat to the intellect and the imagination. But if we enter into the vitality of prayer at our prayer meetings, then it is the Spirit that reveals heaven to us. I remember two texts that I preached from lately at our Monday evening meeting, which were very sweet to some of our souls. “ Abide with us, for the day is far spent,” and another, “ By night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul loveth : I sought Him and found Him.” Then, indeed, we had some foretaste of heaven. Master Thomas would not believe that his Lord was risen. Why ? Because he was not at the last prayer meeting ; for we are told that Thomas was not there. And those who are often away from devotional meetings are very apt to have doubting frames ; they do not get sights of heaven, for they get their eye-sight spoiled by stopping a way.

Another time when we get sights of heaven is in *extraordinary closet seasons*. Ordinary closet prayer will only make ordinary Christians of us. It is in extraordinary seasons, when we are led by God to devote, say an hour, to earnest prayer—when we feel an impulse, we scarce know why, to cut off a portion of our time during the day to go alone. Then, beloved, we kneel down, and begin to pray in earnest. It may be that we are attacked by the devil ; for when the enemy knows we are going to have a great blessing, he always makes a great noise to drive us away ; but if we keep at it, we shall soon get into a quiet frame of mind, and hear him roaring at a distance. Presently you get hold of the angel, and

say, "Lord, I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." He asks your name. You begin to tell Him what your name was :—

"Once a sinner, near despair,  
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer ;  
Mercy heard and set him free ;  
Lord, that mercy came to me."

You say, "What is Thy name, Lord?" He will not tell you. You hold Him fast still ; as last He deigns to bless you. That is certainly some fore-taste of heaven, when you feel alone with Jesus. Let no man know your prayers ; they are between God and yourselves ; but if you want to know much of heaven, spend some extra time in prayer ; for God then reveals it to us by His Spirit.

"Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish." You have been saying in your hearts, "The prophet is a fool, and this spiritual man is mad." Go away and say these things ; but be it known unto you, that what ye style madness is to us wisdom, and what ye count folly "is the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom." And if there is a poor penitent here this morning, saying, "Ah ! sir, I get visions enough of hell, but I do not get visions of heaven ;" poor penitent sinner, thou canst not have any visions of heaven, unless thou lookest through the hands of Christ. The only glass through which a poor sinner can see bliss is that formed by the holes in Jesus' hands. Dost thou not know, that all grace and mercy was put into the hand of Christ, and that it never could have run out to thee unless His hand had been bored through in crucifixion ? He cannot hold it from thee, for it will run through ; and He cannot hold it in His heart, for He has got a rent in it made by the spear. Go and confess your sin to Him, and He will wash you, and make you whiter than snow. If you feel you cannot repent, go to Him and tell Him so, for He is exalted to give repentance, as well as remission of sins. Oh ! that the Spirit of God might give you true repentance and true faith ; and then saint and sinner shall meet together, and both shall not only know what "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard ;" but—

"Then shall we see, and hear, and know  
All we desired or wished below,  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy."

Till that time we can only have these things revealed to us by the Spirit ; and we will seek more of that, each day we live.

"There are no songs," said Milton, "comparable to the songs of Zion : no orations equal to those of the prophets : and no politics like those which the Bible teaches."

## Mary Upton's Experiences.

A NARRATIVE FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER X.—INDICMENTS NUMBERS TWO AND THREE.

"MY second charge, or, as you are pleased to call it, Mr. Skylark, indictment, is this: I affirm that you have done very wrong in often converting public worship into a *musical entertainment*. Now, at the outset, I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am myself a great lover of music. I love music both secular and sacred. At all seasonable times, therefore, I would advocate its use. But the very idea of converting the house of the Lord, on the Lord's day, into a mere concert-room, is to me horrible. It seems to be a perversion of all that is right and good in relation to public worship. Now, what are we told in the Scriptures about spiritual singing? Is there the slightest hint given in them anywhere that it is to be turned into a fleshly performance? Most emphatically I affirm that there is not; and if you will kindly allow me, Mr. Skylark, I will prove it."

"Go on, Miss Upton. You know my turn for reply has yet to come. Meanwhile, I listen to you with the patience of a martyr."

"Well, then, as you are so good-natured, I will just reach my Testament and cull its teaching. For once I will turn preacher, and you will honour me, please, by being the hearer. The first time we read of singing in the New Testament is in Matthew xxi. 9: 'And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord;

Hosanna in the highest!' And in the fifteenth verse we read that the children did the same in the temple. Now, you will admit, I think, Mr. Skylark, that we have no sign of a musical entertainment here. The praise offered to the Lord was spontaneous, and designed to be a laudatory tribute paid to Christ as the Messiah. Do you agree to this?"

"Pardon me, Miss Upton, but I agree at present to nothing. Go on with your proofs. After you have done I will tell you what I do agree with, and what I do not."

"All right! Take your own course. Any way will suit me. The next passage in which reference is made to singing is Matthew xxvi. 30: 'And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.' This is the only occasion on which we read of Christ singing. Here, then, He joins with His disciples in singing, as is generally supposed, the Paschal series of Psalms, or rather in chanting them after the Jewish fashion. As this was invariably done at the close of the Feast of the Passover, it can only be considered as an act of pure worship. Now, with the exception that the other evangelists refer to these cases, this is all that is recorded of singing in the four Gospels. Now we come to the Acts. And what does this inspired record of the history of the primitive churches say about it? Strange to state, we have not a single case given until we come to the sixteenth chapter. There, in the twenty-fifth verse, we read, 'And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God



(R. V., were praying and singing hymns unto God): and the prisoners heard them.' This was pure worship under very exceptional circumstances, and the grace of God must have operated very powerfully in the hearts of His two suffering servants, to have enabled them to sing at such a time: we should more naturally have expected to find them sighing and groaning through bodily agony. Here we have, then, the only instance of singing recorded in the Acts. Not a word is said even about it on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand were converted under Peter's historical sermon. Not a word is said about it either on any subsequent occasion when a good work in any place was done by the apostles or any other servant of the Lord. For aught the record tells us, there might have been no such agency employed by any of these primitive evangelists in any of their tours when first making known to the world the glad tidings of the Gospel, and founding churches of the converts that were made."

"Then you mean to say, do you, Miss Upton, that no such agency was employed?"

"Do not try to trip me up, Mr. Skylark. You know I have never said anything of the kind. All that I have said is that there is no record of the employment of such agency, which is a very different thing. It is for you to prove that there was, if you can."

"Granted, Miss Upton. I only interrupted you to see how far you were really prepared to go."

"Now we come to the Epistles, and these, you will grant, were addressed only to professed believers, or to the churches. What, then, do the writers say to them on this matter? Do they give any directions at all which tend to show that it is legi-

itimate to turn spiritual singing into a musical entertainment? First, we take Romans. In this important Epistle we have only one reference to praise, and that is a quotation from the Psalms. In chapter xv. 9-11, we read, 'And that the Gentiles might glorify God for His mercy; as it is written, For this cause I will confess to Thee among the Gentiles, and sing unto Thy name.' And, again, he saith, 'Rejoice, ye Gentiles, with His people.' And, again, 'Praise the Lord all ye Gentiles, and laud Him all ye people.' The next passage is 1 Cor. xiv. 15: 'What is it then? I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also: I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.' And in the twenty-sixth verse we read, 'How is it then, brethren? When ye come together every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation. Let all things be done unto edifying.' In the Second Epistle to the Corinthians no reference is made to singing at all, and the same may be said of the Epistle to the Galatians. Now we come to Ephesians, and here we have specific directions. In chapter v. 18-20, we read, 'And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit. Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord: giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Then passing by Philippians, in which singing is not referred to, we come to Colossians, where the same directions are given as in Ephesians. In chapter iii. 16, 17, we read, 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all

wisdom ; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him.' In the rest of his Epistles, with the exception of Hebrews, Paul never so much as refers to it. In Hebrews ii. 12, Christ is represented as saying, 'I will declare Thy name unto my brethren, in the midst of the church will I sing praise unto Thee.' We come now to James. In chapter v. 13, he says, 'Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? (R.V., cheerful) let him sing psalms.' Peter is silent altogether about it, and so is the Apostle John in his three Epistles. Finally we come to the Book of Revelation, and without quoting passages from its prophetic records, you will freely admit when singing is referred to, it has invariably reference to what goes on in the heavenly world.

"Thus, then, I have briefly gone through the New Testament, not, I think, so far as I can remember, omitting one passage in which singing is *directly* referred to. Of course I have not taken passages where it may be *implied* in the shape of exhortations given to us to 'rejoice in the Lord,' give 'thanks,' 'praise,' and so forth, which may or may not be done in singing ; all that my argument requires of me is to prove that whenever it is mentioned it is referred to as an act of pure worship, and nothing more or less. I have no doubt that many persons who have not investigated the subject would be surprised, if they did, to see how *rarely* singing is mentioned either in the Gospels or the Epistles. If one might judge by the stir that

many make about it in the present day, it might be supposed that it is to be found in almost every chapter, rather than that some of the most important books absolutely ignore it. But such is the fact, make of it what we may ; and then when it is mentioned, it is always as an act of pure worship, or at least, as some affirm, as a duty enjoined either to promote or to give expression to spiritual enjoyment, which in itself may constitute worship. The monstrous idea of converting it into an agency for entertaining a promiscuous multitude, I feel certain never entered into the head of either Christ or His apostles. For my part, I would not go across the street to hear such an entertainment, which, according to my humble notion, is far more calculated to kill worship than to promote it. But I have said enough, Mr. Skylark, and I am afraid I have wearied you with so much talk. So, now, if you please, take your turn, and I will strive to listen to you with the same exemplary patience you have so kindly accorded to me."

"No ; I am not tired, Miss Upton, and to prove it to you, I will not reply even yet. Did you not say that you had a third indictment to bring against me?"

"I did, sir."

"Then let me please hear that one too, and I will give you in one reply my answer to your three charges."

"I am sure you are a very kind and generous opponent, Mr. Skylark ; so kind and patient, in fact, that I almost feel inclined to apologise for saying anything more of a condemnatory kind. But to relieve you, I may add that I can put what I have now to say in a very brief compass. It seems to me—though I may be wrong, and do not want to

be uncharitable—that in acting as you have done, both in your preaching and singing schemes, you have been trusting the human instead of the superhuman; in other words, that you have been substituting carnal methods for a scriptural reliance on the Holy Spirit's power. As I have told you, I do not object to a preacher publishing his subjects if they are subjects worthy of publication; nor do I disagree with any kind of singing that is spiritual in its character, and that God would regard as such. But when you come down from that high standard, and stoop so low as to make both the medium of pandering to the vitiated tastes and passions of men; or, if that language be considered too strong, simply make them the means of entertaining congregations and tickling their ears, I say you cannot expect God's blessing to rest upon it. Picture Christ doing this! or Paul, or Peter, or John! You cannot conceive of Christ or His apostles doing it for a moment. As I have proved to you, we never even hear of Christ singing but once, and wherever the apostles went forth to preach the word, their sole reliance was the proclamation of the truth in simple language, and always in humble dependence on the present aid of the Holy Spirit. And just take one fact, Mr. Skylark, and meditate upon it, and I wish those who have

adopted your tactics would think seriously about it, too. *Where singing is mentioned once in the New Testament, prayer is mentioned a dozen times at least.* It was prayer, and not singing, that Christ relied on. It was prayer, and not singing, that the apostles relied on. And you may depend upon it that if you too, sir, had relied more upon secret and united prayer, with the proper use of scriptural means, instead of relying on your carnal weapons, our church and congregation would not be in the condition in which they are found at present. It is as true to-day as it was over two thousand years ago, that success is 'not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit, as saith the Lord of hosts.' Any kind of success that does not come from that quarter will, in the long run, sure to be proved a mere sham, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. That, at any rate, is my opinion, sir; and now I have given it I feel as if a heavy load had been taken off my mind. I now await with composure your reply. If you can prove that anything I have said is unscriptural, I am prepared to withdraw it; and I trust, at the same time, that if by warmth of expression I have unintentionally wounded your feelings, you will be good enough to pardon me for the motive's sake."

(To be continued.)

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*The New York Christian Weekly* observes: "But a few years ago the Karens were wild jungle-dwellers, despised by the Burmese. Through the labours of the Baptist Missionaries they have been Christianised, and now the Burman Government employs them in introducing new industries into the country."

## Round the World in Seven Months.

WITH GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL LIFE IN OUR COLONIES, AND IN AMERICA.

By W. P. GRIFFITH, Esq.

### PART X.—AUCKLAND TO SAN FRANCISCO.

#### *The Pacific in a passion.*

"You will find the voyage from Auckland to San Francisco the pleasantest part of your trip. The sea is like a mill-pond: that is why it is called 'The Pacific.'" Such were the words of a friend who had recently made the journey, and accordingly we confidently expected three very pleasant weeks. But something must have put the Pacific in a passion when we crossed it, for an easterly gale sprung up the night after we left Auckland, and continued, with only brief intervals, all the way to San Francisco. Not only did the vessel pitch and roll so that it was difficult to avoid being thrown out of our berths at night; not only did the boxes and bags tumble all over the cabin floor, and the joints roll off the dishes at dinner time—these were minor inconveniences. Great waves broke over our bows, dashed into the deck cabins, swamped the promenade deck, ran swirling along the passages, and escaped through the scuppers. They filled the smoking-room, half-drowned the smokers, knocked down the captain, capsized three of the crew, and finally made it necessary to "lay to" till the force of the gale abated. So our "runs" were below the average, not more than 260 miles instead of 300; and when, on crossing the 180th parallel of latitude, we

had to count two Thursdays in the week, we only made 280 miles in the two days. So to us, this portion of our trip was the worst, instead of the best part of our long journey.

#### *Heathenism and Christianity— a Contrast.*

About a week after leaving Auckland, we reached the "Navigator's Islands," and stayed about four hours to allow the natives to offer articles for sale. Our ship was soon surrounded by canoes, paddled mostly by women, men only coming on board. They were a tall, fine, muscular race, models of athletic grace. They wore no clothing save folds of linen round their loins, and their hair was plastered with a white pigment, so that they looked like London west-end footmen. They brought a few mats, shells, and curiosities; but the chief articles they had for sale were weapons—sharp spears with jagged points like fish-hooks, heavy clubs elaborately carved, some having horrible rows of pointed teeth, suggestive of torture as well as murder. But as they held out for high prices, and could not speak a word of English, not much trade was done, though they lingered on board long after the captain had ordered all the canoes to be cut adrift, and we had steamed away a considerable distance. Then, one by one, they plunged headlong into the sea, and swam gracefully and easily away. The entire scene gave us a glimpse

of heathenism as it is in the present day.

Later on we called at "Honolulu," or "Hawaia," formerly known as "Owyhee," the place where Captain Cook was treacherously murdered by the natives. In his time the place was quite as savage and much more cruel than the Navigator's Islands. But here Christianity has done its work, and now, though traces and memorials of past atrocities abound, the place is as civilised, as orderly, as any of our Colonies. The people are clean, and clad ; good houses, shops, and stores abound ; life and property are secure ; schools and churches are well filled, and civilisation and Christianity go hand in hand.

#### *San Francisco.*

We reached the Golden Gate twenty-three days after quitting Auckland, and gladly exchanged the stormy ocean for the quiet waters of the magnificent harbour of San Francisco. We passed the very rigid American Custom House formalities without any annoyance save noise, confusion, and delay, and drove at once to the famous "Palace Hotel," said to be the biggest hotel in the world. It has 1,200 bed-rooms on six stories, to which visitors are conveyed by five lifts constantly at work. The corridors are eighteen feet wide, and are grouped round a central hall, open from basement to roof, covered with a glass dome, the court yard of which is overlooked by balustraded balconies on every floor. The dining-room is 300 feet long, 20 feet high, 30 feet wide, has 100 separate tables, and can accommodate 1,500 guests. The fare is sumptuous ; you may take five separate meals every day if you can eat so often ; go in at any time, ask for any of the articles on the bill of fare—each bill

has at least 100 different items, the coloured waiter will bring it at once. The viands are all of the best quality, the appointments and service truly palatial. Such profusion, such grandeur, and such luxury cannot be matched even in the best hotels of Switzerland. Five dollars per head per day is a large price to pay for living, but those who can enjoy living in this style get their money's worth.

The city is very fine, the shops reminding us of those in Regent Street, London, or the Palais Royal, in Paris ; wide thoroughfares, miles in length ; public parks, gardens, and squares ; everything on a grand scale, save the roads and footways, the misery of which is, however, mitigated by the abundance of the tram-cars, which run in all directions, and take you any distance for five cents (2½d.). Some of these tram-cars are drawn by horses, a few in the suburbs by small, smokeless steam engines, but the best method of all is the wire rope. This is sunk in a channel between the trams, just below the level of the road, and is kept running round great drums fixed at the two extreme points, one wire always running up, the other down the track. The cars are provided with a pair of pincers, which, at the will of the driver, grip these wires, and the cars are drawn along. Release their hold, and apply the break, the cars stop very readily. It looks strange to see them moving silently along the road, up hill or down hill, without any visible means of locomotion, but the system is economical, simple, and safe, far preferable to the dangerous steam trams in Sydney. We saw the chief sights of San Francisco—Woodward's Zoological Gardens, the Seal Rocks, the Golden Gate, the Park, the lovely bay, the un-

savoury Chinese quarter. These we have no time to describe, but must say a few words about our

*Sunday in San Francisco,*

because it presented many points typical of public worship in America. One feature is the sumptuous style of the sanctuaries. The church we attended (known as Dr. Stone's) resembles a large and richly decorated lecture-hall. A platform, furnished with arm-chair and reading-desk, occupies the place of an English pulpit; behind this is a magnificent organ, and place for the choristers. From the foot of this platform the rows of seats rise in curves, amphitheatre fashion, on a gently-sloping floor. Each seat is a kind of *fauteuil* or sofa, like the reserved seat of a concert-room, and comfort, not to say luxury, is evidently a great desideratum with American worshippers. One Scripture lesson only was read, and one prayer offered, music being evidently the most important part of the service, which commenced with an anthem, sung scientifically by a trained quartette choir, who also sang with equal skill the "Venite" and "Jubilate." And through all this performance, as well as during a second anthem later in the service, the congregation sat as listeners, taking no part whatever in the worship, if worship it could be called. It is only fair to add, as a set-off to these meretricious and mundane attractions, that the sermon was earnest, evangelical, and fervent, and that a supplementary service for the public recognition of new converts was very devout and profitable. But we may say here, once for all, that it seems to us that most of the churches in America take it for granted that simple worship, devout reading of God's Word, and sound

evangelical teaching and preaching are not sufficient to attract congregations, and so feel bound to add richly decorated buildings, luxurious accommodation and musical display as indispensable aids to the success of their cause.

*The Yosemite Valley.*

The great excursion from San Francisco is to the Yosemite Valley. The name is pronounced in syllables "Yo-sem-i-te," "Yo" being a prefix, and "Sem-i-te" the proper name. Its characteristic is the narrowness of the bottom, combined with the extraordinary height and vertical uprightness of its sides. Other valleys seem to have been created by the upheaval of the mountains on either side. This looks as if it were the result of the opening of a chasm by an earthquake, the floor of the valley having sunk to its present level. Its length is about seven miles; its width varies from a quarter of a mile to a mile; while its wall-like sides, its pinnacles, domes, and buttresses, rise to heights varying from 3,000 to nearly 7,000 feet above the level of the valley. Along this valley the river Merced flows, a clear, placid, shallow stream, so transparent that every stone, pebble, and plant in its bed can be clearly seen. Many waterfalls diversify the prospect, some of great beauty—one called the "Ribbon Fall," from its thinness and uniformity; another the "Bridal Veil," 1,000 feet clear descent, to which the wind gives a fluttering motion like that of a thin lace veil. The "Yosemite Fall," a grand fall of three leaps, 1,600, 600, and 900 feet respectively: a very wonderful fall in winter, as it forms magnificent ice-pinnacles, like stalagmites and stalactites. Of the peaks the most massive is "El Capitan,"

or the chieftain, a solid buttress, with a white and shining marble wall 3,200 feet high and 1,000 feet in girth. Opposite are the "Cathedral Rocks," two turret-like spires with a roof-like pinnacle between, looking like the western end of some gigantic cathedral. The "North Dome," on the opposite side of the valley, rises 3,500 feet, and its summit is rounded like the dome of St. Peter's, at Rome. The "Half Dome," so called because its shape is exactly like the same dome cleft, if half vertically, as if cut by a sword; this is nearly 6,000 feet high. "Cloud's Rest," near this, is 6,500 feet. Then there are three peaks called the "Three Brothers," because each rises a little above the other, as if older and more fully grown than his fellow. Others are called the "Three Graces," "Glacier Point," "Washington Point," "The Sentinel"—all more than 3,000 feet high, each challenging the hardy climber to make the ascent.

But we are no longer mountaineers, and prefer to visit the "Mirror Lake," a placid piece of water which reflects the surrounding mountains as a looking-glass. I think this is the most beautiful sight in the valley, as the "North Dome" is the most striking, and "El Capitan" the most massive. Altogether, this is the most wonderful valley we have seen, so many beauties and sublimities are crowded into so small a space.

#### *Routes to the Yosemite.*

The road, or rather roads (for there are three), to the Yosemite are as remarkable as the valley itself, and the journeys as exciting. We went in three days, *viâ* Stockton and Milton, thus far by train; from thence in a vehicle called a coach, which we should style a waggon or

break, with seats open at the sides, covered at the top, hung on long leather straps, instead of springs, because no springs would stand the bumping of the rough roads. These roads were made up once, I suppose; but they seem to have been left alone ever since. So the winter frosts have covered them with snow and ice, the snow and ice have melted and made them quagmires; the spring rains have washed them out; the mountain streams have ploughed frequent channels across them, and the progress of the vehicle is for miles a succession of jerks, so that the passengers find themselves alternately bumped up in dangerous proximity to the roof, and banged violently down on to the hard seats. Woe to a tall hat inadvertently worn on this journey—its doom is certain! and well for the passenger if he escapes aches, pains, and bruises all over his body. Then much of the road is a ledge scooped out of the hill-side, and there is no protection of any kind: not even dwarf stone posts as in Switzerland. So the passenger finds the vehicle swaying about like a ship at sea, bumping into a gully, or struggling over a watercourse, and he runs some palpable risk of a spill. And drivers seem to drive very recklessly; at any rate ours did, for at one sharp turn on the side of a fearful precipice, he pulled the wrong rein, our leaders got mixed, our coach got off the track, and ran some distance down the incline, and had it not been stopped by a stout, strong tree we must have all been dashed to pieces.

#### *The Big Trees.*

The most remarkable objects on this ride are the "big trees," or *Sequoia gigantea*. They are truly wonderful, from 270 to 330 feet in height, and from 60 to 90 feet in circumference, with trunks as

straight as the mast of a ship, and branches at right angles, as regular as if carved by machinery: they stand up as symmetrical in beauty as they are wonderful for size. Through one of them is cut an archway, ten feet wide and seventeen feet high, and through this archway the coach and its six horses, passengers and all, are regularly driven. There are twenty or thirty of these trees in the group through which we pass on the outward journey, and forty or fifty in that which is usually visited on the homeward journey, which is more picturesque than the other, especially about what are called the "Foot Hills," over which, for fifty miles, we drove along paths bordered by grass plats, and wooded like an English park. The *Sequoia gigantea*, so symmetrical and so tall; the sugar pine, with cones twelve to sixteen inches long; many varieties of cedar; the lovely Californian lilac, beautiful in colour and fragrant in smell; the sage-green tobacco bush; the locust tree, like our ribey currant; and the snow plant, which brings forth bright red flowers ere the snows have melted from its stem. There are also many beautiful birds, abundance of quails, which fled at

our approach. The blue jay, with its brilliant plumage and monotonous call, and plenty of wood-pigeons and woodpeckers. This latter has a wonderful method of getting its favourite food. We had noticed certain trees, whose bark was perforated at regular intervals like a target riddled with bullets. We learned that these holes are made by woodpeckers. In each hole the bird inserts a wood nut, which remains firmly and securely imbedded in the bark of the tree till the worm inside is fully grown into a fine fat maggot. Then the woodpecker returns, breaks the nut-shell, and devours the tempting morsel.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable sight on this return journey was the V Flume, a watercourse shaped like the letter V, built of wood, and supported on staging seventy miles long, and used for the purpose of floating timber from the forest on the "Foot Hills" to the railway station at Madera. Surely America is a big country, and has big things—the biggest hotels, the biggest lakes, the biggest rivers, the biggest railways, the biggest cataract, and the biggest wooden watercourse in the whole world.

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#### SILENCE UNDER TRIALS.

WHEN words and acts untrue, unkind,  
Against thy life like arrows fly,  
Receive them with a patient mind;  
Seek no revenge, make no reply.

Oh, holy silence! 'tis the shield  
More strong than warrior's twisted mail;  
A hidden strength, a might concealed,  
Which worldly shafts in vain assail.

He who is silent in his cause  
Hath left that cause to heavenly arms;  
And Heaven's eternal aid and laws  
Are swift to ward the threatening hand.

God is our great protecting power.  
Be still! the Great Defender moves;  
He watches well the dangerous hour,  
Nor fails to save the child He loves.



## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### "THE HEAVENLY HOPE."\*

(Col. i. v.)

(1.) NOTICE the deep interest the Apostle takes in the Colossian Church, as shown in the first verse of the first chapter of the Epistle : (a) The rich blessings he wished them to enjoy—"Grace be with you and peace"—and, though personally they were strangers to him, he prays that their grace might accumulate. Grace—every grace, every spiritual blessing—is very costly, is bought by the precious blood of Christ, and represents the great Atonement. (b) He gave thanks to God for them (ver. 3). Blessed is the pastor who is able to imitate the great Apostle in this matter.

(2.) Inquire into the cause of this deep interest. It was not on account of their temporal wealth ; not their social status ; neither was it their scholastic attainments ; but their Christian character—"Since we heard of your faith in Christ Jesus, and the love ye have to all the saints" (ver. 4). Their union with Christ and their love to the brotherhood called forth the joy, the thanksgiving, and the prayer of the Apostle. What can there be of real lasting benefit to himself and the community in any person who is devoid of these noble graces—faith in the Saviour of the world and love to His people ?

In the fifth verse we stand on the threshold of another world, looking

\* A sermon preached at St. Paul's Square, Liverpool. By the Rev. R. Thomas, Holyhead.

forward on the bright prospects of the people of God. They possess much now : "Now are we the sons of God, but it doth not appear what we shall be." But think of the wealth that is in their "hope"—"the hope which is laid up in heaven for you." In my study there is a picture of a little child holding the globe in his tiny hands—a tremendous task ! but it reminds me of the Christian's hope, holding heaven and its everlasting inheritance in its embrace. "And hope maketh not ashamed."

Observe further :—

I. That the perfection of a Christian character is to be enjoyed in the future world : "For the hope which is laid up for you." Much as they now wish to enjoy purity and sinlessness, they are not yet in possession of them, yet such a blessed state is in their hope. We look into the past : it contains the history of our fall ; the degeneracy of the human race. We look around, and discover much imperfection, infirmities of body, doubtings of mind, and blemishes of character. We look upwards and onwards into the future, and "through faith" we see "the glory that shall be revealed." The glory of the Christian character is now, in a large degree, enveloped in outward imperfection. The divine in Christ's character was often rejected in the common : "Is not this the carpenter's son ?" So it is with His disciples. I saw, the other day, one of our coastguards hoisting what proved to be a flag to the top of the mast ; I could not discover what it was when being lifted up, because it was folded, but

in a moment he pulled a cord, and lo! a beautiful flag was unfurled, with its gorgeous colours, in the summer breeze! I thought that illustrates beautifully the history of the saints of God during their sojourn here; their glory is but dimly seen, but when they are lifted upon high, the beauty, yea, the glorious perfection of their Christian character, will be fully revealed.

II. The perfection of the Christian character will be enjoyed in the most glorious place: "For the hope which is laid up for you in heaven." Heaven is a place as well as a state. The great revelation will be made in heaven; the casket will be opened, and the jewel shown on the "streets of gold." Heaven is the only Paradise. Men search for one on earth, but it is not here. When God wished Paul to see Paradise He lifted him up into the third heaven. There is no Paradise here; the angel with his flaming sword still guards the earthly paradise. "Hope laid up in heaven." The Apostle Paul described heaven as the place of the noblest society: "To be with Christ." Wherever Christ is there is heaven. We feel more interested in the people than in their dwelling. Some of our best friends on earth reside in humble homes on the mountain-side and in the valleys of beautiful Wales. It is the person, and not the place, that makes life happy. Best of all is Christ's own description of heaven: "In My Father's house." This is sweet music to the hearts of thousands of orphan children throughout the world, whose beloved parents are in the grave, and the homes of their childhood broken up. Many a "father's house" here is occupied by strangers, and the children scattered to different and distant lands. Catch the melody of the sympathising Saviour's

words: "My Father's house." "My Father and your Father." "Hope laid up"—this is most important—"to commit the keeping of our souls unto a faithful Creator." Emigrants to Australia from the British Isles deposit their money at home, and receive it on their arrival in the far-off country; the same government rules in both countries. In like manner we should commit the keeping of our souls to the Saviour, that when we land on the other shore we may be found safe on that day.

III. The perfection of the Christian character is to be attained through the power of the Gospel: "Whereof ye heard before in the word of truth of the Gospel." The Gospel was preached to them. Would that this were true of every soul on earth. Wherever it is preached and accepted it proves itself to be "the power of God unto salvation."

The Gospel reveals the glory of the redemption of Christ—it is life through the death of the cross: "He is the propitiation for our sins." God alone knew the claims of the divine government on behalf of sinful man; and this is His provision, "His only begotten Son!" "God so loved the world," etc. This verse is expounded only by the Cross of Christ. The Gospel contains every means for the perfection of God's people. Herein we have forgiveness of sins, righteousness through the blood of Christ, and sanctification through the Holy Spirit.

Thank God, the glorious Gospel of the blessed God is still preached with holy enthusiasm by many thousands of earnest preachers, and there is no fear for its ultimate success. "Lo, I am with you alway,"—with you for guidance, for support, and for victory.

## Reviews.

*Once a Month.* A shilling monthly Magazine for Australasia. Edited by PETER MERCER, D.D.

IN every respect equal to any one of our home monthlies—bright paper and good, distinct letterpress, several well-executed illustrations, some respectable poetry. "Mizpah" is specially good, and the articles on various subjects are of a pure, interesting, and worthy character. The London publishers, are Griffith, Farran and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard.

*The Acts of the Apostles.* With Introductions, Maps, and Notes. By T. M. LINDSAY, D.D. Blackie and Son, Old Bailey, E.C.

THIS is one of a series of commentaries for Bible classes and senior Bible scholars. They are of sterling worth, and the purchaser will get a valuable store of materials for his work. We have called attention to the issue before, and repeat that Sunday school teachers and elder scholars should obtain the whole series.

*The Deacon's Week.* By ROSE TERRY, COOKE. Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Row.

THIS little tract is written to illustrate how much more grace is required, and how much more useful it sometimes is, to have a week of practical Christianity in *one's own home, heart, and circle*, than to attend a week of special services. Both are good, but it is far easier to be with Christians in a week of public meetings than to live and act the Christian for *oneself and those who are very near to us*.

*The Preacher's Analyst.* Conducted by the Rev. J. J. S. BIND, B.A. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row. August, September, and October.

THE monthly sermon by the editor is always good, and the monthly

specimens of the American pulpit are worthy contributions, while the Gems of Thought and Seed Sermons are full of healthy suggestions.

*Guide to the Principal Chapels of England,* 1885. Containing a List of Chapels, Names of Ministers, Hymn Books used, Denominations, &c. W. B. Whittingham and Co., 91, Gracechurch Street.

VERY comprehensive. A good guide for our letter desk. Names, addresses, &c., of Baptist, Wesleyan, Congregational, and Presbyterian ministers, often needed in this busy age of letter writing and ministerial correspondence. We observe some few errors and omissions which might be avoided in future by the proof sheets being sent for correction to the various association secretaries.

*The Record of a New Life and its Work.* By HEBBERT. Bible Stand, Crystal Palace.

THE history of the Bible Stand, and how our Heavenly Father blessed the thought of one man, and afterwards aided it by the help of two or three Christian gentlemen in establishing the Crystal Palace Bible Stand.

*The Illustrated Home Evangel* for September has a very good likeness of our good friend William Cuff, also a brief outline of his history. Passmore and Alabaster.

ALL who wish to read a complete history of the work of the churches, should not fail to include *Evangelical Christendom*, which contains a mass of information which does not appear elsewhere. T. E. Johnson, 121, Fleet Street.

WE have received the report of the Baptist Tract Society. We rejoice in its progressive work, and it has our heartiest God speed it.

THE report and balance-sheet of Army Scripture readers are before us. The income for the year amounts to £11,827 15s. 6d. The society is doing a great and important work, and to prosecute it with vigour and success not only desires the blessing of God on its lee-bows, but a large increase to its funds. Send a contribution to the Secretary, 4, Trafalgar Square.

ALL interested in benevolent Christian home work should read *Open Doors*, 2d. monthly. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

WE have been very pleased with a well-illustrated account of art pottery at Lambeth, in the *Leisure Hour* for September. Also we have been following with pleasure the chapters on the Jews after the Dispersion, by Rev. H. C. Adams, M.A.

*The Sunday at Home*, September, contains chapter xiii. "The Jews under Charlemagne, Louis, and Charles the Bold." Religious Tract Society, Paternoster Row.

*The Sword and Trowel* has a notice that, after twenty-one years' labour, Mr. Spurgeon has finished his "Treasury of David," and gives the readers of *The Sword and Trowel* a taste of the work in expository notes and comments on the 148th Psalm. We are thankful that the writer has been spared to complete what, to our mind, is for book-writing the great work of his life.

The *Baptist Magazine* and *General Baptist Magazine* are both up to the average number of previous months of the year, and deserve reading.

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## Denominational Intelligence.

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### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. GEORGE WEBB, of Godstone, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Melksham.

Rev. W. Slater has resigned the pastorate of the church at Whitwick.

Mr. F. M. Davies, B.A., Regent's Park College, has been appointed to the post of classical tutor at Pontypool College for the ensuing season.

Rev. T. F. Waddell, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the ministerial charge of the church at Crayford.

Rev. E. G. Ince, late of South Australia, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

Rev. W. Dickins, at the request of a large majority of the members of the church, has withdrawn his resignation of the pastorate at Rayleigh.

Rev. G. Parker has resigned the ministerial charge of the church at Lifton, and undertaken a mission pastorate at Drayton-Parslow, Mursley and Newton-Longville, in Buckinghamshire, under the auspices of the Baptist Union.

Mr. W. D. Young, of Haverfordwest College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Caersws.

Rev. S. Cheshire, of Regent's Park College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Banbury.

Rev. D. W. Jenkins, of Liverpool, has accepted the pastorate of Frederick Street Chapel, Glasgow.

Rev. A. A. Harmer, having resigned the pastorate of the church at Dolton, with a view to devoting himself to evangelistic work, Mr. W. F. Price has accepted a call to ministerial work there.

Rev. E. O. Parry, of Llanfyllin,

has accepted the pastorate of the church at Ynisher.

Rev. G. P. Gould, of Cotham Grove Chapel, is about to leave Bristol, having been appointed professor of Hebrew at Regent's Park College.

Rev. J. Parkinson, late of Queensbury, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Nuneaton.

#### PRESENTATIONS.

REV. R. J. MAYNARD, prior to leaving England for missionary work, preached farewell sermons at Brackwell. As a token of their esteem, the members of the congregation gave him a purse of gold, with which he has purchased a set of surgical instruments for use in his new sphere of life on the Congo. In the afternoon the school children presented him with a token of regard in the form of a text-book. A large number of friends accompanied him to the railway station on his departure from the town.

The church at Beeston, Notts, has recently purchased a minister's house. Rev. R. Pursey, on returning from his wedding tour, August 5th, was welcomed into a well-furnished dining-room, the gift of the church, as a token of their esteem.

Mr. Marshall, for three years organist of the church at Falmouth, has been presented by the choir, on the occasion of his resignation, with a writing set in carved serpentine.

Rev. W. A. Davis, who is leaving Rushden, after a pastorate of five years, was presented with a purse of gold, an illuminated address, and a study chair, the latter being the gift of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Class and the Christian Band.

Rev. H. Milledge, on the occasion of his marriage, has been presented, by the church and congregation at Camlingay, with a marble timepiece and silver teapot as testimonials of regard.

Rev. J. Warburton, pastor of the church at Southill, Beds, was presented, on the seventieth anniversary

of his birthday, with a purse containing £70, and an illuminated address. Mr. Warburton has been pastor of the church for more than forty years, and nearly the whole of the present congregation has been gathered during his ministry.

Rev. John Jones, prior to leaving Tynewydd, Ogmere Vale, was presented with a testimonial of regard. Mr. Jones has accepted the pastorate of the church at Penrhewceiber, Mountain Ash.

Mr. James Wilford, superintendent of the Sunday school at Ratcliffe Street Chapel, Nottingham, has been presented by the teachers with a timepiece in recognition of long and valued services.

Rev. W. Stevenson, one of the students of the Baptist Union of Scotland, was inducted to the pastorate of the church at Irvine, on the 6th of August. During the evening the pastor was presented with several volumes of books.

#### RECOGNITIONS.

REV. W. H. PROSSER was ordained, on August 7th, as pastor of the church at Builth. Rev. J. W. Williams, D.D., of Feranton, Pennsylvania, United States, gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. D. Howell addressed the church.

Rev. H. Atkinson has been recognised as pastor of Wycliffe Chapel, King's Road, Reading.

Recognition services were held at Shipston-on-Stour, on the 12th of August, in connection with the settlement of Rev. R. T. Lewis. The chair was taken by Mr. J. C. Reynolds, of Paxford, and addresses were delivered by Revs. F. E. Blackaby and J. N. Smith.

WHITCHURCH, NEAR CARDIFF.—Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. J. Bevan, formerly of Witton Park, as pastor of Arrat, Whitchurch, were held on August 9th and 10th. Revs. J. Howell and E. Jones preached during Sunday and Monday. The pastor, and Revs.

J. H. Miles, T. Baker, and G. Evans, B.A., took part in the services. Revs. D. Davies, W. Roderick, C. Griffiths (Woodville Road), and C. Ayliffe also took part in the proceedings.

#### NEW CHAPELS.

SIR FARRER HERSCHELL, Q.C., M.P., on the 29th of August, laid the foundation-stone of a new chapel at Dalton-in-Furness, for the congregation of which Rev. J. G. Anderson is pastor. Rev. Dr. Green, president of the Baptist Union, Revs. W. H. Harris, J. Baxandall, and J. R. Russell, took part in the day's proceedings. The collections amounted to £60 5s.

The foundation-stone of the new tabernacle at Southend, for the congregation of which Rev. H. W. Childs is pastor, was laid on the 26th of August by Mr. B. A. Lyon. The building, which is to seat 450 persons, is estimated to cost £850. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. T. Wigner, in the Wesleyan chapel, which was kindly lent for the occasion. During the erection of the building, services are held in the Public Hall, Alexandra Street. At the evening meeting, Mr. W. Olney presided. Revs. W. Dickens, J. Williams, S. Oliver, and J. C. Harrop were among the speakers.

The chapel in Park Road, Batley, recently purchased by the Baptist denomination from the Christian Brethren Society, the latter society having given it up, was opened for divine worship on Tuesday, after undergoing considerable alterations and improvements. The building, including the necessary improvements to adapt it for the purposes required, has cost between £1,600 and £1,700, and the purchase-money has been advanced without interest by the trustees of the loan fund connected with the Yorkshire Association of Baptist Churches, repayable at the rate of 10 per cent. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. George Hill.

Memorial-stones of a new chapel, which is being erected by the Spring Hill, Birmingham, congregation, were laid by Mr. James Pattison and Mr. John Hotchkiss, of whom the former has been a large donor to the extension scheme, and the latter was at one time pastor of the church. The evangelistic effort which thus makes for itself larger machinery had a very humble origin nearly thirty years ago. Services at that time began to be held in a dwelling house by members of the Graham Street Church. Twenty-five years ago, the building at present occupied by the congregation, containing a room which will seat 260 persons, was erected; but for some time past this structure has been inadequate and uncomfortable. Land was obtained last year from Mr. Pattison on a site adjoining the structure in question, and affording for the new building a commanding frontage to Spring Hill. For this £830 was paid, Mr. Pattison giving, however, a handsome sum in aid of the undertaking, and the trustees accepted designs by Mr. J. P. Osborne, architect, for a bold Gothic edifice to seat 750 persons. At the evening meeting Mr. John Player presided; Revs. J. Nicholas Knight, A. H. Collins, D. E. Evans, W. J. Harris (pastor), and Mr. Councillor Rogers delivered addresses. The proceeds of the day amounted to £86 10s. 8d.

The foundation-stone of a new chapel at Charteridge, near Chesham, Bucks, was laid on Monday, the 17th of August, by Mr. Wm. H. Andrews, whose grandfather, the late Mr. Wm. Andrews, built and presented to the church at Chesham, the chapel previously standing on the same site. In connection with the event, special sermons were preached in the chapel at Chesham on the previous day by Rev. D. McCallum, of Burnley, who till lately was the minister of the church; and a public meeting was held at the same place on Monday evening. The services were exceedingly well attended, and a large sum

was added to the funds. A warm tribute of respect was paid to the memory of the late Mr. Andrews.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

KINGSTON.—The second anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. G. Wright, in connection with the Union Street Baptist Chapel, was celebrated under specially favourable auspices on Tuesday, August 11th. A tea meeting was held in the schoolroom at 5.30, but the numbers desirous of attending were so great that the chapel had to be thrown open in order to make room for them. The tables were beautifully adorned with flowers. The unusually large gathering was due partly to the desire to do honour to the pastor, who is beloved by his church and congregation, and esteemed by all who know him, and partly to the fact that the famous pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle had promised to fulfil a long-standing engagement by being present on the occasion. Mr. Spurgeon, who was in remarkably good health, arrived shortly before 6 o'clock, and was greeted with prolonged applause. At the conclusion of the tea, an adjournment was made to the chapel, where a short meeting was held prior to the service. The pastor, having expressed the delight they all felt in seeing Mr. Spurgeon amongst them, called upon Mr. Cowdy, one of the deacons, who gave a report of the work done during the past year. He said they were deeply thankful to God for sending them such a pastor as Mr. Wright, and for continuing to bless his labours amongst them. His ministry had been a Gospel ministry simple enough for a child to understand, and yet it had been such as to satisfy their souls' most earnest longings. During the past year they had received fifty-one additions to the church, of whom six had been transferred from other churches, one restored, and forty-four had made a profession of their attachment to

Christ by baptism. Several of the latter had come from the Sunday school, which was now in a flourishing condition. The Sunday services on the whole had been well attended. Mr. Spurgeon delivered an address in the afternoon, and preached to a crowded congregation in the evening. The proceeds of the anniversary amounted to about £40. During the year there have been fifty-one additions to the church.

BROCKENHURST, HANTS.—Sermons were preached, on August 16th, by Mr. W. Brookes, of Lyminster, and a children's service held in the afternoon. On the Wednesday there were the tea and public meetings, when Rev. W. H. Payne, of Lyndhurst, presided. Messrs. Blake, Brooke, Botwright, Head, New, Read, and Watson took part in the service. The attendance and collections were good.

SUNDAY SCHOOL FETE.—On Thursday, the 20th of August, the evening classes in connection with the Baptist church, Tubbermore (co. Derry), of which the Rev. R. H. Carson is pastor, met by kind invitation of Surgeon-Major Waters, A.M.D., lately returned from the Soudan, to spend the day on the spacious lawn in front of his residence at White Fort. The children marched in procession, accompanied by their teachers, and preceded by a banner, from the chapel at Tubbermore to the scene of the day's amusement. On approaching White Fort a hymn, entitled, "Welcome Home," was sung by the children and their teachers. The pillars of the entrance gates were adorned with evergreens, above which floated the British and American flags, with a "Welcome" suspended between them. In doing this, and in many other ways, no exertions were spared by Mr. Samuel Nelson, Tubbermore, in contributing to the success of the entertainment. The grounds also were decorated with flags of various devices, and for the amusement of the children ornaments and articles of produce from

India, China, Japan, Africa, Australia, &c., were exhibited. The assembly was a very large one, as in addition to the children, their parents and many others from the surrounding districts were present. Baskets of fruit were distributed, and at four o'clock a very substantial tea was served. The weather was most delightful; the children and all highly enjoyed themselves. At intervals during the day hymns were sung by the children, led by Miss Carson on the harmonium. At seven o'clock, after three hearty cheers were given for their kind host, and a bag containing an assortment of sweets, &c., handed to each child, the benediction was pronounced by the pastor, the Rev. R. H. Carson, and the company separated, each and all having passed a very enjoyable day.

### Obituary.

ON Tuesday, August 18th, 1885, Elizabeth Charlotte, the beloved wife of the Rev. J. O. Fellowes, of Trinity Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road, in her sixty-third year. Her body was interred in Paddington Cemetery, Willesden Lane, on Monday, August 24th, at the rear of the chapel graves, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. The Rev. W. Stott, of Abbey Road Chapel, conducted an impressive service at Trinity Chapel, and the Rev. J. Monti, of Willesden Green Chapel, officiated at the grave. The Rev. J. Monti improved the death to a crowded congregation on the following Sunday evening.

### MARRIAGE.

AT West-End Chapel, Hammersmith, on September 9th, 1885, by the father of the bridegroom (Rev. W. A.

Blake, editor of the *Baptist Messenger*) Tison James Blake, of Brentford, to Maud Mary Harman, of Hammersmith, daughter of the late Charles Harman, Chief Inspector of the Great Western Railway.

### BAPTISMS.

*Abergavenny*.—August 27, Frogmore Street, Three, by T. E. Cooke.  
*Bacup*.—August 30, One, by E. A. Tydeman.  
*Birkenhead*.—Jackson Street, September 8, Nine, by T. Lydiatt.  
*Bradfield*.—August 2, Two, by W. Dixon.  
*Broughty Ferry*, N.E.—August 23, Six, by A. W. Oakley.  
*Chatteris*.—July 23, West Park Street, Two, by T. H. Smith.  
*Chatham*.—August 25, Six, by T. Hancocks.  
*Croule*.—September 1, One, by F. D. Norwood.  
*Dolau*, Radnor.—August 30, Two, by J. Williams.  
*Fairford*.—September 1, One, by A. W. Ayres.  
*Franksbridge*.—July 26, Two; August 23, Two, by T. D. Jones.  
*Garway*.—August 23, One, by W. Price.  
*Holywell*.—August 29, Eight, by Dr. Parry.  
*Kingsland*, Herefordshire.—August 23, Two, by W. H. Purchase.  
*Knighton*.—September 6, One, by W. Williams.  
*Leadbury*.—August 30, Two, by H. D. Brown.  
*Lord's Hill*, Salop.—August 23, Two, by W. Jenkins.  
*Llanwenarth*.—August 6, Three, by T. H. Williams.  
*Maesteg*, Glamorganshire.—August 30, Zion Chapel, Two, by T. A. Pryce.  
*Merthyr, Vale*.—Bethesda English Chapel, August 2, Two; August 16, Five; September 13, Seven, by H. P. Jones.  
*Newton Abbot*, Devon.—August 30, Two, by S. Lyne.  
*Newport*, Mon.—August 31, Two, by A. T. Jones.  
*Neah*.—August 30, Herbert Road, One, by J. Griffiths.  
*Oldham*.—August 23, King Street, Twelve, by W. F. Edgerton.  
*Paulton*.—September 6, Four, by J. Kempton.  
*Pentre*.—September 1, One, by E. Aubrey.  
*Pisgah*, Pem.—August 30, Six, by T. P. Johns.  
*Ponkey*.—August 16, Five, by E. Mitchell.  
*Radstock*.—July 22, Two; August 12, Five, by W. H. Buller.  
*Royton* near Oldham.—August 16, Five, by W. Holroyd.  
*Southsea*.—September 6, Elm Grove, Two, by J. P. Williams.  
*Speen*, Bucks.—September 2, Three, by G. Saville.  
*Stanningley*.—August 9, Four, by E. S. Neale.  
*St. Neot*.—August 30, Three, by T. G. Gathercole.  
*Swansea*.—Pontina Street, August 30, Six, by A. E. Johnson.



<p><i>Swansea</i>.—Mount Zion, July 1, Two; 26, Six; September 6, Two, by D. Maxworthy.</p> <p><i>Ton-y-Pandy</i>.—August 16, Four, by D. Davies.</p> <p><i>Twerton-on-Avon</i>, near Bath.—August 23, Two, by D. Sharp; August 26, Two, by F. Toone.</p>	<p><i>Tydee</i>, Newport.—August 9, One; September 5, One, by W. Owen.</p> <p><i>Waterbarn</i>.—August 30, Three, by J. Howe.</p> <p><i>West Bromwich</i>.—August 30, Six, by A. F. Mills.</p> <p><i>Wick</i>, N.B.—August 9, One, by A. Hewlett.</p> <p><i>Wincanton</i>.—August 11, Three, by G. Hilder.</p>
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## SONGS OF THE COMFORTER.

“And when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.”—John xvi. 8.

O God, I pray make me know sin :  
 Not by the things I do,  
 But by the Spirit's life within,  
 His witness ever true.

Spirit of God, impart Thy life,  
 And form my heart anew ;  
 Thy teaching only ends all strife  
 And brings all truth to view.

'Tis only through Thy life we feel  
 The curse and plague of sin ;  
 Thy work it is to wound and heal,  
 Oh ! reign supreme within.

'Tis through our wounds we come to God.  
 With broken, contrite heart,  
 To find our peace in Jesu's blood,  
 Made glad from sin to part.

Sin's nature, then, O gracious Lord !  
 To us, oh, do Thou show,  
 For only through Thy light we see  
 And our true selves can know.

Thus taught of Thee we are prepared  
 For God, our peace, and rest,  
 While faith finds joy in all revealed.  
 And pillows on Christ's breast.

*Brighton.*

W. POOLE BALFERN.

## PROFIT AND LOSS.\*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”—*Mark* viii. 36.

MANY men have been made bankrupts through inattention to their books. No man ever loses anything by counting the cost, knowing his own expenditure, and keeping his debtor and creditor pretty closely up; but many men have been ruined by attempts which have been suggested by a spirit of speculation, and fostered by a negligence of their own concerns, combined with absolute ignorance of their real financial position. Spiritually a man is a great trader, he is trading for his own welfare, he is trading for time and for eternity; he keeps two shops: one shop is kept by an apprentice of his, a rough unseemly hand of clayey mould, called the body; the other business, which is an infinitely more vast concern, is kept by one that is called “the soul,” a spiritual being, who does not traffic upon little things, but who deals with hell or heaven, and trades with the mighty realities of eternity. Now, a merchant would be very unwise who should pay all attention to some small, off-hand shop of his, and take no account whatever of a large establishment. And he would, indeed, be negligent who should very carefully jot down every trifle of the expenditure of his own household, but should never think of reckoning the expenses of some vast concern that may be hanging on his hands. But the most of men are just as foolish; they estimate the profits (as they conceive them to be) which are gained in that small corner shop called the body, but they too seldom reckon up the awful loss which is brought about by a negligence of the soul’s concerns in the great matters of eternity. Let me beseech you, my brethren, while you are not careless of the body, as, indeed, you ought not to be, seeing that it is, in the case of believers, the temple of the Holy Ghost, to take more especial care of your souls. Decorate the tenement, but suffer not the inhabitant to die of starvation; paint not the ship while you are letting the crew perish for want of stores on board. Look to your soul as well as to your body; to the life as well as to that by which you live. Oh! that men would take account of the soul’s vast concerns, and know their own standing before God! Oh! that ye would examine yourselves. If men would do so, if all of you would now search within, how many of you would be bankrupts? You are making a pretty little fortune with regard to the body; you are doing tolerably well and comfortable; you are providing for yourselves things as you would desire them. Your mortal body, perhaps, is even pampered, and has no fault to find with its owner; but ask your poor soul how that is getting on, and you will find it not a gainer, but in many instances, I fear, a loser. Let me solemnly tell you, that if your soul be a loser, however much your body may be a gainer, you have not profited in the least degree. Let me

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ask you all this question in the name of Jesus Christ, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

We shall divide our text, and consider, in the first place, *the gain a man would get* if he gained the whole world; in the second place, *the fearful loss* if a man should lose his soul.

I. In the first place, WHAT IS A MAN PROFITED IF HE SHOULD GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD? Many Christian people, who do not exactly talk common sense, sum this all up by saying, that to gain the whole world is to gain nothing at all. Perhaps they are right, but I question if they believe what they assert. They sing just as we have been singing—

"Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust."

And so they are compared with Christ; but there are some who find unnecessary and absurd fault with the things of this world, and call jewels "gaudy toys," and gold "sordid dust." I have often admired some of my friends when I have heard them talking about gold as sordid dust, for I wonder why they did not give it to the dustman the next time he came round. If they were to do that, I would not mind going round myself for once with the bell, particularly as it might be rather convenient to us, seeing that we want some of that sordid dust to erect a tabernacle for the Most High. Many who affect to despise wealth are the greatest hoarders of it. I suppose they are afraid it might injure other people's hearts, and therefore they put it away very carefully so that others may not touch the dangerous thing. That may be all very kind of them; but we do not exactly appreciate their benevolent intention, and should think it fully as kind if they were every now and then to distribute some of it. You hear them saying, very often, that "money is the root of all evil." Now, I should like to find that text. But it is not to be found anywhere from Genesis to [Revelation. I found a text once which said, "*The love of money is the root of all evil,*" but as for the money itself, I can see very little evil in it. If a man will but rightly use it, I conceive that it is a talent sent from heaven, bestowed by God for holy purposes, and I am quite sure God's talents are not bad ones. My brethren, it is all cant for a man to say that he does not really care for these things, because every one does in some degree; every one wishes to have some of this world; and there really is, in possessing a competency in this world, something considerable with regard to profit; and I am not going to deceive you by striking off all the profits and saying you are losers on every point. No, I will go the whole length which any of you like to go with regard to the profit of this world; if it be considerable, I will admit its greatness, if you think it possible to make a fine thing of this world, I will grant it, if you like; and after having admitted that, I will ask you, "Will it answer your purpose to gain the whole world, in the largest sense of that word, and yet lose your own soul?"

Now, I will try, if I can, to add your bills up for you, and strike a balance. We will suppose a case which must very seldom occur; in fact, which never has occurred. There never was a man who gained the whole world. Some have been monarchs of almost all the known globe; but it is remarkable, if you look at a map of the ancient world, how little their territories were compared with the whole globe; indeed they have not been

much greater than those of modern monarchs. It is but a small portion of the world that was known to the ancients; and even then no man possessed it all. But to put this question somewhat in a point of view, wherein the thing might be possible; I think there are three or four cases in which a man may be said, with some reservation, to have gained the whole world.

1. In the first place, a man who has *power over extensive empires* may be supposed, in some measure, to have gained the whole world. Take for instance, ALEXANDER; I cannot bring you a fairer specimen of a man having possession of the whole world than he. He could say of his dominions, that although they had their limits, he did not know the nations who were able to bound his territories. He could travel thousands of miles without arriving at the boundaries; he had at his foot millions of armed men, ready to avenge his quarrels, and uphold his banner; when he rose to fight, he was invincible; when he stood in his council chamber, his will was law; in his service thousands were slain, but at his summons, an equal number gathered round his standard. Alexander, I summon thee! What thinkest thou: is it worth much to gain the world? Is its sceptre the wand of happiness? Is its crown the security of joy? See Alexander's tears! he weeps! Yes, he weeps for another world to conquer! Ambition is insatiable! the gain of the whole world is not enough. Surely to become a universal monarch, is to make one's self universally miserable.

Perhaps you think there is very much pleasure in having power. I believe there is. I do not think any man who has any power over his fellow-creatures will deny that it is gratifying to his fallen nature; or else, why is it that the politician seeks for it so continually, and toils for it days without number, and wastes the sap of his life in midnight debate? There is a pleasure in it. But mark you, that pleasure is counterbalanced by its anxiety. Popularity has its head in the clouds, but its feet are in the sands; and while the man's head is among the stars he trembles for his feet. There is an anxiety to increase his power or else to maintain it; and that anxiety takes away much of the enjoyment of it. Lord Bacon has justly compared those who move in higher spheres to those heavenly bodies in the firmament which have much admiration but little rest. And it is not necessary to invest a wise man with power, to convince him that it is a garment bedizened with gold, which dazzles the beholder with its splendour, but oppresses the wearer with its weight. I do verily believe, that the winning of the whole world of power, is in itself so slight a gain, that it were fair to strike the balance and say there is little left; for even Alexander himself envied the peasant in his cottage, and thought there was more happiness on the plains among the shepherds than in his palace amongst his gold and silver. Oh! my friends, if I were to compare all this with the loss of the soul, indeed you might be startled. But I leave it to strike its own balance. I say, that to gain the whole world is but little, and especially when we are sinners against God. And, moreover, if an empire over the world entails that fearful responsibility which will not allow the eyes to slumber, or the heart to cease its throbbings; if it puts into the hand the power of committing gigantic crimes, and if those gigantic crimes like ghosts haunt men's midnight slumbers the gaining of power over the whole world is a loss instead of a gain, even considered in itself.

2. There is another way of gaining the whole world, not so much by power, but by something next door to it, namely—*riches*. CRÆSUS shall be my specimen here. He amassed a world of riches, for his wealth was beyond estimation. As for his gold and his silver, he kept little account of them, and his precious stones were without number. He was rich, immensely rich; he could buy an empire, and after that could spend another empire's worth. Perhaps you think that to be immensely rich is a great gain; but I believe that to be enormously rich is in itself far from desirable. Ask Cræsus. Dying, he exclaimed, "Oh! Solon, Solon." And when they asked him what he meant, he replied that Solon had once told him that no man could be pronounced happy until death; and therefore, he cried, "O! Solon, Solon," for the misery of his death had swept away the joys of his life. Such is the slavery of great riches; such are its anxieties; and such, too often, is that miserly avarice which wealth doth beget, that the rich man is often a loser by his wealth, even apart from the loss of his soul. Many a man would be happier if he had walked the pavement in rags, than if he rode through the streets in his chariot. "Many a heavy heart rides in a carriage," is an old saying, but a marvellously true one. Well said the poet,

"If thou art rich, thou art poor;  
For like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee."

Suppose a man's wealth to have been gained dishonestly, then I pronounce it a terrible and infallible curse to him; in itself it constitutes a plague apart from a world to come. My friends, estimate that gold at what price you like, I say, if you were to put the soul as a debt against it, you would find that there would be a fearful loss. But even apart from that, I believe that to gain a world of riches would be a loss in itself, at least to most men; there would be few men living who would be able to steer the boat of pleasure through a sea so thick with weeds. The less a man has the better, so that he comes within the moderate competence which every man may desire. Agur was right, when he said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." Great wealth is certainly no great gain.

3. But there was another man who gained the world in a higher sense; his name was SOLOMON. His treasures were not so much those of wealth or power (though he had both) as the treasures of wisdom and the pleasures of the body. Solomon had all things that could delight the mind, please the eye, and charm the body; he had but to speak, and music chanted the sweetest air that Israel's psalmody could give; he had but to lift his finger, and noble armies followed him, and treasures were spread beneath his feet. The wines of every vintage were quaffed from his bowl, and maidens gathered from every clime awaited his command; he was master over men—he was lord. He enjoyed all kinds of delight, every sort of pleasure; he mingled in his cup all that flesh calls paradise, all that men dream of happiness. There was nothing which Solomon did not try; he ransacked the world to find joys. He was a wise man: he knew where to search for earth's happiness, and he found it. Solomon, what didst thou find? Oh! thou preacher, open thy lips, and tell us. "*Vanity*

*of vanities, all is vanity;*" thus saith the Preacher. Oh! my friends, if we could have all the pleasures of the flesh we desire, I question whether they would be, in themselves, a profit; but of this I am certain, that compared with the loss of our soul, it would, indeed, be a dreadful loss. I think that if many of us could indulge all the pleasure of the body we desire, we should destroy our bodies, and actually waste our happiness. Many a man has hunted his pleasures too fast to win them; many a racer has lost the prize by overstraining in the contest; and many a man might have had more pleasure, even to the body, if he had been more moderate in seeking it. He is a fool who grills a pound of butter; the rake does that; he grills himself away by too fast pleasures, and wastes his life till it is gone, and there is nothing left of it. Ah! if ye could have all the world of sensual delights, and if ye had all the wisdom of men, apart from the grace of God to restrain your pleasures, I believe you would find it then to be a dead loss. And I will affirm the words of the text, "It would not profit you if you had the whole world, and should lose your own soul."

Even in this world, you see, these great winnings are but little gains. They are great to look at, but they are very small when you get hold of them. This world is like the boy's butterfly—it is pretty sport to chase it; but bruise its wings by an over-earnest grasp, and it is nothing but a disappointment.

But, my friends, if there is little profit in this world by these magnificent gains I have mentioned, and in these extreme cases, what shall it profit a man, if he does *not* gain the world, and should lose his soul? Put the question in this way:—What shall it profit a man, if he lose this present world, and the next too? What shall it profit a man, if he gain but a small portion of this world—and this is the most that we may expect—and yet loses his soul? I have sometimes thought, with regard to the rich man, "Well, such a man has a portion in this life"; but with regard to the poor man, I cannot see what there is to make him happy if he has not something better to look to when he dies." I have seen the weary, horny-handed sons of toil, often oppressed and down-trodden as they are by their masters, and I have thought, "Oh! poor souls, if you cannot look to another world, you are of all men the most miserable; for you do not get either world; you go fagging along, just like a pack-horse, without the hope of a secure place in which you may rest at last." The rich man, at least, makes as much as can be made of this world, little as that is, apart from grace; but the poor man makes the least of this world, and then he goes from poverty to damnation, from his squalor to perdition, and from his poorhouse and his rags to the flames of hell. What a horrid state to have such an existence; to live in this world a life of misery and to find a starving existence to be only the preface and the prelude of a more doleful and fearful life hereafter. Oh, what shall it profit you, if you gain a little of this world, and lose your own soul?

Now, I have only cast up accounts for this life; but what will it profit a man, when he comes to die, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? There he lies dying; he has no God to console him. Bring to him his heaps of gold. What! do they not still the throbbings of thy heart? What! cannot the bags of gold ferry thee across the Jordan? What, man! thou hast lived for thy heaps of glittering wealth; will they not live with

thee? Wilt thou not take them with thee to heaven? No, he shakes his head: for hoarded wealth is but of little use to help a man to die. You have heard of a sailor, who, when the ship was sinking, rushed into the cabin, broke open the captain's chest, extracted all the money he could, tied it in a belt round his waist—leaped into the sea, and sank, thus hurrying himself before his Creator with the witness of his sins about his loins. Oh! it were a bad thing to die with gold so gained. And do you think gold will do you much good, however you may have come by it, when you lie on your last couch? No; you must bow to inevitable death, in spite of all your riches; and if you gain the whole world's applause or fame, can that help you on your dying bed?

“Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are.”

But how little will the applause of man seem, when you come to die? Oh! I sometimes think, what poor fools we are to value ourselves by what our fellow-creatures think of us; but oh! when we come to die, we shall not care about the din and noise which have followed us all our lives. What will fame and honour be, when we are in the last article? Bubbles! Can souls feed on bubbles? No, we shall then despise such vanities. We shall say, “Fame! cease thy trump; let me die alone; for alone must I hear the trump of the archangel. Thou babbling fame, I hate thee, for thou dost but disturb my slumbers, and wake me in my bed.” Oh! there will be no gain in wealth, or power, or pomp, or fame, when we come to die, they will profit a man nothing, if he lose his own soul.

And what will it profit a man *in the day of judgment*, if he has gained the whole world? Suppose he comes before God's bar clothed in purple, with a crown upon his brow, for there the diadem attracts no attention. I see whole hosts of men gathered before God's white throne; but monarchs and their slaves are mixed indiscriminately; princes and peasants stand on a level there, and I see no distinction. God says, “Depart, ye cursed,” and the monarch is damned; or he pronounces, “Come, ye blessed,” and the monarch is saved. But the same voice speaks to each alike. If they be saints, there is a voice of joy, lifting them to their home; and if they be lost, the voice of denunciation sending them to their appointed doom. Ah! there will be no profit to man, in all he has achieved, when he comes before God's judgment bar. Suppose him standing up to tell his Maker, “Lord, I had a deal of fame on earth; they stuck me up on the top of a column, to bear all weathers, and they called that glory, to be gazed at by fools, or to be admired by the populace; and, O Lord, wilt thou send such a man as I am to perdition?” “Oh,” says Justice, “what care I for thy statue? what care I for thy fame? If thy soul be not saved, if thou art not in Christ—with all thy statues and all thy fame—thou shalt sink to perdition.” For these things avail not in the day of judgment; men shall stand alike there; all shall be on a level. If Christ hath saved us, we shall be saved; but if we are out of Christ, great and mighty may we be, but the sentence shall be as impartial to the rich as to the poor.

Once more: what will it profit a man *when he gets to hell*, if he has gained the whole world? Profit him, sir! profit him! It will be the other way. In ages long ago a monarch went to hell; whenever he

entered the city, nobles saluted him, and monarchs did him reverence ; when he went to hell, it was known that he was come ; there, in their several dungeons, lay the monarchs whom he had chained and dragged at his chariot wheels ; there were the men whom he had slaughtered, and whose nations he had cut up, root and branch ; and when he entered into hell, lying on their beds of fire, and looking on him with scorn, a thousand voiced shouted, "Aha ! aha ! art thou become like one of us ?" Then he found that by so much the more glory he had on earth, by so much the more hot was hell ; and while, as a common sinner he had received a hell, he found that as an extraordinary sinner, and a great one, hells rolled on hells, like waves of the ocean, o'er his guilty head. He found himself the worse for all his greatness. Go, wicked, rich man ; heap up thy gold ; mayhap it shall be turned to brimstone one day, and thou shalt swallow it. Go, man of fame ; blow the trump or bid others blow it ; the breath of fame shall fan the coals of God Almighty's vengeance. Go, thou man of power, and get to thy dignity : the higher thy flight, the greater thy fall, when thou shalt be cast down from thy loftiness, and shalt lie for ever to howl in perdition ; because having gained all this, thou hast gained nothing at all.

II. We have summed up, then, the first point : it is but little to gain the whole world ; apart from religion there is very little in it. But now we come to the contrast : that is, **THE LOSING THE SOUL.**

I shall request your attention for a brief period, while I endeavour to dilate on that. To lose the soul, my friends, to lose the soul ! how shall we tell what it is to lose the soul ? You can conceive how fearful is the loss of the soul in three ways. First, from its intrinsic value ; secondly, from its capabilities ; and thirdly, from its doom if it be lost.

1. You may tell how serious it is to lose the soul from *its intrinsic value*. The soul is a thing worth ten thousand worlds ; in fact, a thing which worlds on worlds heaped together, like sand upon the sea-shore, could not buy. It is more precious than if the ocean had each drop of itself turned into a golden globe, for all that wealth could not buy a soul. Consider ! The soul is made in the image of its Maker ; "God made man," it is said, "in His own image." The soul is an everlasting thing like God ; God has gifted it with immortality ; and hence it is precious. To lose it, then, how fearful ! Consider how precious a soul must be, when both God and the devil are after it. You never heard that the devil was after a kingdom, did you ? No, he is not so foolish ; he knows it would not be worth his winning : he is never after that ; but he is always after souls. You never heard that God was seeking after a crown, did you ! No, He thinketh little of dominions ; but He is after souls every day : His Holy Spirit is seeking His children ; and Christ came to save souls. Do you think that which hell craves for, and that which God seeks for, is not precious ?

The soul is precious again, we know, by the price Christ paid for it. "Not with silver or gold," but with His own flesh and blood did He redeem it. Ah ! it must be precious, if He gave His heart's core to purchase it. What must it be to lose your soul ?

2. But it is precious, because it is everlasting ; and that brings me to note—(I am running over these points ; you can enlarge upon them at home)—that the soul is precious, on account of *its capabilities*. Do you



see, up there, you starry crown ? Do you mark there that throne, with the palm branch at its foot ? Do you see that pearly-gated city, with its light brighter than the sun ? Do you mark its golden streets, and its thrice happy inhabitants ? There is a paradise which eye has not seen, which outvieth dreams, and which imagination could not picture ; but if the soul be lost, that is lost. We see many lost things advertised. Now, if a man's soul be lost, let me advertise what he has lost. He has lost a crown, he has lost a harp, he has lost a throne, he has lost a heaven, he has lost an eternity. When I consider how happy a soul may be, it appears to me to be a tremendous thing for it to be lost, even though it should gain the world ; in fact, I cannot set the world in contrast ; it is as though I should measure the Alps by a mole-hill. I cannot tell you what size the world is, if you give me for its standard a grain of dust ; nor can I tell you heaven's worth, if you only allow me to value it by a world. Oh ! sirs, because the soul is capable of heaven, its loss is a dreadful and terrific thing

3. But consider, lastly, *where the soul must go to that is lost*. There is a place, as much beneath imagination as heaven is above it ; a place of murky darkness, where only lurid flames make darkness visible ; a place where beds of flame are the fearful couches upon which spirits groan ; a place where God Almighty from His mouth pours a stream of brimstone, kindling that "pile of fire and of much wood," which God has prepared of old as a Tophet for the lost and ruined. There is a spot, whose only sights are scenes of fearful woe ; there is a place—I do not know where it is ; it is somewhere, not in the bowels of this earth, I trust, for that were a sad thing for this world to have hell within its bowels—but somewhere, in a far-off world there is a place where the only music is the mournful symphony of damned spirits ; where howling, groaning, moaning, wailing and gnashing of teeth, make up the horrid concert. There is a place where demons fly, swift as air, with whips of knotted burning wire, torturing poor souls ; where tongues, on fire with agony, burn the roofs of mouths that shriek for drops of water—that water all denied. There is a place where soul and body endure as much of infinite wrath as the finite can bear ; where the inflictions of justice crush the soul, where the continual flagellations of vengeance beat the flesh ; where the perpetual pourings out of the vials of eternal wrath scald the spirit, and where the cuttings of the sword strike deep into the inner man. Ah ! sirs, I cannot picture this ; within an hour some of you may know it. If your curtain of life be rent in twain, some of you may soon find yourself face to face with lost souls. Then, sirs, you will know what it is to lose your souls ; but you will never know it till then, nor can I hope to set it forth to you. Vain are these words ; light are the things I utter. They are but the daubings of a painter who cannot portray a scene so dreadful, for earth hath not colours black enough or fiery enough to depict it. Ah ! sinners if you knew what hell meant, then might ye tell what it is to lose your own souls.

## Mary Upton's Experiences.

A NARRATIVE FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER XI.—THE MINISTER'S CONFESSION.

To Miss Upton's great surprise, instead of giving her, as she anticipated, a clever reply calculated to tax her controversial powers to the utmost, Mr. Skylark calmly said :

"Many thanks, Miss Upton, for your candid strictures; and now, with your permission, I will give you my reply at our next Church meeting."

"But that won't be fair, sir," she said, in alarm. "Do you really suppose that I can answer you before so many members? No; reply to me now, if you please, like a man, and not reply where I cannot answer you at all. Let us have something like fair play."

"Oh, you shall have fair play, I can assure you, Miss Upton. I said you should have a reply, and I will be true to my word. I apprehend, however, that it will prove of a different kind to the one you expected."

And nothing more could she get out of him that night. He persistently refused even to revert to the subject, and left her entirely in the dark as to his future course of action. All that he assured her was that if she would favour him by being present at the Church meeting, she would learn then that she had not the slightest cause for fear, and therefore, it was best for her to trust him, and not be afraid.

And sure enough at the next Church meeting, which was held the beginning of the following week, he

did give a reply which both astonished and delighted her. After the ordinary business had been transacted, he said that he had a personal statement to make, for which he asked their kind and candid consideration. As they were aware, he had now been their pastor for nearly two years, and during that brief period he had carried out a policy which he deeply regretted to say had not effected the desired end. This had led him to think a great deal; and after much prayer and meditation and interchange of opinion with experienced friends, he had come to the conclusion, that in the adoption of this policy he had been depending too much upon human agency, and too little on the Spirit of the Lord. They all knew how difficult it was to reach the masses, and induce them to attend a place of worship. He had thought that advertising novel subjects would reach them; and to a certain extent his supposition had proved correct. But even though they had thus been reached, what had been the result? It truly pained his heart to see how evanescent a great deal of the seeming good had proved to be. That had shown him clearly that to create a sensation was one thing, and to do permanent good was another. The conclusion he had come to, therefore, was that he had begun at the wrong end. If, instead of seeking first to "get at the masses," he had sought as earnestly to obtain an outpouring of the Spirit of God's sacred influences on himself and on the church,

that would have been a proper beginning. Was not this the plan that was adopted previous to the day of Pentecost? And had not all genuine revivals been brought about in the same way? There, then, was his first error, and it was a vital one. Next he felt that he had erred in the publication of some of his topical subjects. He saw now, as he did not see then, that they were derogatory to the majesty and dignity of the Scriptures. The longer he studied the Word of God, the more sublime he realised that blessed Book to be. Its profound revelations often struck him with awe; and its spiritual teachings were the delight of his soul. Anything, therefore, that tended to lower it, or to make it the subject of coarse and stale jokes, he now saw to be deserving of reprobation and unlikely to meet with the Divine approval. What he saw now to be needed was, not to take singular, novel, or low subjects, as he regretted to say he had done, suggested by isolating texts from their connection, and importing into them a meaning which the context showed they were never intended to bear: but rather to expound the Word of God faithfully, and give the interpretation that the Spirit of God intended should be given. The Word of God, unlike any other word, was a living Word, "quick and powerful;" it was living seed which, deposited in the soul, imparted to it spiritual life and energy; and consequently every preacher should deal it out in its purity, and not distort it to please men's fancies, or to pander to their prejudices. Had he done this from the beginning, he believed more real and solid blessing would have been realized: if there had been fewer professed conversions, there would doubtless have been more steadfast

converts; and certainly the church itself would have been more profited and edified.

Now he came to the vexed question of singing. To this question there were certainly two sides. It was all very well for good spiritually-minded people to assert that hymn or psalm singing, like prayer, was a spiritual act, and therefore should be confined to the spiritual. But where would that theory carry them? Carry it out strictly, and we could have no singing at all in our Sunday-schools or in our congregations. There both the spiritual and unspiritual met; and they sang the same hymns and outwardly engaged in the same worship. Now this singing on the part of promiscuous assemblies had always been carried out ever since public worship had been celebrated, and that too under the Divine sanction. This was so obvious that he need only revert to two or three facts to prove it. Take first the case of the Jews. How many persons did they think at one time were engaged in the Service of Song in the Temple? There were twenty-four hundred singers, who were superintended by two hundred and eighty-eight leaders; and these sang in twenty-four courses. Would anyone suppose for a moment, that all these singers were converted characters? The idea was preposterous, and yet this kind of temple worship was ordained of God. Then take a second fact. As Christ was in the Temple, the children sang their hosannas, crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" This exasperated the chief priests and scribes, and they urged Jesus to put a stop to them. But did He? On the contrary, He justified them, and even applauded their action, saying, "Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?" Yet who would

affirm that all these children were converted? If it were right for them to sing thus in the Temple, it was just as right for them so to sing in the Sunday-school. A third fact would clinch the argument. Did not the Lord Jesus often engage in the worship of the synagogue? They knew it was His custom so to do. Well, a good part of that worship was composed of singing, or chanting; and no doubt He joined in it. As we cannot suppose otherwise with any show of reason, it therefore followed that He gave it His sanction. Yet what were many of the Jews who in His presence engaged in this kind of worship? They were His most inveterate foes, who even once and again sought to take away His life! Here, then, were three stubborn facts for those to face who argued that psalm-singing should be confined to the spiritual only.

But it was said that public worship should not be turned into a fleshly entertainment. He had been charged with doing that, and to a certain extent he was prepared to plead guilty. He felt conscious that he had laid a great deal too much stress on singing as an agency to promote spiritual good. It was a fact that he could not dispute, that the New Testament laid very little stress upon it except as a means of spiritual enjoyment and edification to the children of God, or as an act of spiritual worship. It was also another fact as a dear Christian friend had intimated to him, that, on the contrary, the stress laid upon private and public prayer was so great that it appeared constantly and prominently in every Gospel and every Epistle. It might therefore be safely concluded, that fervent, earnest, continuous prayer, and not singing, was the *chief* agency to be employed by the church in the prosecution of its

ordained work. But while he admitted all this, and also was willing sorrowfully to concede that he had not seen it until recently in this light, yet he thought that psalm-singing was intended to be a source of enjoyment as well as an act of pure worship. Take one text, for instance, which the esteemed friend he had referred to had quoted. James said, according to the Revised Version, "Is any among you suffering? let him pray. Is any cheerful? let him sing praise." Here we were taught that prayer was intended to give relief, and praise-singing to give vent to joyful feeling. Then take another text from Ephesians, also advanced by that friend. There believers were told to *speak to themselves* in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their heart to the Lord. Now what did a great modern writer say on this passage? He held in his hand a masterly commentary on the Epistle, in which were these words. After speaking of the delight with which we naturally listen to a great orator, he says: "We have all known the same delight while listening in a crowd to a great singer, or a great chorus. The craving for this larger life in the society of other men is as natural as the craving for excitement; and Paul tells the Ephesian Christians that instead of trying to satisfy it by drinking with other men, they should satisfy it by common worship and by sacred song. The church was to have its festivals as well as its days of sorrowful humiliation and agonising prayer. They were to '*speak to one another in psalms and hymns,*' and in '*songs,*' which came to them from the inspiration of the Spirit of God. The genius of the poet and of the singer was to be consecrated to the service of the Church as well as the genius

of the orator. Their singing was not always to be worship addressed to God; they were to sing to each other as well as to Him. As the preacher speaks to the Church, so those who have the gift of song are to sing to the Church: to sing pathetic songs about the Divine pity to soothe sorrow; triumphant songs about the love of God to fill the heart with joy; songs about God's power to give new energy to courage; songs about the glory of heaven to transfigure hope into rapture; songs about the infinite grace of Christ and His death for our salvation to flood the soul with a passion of affection. There is another kind of singing in which those who have not the rare and beautiful gift of song may take part; while they are silent they may be singing and *making melody with their heart to the Lord.*"\*

With this beautiful extract he agreed. It spoke for itself, and showed that singing was intended to be a means of spiritual enjoyment to believers and to the church, as well as an act of pure worship. But he deeply regretted to say that in the introduction of various kinds of singing in the house of the Lord, he had gone beyond this, in order to attract the carnal mind. It was perhaps difficult always to draw the correct line, which ought not to be passed; but he had been led to see that at any rate *whenever the service was converted, or rather, degenerated, into a mere concert*, the line was passed, and the flesh was pleased at the expense both of spiritual enjoyment and devout worship.

Now he had said all that he in-

tended to say. We were told to "confess our faults one to another," and he had felt it to be his duty as the pastor of the Church to acknowledge these mistakes, which he could assure them had not been made otherwise than under misapprehension of what he thought was really needed and for the best. He trusted that they would receive this honest and humble confession in the spirit in which it had been given, and that they would all pray earnestly to God that he might have grace granted to him to carry out the useful lessons which in the school of defeat he had been so bitterly taught.

It is almost needless to add that the spirit Mr. Skylark desired by this timely and straightforward confession to evoke was displayed there and then. Fervent prayers were offered for both himself and the Church, and earnest desires were expressed that the pastor might have much grace to carry out the new light which he had received. Among the first to come up to him and congratulate him at the close of the meeting was Miss Upton, who, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, a tremulous voice, and warm shake of the hand, wished him God-speed. The like tokens of approval came also from others, and the result was that the somewhat humbled, but joyous pastor entered his home that night with the feeling that, while in making this confession he had crucified self, he had at any rate glorified God and taken one of his best steps to promote the spiritual prosperity of the Church.

(To be continued.)

\* "Lectures on the Ephesians."  
By R.W. Dale, D.D. Page 337.

## Round the World in Seven Months.

WITH GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL LIFE IN OUR COLONIES, AND IN AMERICA.

By W. P. GRIFFITH, Esq.

### PART XI.—SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO.

#### *Oakland Ferry.*

THE Central Pacific Railway Terminus is not in San Francisco, but in a suburb called Oakland, on the opposite side of the Bay, with which constant communication is kept up by steam ferry-boats. These are of enormous size, like floating three-storied houses. The lowest story or deck is an immense platform on which waggons, carriages, buggies, horses and cattle, find ample accommodation. The next stage is roughly furnished for second-class passengers; and above this is a grand saloon closed in with plate-glass windows, carpeted and luxuriously furnished for ladies, children, and saloon passengers; and over this there is a promenade deck for smokers. Unwieldy as this looks, it is propelled by such powerful engines that the passage, nearly five miles in length, is made in less than half-an-hour. Indeed, we found it so pleasant, that we wished it longer. The lovely shores of the Bay, the passing ships, the dancing waves, on which the sunshine sparkled like myriads of diamonds, made up a scene of brilliancy and beauty long to be remembered.

Nor was the land journey between Oakland and Sacramento less attractive, for we skirted the bays of St. Raphael and St. Pablo, within sight of the waves, which broke

in lace-like patterns on their pebbly shores; the evening sun illuminated their grassy or wooded hills; pleasure boats, white-winged yachts or pretty steamers crossed and recrossed from side to side; while thriving towns or attractive watering-places came successively in view. I do not know any ninety miles of travel more continuously varied and beautiful than this in any country.

#### *The City of Sacramento.*

Our arrangements gave us a little time here, and we availed ourselves of the opportunity of taking a glimpse of this representative Californian city. We found it regularly laid out in streets at right angles to each other, as usual in other American cities, the business streets provided with coverings over the footways as a protection from sun and showers; good shops well stocked with costly articles, but huddled up together in heaps, without any attempt to display them to the best advantage. The streets occupied by private residents are planted with trees, boulevard fashion, and generally a strip of greensward between footway and road; the houses built of wood, but designed with porticos, pillars, balustrades, and pediment, all painted to look like stone, surrounded by pretty gardens in which tropical plants bloomed in the gayest colours. The number, style, and size of these residences

show that it is a wealthy place, indeed, they call it a city of millionaires, men for the most part who began with nothing, but who have grown rich by mining, by speculation, or successful trade. The public buildings—notably the House of Representatives, the churches, schools, colleges, asylums—are not only magnificent in design and construction, but are well kept, clean, and bright, as if just finished. The only mean things to be seen are the uneven roads and the wooden footways. The Sacramento River, a broad stream navigable to San Francisco, runs through the city, but the *debris* from the mines, whose workings have enriched its people, have spoiled its beauty. Here it is the colour and consistency of pea-soup.

#### *The Central Pacific Railway.*

And now we start fairly on our great overland journey by this world-famed railway: 3,000 miles in length, stretching all across the American continent from San Francisco to New York, uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; through trains running every day and performing the journey in six days and nights' continuous travelling, the cars forming a sort of hotel upon wheels, in which the passengers eat, drink, walk about, sleep and rise, in short, live entirely during the period of their journey. We had heard much of the comfort of these American carriages, of their superiority to English or Continental lines, and were quite prepared to luxuriate and admire.

And no doubt there is much to be said in their favour. By day you have a long, lofty, handsome, well-furnished saloon with reversible seats, each commanding a window. A passage along the centre enables you to walk about, to change into

a smoking compartment, or even to stand on an open platform at the end of the car. Lavatories, etc., are always available, and you may call the guard in case of dispute or emergency. At night this saloon is divisible into ten or twelve separate berths, and in these, sheltered by curtains, you may undress and go to bed. But like many other well-contrived schemes the realisation hardly comes up to the promise. In the day-time and for short journeys no doubt these cars are very pleasant indeed, but for long distances there are manifold drawbacks; for instance, the backs of the seats are all too low, and there are no head-rests; so that the luxury of a nap is denied you, save in an uncomfortable posture. Then the central passage is a public thoroughfare, open not only to passengers, guards, and officials, but to news-boys, book-hawkers, orange and candy sellers, who are continually coming in and out, importuning you to buy their wares. Then these passages form a playground for the children; and American children are often obtrusive, noisy, and under very scanty discipline. So by day quietness and repose, so grateful to the traveller weary with continuous journeying, are impossible, and we long for the comfort and privacy of European travel.

And at night the discomfort is even more pronounced. First, the coloured servant, who has charge of the bedding, keeps the passengers dodging from one section to another for a full hour, while he "fixes" the partitions, bedding, and curtains. Then he insists on closing all the ventilators, and heating all the stoves, till the air is as hot and stifling as an oven. This excessive heat dries up the salivatory glands and produces that evil habit of

hawking and spitting, which is simply disgusting to those not hardened to the infliction; and, lastly, the oscillation of the cars is so great, and the noises all through the night so startling and intermittent, that it requires as long familiarity to sleep soundly on board a train as on board ship. Moreover, as the charge for this accommodation averages nearly four dollars per head per night, you are not so much in love with the system after you have tried it, as when reading the account of it in a book.

#### *Baggage Checking.*

Perhaps the best feature of American railway travelling is the system of checking passengers' baggage. Straps are provided, very ingeniously furnished with loops so as to be easily slipped and securely fastened on trunks or boxes of any size, each strap having a socket to hold two metal checks bearing a number and the name of the place to which the article is to be forwarded. One check is given to the passenger on starting, and constitutes his voucher for claiming it on arrival. Before he reaches his destination a baggage-clerk comes through the cars to collect these checks, and on payment of fifty cents per package, he will guarantee either to forward the boxes to the hotel where the traveller means to put up, or will re-book them to any other station on the line, the passenger being spared all trouble of identifying them or watching over their safety. The system, as a system, is far more convenient than any prevailing in Europe, and the incessant demand for tips and fees often so irritating here is entirely avoided. An American porter (he was not a nigger) being once offered a tip, cried out, "What's this for?" and being told it was for himself,

handed it back, saying, "You'd better keep it; you may want it yourself some day."

But American railway servants are not only independent and insolent; they are wantonly destructive. No trunks or boxes made in Europe will stand the rough usage they are subjected to on American railways. The men take a mischievous delight in baggage smashing, pitching trunks from a height, piling heavy ones on to frailer articles, and generally doing all the damage they can. Our iron trunk was split open all along one side by the reckless way in which it was knocked about on the Central Pacific Railway.

#### *Scenery.*

There is, as may be supposed, a great variety of scenery in this railway journey of 3,000 miles. Soon after leaving Sacramento, the line is carried over the Sierra Nevada mountains, rising to a height of 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, and so exposed to avalanches and snowdrifts that the snow-sheds required for its protection amount in the aggregate to forty miles. There must be magnificent views during the ascent and descent of these mountains; but, with a strange perversity, the fast through trains starting from San Francisco are timed to do this part of the journey in the night; so even if we had not been weary and drowsy, there was nothing to be seen. We knew by the puffing and snorting of the engine that we were rising steeply, also by the increased coldness of the atmosphere; and, as we got nearer the summit, by the whiteness of the track seen through the windows, all covered with snow. When the summit is reached there is a brief halt, and then we bowl gaily down the steep inclines till we reach the plains of Central



America. Space will not permit us to describe the scenery on this long journey. Suffice it to say that its prevailing character is monotonous. Hour after hour, day after day, we traversed what is called the rolling Prairies, which rise and fall in long undulations, like the rollers of the Pacific Ocean in calm weather, these prairies being covered for hundreds of miles at a stretch with dwarf, sage-coloured bushes growing in a sandy soil. We saw great herds of cattle, which seem to thrive on this unpromising food, and as the track is left without fencing or other protection stray cattle are often caught and killed by the cow-catcher fixed in front of every engine. Piles of bleached bones, or skeletons picked clean by vultures, are sights which meet the eye at frequent intervals. Anon we come to a station, a cluster of dingy wooden houses, chiefly grog-shops and general stores, around which groups of cow-boys lounge about with hands in their pockets and pistols and bowie-knives in their belts. In truth, there is little to please or to attract during a large portion of this wearisome journey. Not that there is no scenery worth notice; by no means. In the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, in Echo and Weber canons, in the neighbourhood of Salt Lake, in Denver, and the surrounding country, at Colorado springs, at Manitau, and in many other places reached by branch lines, there are mountains and valleys, lakes and rivers, of vast proportions and surpassing beauty; and in places the construction of the line itself is marvellous for boldness of design and skill in execution. Indeed, objects of interest are by no means infrequent. Yet this overland journey can hardly be regarded as a pleasure trip.

### *Chicago.*

We found the journey so fatiguing that we were glad to rest at Chicago. This Capital of the West is a city of which all Americans are justly proud. Built in blocks or squares, it extends seven miles in length, and seven in breadth, thus occupying nearly fifty square miles of ground. Yet twenty-five years ago it was a swamp with only a few wooden huts built by Indian traders. In 1871 it was half-destroyed by fire; yet now it is as closely packed with handsome buildings and palatial warehouses as Manchester and Liverpool, and is as richly stocked with valuable merchandise. Its shops rival those of Regent Street, London, for magnificence of design and costly nature of their goods. Its public buildings, as the post-office, custom house, board of trade, courts of justice, built of marble or stone, would do credit to Paris or London; and its hotels are equal to those of San Francisco or New York; that is, they entirely surpass our London hotels; save, perhaps, the new Grand Hotel at Charing Cross. Its streets are all planted with trees, boulevard fashion, and the pavements and roadways are better than in any other American city we visited. The deficiency is in places of worship, few of which are found in the city itself. Land, they say, is too valuable! To get to church on Sunday, we found it necessary to take a tram-car some two miles in the suburbs; and we did not find it well attended, notwithstanding the attractions of luxurious fauteuils, and a trained quartet choir. Religion seems at a rather low ebb in Chicago; but beer-saloons, concert-rooms, music-halls, and theatres were all open on Sunday, and seemed to be doing a large business.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### QUICKENING WORDS.

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth ; the flesh profiteth nothing : the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—John vi. 63.

THE spoken words of Jesus Christ have long since been printed in many languages, and are public treasures. He speaks of words and words ; words that are fleshy and formal, and words that are spirit and life. Words are nothing to us if they convey no ideas. Words are much to us if they quicken us ; if mediums of light, chasing away ignorance ; of life, restoring life ; of fire, producing the flame of love, joy, zeal. See Peter's case : "We believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." "Blessed art thou, Simon : for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father, which is in heaven."

We here take occasion from this text to speak of the quickening gospel. First, in the beginning of spiritual life in the soul. Here is the beginning of all real religion. There may be much religion without it—much that passes amongst men ; but none real, none acceptable in the sight of God, none that will live for eternity, that can stand the test of the final judgment. A man may be alive in all the relationships of life without it, but not alive towards God and his spiritual interests. Believers in Christ find that He is to them "a quickening Spirit." "And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins."

Secondly, quickened in the service

of Christ. Life derived from Christ is lovingly, cheerfully, thankfully devoted to His service. The act of obedience is nothing without the spirit. Christ puts the spirit of love into our hearts, and then we can put heart into His service. Heart service is the effect of His love to us, and is pleasing in His sight, and it is our joy to render it to Him. We need the repeated quickening of His love, and so shall we share the continued joy of His salvation.

Thirdly, quickened to Christian progress. By this quickening, the inward life will deepen, and the outward life will develop. There will be growth in enlarged capacity of mind, intensity of affection, sweetness of joy, brightness of hope, active zeal, and moral consistency. In Christ's quickening Gospel shall we find words that will give us light, life, strength, and hope ; not only in the first instance, but shall increase in them in our after experience, as we use them for God and for good. Thus stimulated and helped, we shall "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Fourthly, quickened as to the heavenly prospect. By this process the hopeless one is quickened to hopefulness, and so into rejoicing. The words of Christ to such are full of peace and joy, because "they are spirit and they are life." Here we find the sweetest consolations and the surest comforts. These words will never die, and the hopes raised by them will come true, and the joy sure and for ever.

*Blunham.*

W. ABBOTT.

## REST.

"I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—The text which I have taken for this address is very plain and simple. They are the words of Jesus, the Great Teacher. You know, perhaps, sometimes what it is to be tired. How glad you are when you can sit down comfortably and rest a little! Sometimes when father has had a very hard day's work, how glad he is to come home to his family and take his rest! The soldier who has been far away on a field of battle engaged in deadly combat with the enemy, who has escaped from being killed, how glad he is to come home to his loved ones and enjoy a little rest!

The text speaks about a different rest from that of the body: it is rest promised to those who are tired of sin, who feel the need of a Saviour to give their soul rest. They have perhaps tried the attractions of the world, but have found nothing in them to give rest to the soul. There is no real rest without Christ. Dear young friends, this is the best time to obtain this rest. Jesus is able and willing to give rest to those who ask Him. He is able to give rest from sorrow (Ps. xciv. 12, 13; Isa. xiv. 3); rest in the Lord (Ps. xxxvii. 7). What a blessed thing that we can enjoy this rest! Yet we do not deserve it, through our disobedience and sin. Jesus is very compassionate. He delights in mercy. He came down from heaven to rescue us from our misery by reason of Adam's transgression. You see, dear young friends, there is no excuse: the Saviour has finished the great work of atonement. He has opened up a way for our reconciliation and become a Mediator for us. He is now waiting and willing to give pardon and rest to our souls.

I am sure this is what you need, what you should pray for and seek after if you wish to be made happy. And let me tell you, if you wish to enter heaven you must have your sins taken away by Jesus. Let me say in conclusion, dear young friends, that there remaineth a rest for the people of God in heaven. There will be rest indeed from all toil, pain, and sorrow. There will be no more crying, for all tears will be wiped away for ever.

THOMAS HEATH,  
Sunday School Superintendent.  
*Plymouth.*

## LITTLE TANGLES.

ONCE there was a king who employed his people to weave for him. The silk and patterns were all given by the king. He told the workers, that, when any difficulty arose, they should send to him, and he would help them, and never to fear troubling him.

Among many men and women busy at the looms, there was one little child who worked cheerfully, though often alone. One day when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures,—their silks were tangled, and their weaving unlike the pattern—they gathered round the child, and said:

"Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties."

"Then why do you not send to the king?" said the little weaver. "He told us that we might do so."

"So we do, night and morning."

"Ah!" said the child; "but I send directly when I find I have a little tangle."

So let us take all our wants and troubles directly to the Lord in prayer. He invites us so to do, and promises to help us.

## THE BLESSEDNESS OF GIVING.

In the Acts of the Apostles, chapter twenty, verse thirty-five, Paul tells us "to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." Notwithstanding the Holy Spirit inspired Paul to record this precious saying of the Lord Jesus, it is to be feared that but comparatively few remember it as among the things that are written, and even fewer still who act as though they believed the saying to be true. We should not have to plead so earnestly and continuously on behalf of Christian missions, both at home and abroad, on behalf of our colleges, orphanages, and colportage work, if all the professed followers of the Lord Jesus believed and acted upon His words. They who call Him Master and Lord in this matter of Christian giving seem virtually to disregard His authority. They spend upon themselves, their dress, their pleasure, their personal adornments, as though the Lord Jesus had said, "It is more blessed to receive and to expend on your own self-gratification than it is to give of your money for the purpose of benefiting others." We were pleased the other day in perusing a piece of poetry in an American newspaper, which a friend had sent us, and we have pleasure in copying this for the benefit of those who as yet are strangers to the blessedness of giving. Here it is. May all our readers "mark, learn, and inwardly digest," and henceforth practise its suggestions:—

"The earth gives us treasure fourfold for all that we give to its bosom ;

The care we bestow on the plant comes back in the bud and the blossom.

"The sun draws the sea to the sky, O stillest and strangest of powers, And returns to the hills and the meadows the gladness of bountiful showers.

"The mother regains her lost youth in the beauty and youth of her daughters, We are fed after many long days by the bread that we cast on the waters.

"Never a joy do we cause, but we fo that joy are the gladder ; Never a heart do we grieve, but we for the grieving are sadder.

"Never a slander so vile as the lips of the willing rehearser ; And curses, though long, loud, and deep, come home to abide with the curser.

"He who doth give of his best, of that best is the certainest user, And he who withholds finds himself of his gaining the pitiful loser.

"The flowers that are strewn for the dead bloom first in the heart of the living, And this is the truest of truths, that the best of a gift is the giving."

Let us not keep back our gold and our silver, seeing the Lord hath need of it, and we ourselves shall be all the richer for all we give to Him. Prove the truth of these words that He Himself said : "IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

T. W. MEDHURST.

Portsmouth.

## Reviews.

*Alpine Hymns and Songs*, sung by the Swiss Alpine Choir. Music composed by PROFESSOR ANDRE. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

THE selections one, two, and three are before us. Several of the hymns are by our friend the Rev. Samuel Cowdy. Each selection has six pieces, and both the music and the hymns are chaste and very beautiful. We had the pleasure recently of spending two evenings in listening to the singing of the Alpine Choir, and we were impressed with the thought that many of our Sunday schools would be doing themselves and the public good service if these hymns could be introduced at our school anniversaries and such like occasions. "Dear Children in Heaven," "The Children's Kingdom," "Jesus bless the little Children," and others, are very suitable, and, we think, cannot be surpassed for sweetness of tune and scriptural expression. Their adoption would be a wonderful improvement to the chopping things sometimes taught to our children.

*The Musical Miller*. By kind permission of the Rev. Jackson Wray. A service of sacred song by JOHN BURNHAM. Weekes and Co., Hanover Street, W.

THE pages contain both notations, and the music is spiritual and good. We are pleased, and believe others will be, with this last outcome of Mr. Burnham's musical application, while as regards the words, we have only to say that the story is written in Mr. Wray's usual style.

*New Packet Cards*. By WILLIAM LUFF. Mitch and Stock, Jewin Street, London.

"HART Cries and Heavenly Answers" and "Poems of Victory or Triumph,"

12 in each packet. "Views and Verses for my Sunday Scholars," 48 in packet. Sixpence each. These cards are the prettiest we have ever seen. They call forth pleasant approval from all. Mr. Luff has a special talent and special good taste for this sort of thing. "Lebanon" and "Jerusalem" are exceedingly good.

*The Herald of Mercy*. A monthly messenger for humble homes, originated by the late DUNCAN MATHESON. Morgan and Scott.

A book in nice cover, full of good pictures and very profitable reading, suitable for young and old, at the cost of 1s.

*The Better Life and how to Find it Gathered Lambs*, showing how Jesus, the Good Shepherd, laid down His life for us, and how many little lambs have been gathered into His fold. REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND, M.A. Morgan and Scott.

MR. HAMMOND has undoubted aptness to teach, and always exercises a pleasing power in the circle of our young people. The first of these works will be read with pleasure and profit by our young friends. It contains six persuasive chapters on finding the better life, and is a very suitable book for those who are asking the way. "Gathered Lambs" is a more easy and simple style of reading, which will have charms for the little lambs of Christ's fold. Both books are illustrated, and cannot fail to do good.

*The Preachers' Analyst* (Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row) has a third and closing paper to the student on the principles of elocution, also chapter six of an analysis of Paley's "Evidences," and a good sermon by the Editor on "Troubled Thoughts." The October number is a very good one.

*Bible Temperance and the Revised Version of the Old Testament*, by DAWSON BURNS, D.D. This is a scholarly contribution, and of course in this field Dr. Burns shows considerable power. National Temperance Depot, 337, Strand.

*The Bond of Union*, the organ of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, contains an address by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

*Experience*, a quarterly journal to promote mission work, well adapted to reach its object. The first paper is by Dr. Krummacher, on the life and death and poetry of Paul Gerhardt. Published at 2, Castle Street, City Road.

*The Silver Moon and Prophetic Voice* contains a masterly exposure of Spiritualism tested by Scripture. The paper is from the pen of the Rev. A. R. Fausset, M.A.

*The Index Insurance Review* gives a capital likeness and loving article of our worthy friend Alfred S. Bowser.

All who are concerned or connected with our charitable institutions, should read the October number of the *Philanthropist*, which contains an article opposed to the levying rates and taxes on such institutions.

We have received *The British Flag*, *Open Doors*, *The Voice of Warning*, *Home Evangel*, *Light and Truth*, *Evangelical Christendom*, and *Life and Light*, for all of which we wish success.

Religious Tract Society's serials, *The Boy's Own*, *The Girl's Own*, *Leisure Hour*, *Sunday at Home*, are as good as ever. *The Tract Magazine* has a characteristic contribution by the Rev. P. B. Power, subject, "The Two Voices;" also, a likeness and sketch of William Tyndale, by the Rev. R. Lovett, M.A.; and the new Biographical Series, No. 24, has a fine likeness of Owen William Carey, and a comprehensive, though condensed, account of his life.

Since our last issue, *The Baptist Union* has held its meetings at Swansea, with increasing interest, and we are very much indebted to the *Baptist* and *Freeman* for their copious and faithful reports. Among our own magazines we select for special attention this month, *Sword and Trowel*, and the paper contained therein by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, the kind of revival wanted by the Church. It is true and timely.

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## SONGS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"The name of Jesus is a song."

The name of Jesus is a song  
Which infant lips can sing;  
And to Love's ear no praise more sweet  
Than that which children bring.

The song which fills the heavens with joy,  
And seraphs strive to reach,  
Breathes music from an infant's tongue  
With glory fills its speech.

O Jesus, live in all our hearts,  
And make each soul a lyre  
Whose every string shall thrill with love,  
And glow with heavenly fire.

O sweet the music of the spheres,  
If thro' such music be;  
But sweeter far the children's song,  
When filled, O Christ, with Thee!

## FRUIT UNTO GOD.

CLUSTERS for God to gather !  
 Flowers for God to twine !  
 Things that are sweet to Jesus,  
 Lovely to eyes divine !  
 Growing within His garden,  
 Pruned by His gentle hand,  
 What more meet than to yield Him  
 The fruit of His own good land ?

What ! shall the harvests rustle  
 And fret in the chafing breeze ?  
 And seek as a stranger passes  
 His eye and his heart to please ?  
 Shall orchards ask for the praises  
 And hands of the passer near ?  
 Let the harvests grow for the farmer,  
 And fruit for the hands that rear.

Too often our fruit is rendered,  
 That neighbours and friends may praise  
 The beautiful laden tendrils,  
 The hands of our labour raise ;  
 And the bloom of the purple cluster  
 Is marred by the human touch :  
 Oh, render to God the fruitage,  
 For ever He loveth such.

Then, though no eye behold me,  
 No finger of praise profane,  
 If He will but deign to gather,  
 I shall not have borne in vain,  
 Perhaps on the hidden branches,  
 Unseen to the eyes below ;  
 But He who looks down from Heaven,  
 Though earth seeth not, will know.

WILLIAM LUFF.

FALLING BUT NOT REMAINING.—By shaking the magnetic needle, you may move it from its place ; but it returns to it the moment it is left to itself. In like manner, believers may fall into sin ; but no sooner do they wake to reflection, than they repent, and endeavour to mend their ways, and resume a life of godliness.

## THE "DIVINE INSTITUTION" OF THE FAMILY.

"I will be the God of all the families of Israel."—JER. xxxi. 1.

"This fallen world brings forth no other flower  
So beautiful as this; and where the love  
Of God is added to this love of man,  
Somewhat of heaven itself to earth descends."

THAT the church of Christ is a purely religious institution is unquestionable. But that the family is as strictly and solely so, is not a conviction that is generally and definitely prevalent. It is regarded as exerting a high moral influence, as being the proper nursery of the future man and of the undying spirit; but it is far from being invested in the popular mind with that high and heaven-derived religious character which properly attaches to it. *The family is as strictly a religious institution as the church.* Where the form of either exists without the indwelling spirit of piety, they are perverted and corrupt. The remark is equally applicable to both, for an irreligious family is as essentially an abhorrence in the sight of God as a soulless and corrupt church.

The family circle is God's blessed ordinance, and is the sweetest, happiest, and most hallowed spot on earth. It is the nursery of affection, of friendship, and of virtue; the place where those ties of mutual dependence and help are first formed, which, in their expanded state, unite human society; and according to the manner in which the rights of the family circle are enjoyed its duties discharged, and

its benefits realised, are the moral character, the stability, and the grandeur of a country.

The saying of Luther, "Out of families nations are spun," is as true as it is quaint. It is in the family that the first and strongest impressions are made; it is there that an education is insensibly gained which schools can never supply, nor after influence ever efface. The welfare of a nation is far more dependent upon the character of its family life than upon the extent of its resources, the wealth of its treasury, the width of its territory. An ancient writer says: "Give me a single domestic grace, and I will turn it into a hundred public virtues." So if we would purify the stream of political or mercantile affairs; if we would establish our nation on a firm foundation; if we would promote the reign of justice, truth, integrity and good-will; if we would strengthen the love of humanity, and unite the nations of the earth in ties of common brotherhood, we must keep alive *reverence for the family*, the desire to preserve its sacredness and honour, and the spirit of love and self-denial which makes it so great a power in the world.



## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

THE Secretariat of the Bible Translation Society having become vacant by the decease of the Rev. A. Powell, Rev. J. Trafford, M.A., of Weymouth and formerly of Serampore College, has been appointed to succeed him.

Rev. W. J. Tomkins has resigned the pastorate at Ridgmont, Beds. having accepted that at Rushden, Northampton.

Rev. George Webb, late of Maidstone, has accepted the pastorate of the chapel at Pentside, Dover.

Rev. J. Baillie, of Bath, has undertaken the pastoral oversight of the church at Dunkerton.

Rev. Thomas Griffiths, minister of the Millgate Chapel, near Bacup, has been appointed to the pastorate of Cottenham Street Chapel, Liverpool.

Rev. Isaac Near, of Ringstead, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Dormansland, Lingfield, Surrey.

Rev. B. Prout, of Haslingden, has resigned his pastorate owing to ill-health.

### RECOGNITIONS.

SPECIAL recognition services have been held in the chapel at Wickwar in connection with the settlement of Mr. J. M. Thomas, of Bristol, as the pastor. At the public meeting Mr. G. M. Carlyle presided. Revs. W. J. Mayers, G. Jarman, W. Davy, and others took part in the proceedings.

Rev. S. J. Jones, formerly of Myrtle Street Chapel, Liverpool, has received public recognition as pastor of the chapel at Church, Lanes. The charge to the new pastor was delivered by the Rev. Dr. E. Parker. Among others who took part in the proceedings were Revs. H. Stowell Brown, J. Garden, H. M. Whetnall, W. E. Holt, W. E. Jackson, and Chas. Williams.

Rev. C. H. Thomas has been recognised as pastor of the church at Waterlooville. The sermon was preached by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who, speaking at the evening meeting, urged the importance of sustaining the village chapels.

Rev. G. E. Payne, having accepted the pastorate of Parker Street Church, Burton-on-Trent, his ordination took place on September 30. Dr. Underwood presided. A statement was made on behalf of the church by Mr. J. F. Gamer, after which Mr. Payne gave his reasons for accepting the invitation. Rev. C. Payne, offered the ordination prayer, and Rev. G. Goadby, B.A., gave the charge to the pastor. At the evening meeting Rev. W. Evans gave the charge to the church. Addresses were also given by Revs. C. Payne, C. F. Aked, S. S. Alsop, H. M. Booth, and Mr. Councillor Payne.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. J. W. Genders as pastor of the church at Ilfracombe were held on the 9th of September. The proceedings commenced with a prayer meeting in the morning, conducted by the pastor. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by Rev. J. Douglas, M.A., who presided at the evening meeting. Revs. J. Morris, J. M. Murphy, B. Etheridge, and others delivered addresses, and a letter was read from Kent Street Church, Portsea, in which Mr. Genders' work for nine years in that place was referred to in appreciative terms, and cordial wishes were expressed in respect to his future career.

Mr. J. W. Ewing, of the Pastor's College, received a welcome on September 21, on commencing his labours as pastor of the chapel at East Hill, Wandsworth. Mr. W. Olney presided, and several of the neighbouring

ministers delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. W. G. Clow has received recognition as pastor of the church recently formed at Sherborn. The charge to the pastor was delivered by Rev. S. Newnan.

In connection with the settlement of Rev. J. Brown as co-pastor with Mr. E. T. Scammell of the church at Teignmouth, sermons were preached to large congregations on Sunday by the Rev. D. Jones, B.A., of London. The services were continued on Monday afternoon, when a sermon was preached by Dr. Owens, president of the Bristol Baptist College. After the sermon, Rev. E. C. Pike, B.A., president of the Devon Baptist Association, in a few earnest words welcomed Mr. Brown to the county and the association. At the evening meeting, presided over by Mr. T. S. Penny, Mr. Scammell announced that it was intended to lay the foundation-stone of the new church next Easter. Revs. Dr. Culross, D. Jones, and J. B. Blanch delivered addresses.

Rev. Frank Russell was recognised on September 23 as pastor of the Tabernacle, Hull. The mayor of Hull (Dr. Rollit) presided at the evening meeting. Revs. E. L. Lauderdale, C. Welton, J. Kitchener, W. Sumner, and S. Horton were among the ministers present.

Rev. F. J. Steward was recognised on September 16 as pastor of the church at Corsham. Mr. T. Harris, of Calne, presided. Revs. E. G. Gange, W. Burton, W. Mann, and R. G. Wheeler delivered fraternal addresses. There was a large attendance.

#### PRESENTATIONS.

A MEETING was held at Little Baddow, recently, to take farewell of Rev. D. S. Hollies, on his removal to Drybrook. Rev. J. W. Compton, who presided, in the name of the congregation and friends, presented Mr. Hollies with a silver watch and gold albert, and a purse

of £25. Revs. J. F. Buddell, H. Hagell, G. C. Postans, and W. Robertson also took part in the meeting. Mrs. Hollies had previously received presents from the mothers' meeting.

A large gathering of the congregation at Commercial Street, Newport, Mon., assembled recently, when a presentation was made to their late pastor, Rev. J. W. Lance, who, after a ministry of twenty-four years, had been compelled to resign on account of failing health. Mr. E. H. Carbutt, M.P., presided, and referred to the high esteem in which Mr. Lance had been held by the people of Newport. Mr. E. Lewis made the presentation in the form of a cheque for £536 16s., and an illuminated address, Mr. T. Richards, Mr. M. Wheeler, and Rev. E. Thomas adding their congratulations. Mr. Lance having thanked his friends for their munificent gift, and referred to the happy years he had spent among them, the meeting was closed with prayer.

Mr. Thomas Norlidge, a Sunday-school teacher in connection with the church at Newark-on-Trent, of which the Rev. E. B. Shepherd is pastor, being about to enter Regent's Park College with a view to foreign missionary service, was presented at a meeting on the 28th ult., with the following works:—"Scrivener's Parallel New Testament, Greek and English," "Cruden's Concordance," "The Bible Handbook," "Handbook of the English Tongue," "Butler's Analogy," "Chambers' Etymological Dictionary," and a pocket Bible, as testimonials of regard from the church and congregation.

Rev. George Hirst, on resigning the pastorate of the church at King's Sutton, has been presented with a purse containing eleven guineas.

At a meeting to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the settlement of Rev. G. Turner at Westgreen Road Chapel, Tottenham, a Revised Bible was presented to Mr. H. White, a member of the Young Men's Bible

Class, who is entering Regent's Park College, previous to departing for the Congo.

Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A., previous to leaving Cotham Grove Chapel, Bristol, to undertake the duties of Professor of Hebrew and Biblical exegesis at Regent's Park College, was entertained at a farewell meeting, over which Rev. H. C. Leonard presided. Rev. Dr. Culross, on behalf of the church and congregation, said there was a wish to give tangibility to the verbal assurances of esteem and regard for Mr. Gould, and it had been thought best to give what would form the nucleus of a library of Biblical literature, and without any effort, any personal canvassing, the sum of about £40 had come together, and with this sum the Revised Bible, in five volumes, and other books, had been purchased; and it was hoped that this gift would be useful to Mr. Gould, as well as serve as a token of esteem and regard in which he was held. Mr. Gould was also presented by the officers and teachers of the Sunday school with a study reading desk; by the young members' class with a paper rack, paper knife, &c.; and by the teachers of St. Philip's Mission school with an inkstand. A chair and table were also presented by the church to Mrs. Gould (mother of the Rev. G. P. Gould), in recognition of valuable services rendered by her.

Rev. Eli E. Walter, on returning from his wedding tour, has been presented by the church and congregation at Soho, Liverpool, with a Davenport writing table, and an illuminated address, and by the teachers and scholars of the Sunday school with a set of silver dessert knives and forks. Mr. Walter, in thanking the friends, said it had been his privilege to work in the church for the last fourteen years, during which time the membership had risen from 40 to 400. Rev. W. White, of Downpatrick, father of the bride, Rev. Patrick White, of Islington, and Rev. S. Hawkes were among the speakers.

Mr. W. R. Peacock, secretary to the Brighton and Hove Evangelisation Society, who is about to enter Regent's Park College, to prepare for mission work in China, was presented at a meeting held in the Baptist Chapel, Hove, with an illuminated address expressing appreciation of his past services, and best wishes for him in his future career. The address was accompanied by a purse containing £10.

Rev. D. J. Hill, on retiring from the pastorate of Ruardean Hill Church, has been presented with a gold watch as a token of regard from the church and congregation.

#### NEW CHAPELS.

A TEMPORARY chapel has been erected at Kingsland, Herefordshire, for the use of the congregation hitherto worshipping in a private house. The services are at present conducted under the auspices of the church at Leominster, of which Rev. Walter H. Purchase is pastor. It is hoped to erect a permanent building in the spring, upon a site presented by Mr. J. Stevens, one of the deacons of the church.

Mr. W. J. Harris, M.P., of Halwill Manor, opened a bazaar in aid of the funds of a new chapel which has just been erected by the church at Halwill, in the Holsworthy district. The chapel, which is capable of seating 120 persons, is in the Gothic style of architecture; it has a minister's house attached. The structure was erected at a cost of over £400. The whole of the stone used was given by Mr. Harris, who presided at the opening service. Revs. R. Sampson, H. N. Mitchell, W. T. Soper, and W. Gliddon took part in the proceedings.

Memorial-stones of a new chapel were recently laid at Sleigh. The building is to be of brick with terracotta facings, and will seat about 450 persons. At the junction of streets will be a small tower and spirelet, sixty feet high.

A new chapel has been opened at Tenby. The cost was nearly £3,000.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

An amalgamation of Stoney Street and Woodborough Road Chapels, Nottingham, is in course of being arranged. An opportunity for this desirable end has offered itself by the recent retirement of Mr. R. Foulkes Griffiths from the pastorate of Stoney Street, with a view to practising at the bar. His place has been taken by the Rev. G. H. James, of Woodborough Road, who will not, however, resign the charge of the latter church. A committee, which will represent both congregations and also the trustees of Stoney Street, has been appointed to carry out an amalgamation. Stoney Street Chapel will be sold, as the locality has become unsuitable for a place of worship, and a stone building will take the place of the present iron chapel at Woodborough Road.

The district meeting of the Southern Association of Baptist Churches was held at Lyndhurst, on September 22nd, Rev. W. H. Payne presiding. There was a large attendance of ministers and delegates. The sermon was preached by Rev. H. O. Mackey, of Southampton.

The anniversary services of Church Street Chapel, Edgware Road, N.W., have been held. Sermons were preached by Revs. R. P. Cook, pastor, and Dr. Dawson Burns, late pastor. Sir Thomas Chambers, Q.C., M.P., Recorder of London, presided at the public meeting. Revs. J. R. Diggle, M.A., Dr. Burns, W. Harvey Smith, G. Robinson, and Messrs. William Digby, C.I.E., and R. F. Griffiths delivered addresses. An encouraging statement of church progress was made by the pastor.

## BAPTISMS.

*Armsley*.—September 16, Three, by W. Sumner.  
*Ashwater*.—September 20, One, by W. Gliddon.  
*Bacup*.—September 27, at Zion, Four, by E. A. Tydeman.  
*Bargod*.—October 4, Eighteen, by J. Parrish.

*Birmingham*.—September 27, Constitution Hill, Two, by J. Burton.  
*Birkenhead*.—September 8, Jackson Street, Nine, by T. Lydiatt.  
*Carmel Vron*.—September 6, Two, by E. Mitchell.  
*Chester*.—September 20, Milton Street, One; October 4, Four, by W. S. Jones.  
*Dublin*.—September 27, Abbey Street, Six, by H. D. Brown, B.A.  
*East Plumstead, Kent*.—September 24, Ten, by W. J. Murphy.  
*Enniskillen*.—September 14, Two; 15, One, by Rev. L. J. Ryan.  
*Gainsboro'*.—September 17, One, by W. R. Parker.  
*Heaton*.—September 30, Five, by R. Howarth.  
*Hull*.—September 27, Tabernacle, Two, by F. Russell.  
*Ipswich*.—September 8, Stoke Green, Fifteen, by C. M. Longhurst.  
*Leeds, Hunslet*.—September 3, One; 27, Two, by A. E. Greening.  
*Luton*.—Park Street, October 1, Eleven, by J. H. Blake.  
*Lurgan*.—September 29, One, by F. J. Ryan.  
*London*:  
*Gray's Inn Road*.—September 23, Arthur Street, Five, by W. Smith.  
*Westminster*.—September 27, Romney Street, Seven, by G. Davis.  
*Woolwich*.—September 27, Queen Street, Twelve, by T. Jones.  
*Machen, Mon.*—September 27, Three, by J. Morgan.  
*Martletwy*.—September 13, One, by D. M. Pryse.  
*Merthyr Tydvil*.—September 13, at the Tabernacle, Two, by B. Thomas.  
*Milloms, Cumberland*.—September 16, Two, by J. McNab.  
*Mochdre*.—October 4, Five, by R. Jones.  
*Nantyglo*.—September 27, at Bethel, Eight, by J. R. Pugh.  
*Newbury*.—September 27, Five, by E. George.  
*Offord, Hunts*.—September 27, Two, by G. Brown.  
*Oldham*.—September 26, King Street, Eight, by W. F. Edgerton.  
*Pisgah, Pem.*—September 27, One, by J. Jenkins.  
*Pole Moor*.—October 3, One, by J. Evans.  
*Pontnewynydd, Newport, Mon.*—September 20, Three, by I. Coal.  
*Redhill*.—September 20, London Road, Two, by W. Hetherington.  
*Ruardean Hill, Glos.*—September 6, One, by D. J. Hiley.  
*Rugby*.—September 30, Six, by A. Morgan.  
*Saron Coytrey, Mon.*—September 13, Two, by J. G. Watts.  
*Seion Ponkey*.—September 11, One; 13, One, by E. Mitchell.  
*Selkirk, N.B.*—September 23, One, by J. Brown.  
*Shipston-on-Stour*.—September 20, Two, by R. T. Lewis.  
*Southampton*.—September 20, Carlton Chapel, Four, by E. Osborne.  
*Staincliffe, Yorkshire*.—September 10, Three, by J. Kendall.

<i>Stanningley</i> .—October 4, Three, by E. S. Neale.	<i>Tunbridge Wells</i> .—September 30, Tabernacle. Seventeen, by J. Smith.
<i>Stow-on-the-Wold</i> .—September 9. Four, by F. E. Blackaby.	<i>Ventnor</i> , I.W.—September 20, One, by J. E. Shephard.
<i>Street</i> , Somerset.—October 4, Three, by J. Bartlett.	<i>Waterbarn</i> .—October 4, One, by J. Howc.
<i>Teddington</i> , Middlesex.—September 27, Two, by A. Grear.	<i>Wick</i> , N.B.—September 27, One, by A. Hewlett.
	<i>Willaston</i> .—October 4, One, by P. Williams.

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"I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS."

(John xv. 15.)

WHAT wondrous honour, Lord,  
Hast Thou on us conferred,  
That we, who were Thine enemies,  
To friendship are restored!

That we should friends be made,  
Once so estranged from Thee,  
By Thine own blood, 'twas perfect love  
Removed our enmity.

That we worms of the earth,  
And by sin so defiled,  
Should be upraised and sanctified,  
Redeemed and reconciled.

Though we unworthy are  
Of notice or regard,  
We into fellowship are brought  
With Thee, creation's Lord.

Now Thou dost call us friends,  
With rapture we exclaim,  
Earth's noblest titles are but nought  
Compared with that dear name.

Since we are honoured thus,  
Are made the heirs of heaven,  
For ever let our souls, our all,  
To Thee alone be given.

J. DORE.

## EFFECTUAL CALLING.\*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"When Jesus came to the place, he looked up, and saw him, and said unto him, Zaccheus, make haste and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house."—LUKE xix. 5.

NOTWITHSTANDING our firm belief that you are in the main well instructed in the doctrines of the everlasting gospel, we are continually reminded in our conversation with young converts, how absolutely necessary it is to repeat our former lessons, and repeatedly assert and prove over and over again those doctrines which lie at the base of our holy religion. Our friends, therefore, who have many years ago been taught the great doctrine of effectual calling, will believe that whilst I preach very simply this morning, the sermon is intended for those who are young in the fear of the Lord, that they may better understand this great starting point of God in the heart, the effectual calling of men by the Holy Spirit. I shall use the case of Zaccheus as a great illustration of the doctrine of effectual calling. You will remember the story. Zaccheus had a curiosity to see the wonderful man, Jesus Christ, who was turning the world upside down, and causing an immense excitement in the minds of men. We sometimes find fault with curiosity, and say it is sinful to come to the house of God from that motive; I am not quite sure that we should hazard such an assertion. The motive is not sinful, though certainly it is not virtuous; yet it has often been proved that curiosity is one of the best allies of grace. Zaccheus, moved by this motive, desired to see Christ; but there were two obstacles in the way: first, there was such a crowd of people that he could not get near the Saviour; and again, he was so exceedingly short in stature that there was no hope of his reaching over people's heads to catch a glimpse of Him. What did he do? He did as the boys were doing—for the boys of old times were no doubt just like the boys of the present age, and were perched up in the boughs of the tree to look at Jesus as he passed along. Elderly man though he is, Zaccheus jumps up, and there he sits among the children. The boys are too much afraid of that stern old publican, whom their fathers dreaded, to push him down or cause him any inconvenience. See him there. With what anxiety he is peeping down to see which is Christ—for the Saviour had no pompous distinction; no beadle is walking before Him with a silver mace; He did not hold a golden crozier in His hand: He had no pontifical dress; in fact, He was just dressed like those around Him. He had a coat like that of a common peasant, made of one piece from top to bottom; and Zaccheus could scarcely distinguish Him. However, before he has caught a sight of Christ, Christ has fixed His eye upon him, and standing under the tree, He looks up, and says, "Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house." Down comes Zaccheus: Christ goes to his

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house; Zaccheus becomes Christ's follower, and enters into the kingdom of heaven.

I. Now, first, effectual calling is a very *gracious* truth. You may guess this from the fact that Zaccheus was a character whom we should suppose the last to be saved. He belonged to a bad city, Jericho, a city which had been cursed, and no one would suspect that any one would come out of Jericho to be saved. It was near Jericho that the man fell among thieves; we trust Zaccheus had no hand in it; but there are some who, while they are publicans, can be thieves also. We might as well expect converts from St. Giles's, or the lowest parts of London, from the worst and vilest dens of infamy, as from Jericho in those days. Ah! my brethren, it matters not where you come from; you may come from one of the dirtiest streets, one of the worst back slums in London; but if effectual grace call you, it is an effectual call, which knoweth no distinction of place. Zaccheus also was of an exceedingly bad trade, and probably cheated the people in order to enrich himself. Indeed, when Christ went into his house, there was an universal murmur that he had gone to be a guest with a man that was a sinner. But, my brethren, grace knows no distinction; it is no respecter of persons, but God calleth whom He wills, and He called this worst of publicans, in the worst of cities, from the worst of trades. Besides, Zaccheus was one who was the least likely to be saved because he was rich. It is true, rich and poor are welcome; no one has the least excuse for despair because of his condition; yet it is a fact that "not many great men," after the flesh, "not many mighty," are called, but "God hath chosen the poor of this world—rich in faith." But grace knows no distinction here. The *rich* Zaccheus is called from the tree, down he comes, and he is saved. I have thought it one of the greatest instances of God's condescension that He can look *down* on man; but I will tell you there was a greater condescension than that, when Christ looked *up* to see Zaccheus. For God to look down on His creatures—that is mercy; but for Christ so to humble Himself that He has to look up to one of His own creatures, that becomes mercy indeed. Ah! many of you have climbed up the tree of your own good works, and perched yourselves in the branches of your holy actions, and are trusting in the free will of the poor creature, or resting in some worldly maxim; nevertheless, Christ looks up even to proud sinners, and calls them down. "Come down," says he, "to-day I must abide in thy house." Had Zaccheus been a humble-minded man, sitting by the wayside, or at the feet of Christ, we should then have admired Christ's mercy; but here he is lifted up, and Christ looks up to him, and bids him come down.

II. Next it was a *personal* call. There were boys in the tree as well as Zaccheus, but there was no mistake about the person who was called. It was "*Zaccheus*, make haste and come down." There are other calls mentioned in Scripture. It is said, especially, "Many are called, but few are chosen." Now, that is not the effectual call which is intended by the apostle, when he said, "Whom He called, them He also justified." That is a general call which many men, yea, all men reject, unless there come, after it the personal, particular call, which makes us Christians. You will bear me witness that it was a personal call that brought you to the Saviour. It was some sermon which led you to feel that *you* were, no doubt, the person intended. The text, perhaps, was "Thou, God seest

me;" and the minister laid particular stress on the word "me," so that you thought God's eye was fixed upon *you*; and ere the sermon was concluded, you thought you saw God open the books to condemn *you*, and your heart whispered, "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord." You might have been perched in the window, or stood packed in the aisle; but you had a solemn conviction that the sermon was preached to *you*, and not to other people. God does not call His people in shoals, but in units. "Jesus saith unto her, *Mary*; and she turned and said unto Him, *Rabboni*, which is to say, *Master*." Jesus seeth Peter and John fishing by the lake, and He saith unto them, "Follow Me." He seeth Matthew sitting at the table at the receipt of custom, and He saith unto him, "Arise, and follow Me," and Matthew did so. When the Holy Ghost comes home to a man, God's arrow goes into his heart: it does not graze his helmet, or make some little mark upon his armour, but it penetrates between the joints of the harness, entering the marrow of the soul. Have you felt, dear friends, that personal call? Do you remember when a voice said, "Arise, He calleth thee?" Can you look back to some time when you said, "*My Lord, my God?*" when you knew the Spirit was striving with *you*, and you said, "Lord, I come to Thee, for I know that Thou callest *me*." I might call the whole of you throughout eternity, but if God call one, there will be more effect through His personal call of one than my general call of multitudes.

III. Thirdly, it is a *hastening* call. "*Zaccheus, make haste*." The sinner, when he is called by the ordinary ministry, replies, "To-morrow." He hears a telling sermon, and he says, "I will turn to God by-and-by." The tears roll down his cheek, but they are wiped away. Some goodness appears, but, like the cloud of the morning, it is dissipated by the sun of temptation. He says, "I solemnly vow from this time to be a reformed man. After I have once more indulged in my darling sin, I will renounce my lusts and decide for God." Ah! that is only a minister's call, and is good for nothing. Hell, they say, is paved with good intentions. These good intentions are begotten by general calls. The road to perdition is laid all over with the branches of the trees whereon men are sitting, for they often pull down branches from the trees, but they do not come down themselves. The straw laid down by a sick man's door causes the wheels to roll more noiselessly. So there be some who strew their path with promises of repentance, and so go more easily and noiselessly down to perdition. But God's call is not a call for to-morrow. "*To-day* if ye hear His voice, harden not your hearts: as in the provocation when your fathers tempted Me." God's grace always comes with dispatch; and if thou art drawn by God, thou wilt run after God, and not be talking about delays. To-morrow—it is not written in the almanack of time. To-morrow—it is Satan's calendar, and nowhere else. To-morrow—it is a rock whitened by the bones of mariners who have been wrecked upon it; it is the wrecker's light gleaming on the shore, luring poor ships to destruction. To-morrow—it is the idiot's cup which he fableth to lie at the foot of the rainbow, but which none hath ever found. To-morrow—it is the floating island of Loch Lomond, which none hath ever seen. To-morrow—it is a dream. To-morrow—it is a delusion. To-morrow, ay, to-morrow, you may lift up your eyes in hell, being in torments. Youder clock saith "to-day;" thy pulse whispereth "to-day;" I hear my heart speak



as it beats, and it says, to-day ;" everything crieth "to-day ;" and the Holy Ghost is in union with these things, and saith, "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Sinners, are you inclined now to seek the Saviour? are you breathing a prayer now? are you saying, "Now or never! I must be saved now?" If you are, then I hope it is an effectual call, for Christ, when He giveth an effectual call, says, "Zaccheus, make haste."

IV. Next, it is a *humbling call*. "Zaccheus, make haste and *come down*." Many a time hath a minister called men to repentance with a call which has made them proud, exalted them in their own esteem, and led them to say, "I can turn to God when I like ; I can do so without the influence of the Holy Ghost." They have been called to *go up* and not to *come down*. God always humbles a sinner. Can I not remember when God told me to come down? One of the first steps I had to take was to go right down from my good works ; and oh ! what a fall was that ! Then I stood upon my own self-sufficiency, and Christ said, "Come down ! I have pulled you down from your good works, and now I will pull you down from your self-sufficiency." Well, I had another fall, and I felt sure I had gained the bottom, but Christ said "Come down !" and He made me come down till I fell on some point at which I felt I was yet salvageable. "Down, sir ! come down yet." And down I came until I had to let go every bough of the tree of my hopes in despair : and then I said, "I can do nothing ; I am ruined." The waters were wrapped round my head, and I was shut out from the light of day, and thought myself a stranger from the commonwealth of Israel. "Come down lower yet, sir ! thou hast too much pride to be saved." Then I was brought down to see my corruption, my wickedness, my filthiness. "Come down," says God, when He means to save. Now, proud sinners, it is of no use for you to be proud, to stick yourselves up in the trees ; Christ will have you down. Oh, thou that dwellest with the eagle on the craggy rock, thou shalt come down from thy elevation ; thou shalt fall by grace, or thou shalt fall with a vengeance one day. He "hath cast down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek."

V. Next, it is an *affectionate call*. "To-day I must abide in *thy house*." You can easily conceive how the faces of the multitude change? They thought Christ to be the holiest and best of men, and were ready to make Him a king. But He says, "To-day I must abide in thy house." There was one poor Jew who had been inside Zaccheus's house ; he had "been on the carpet," as they say in country villages when they are taken before the justice, and he recollected what sort of a house it was ; he remembered how he was taken in there, and his conceptions of it were something like what a fly would have of a spider's den after he had once escaped. There was another who had been distrained of nearly all his property ; and the idea he had of walking in there was like walking into a den of lions. "What !" said they, "is this holy Man going into such a den as that, where we poor wretches have been robbed and ill-treated. It was bad enough for Christ to speak to him up in the tree, but the idea of going into his house!" They all murmured at His going to be "a guest with a man who was a sinner." Well, I know what some of His disciples thought : they thought it very imprudent ; it might injure His character, and He might offend the people. They thought He might have gone to see this man at night,

like Nicodemus, and give him an audience when nobody saw Him; but publicly to acknowledge such a man was the most imprudent act He could commit. But why did Christ do as He did? Because He would give Zaccheus an affectionate call. "I will not come and stand at thy threshold, or look in at thy window, but I will come into thine house—the same house where the cries of widows have come into thine ears, and thou hast disregarded them; I will come into thy parlour, where the weeping of the orphan has never moved thy compassion; I will come there, where thou, like a ravenous lion, hast devoured thy prey; I will come there, where thou hast blackened thine house, and made it infamous; I will come into the place where cries have risen to high heaven, wrung from the lips of those whom thou hast oppressed; I will come into thy house and give thee a blessing." Oh! what an affection there was in that! Poor sinner, my Master is a very affectionate Master. He will come into your house. What kind of a house have you got? A house that you have made miserable with your drunkenness—a house you have defiled with your impurity—a house you have defiled with your cursing and swearing—a house where you are carrying on an ill-trade that you would be glad to get rid of. Christ says, "I will come into thine house." And I know some houses now that once were dens of sin, where Christ comes every morning; the husband and wife who once could quarrel and fight, bend their knees together in prayer. Christ comes there at dinner-time, when the workman comes home for his meals. Some of my hearers can scarce come for an hour to their meals but they must have a word of prayer and reading of the Scriptures. Christ comes to them. Where the walls were plastered up with the lascivious song and idle picture, there is a Christian almanack in one place, there is a Bible on the chest of drawers; and, though it is only one room they live in, if an angel should come in, and God should say, "What hast thou seen in that house?" he would say, "I have seen good furniture, for there is a Bible there; here and there a religious book; the filthy pictures are pulled down and burned; there are no cards in the man's cupboard now; Christ has come into his house." Oh! what a blessing that we have our household God as well as the Romans! Our God is a household God. He comes to live with His people; He loves the tents of Jacob. Now, poor ragamuffin sinner, thou who livest in the filthiest den in London, if such an one be here, Jesus saith to thee, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down; for to-day I must abide in thy house."

VI. Again, it was not only an affectionate call, but it was an *abiding* call. "To-day I must *abide* at thy house." A common call is like this: "To-day I shall walk in at thy house at one door, and out at the other." The common call which is given by the gospel to all men is a call which operates upon them for a time, and then it is all over; but the saving call is an abiding call. When Christ speaks, He does not say, "Make haste, Zaccheus, and come down, for I am just coming to look in;" but "I must *abide* in thy house; I am coming to sit down to eat and drink with thee; I am coming to have a meal with thee; to-day I must abide in thy house." "Ah!" says one, "you cannot tell how many times I have been impressed, sir, I have often had a series of solemn convictions, and I thought I really was saved, but it all died away; like a dream, when one awaketh, all hath vanished that he dreamed, so was it with me." Ah! but poor soul do not

despair. Dost thou feel the strivings of Almighty grace within thine heart bidding thee repent to-day? If thou dost, it will be an abiding call. If it is Jesus at work in thy soul, He will come and tarry in thine heart, and consecrate thee for His own for ever. He says, "I will come and dwell with thee, and that for ever. I will come and say,

Here I will make My settled rest,  
No more will go and come;  
No more a stranger or a guest,  
But master of this home."

"Oh!" say you, "that is what I want; I want an *abiding* call, something that will last; I do not want a religion that will wash out, but a fast-colour religion." Well, that is the kind of call Christ gives. His ministers cannot give it; but when Christ speaks, He speaks with power, and says, "Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must *abide* at thy house."

VII. There is one thing, however, I cannot forget, and that is that it was a *necessary* call. Just read it over again. "Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I *must* abide at thy house." It was not a thing that he might do, or might not do; but it was a necessary call. The salvation of a sinner is as much a matter of necessity with God as the fulfilment of His covenant that the rain shall no more drown the world. The salvation of every blood-bought child of God is a necessary thing for three reasons; it is necessary because it is God's purpose; it is necessary because it is Christ's purchase; it is necessary because it is God's promise. It is necessary that the child of God should be saved. Some divines think it is very wrong to lay a stress on the word "must," especially in that passage where it is said "He must needs go through Samaria." "Why," they said, "He must needs go through Samaria, because there was no other way He could go, and therefore He was forced to go that way." Yes, gentlemen, we reply, no doubt; but then there might have been another way. Providence made it so that He must needs go through Samaria, and that Samaria should lie in the route He had chosen. So that we have you any way. "He must needs go through Samaria." Providence directed man to build Samaria directly in the road, and grace constrained the Saviour to move in that direction. It was not "Come down, Zaccheus, because I *may* abide at thy house," but "I *must*." The Saviour felt a strong necessity. Just as much a necessity as there is that man should die, as stern a necessity as there is that the sun should give us light by day and the moon by night, just so much a necessity is there that every blood-bought child of God shall be saved. "To-day I must abide at thy house." And oh! when the Lord comes to this, that He must and He will, what a thing it is with the poor sinner then! At other times we ask, "Shall I let him in at all? there is a stranger at the door; He is knocking now; He has knocked before; shall I let Him in?" But this time it is, "I *must* abide at thy house." There was no knocking at the door, but smash went the door into atoms! and in He walked: "I must, I shall, I will; I care not for your protesting, your vileness, your unbelief; I must, I will; I must abide in thy house." "Ah!" says one, "I do not believe God would ever make me to believe as you believe, or become a Christian at all." Ah! but if He shall but say, "To-day I must abide at thy house," there will be no

resistance in you. There are some of you who would scorn the very idea of being a canting methodist; "What, sir! do you suppose I would ever turn one of your religious people?" No, my friend, I don't *suppose* it; I *know* it for a certainty. If God says "I must," there is no standing against it. Let Him say "must," and it must be.

I will just tell you an anecdote proving this. "A father was about sending his son to college; but as he knew the influence to which he would be exposed, he was not without a deep and anxious solicitude for the spiritual and eternal welfare of his favourite child. Fearing lest the principles of Christian faith, which he had endeavoured to instil into his mind, would be rudely assailed, but trusting in the efficacy of that word which is quick and powerful, he purchased, unknown to his son, an elegant copy of the Bible, and deposited it at the bottom of his trunk. The young man entered upon his college career. The restraints of a pious education were soon broken off, and he proceeded from speculation to doubts, and from doubts to a denial of the reality of religion. After having become, in his own estimation, wiser than his father, he discovered one day, while rummaging his trunk, with great surprise and indignation, the sacred deposit. He took it out, and while deliberating on the manner in which he should treat it, he determined that he would use it as waste paper, on which to wipe his razor while shaving. Accordingly, every time he went to shave, he tore out a leaf or two of the holy book, and thus used it till nearly half the volume was destroyed. But while he was committing this outrage upon the sacred book, a text now and then met his eye, and was carried like a barbed arrow to his heart. At length, he heard a sermon, which discovered to him his own character, and his exposure to the wrath of God, and rivetted upon his mind the impression which he had received from the last torn leaf of the blessed, yet insulted volume. Had worlds been at his disposal, he would freely have given them all, could they have availed, in enabling him to undo what he had done. At length he found forgiveness at the foot of the cross. The torn leaves of that sacred volume brought healing to his soul; for they led him to repose on the mercy of God, which is sufficient for the chief of sinners." I tell you there is not a reprobate walking the streets and defiling the air with the blasphemies, there is not a creature abandoned so as to be well-nigh as bad as Satan himself, if he is a child of life, who is not within the reach of mercy. And if God says, "To-day I *must* abide in thy house," He then assuredly will. Do you feel, my dear hearer, just now, something in your mind which seems to say you have held out against the gospel a long while, but to-day you can hold out no longer? Do you feel a strong hand has got hold of you, and do you hear a voice saying, "Sinner, I must abide in thy house; you have often scorned Me, you have often laughed at Me, you have often spit in the face of mercy, often blasphemed Me, but sinner, I must abide in thy house; you banged the door yesterday in the missionary's face, you burned the tract, you laughed at the minister, you have cursed God's house, you have violated the Sabbath; but, sinner, I must abide in thy house, and I will!" "What, Lord!" you say, "abide in my house! why it is covered all over with iniquity. Abide in my house! why there is not a chair or a table but would cry out against me. Abide in my house! why the joists and beams and flooring would all rise up and tell Thee that I am not worthy to kiss the hem of Thy garment. What;

Lord ! abide in my house !” “Yes,” says He, “*I must*; there is a strong necessity ; My powerful love constrains Me, and whether thou wilt let Me or no, I am determined to make thee willing, and thou shalt let Me in.” Does not this surprise you, poor trembler—you who thought that mercy’s day was gone, and that the bell of your destruction had tolled your death-knell ? Oh ! does not this surprise you, that Christ not only asks you to come to Him, but invites Himself to your table, and what is more, when you would put Him away, kindly says, “*I must*, I will come in.” Only think of Christ going after a sinner, crying after a sinner, begging a sinner to let Him save him ; and that is just what Jesus does to His chosen ones. The sinner runs away from Him, but free-grace pursues Him, and says, “Sinner, come to Christ ;” and if our hearts be shut up, Christ puts His hand in at the door, and if we do not rise, but repulse Him coldly, He says, “*I must*, I will come in ;” He weeps over us till His tears win us ; He cries after us till His cries prevail ; and at last in His own well determined hour He enters into our heart, and there He dwells. “*I must* abide in thy house,” said Jesus.

VIII. And, now lastly, this call was an *effectual* one, for we see the fruits it brought forth. Open was Zaccheus’ door ; spread was his table ; generous was his heart ; washed were his hands ; unburdened was his conscience ; joyful was his soul. “Here, Lord,” says he, “the half of my goods I give to the poor ; I dare say I have robbed them of half my property—and now I restore it.” “And if I have taken anything from anyone by false accusation, I will restore it to him fourfold.”—away goes another portion of his property. Ah ! Zaccheus, you will go to bed to-night a great deal poorer than when you got up this morning—but infinitely richer, too—poor, very poor in this world’s goods, compared with what thou wert when thou first didst climb that sycamore tree ; but richer—ininitely richer—in heavenly treasure. Sinner, we shall know whether God calls you by this : if He calls, it will be an effectual call—not a call which you hear and then forget, but one which produces good works. If God hath called thee this morning, down will go that drunken cup, up will go thy prayers ; if God hath called thee this morning, there will not be *one* shutter up to-day in your shop, but *all*, and you will have a notice stuck up, “This house is closed on the Sabbath day, and will not again on that day be opened.” To-morrow, there will be such-and-such worldly amusement, but if God hath called you, you will not go. And if you have robbed anybody (and who knows but I may have a thief here ?) if God call you, there will be a restoration of what you have stolen ? you will give up all you have, so that you will follow God with all your heart. We do not believe a man to be converted unless he doth renounce the error of his ways ; unless practically, he is brought to know that Christ Himself is Master of his conscience, and His law is his delight. “Zaccheus, make haste and come down, I must abide at thy house.” And he made haste, and came down, and received Him joyfully. “And Zaccheus stood, and said unto the Lord : Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor ; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold. And Jesus said unto him, “This day is salvation come to this house, forso-much as he also is the son of Abraham. For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.”

Now, one or two lessons. *A lesson to the proud.* Come down, proud hearts, come down, lofty spirit ! The lofty city, He layeth it low even to

the ground, and then He buildeth it up. Again a *lesson to the poor, despairing soul* : I am glad to see thee in God's house this morning : it is a good sign. I care not what you came for. You heard there was a strange kind of man that preached here, perhaps. Never mind about that. You are all quite as strange as he is. It is necessary that there should be strange men to gather in other strange men. Now, I have a mass of people here ; and if I might use a figure, I should compare you to a great heap of ashes, mingled with which are a few steel filings. Now, my sermon if it be attended with divine grace, will be a sort of magnet : it will not attract any of the ashes—they will keep just where they are—but it will draw out the steel filings. I have got a Zaccheus there ; there is a Mary up there, a John down there, a Sarah, or a William, or a Thomas, there—God's chosen ones—they are steel filings in the congregation of ashes, and my gospel, the gospel of the blessed God, like a great magnet draws them out of the heap. There they come, there they come. Why ? because there was a magnetic power between the gospel and their hearts. Ah ! poor sinner, come to Jesus, believe His love, trust His mercy. If thou hast a desire to come, if thou art forcing thy way through the ashes to get to Christ, then it is because Christ is calling thee. Oh ! all of you who know yourselves to be sinners—every man, woman, and child of you—yea, ye little children (for God has given me some of you to be my wages), do you feel yourselves sinners ? then believe on Jesus and be saved. You have come here from curiosity, many of you. Oh ! that you might be met with and saved. I am distressed for you lest you should sink into hell fire. Oh ! listen to Christ while He speaks to you. Christ says, "*Come down,*" this morning. Go home and humble yourselves in the sight of God : go and confess your iniquities that you have sinned against Him ; go home and tell Him that you are a wretch, undone without His sovereign grace ; and then look to Him, for rest assured He has first looked to you. You say, "Sir, oh ! I am willing enough to be saved, but I am afraid He is not willing." Stay ! stay ! no more of that ! Do you know that is part blasphemy—not quite. If you were not ignorant, I would tell you that it was part blasphemy. You cannot look to Christ before He has looked to you. If you are willing to be saved, He gave you that will. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be baptized, and thou shalt be saved. I trust the holy Spirit is calling you. Young man up there, young man in the window, make haste ! come down ! Old man sitting in these pews, come down. Merchant in yonder isle, make haste. Matron and youth not knowing Christ, oh, may He look at you. Old grandmother, hear the gracious call ; and thou young lad, Christ may be looking at thee—I trust He is—and saying to thee, "Make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house."

## Mary Upton's Experiences.

A NARRATIVE FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER XII.—CLOSING SCENES.

If it be true that "troubles seldom come alone," the same may be also said of surprises. If Miss Upton was surprised at the unexpected turn of affairs in the case of Mr. Skylark, she was destined to be far more surprised at a circumstance that transpired immediately afterwards in connection with her own personal history. Three years now had nearly passed away since Mr. Henderson had sought her heart and hand, and had been courteously refused on the ground of his not being a Christian. As during the interval she had only casually met him, and simply shaken hands with him as a friend, she supposed that the matter had dropped entirely. But a private note received from him one morning, and asking for an interview the same evening, served to dispel the illusion. The interview was granted, and with some trepidation and a degree of nervousness to which she was unaccustomed, she listened to the statements he then made. From them she learnt that her strict obedience to the teachings of God's holy Word, and the conscientiousness she displayed in doing what she conceived to be her Christian duty at all risks and costs, made him feel that, after all, there must be some *reality* in her profession of religion, and that therefore it would be to his own interest to study that Word to see what there was in it that could produce such a result. Without either note or comment he commenced to read the Bible through, taking a chapter in the

Old Testament in the morning, and one in the New Testament in the evening, and kept at it until he had read carefully through both. At first he said the Book appeared to him to be dry and contradictory, and he could not help questions being raised in his mind with regard to certain portions that he thought might have been better left out. But as he read on he became more and more interested in its various histories and revelations, and its spiritual truths laid hold of his inward soul. He saw then how different real Christianity was to the mere formal profession of it with which he had from his youth up unhappily been so familiar. He therefore sought the Lord, and found Him, and was determined to consecrate his life to His service. Under these circumstances he felt that the barrier that had stood betwixt himself and a union with her had been, through the Lord's goodness, removed; and, accordingly, he ventured once more to press his suit. At the same time he assured her that he looked upon her as being the leading instrument in his conversion; and therefore if he felt attached to her before, he was much more so now. Her image had constantly haunted him, and her faithful words ever rung in his ears. If she consented to be his, there would be what she desired, a double union, a union of the flesh and of the spirit. Thus one in heart he trusted that they could walk through life comfortably together, and have the blissful hope, when this life was ended, of being

united in a better world for ever. Could she, then, refuse him now?

She felt that she could not. Asking for time to consider and consult her parents, she ultimately consented to form the alliance. It was soon known that Miss Upton was engaged to Mr. Henderson; and not only so, but that he had offered himself as a candidate to her pastor for baptism and church fellowship. On the Lord's day evening that Mr. Skylark baptised him and two more young men, the chapel was crowded to witness the scene, and it was felt all round that a more solemn service had never been celebrated in the chapel. It was indeed the commencement of a good work in connection with the place. Impressed by what they heard and saw, several others, male and female, came forward at subsequent church meetings to declare what the Lord had on that evening done for their souls. In these the worthy pastor rejoiced, as he looked upon them as the first-fruits of a spiritual harvest which the Holy Spirit had given him as a proof of the Divine blessing resting upon the new and scriptural policy that he had so publicly avowed he would adopt.

But the good did not stop here. At a stirring missionary meeting held in the chapel, Mr. Henderson was so wrought upon that he determined, if the way was opened, to give up a lucrative profession and devote himself in some foreign country to missionary work. Having spoken with acceptance on several political and social platforms, he ventured to exercise his gifts on religious ones, and soon became popular both on these and in the pulpit. And thus it came to pass that in less than six months after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, on board a steamship bound for the East, bade

farewell, probably for many years or for life, to their home and country, in order to extend Christ's kingdom among the heathen.

The Valedictory service was one that a generation could not forget. It was a noble sight to witness the hearty consecration of two such Christians to such a self-denying but illustrious service. As it was held in their own chapel, in the presence of a deeply-interested congregation, many of whom wept freely at having to part with a brother and sister they loved so well, Mr. Skylark felt that such a sacred scene far surpassed any sensational services in which in his past ministerial life he had thought it his duty to engage. There, in its solemnity and stillness and power, the spirit of God's influence was impressively felt. There the verity of the Christian religion was proved. There the people learned what it was really to present both body and soul as a reasonable sacrifice to the Lord. And there infidelity was struck dumb and put to silent shame at seeing how the constraining love of Christ had led His consecrated servants, as in the case of the apostles of old, to give up all that in their own beloved land they held to be near and dear for the sake of what He had done and suffered on their behalf. Labouring earnestly and successfully in a foreign clime, we now leave them. From interesting letters sent home, and printed, we learn that the Lord has blessed them with two children—a boy and a girl—whose advent has served to bind them more than ever to their foreign home. Mr. and Mrs. Upton still live; and, while deeply feeling their separation from their only and well-beloved daughter, yet feel honoured to think that she is living such a devoted and useful life, and there-



fore strive cheerfully to surrender her up for such heroic labour.

Miss Blossom has recently left her lonely home to join her deceased brother and the multitudes of the redeemed above. George Delver has removed from Middlebrook to become a foreman in a thriving establishment in the North, and constantly finds the application of God's Word by the Holy Spirit to be the food of his soul and the chief comfort of his life. Often in village pulpits, and sometimes in those of towns, he may be heard in simple and fervent strains preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to the delight of his hearers dealing out those homely and scriptural illustrations which serve so well to throw light on the glorious truths he loves to preach. Occasionally he refers in tremulous tones to his blind child, whose loss he feels even to the present day; but if he does, it is only to speak of that land of light where darkness is unknown, and where the myriads of little children see Him face to face who once took some of them in His loving arms on earth, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mr. Skylark still retains his position as the honoured pastor of the Baptist church in Middlebrook; but in some respects he is a changed man. Though loving singing as well as ever, he no longer places it as an agency in the front rank. He constantly teaches his people, in accordance with his confession, that the Scriptures give far greater prominence to private and united prayer; and that to put that in the background is, spiritually, suicidal. He therefore calls upon them to make singing subsidiary, and constant prayer for the Holy Spirit's aid in

all that may be done, the main thing. And his people strive to act up to his teaching. Hence their prayer meetings are well attended, and often in these quiet and holy gatherings there is such felt unction, and spiritual power, and outpourings of the Spirit, as to make all feel that God is with them indeed and of a truth. And then, as regards his preaching, though occasionally taking topical subjects and short texts, he finds it far more profitable and edifying, as a rule, to expound the Word and set it forth in all its various bearings; and it is universally admitted that in this respect as an expositor he has no equal in the town in which he labours. It is true his chapel is not always filled, but few congregations are more thoughtful, attend more regularly, or are better instructed in the truth as it is in Jesus. Few months pass over without some baptisms or additions to the church, and the Sunday school constantly strengthens it by youthful converts imported from its various classes. Its other aggressive agencies may be said to be in a fairly prosperous condition. Thus, if there is not so much outward bombast and show as there was at his advent, when Theophilus Skylark avowed it to be his policy by hook or by crook to "carry all before him," there is, at any rate, what is far better: constant manifestations in some shape or other of spiritual life and power, and a remarkable diminution of those *erasures* which in every Associational return in the present day make a ghastly column that may well fill the leaders of the Baptist and other evangelical denominations with dismay.

H. W

## Round the World in Seven Months.

WITH GLIMPSES OF RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL LIFE IN OUR COLONIES, AND IN AMERICA.

By W. P. GRIFFITH, Esq.

### PART XII.—NIAGARA TO NEW YORK.

#### *Niagara.*

WE travelled from Chicago via Detroit to Hamilton and Toronto—both thriving Canadian cities, whose great ambition seems to be to vie with those of America, and whose plans, habits, and modes of life they imitate as nearly as they can—thence to the celebrated falls of Niagara, which we approached from the Canadian side. This is not the most striking point of view, and our first glance by no means did them justice. The river was narrower, the Falls less steep, the scene far less sublime than imagination had led us to expect. But as we neared the bank, and heard the mighty roar of the torrent, and saw the clouds of spray which wreathed and conceal half their depth; as we looked above and saw the green and white edges of the turbulent waves foaming above the Falls, and then looked down and saw the boiling torrent roaring and rushing below, we began to get some faint idea of their grandeur and sublimity.

But first let us try and tell their origin and extent. They are really the overflow of four great lakes—Lakes Superior, Huron, Erie, and Michigan. The combined area of these four lakes is so large that if they were united into one great lake, and Ireland planted in the midst, it would remain an island

still. The lowest of these lakes is Lake Erie, which receives the waters of the other three, and itself overflows into the Niagara River, a stream of varying width. A few miles above the Falls it spreads to a width of two miles, and here its current is slow and its surface tranquil, like a quiet sheet of water studded with small islands. Then it suddenly narrows, and rapidly descends, falling 52 feet within a mile. This part is called "The Rapids," and the water rushes along with a velocity amounting to forty miles an hour; its surface is lashed into billows, and the spray leaps up into clouds like steam. The river then makes a sudden bend, is divided into two channels by a large island called "Goat Island," at the extremity of which are the two cataracts, one called the "American Fall," the other, from its shape, the "Horse Shoe Fall," not parallel to each other, but, owing to the sudden bend of the river, nearly at right angles. The American Fall is about 1100 feet wide, a straight level fall, uninterrupted by any break. The "Canadian Fall" is deeply recessed like a horse-shoe, 2200 feet wide, twice as large, and much more varied than the other. Both have a clear drop of 160 feet. Professor Lyell computes that the larger Fall has 15,000,000 cubic feet of water passing over it every hour, the force of the torrent being such that a vessel drawing eighteen feet of water

went over the Fall without touching the rocks.

We knew not which to admire most; the one so regular, symmetrical, and steady; the other so curiously recessed, so tumultuous, and overwhelming in its might. Both discharge themselves into the same river, and their united waters swirl down with terrific force, making whirlpools, torrents, and rapids, till they finally flow into Lake Ontario, near whose shores stand Toronto, Hamilton, and other Canadian cities and towns.

We visited in turn all the points of interest around these Falls—the “Whirlpool Rapids,” which poor Captain Webb madly attempted to swim, and was beaten to death against the rocks and boulders. It only needs one glance at them to see the inevitable result of such an undertaking.—We saw the two wonderful bridges which span the river here—one an ethereal-looking suspension bridge, as frail looking as the wire bridges at Fribourg in Switzerland. The towers which carry the chains are 1268 feet apart, and the roadway is 190 feet above the river, commanding a magnificent view of the Falls. The other is a railway bridge on the lattice principle, 245 feet above the river, and cost half a million dollars. These form very picturesque adjuncts to the scene. We saw the Falls themselves from every point of vantage—from “Goat Island,” “Table Rock,” and “Prospect Park,” and, finally, attired in waterproofs, went beneath the cataract and saw them from beneath. We saw the clustering rainbows, which seemed to dance in the sunlight, and sat up half the night watching the sparkling of the water in the moonbeams. The more we saw of it the mightier and more overwhelming did Niagara appear, and the more the sense of God’s

power and man’s weakness took possession of our mind.

### *The St. Lawrence River.*

We took the steamer at a village called Clayton and passed down the St. Lawrence River, amidst what are called the “Thousand Islands” (there are really 1692 of them), and they are of every imaginable shape, size, and appearance, some mere dots of land, bearing only a single tree or shrub, others containing many acres; some a few yards long, others several miles; some bare masses of rock, others densely wooded; some with pretty villas, trim gardens, and green lawns to the water’s edge, others with large hotels and extensive grounds. A charming ride, even in early spring: how much more beautiful in summer, when flowers and foliage are fully developed!

We steamed on, passing many thriving towns and picturesque villages, and anon came to the Rapids, a peculiar feature of this mighty river, caused by the sudden narrowing of its channel. In some parts the width is eight or nine miles, where, of course, the water is shallow, the current slow. Then, within half a mile, it narrows to a few hundred yards. The waters thus suddenly pent up, boil and surge like waves of the ocean, and the steamer is tossed and beaten as in a stormy sea. There are four of these Rapids, the last called “La Chine,” being the most turbulent and dangerous, for they are encumbered with a reef of sunken rocks, and only the Indian pilots know how to navigate the narrow and intricate channel. It is quite a sensation to pass through a gap only just wide enough for the steamer, knowing that an error of a few feet in the steering would

probably dash the vessel against the rocks, and put the lives of all on board in peril; and not until they were through the Rapids and again in calm water did the passengers breathe freely.

### *Montreal.*

We spent a few days in this fine old island-city, whose regular streets and noble public buildings are seen spread out, map-like, below as you stand on "Mont Reale," the steep wooded hill which shelters it. On the slopes of this hill are two extensive cemeteries; one for Protestants, the other for Roman Catholics. As we drove through these we were struck with the many interments which were being made. Coffins were being brought up by the dozen, most of them without any minister in attendance, or other sign of religious ceremony; and, most strange of all, some of the relatives removed the lid of the coffin to take a last look at the corpse before it was lowered into the grave. We found on inquiry that these interments were the accumulations of the preceding winter. During half the year the ground is frozen too hard to admit of being opened. The bodies of those who die during this period are kept, either in the dwelling in a chamber prepared for the purpose, or in a public mortuary, till the spring, the intense cold so arresting decay that they may be left unburied without becoming unsightly or offensive. The religious service, of course, takes place shortly after the death.

We left Montreal by the railway which skirts the shores of Lake Champlain, a most picturesque journey; and we spent a couple of days at Saratoga, the fashionable inland watering place of the New

York pleasure-seekers; but we have no time to describe its attractions, which, indeed, had little charm for us. Much more congenial to our taste was our visit to

### *Palmyra,*

a small town near Rochester, where our old friend Dr. Horace Eaton was living in peaceful and honourable retirement after forty years of useful ministerial labour. We made his acquaintance in 1874, during our tour in Palestine, and were then charmed by his transparent piety, his godly simplicity, his extensive knowledge of the Scriptures, his genial temper, his consistent and devout demeanour. We rejoiced in the opportunity of renewing an intercourse at once so pleasant and so profitable, and spent a few (all too few) happy days in his company and that of his estimable wife and daughter. We were much pleased at the unity which pervades all the different religious denominations in that place—Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists, whose sanctuaries occupy the four corners of cross-roads. All live and work together in complete harmony, and even the Roman Catholic priest mingles with other ministers in friendly intercourse.

We drove on Sunday morning six miles, to a little village called "Marion," where Dr. Eaton takes the service, and where most of the worshippers come from a distance in vehicles of different kinds, and where the Sunday school is held immediately after the service, because teachers and scholars cannot make so long a journey twice in one day. In the evening we worshipped in the church of which the good Doctor was formerly pastor; and what we

saw of these churches, and their ministers and people, gave a very favourable idea of the religious tone and character of the country places in the State of New York.

Yet it was within a couple of miles of this very place that the daring imposture of Mormonism took its rise. We were shown the cottage where the mother of Joe Smith lived; the field which he and his companions dug up in search of hid treasure; the hill where were discovered the tablets from which the Book of Mormon was said to be translated; and a very old man, who was reader in the printing office where the Book of Mormon was printed, showed us the first proof-sheets, which he had preserved as a curiosity. We tried to read parts of them, but found such a farrago of absurdity as to be quite uninteresting, not to say unintelligible. It is, in fact, a wordy amplification of a bombastic novel, written by the late Rev. Jonathan Spaulding, to prove that certain aboriginal tribes of American Indians were descended from the lost tribes of Israel. We heard many stories of the ill habits and evil repute of the prophet himself, his mother, and family; but all these only increased our wonder at the success of the imposture, at its continued vitality and wide-spreading influence. Certain it is that had Joe Smith lived, he had neither abilities nor reputation to secure the results which have been attained since his death.

#### *The Hudson River.*

We took steamer down the Hudson River from Albany to New York, and a pleasanter day's excursion can hardly be found in the States. Nothing more luxurious can be imagined than these immense

three-storied steamboats, the saloons of which are fitted and furnished with looking-glasses, sofa-fauteuils, and carpets fit for a nobleman's mansion. The entire circular ends of these saloons are fitted with plate-glass, so that, seated in a luxurious arm-chair, the passenger may recline at ease and have an uninterrupted view of the romantic and lovely scenery on both banks of this picturesque river, which again and again reminded us of the finest parts of the Rhine and Danube. It is a trip which no visitor to the States should omit to make.

#### *New York.*

And now what can we say about New York, save that the great ambition of its citizens seems to be to make it as much like Paris as possible, and that, to a very large extent, they succeed. The mansions of the Fifth Avenue and its neighbourhood. The shops of the Broadway, the hotels of Union Square, and the Central Park, with its ornamental water, its rustic bridges, its artificial cascades, its shady drives, its artistic statuary, and its pleasure grounds, are equal to anything of the like kind in Paris. True it has its Bowery (like the Ratcliff Highway of London), its many thoroughfares disfigured by tall telegraph posts and elevated railways, its squalid streets near the docks, its slums, into which it is not safe for a stranger to penetrate unaccompanied by the police; but all these deformities (save the elevated railways) may be matched in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and London; and its situation, on a tongue of land, between two noble rivers, is almost unequalled. Crossing one of these is the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge (on which, shortly before our arrival, the sad accident had arisen), a work truly American, alike

in its colossal proportions, its costliness, and the engineering skill exhibited in its construction.

The churches and charitable institutions of New York are all organised on the same grand scale. The Roman Catholic Church in Fifth Avenue is as fine a specimen of Gothic architecture as any country can boast, and it is all built of white marble. The Dutch Reform Church, nearly opposite, is the most luxurious place of worship we ever saw. The Young Men's Christian Association is as handsomely furnished and fitted as the mansion of a wealthy merchant, and all charitable and religious work is on a gigantic scale. Indeed, in the way of giving, Americans are not only liberal, but lavish. Whether for business, for pleasure, for philanthropy, or religion, they spend their money freely. There seems to be far less saving and hoarding in America than in Europe. The profits of trade and manufacture are so large, money making is so easy and so certain (that is to those who have business capacity), that it is not at all uncommon to hear an American traveller say, boastfully, "I've made my pile, I've come to Europe to spend it, and when it's gone, I shall go back and make another."

This free spending of money makes America a costly country to travel in. Hotels, railways, steamboats, and other conveyances, are all very dear. Those who can make a tour in Switzerland for £1 per day

per head, must reckon to spend £1 10s. here, and generally the cost of all travellers' requirements is at least 50 per cent. more. Nevertheless, a voyage round the world may be made for about £350—£150 for the round ticket, first class, and £200 for other expenses, taking the best hotels, and other outgoings on a liberal scale.

We sailed in the Cunard steamer "Pavonia, on the 6th June, and had a very calm and pleasant passage home. If the Pacific disappointed us by its petulance, the Atlantic compensated us by its mildness, and we landed at Liverpool in good health and spirits on the 16th June, having thus been all "ROUND THE WORLD IN SEVEN MONTHS."

The final impression left by this great voyage is that it is the destiny of Christianity to overspread the world. Go where you will, old superstitions are dying out, false religions are decaying. The religion of Jesus Christ is spreading, augmenting, solidifying. Those nations and peoples who cling to old superstitions are losing power and influence, and the races whose descendants are destined to become the masters of the world are those which hold some form of Christianity. Thus we believe that—

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore  
to shore,  
Till suns shall set and rise no  
more."

## Reviews.

*The Treasury of David: Vol. VII. Psalm cxxv. to cl.* By C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore & Alabaster.

OUR author's preface to this seventh volume, which completes his Commentary on the Psalms, is a more cheerful review of this portly work than it would be easy for any other pen than his own to indite. More than twenty years have glided away, he tells us, while this pleasant labour has been in progress. The first instalment, we believe, is to be found in the first monthly part of the *Sword and Trowel*. It has been in course of construction ever since. Twenty-one annual volumes of that magazine, and twenty-one additional volumes of *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, have accumulated, while these seven tomes have been slowly piled up. To himself this has been confessedly a labour of love. "The seasons," he says, "have been very choice in which the harp of the great poet of the sanctuary has charmed my ears." We do not doubt it. Sermons flowed fresh and freely from his studies. His texts often told his congregation the whereabouts was in the Commentary. To the Christian public it has proved a real boon. From all sections of the Church of Christ he has received generous acknowledgments of the service he was rendering. Pure literature ignores all paltry conventionalities. A circulation unprecedented for a similar work of such magnitude is an evidence of popular appreciation. The subject suits Spurgeon, and, we may say, his style is so level throughout, that we fail to spot a passage where he is either superfine or superficial. He grips the whole matter in the gross, and distinguishes each minute point in the detail. Without pretending to be learned himself, he has taken ad-

antage of all the learning within his reach. His own individuality is impressed on every line of the exposition, though he never essays to be original. It is vocal with evangelical truth, without a particle of that equivocation which twists a phrase to point a moral. And "many thoughts of many minds" enrich a collection of sacred meditations, in which familiar field-flowers and rare exotics please the eye with colour and fill the air with fragrance. For the future, no one will dare adventure on the same path without recognizing what he has done. Should generations to come dissent from his readings, they cannot deny his merits. At present he takes precedence of all competitors.

*The Mystery of God. A consideration of some Intellectual Hindrances to Faith.* By T. VINCENT TYMMS. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

MR. TYMMS has done valuable work in producing this volume. The reading of which has been to us a minister of both pleasure and profit. The chapters on the Person of Christ, the Resurrection of Christ, and the Life of Faith, are full of soul-establishing truths that, wherever read, must make the unbelieving pause and think, and the believer will feel himself established in the faith and hope of the Gospel. The sections of the work devoted to the examination of Materialism, Pantheism, Theism, and the straits of Theism without revelation, we hope may be very serviceable to thoughtful young men who may have some difficulties in the way of a full acceptance of the doctrine of Scripture as the word of God.

*Manliness, Womanliness, and Godliness.* By REV. J. B. FIGGIS, M.A. W. S. Partridge & Co.

A VERY vigorous and scriptural exposition of the meaning of these three important words; and Christian parents, who desire that their children should have and be all they mean, would do well to put this little book into their hands; it will cost them but 6d.

*Bible Heathens: or, the Church and World in Scripture Times.* By CHARLES MARTIN GRANT, B.D., Minister of the Parish of St. Mark, Dundee. James Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street.

WE have found this volume a very excellent summary of the chief features of each Bible character with which it deals, ranging from Job to Cornelius of Cæsarea. The writer has produced a very readable volume, and not one of the fifteen chapters but contains biblical information and pious thoughts, which may be profitably read by all.

*Songs of the Soul.* By ISABELLA NICHOLSON. James Nisbet & Co.

THE introduction is written by Emma Grimke, who says, for many years my dear friend has waited like Mary, at the Master's feet, learning of Him, and taking up various phases of service as He has fed her. The authoress says these unpretending little verses have been written at intervals to cheer my own spirit during the labours of a long and busy life. We have here forty poems on various religious subjects. They are of more than average merit. They deserve to be read, and, being read, will accomplish the desire of the writer in being helpful to some of her fellow-pilgrims who may be hungry and thirsty, and weary in the wilderness.

*Heavenly Relationships.* By MARY E. BECK. James Nisbet & Co.

CONTAINING God our Father; the maternal aspect of God's love; Christ as our Brother; Christ as our Friend; Christ the Bridegroom of the Church; Christ our King; Christ our Shep-

herd, and the Holy Ghost our Comfort. A small but precious book, full of sweet, consoling thoughts.

*Abyssinia.* Translated from the German of Dr. Henry W. J. Thiersch, by SARAH M. S. PEREIRA. James Nisbet & Co.

THIS brief history of Abyssinia will be accepted with interest at the present time, as recent events in Egypt and the Soudan must have brought this country and its people anew before the public mind. The late General Gordon says they are a fair and manly race; they have a legitimate claim upon the sympathy of the Christian nation. Although the light of their church shines but dimly, it still lives, and has been preserved in spite of numberless invasions by their Mohammedan neighbours. The writer carries his observations from the long past up to the present day.

*James Scott, a Labourer for God.* By REV. ANDREW A. BONAR, D.D. Morgan & Scott, 12 Paternoster Row.

THE history of an earnest life spent in the service of Jesus and in love for the souls of men. Mr. Scott was more especially known in connection with Mr. Moody's work for God in the Glasgow revival from 1874 to 1884. He was full of zeal and successful in winning souls. His day was short. He died at the age of thirty-eight, but, being dead, he yet speaketh.

*Jesus and the Little Ones.* By the REV. EDWARD PATSON HAMMOND, M.A. S. W. Partridge & Co.

WE shall describe this work if we say it is in Mr. Hammond's usual style. We once heard a minister say that he could not come down to talk to children. We thought it badly put. He who imitates the Master in bringing blessings to little children, does not descend, but is doing a great and glorious work. This Mr. Hammond is doing, using his rare gift both by tongue and pen to bring the little



ones to the kingdom. This work will be acceptable to all who wish the children well.

*Trust in Jesus.* Packets 1 and 2 of Floral Tracts, by the same author, 32 in each, for Sixpence. They are beautiful, as well as instructive.

*The late Earl of Shaftesbury.* A Life Sketch, as a Philanthropist and Statesman, with an Account of his Last Days and Funeral. With splendid Photographic Portrait by the Patent Woodbury Process. Robert Banks & Son, Raquet Court.

To all who wish for a striking and well-executed likeness of the late Earl, we say get Robert Banks & Son's shilling sketch.

*The Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.* In Memoriam, October 1—9, 1885. Ragged School Union, Exeter Hall, Strand.

We have read the very suitable testimony and record of the Ragged School Union. The history of this institution from the commencement was always associated with the Earl of Shaftesbury. It was one of the dearest concerns of his heart and life.

*Words about Jesus.* Fifty Copies Assorted of Eight different Illustrated Booklets. By WILLIAM LUFF. Price Sixpence. S. W. Partridge & Co.

STORIES well told. Pictures well executed. If you would do good, circulate these booklets.

*The Christian Treasury* for November contains a second paper about our good friend, Thomas Cooper, and contributions from our brother, Rev. R. Shindler; one on temperance by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and some good poetry by William Luff.

*The Quiver* November part is the first part of a new volume, with its excellent matter, good engravings, toned paper, and clear type. We know of no better serial.

*The Guide of my Youth.* A Sermon to Young Men and Maidens, by Mr. R. E. SEARS, preached in Little Alie Street Baptist Chapel. J. Briscoe, Banner Street, Finsbury.

MR. SEARS speaks well and earnestly to the young on false guides; the blessedness of having God for a guide and love's appeal for decision.

*The Great Gulf Fixed.* A Sermon by the Rev. CANON CLAYTON, M.A. Church of England Book Society.

WE wish all who write on this solemn subject would keep as this writer does, close to the word of God. We also advise the circulation of a small but stirring tract, by H. L. HASTINGS, and published at the same office, 11, Adam Street, Adelphi.

*Once a Month.* A Magazine for Australasia. Conducted by PETER MERCER, D.D. September gives a good Engraving and Biography of the Hon. Graham Berry, M.L.A., Chief Secretary of Victoria. Griffith, Farran, & Co., St. Paul's Churchyard.

BEFORE our next issue most persons will have thought about what magazines shall be ordered for the coming year. We have before us several of the serials of the Religious Tract Society. The list seems to contain good reading for everyone. *Sunday at Home, Leisure Hour, Tract Magazine*, in its improved form, *Boy's Own*, and *Girl's Own, Cottager and Artisan, The Child's Magazine, Biographical Memoirs*. Here we have reading grave, amusing, instructive, religious, and, if something more thoughtful is desired, No. 40 of "Present Day Tracts," contains Utilitarianism, an Illogical and Irreligious Theory of Morals, by Rev. J. Radford, M.A.

*The Pulpit Analyst* has a good paper well worth the attention of all who preach the gospel. The subject, is extemporaneous preaching.

*The Baptist Magazine* appears with an address from the new editor. We pray that he and the magazine may speed well. *Sword and Trowel* gives the worthy papers read at the Twenty-first Conference of the Pastor's Col-

lege by Pastor R. Wilkins. Subject, Meekness for our Ministry. *The General Baptist* gives us some instructions how we are to vote at the forthcoming election.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. GEO. HAWKER, of Union Church, Luton, has accepted an invitation from Camden Road Church.

Rev. S. Pilling has resigned the pastorate of the church at Blackpool.

Rev. D. R. Owen, late of the United States, has accepted the pastorate of Clipstone, Northampton.

Rev. James Cave has accepted the pastorate of the church at Wokingham.

Rev. James Easter, of Bilderstone, has accepted the pastorate of the church at East Dereham.

Rev. Isaac Watts has resigned the charge of the church at Stroud, and accepted the pastorate of Stepney Chapel, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

Rev. A. Greer has resigned the charge of the church at Little Kingshill, Bucks, having accepted the pastorate of the church at Teddington.

Rev. C. A. Ingram has accepted the pastorate of the church at King's Sutton, Banbury.

Rev. S. R. Aldridge, of Hackney, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of West Street Church, Rochdale.

Rev. H. Abraham, of Lumb, has accepted the pastorate of the English church, Stow Hill, Newport, Mon.

Rev. Walter H. Purchase has resigned the pastorate of the church at Leominster.

Rev. S. Thomas, of Abercarnaid, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Pantycellyn.

Rev. John Griffiths, of the English Church, Troodryhiw, has accepted

the charge of the church meeting in the Tabernacle, Sirhowy.

Rev. W. R. Foster, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a call to the church at Earl's Colne.

Rev. W. Hamilton, who lately returned from Cape Town, has become the minister of York Road Chapel, Battersea.

Rev. D. Cork, pastor of the church at Calstock and Metherill, Cornwall, has accepted the charge of the church at Budleigh Salterton.

Rev. W. Compton has resigned his pastorate of the Tabernacle Church, Gosport.

Rev. H. C. Lake has resigned the pastorate of Earl Street Church, Southampton.

### PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. A. T. Osborne, on resigning the pastorate of the church at Kings' Lynn, where he has laboured for fourteen years, has been presented with a purse of gold and an address, in testimony of the esteem in which he is held.

Rev. G. H. James, through whose exertions the churches at Woodborough Road and Stoncy Street, Nottingham, have been re-united, was presented on his return from his wedding tour with a purse containing £50, from the church and congregation; and a marble time-piece from the scholars in the Sunday-school, in whom Mr. James has from the first manifested untiring interest.

Miss Hollis, for twenty years con-

nected with the chapel at Devizes, a great part of the time as organist, has been presented, on her removal from the town, with a marble clock and vases.

Rev. John Stanley, on returning from his wedding tour, was presented by the church at Semley with a time-piece as a token of esteem and regard.

#### RECOGNITIONS.

REV. S. CHESHIRE has been recognised as pastor of Bridge-street Church, Banbury. Among those who took part in the proceedings were Revs. Dr. Angus, F. Tucker, T. Bentley, C. Craddock, and A. Stock.

Mr. Walter Davies, of Llangollen College, was ordained on October 25th as pastor of the church at Upton-on-Severn. Principal Davies gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. R. Jones, addressed the church.

Rev. J. A. Jones, of Regent's-Park College, was recognised on October 15th, as pastor of the chapel at Braintree, a cause which dates back to the year 1550. The Sermon was preached by the Rev. D. Davies, who also gave the charge to the church. Rev. E. Morley, president of the Essex Baptist Association, welcomed the new pastor into the county. Revs. E. Spurrier, J. Edwards, W. Joseph, and E. S. Cole took part in the proceedings.

Rev. Charles Hobbes received public recognition, on October 12th as pastor of the church at Burton-on-the-Water. Mr. Kendall, senior deacon, presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. Dr. Culross, E. Blackaby, C. Brown, B. Dickins, and G. Roughton. The manse, which was erected for the Rev. E. Beddome in 1741, has recently been renovated.

Rev. H. E. Pullen has received public recognition as pastor of the Grange Road Church, Darlington. At the public meeting Sir Henry Havelock Allen presided. Most of the Nonconformist ministers of the town were present, and ministers

connected with the denomination in other North of England towns. Addresses were delivered welcoming the pastor to his new sphere of duty.

Rev. W. W. Sidey has been recognised as pastor of the chapel at Tottenham. Rev. Dr. Angus conducted the morning service on the Sunday. The public meeting on the Monday evening was presided over by the retiring pastor, the Rev. R. Wallace. Revs. J. R. Wood, T. V. Tymms, and C. M. Hardy delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. H. J. Milledge, of the Pastors' College, has been recognised as pastor of the church at Gamlingay. Rev. T. J. Marchant gave the charge to the pastor. Revs. T. G. Tarn, H. F. Griffin, and H. G. Stembridge took part in the proceedings.

Gelligaer, Glamorgan. — Services have just been held in connection with the recognition of Rev. W. T. Williams, late of Zion, Maerdy, as pastor of the Welsh Baptist Church here. The preachers for the occasion were the Revs. T. Price, M.A., Ph.D., of Aberdare, E. Jones (Quaker's Yard), B. Evans (Gadlys, Aberdare), and E. Edmunds (Treherbert). Mr. Williams received the invitation from the church in July last, and entered upon his ministerial duties in the end of August, and the church has held the recognition services and jubilee meetings on the same occasion. The chapel is clear of debt, and several have joined the church and Sunday-school during Mr. Williams' ministry.

#### NEW CHAPELS.

MEMORIAL stones of a new chapel at Holmesdale Road, Norwood, which is to be the London Baptist Association chapel for 1886, have been laid by Mr. J. B. Mead and Mr. J. Spencer Balfour, M.P. The site selected is a cornerplot near the Norwood Junction on the London, Brighton, and South Coast railway, and within reach of a population numbering 12,000, for not more than one-fourth of whom has

religious accommodation been yet provided. The land has been leased with option of purchase for £500, at the end of five years. The building is intended to seat 900 persons, and the cost is estimated at £6,500.

The church in Fleet Street, New Swindon, which now has 305 members and 535 scholars in the Sunday School (Rev. F. Pugh, pastor), is now engaged in the erection of a new tabernacle, to accommodate about 1,000 adults, at a cost of over £7000. The principal front will have a colonnade with six massive columns supporting a pediment of the Tuscan order. The length of the chapel is to be 74 ft. by 48 ft. 6 in. The schoolroom is to be 67 ft. 5 in. by 30 ft. 2 in., with thirteen class-rooms. The stones were laid by Messrs. W. B. Wearing, S. Colborn, H. J. Deacon, and A. D. Williams. Mr. Wearing mentioned that fifty years ago there were only two houses to be seen from the spot on which they stood; the town has now more than 25,000 inhabitants. At the time the railway was made, the Rev. R. Breeze, then the minister at Stratton Chapel, exerted himself to meet the spiritual needs of the number of men thus brought together; the first chapel was opened in 1848, and the accommodation had since been increased; the existing place of worship holds 530. The purses deposited on the stone and other collections amounted to £160.

Memorial stones of a new Tabernacle in course of erection in Grove Road, Wimborne, were laid on the 22nd of October by Mrs. Elcock and Dr. Crespi. The Hon. Pascoe Glyn, and Revs. R. Colman, E. E. Cleal, R. Walker, W. J. Scott, S. J. Little, and J. Hooper took part in the proceedings. The contributions amounted to £28 12s. 8d.

A new chapel is now contemplated for the church at Willesden Green, of which Rev. T. B. Monti is pastor.

The memorial stone of a new church, now in course of erection for the congregation under the ministry of Rev. J. W. Cole, Plumstead, was

laid on Thursday last, by Mr. Beaumont Morice. Rev. A. J. Vine, delivered an address upon "Congregational Principles;" and Revs. John Teall, J. Wilson, J. E. Martin, and F. R. Bell took part in the ceremony. At the public meeting, in the evening, a white-and-gold tea-service, consisting of 540 pieces, six urns, and twelve dozen spoon, were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Cole, by a few personal friends, for the use of the church. The church has also received the gift of a valuable Communion-service.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE sixteenth anniversary of Pastor T. W. Medhurst's pastorate of Lake Road Baptist Church, Portsmouth, was held on October 20th.

The autumnal meeting of the Portsmouth District of the Southern Association of Baptist Churches, was held at Lake Road Chapel, on November 11th. T. Bowen, Esq., presided. Revs. J. P. Williams, C. H. Thomas, and H. R. Passmore, addressed the meeting.

(*Re-opening*).—Hyde, near Manchester. After being closed for six weeks for needful painting and decoration, the chapel was re-opened on Lord's day, October 11th. The preacher was the Rev. George Duncan, D.D., of Lindley, Huddersfield. There were good congregations, and the collections amounted to £30. The total outlay was about £60, towards which £52 have been already realised.

Baptist Church, Semley, Wilts.—The harvest festival was held Sunday and Tuesday, October 11 and 13. Sermons were preached on Sunday, by the Rev. J. Stanley, pastor. On Tuesday the chapel was tastefully decorated, and addresses were given by the Revs. J. W. Pointer, Shaftesbury, and J. Stanley; and appropriate hymns and anthems were sung. The offerings of fruit, vegetables, bread, cake, jam, honey, etc., weighing together one ton, were sent

to Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage. The collections were given to the Sabbath schools. The chapel was crowded.

**Sarratt Baptist Chapel.**—On Sunday and Wednesday, October 25th and 28th, the fourth anniversary of the pastor was celebrated. On Sun-

day, Rev. W. A. Blake (of Brentford), preached three times. On Wednesday, a public tea was held, followed by a service of song, entitled: "The Musical Millar," from "The Man with the Knapsack," by the Rev. Jackson Wray.

## BAPTISMS.

*Aberavon.*—November 8, Six, by T. Richards.  
*Abercarn, Mon.*—November 1, English Chapel, Two, by E. E. Probert.  
*Abergavenny.*—November 5, Frogmore Street, Four, by Mr. Tidman, for T. E. Cousens Cooke.  
*Armsley.*—October 7, Two, by W. Sumner.  
*Belfast.*—October 20, One, by E. T. Mateer.  
*Birmingham.*—September 30, Graham Street, Seven, by A. Mursell.  
*Blaenavon.*—November 9, Four; October 11, King Street, Three, by O. Tidman.  
*Briercliffe.*—November 1, Four, by J. Lee.  
*Bristol.*—October 4, Counterslip, Ten, by H. Knee.  
*Broseley.*—October 29, Seven, by W. H. Bishop.  
*Cupar, Fife, N.B.*—October 28, Three, by J. Tulloch.  
*Derryneil, co. Down.*—October 18, Three, by F. J. Ryan.  
*Dunfermline.*—October 14, Two, by J. T. Hagen.  
*Edenbridge.*—October 27, Four, by B. H. Powell.  
*Galcar.*—November 1, Five, by W. Gay; 1, at Scapegoat Hill, Four, by A. Harrison.  
*Grangctown.*—October 25, Three, by J. Berryman.  
*Gravel, Badnor.*—October 16, Two; 18, Two, by J. Williams.  
*Griffithstown.*—November 1, Five by J. Tucker.  
*Hull.*—September 27, Two, by J. D. Rowday.  
*Little Kingshill.*—October 11, Two, by A. Greer.  
*Llanfrynach, Brecon.*—October 11, Six, by T. E. James.  
*London:*  
 Edgware Road.—October 11, Church Street, Five, by R. P. Cook; John Street, 29, Five, by J. O. Fellowes.

King's Cross.—October 28, Arthur Street Two, by W. Smith.  
 New Cross.—October 25, Four, by J. S. Anderson.  
*Maesteg, Glamorganshire.*—November 1, Zion Chapel, Eight, by T. A. Price.  
*Maesbyrllan.*—October 12, Three, by G. H. Llewelyn.  
*Maescyammer.*—October 4, One, by T. Batstone.  
*Merthyr Vale.*—November 8, Five, by H. P. Jones.  
*Morrison.*—October 11, English Church, Seven; November 8, Seven, by W. John.  
*Newbridge, Mon.*—November 1, Seven, by J. M. Jones.  
*Newport, Mon.*—October 14, Four, by A. T. Jones; 28, Inkerman Street, Two, by G. Harris.  
*Norton, Mon.*—November 1, Two, by W. Price.  
*Oswaldtwydd.*—November 1, Three, by S. J. Jones.  
*Oswestry.*—October 11, Seven, by G. Archer.  
*Pontnewynydd, Pontypool.*—September 30, Two, by T. Lewis.  
*Poole.*—October 11, Hill Street, Seven, by B. Walker.  
*Porth, Pontypridd.*—November 8, Seventeen, by O. Owens.  
*Portsmouth.*—October 26, Lake Road, Eight, by T. W. Medhurst.  
*Potter's Bar.*—October 11, Two, by J. Dupee.  
*Risca.*—October 18, One, by Evan Thomas.  
*Southsea.*—October 25, Elm Grove, Four, by J. P. Williams.  
*Skipton.*—November 1, Four, by W. Judge.  
*Stroud.*—November 1, Two, by I. Watts.  
*Treorky.*—October 18, Two, by L. Jones.  
*Tydee, Newport, Mon.*—November 1, Three, by W. Owen.  
*Velindre.*—October 1, Lwo, by T. Rowson.  
*Waterhouses.*—November 2, One; 9, One, by R. W. Dobbie.

THE  
BAPTIST YEAR BOOK

AND  
ALMANACK FOR 1885,

CONSISTING OF  
SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND MEDITATIONS

*For Every Day in the Year.*

METROPOLITAN CHAPEL DIRECTORY, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES  
OF DECEASED MINISTERS, AND OTHER DENOMINATIONAL  
INTELLIGENCE :

TOGETHER WITH  
THE USUAL ALMANACK INFORMATION.

London:  
61, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1. T. That ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, your reasonable service, Rom. xii. 1.

It is the glory of Christianity that it addresses itself to man's highest power, it enlives his intellect as well as his affections, and gives a heavenward direction to all that is in him.

2. F. I was a stranger, and ye took me in, Matt. xxv. 35.

House-room is a larger gift than refreshment at the door. It is good believably to do anything for Christ.

3. S. Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another, Rom. xii. 10.

No loving, and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding.

4. Sun. And when He had found him, He said unto him, Dost thou believe on the son of God? John ix. 35.

There is not one of us for whom Christ has not the same interest, or whom He does not seek to save, seek until He finds, and when He finds puts home the question.

5. M. For I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content, Phil. iv. 11.

The greatest happiness of this life is to be thoroughly resigned to God, a resignation which constitutes the true repose of life.

6. Tu. Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy, Matt. v. 43.

The supreme art of life is the art of living together justly and charitably. There is no other requiring so much education, wisdom, patience, as knowing how to live justly and kindly with our fellows.

7. W. Do good to them that hate you, Matt. v. 44.

Is it possible? How many prayers have you sent up for those who hate you? I think it did not take the top of one sheet in the angel's record book.

8. T. And pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you, Matt. v. 44.

An enemy openly and one that strikes fair blows can be met; but whisperers, we don't know how to deal with.

9. F. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, Matt. v. 44.

We do not need a command to curse them, that Nature does; but grace turns that all out. Oh, may I not condemn them? No.

10. S. That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, Matt. v. 45.

That is the way God does, the way He has to do, and has been doing for ages, looking down on the whole school of meanness, wickedness, and corruption.

11. Sun. He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward, Matt. x. 41.

What is a prophet? How should he be received? What were the rewards of such reception? The faithful preacher and the faithful hearer shall rejoice together.

12. M. A perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil, Job i. 8.

A man exemplary in life, devout, charitable, of sterling integrity, why is he crushed with direful suffering?

13. Tu. Doth Job fear God for nought? Job i. 9.

Satan insinuates that the piety of Job is a selfish piety. It is a bargain. Religion brings with it wealth, honour, and position.

14. W. But put forth Thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse Thee to Thy face, Job i. 11.

This challenge strikes at the nature of God. It means that He is incapable of inspiring a genuine, disinterested affection; that those who worship Him do so not for what He is, but for what He gives.

15. T. And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand, Job i. 12.

God accepts the challenge. Let it be seen whether He honours Me because He loves Me, or because He prospers in the world.

16. F. For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He re-

ceiveth, Heb. xii. 6.

Can you not understand why it is that some of the purest and saintliest have had the largest share of suffering? They are God's elect; you see the triumph of Divine love in man.

17. S. Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth, I Peter ii. 22.

You see Christ crushed beneath his weight of sufferings, who by the things he suffered learned obedience, and was made perfect in suffering. Is there no strength there?

18. Sun. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ, I Cor. iii. 2.

Christ the foundation of religious character, religious life, faith, hope, and love; Christ is the only possible foundation on which to build.

19. M. And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works, Heb. x. 24.

The considerate man is the only gentleman. The one way to avoid vulgarity, coarseness, loudness, rudeness, and hardness is consideration.

20. Tu. For the love of Christ constraineth us, 2 Cor. v. 14.

The love of Jesus is noble, and spurs us on to do great things, and excites us to desire always things more perfect.

21. W. We love Him because He first loved us, I John iv. 19.

The love we render to Christ is the fidelity of our whole nature, the verdict of our intelligence, the assent of our conscience, the allegiance of our will.

22. T. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love, I John iv. 8.

It is only through such a love that we can be delivered from ourselves and our evil, and it unites us to God's eternal order both on earth and in heaven.

23. F. Even as Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it, Eph. v. 25.

We must person Christ as love, to share us into a kindred love; we lay our hearts close beside his, that they may learn to beat with the same motion.

24. S. He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd, Matt. ix. 36.

The true Gospel of Christy piety points to these evil-possessed children of sin and misfortune. It is the tenderness of human love.

25. Sun. But yet I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil, Rom. xvi. 19.

In Christianity nothing is of real concern except that which makes wiser and better: everything which does make us wiser and better, is the very thing which Christianity intends.

26. M. For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap, Gal. vi. 7.

You reap what you sow. An act of love makes the soul more loving; a deed of humbleness deepens humbleness. The thing reaped is the very thing sown.

27. Tu. Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after, I Tim. v. 24.

Some people's characters are open; others, secret, become known after a longer time. Men's sins manifest themselves variously, and anticipate judgment.

28. W. Who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, Acts x. 38.

Christ did good by his words and his works, and this constitutes greatness and goodness in the sight of God. A loving, self-giving, Christ-like life is what we need.

29. T. Blessed is he that considereth the poor, Ps. xli. 1.

Those who live with loving consideration and sympathy. The suffering and afflicted; the words apply to him who pitied us in our low estate.

30. F. Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? Matt. xviii. 1.

Do you wish to be great? Then begin by being little. Do you desire to construct a vast fabric? Think about the foundation of humility.

31. S. Love not the world, neither the things in the world, I John ii. 15.

Why do you visituate the world? It is most beautiful, framed by the best and most perfect reason; though to you it may be unclean and evil, because you are unclean and evil in a good world.

1. Sun. And where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty, 2 Cor. iii. 17.

He is a freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides. The Holy Spirit working in us makes our service one of perfect freedom.

2. M. Those things which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do, Phil. iv. 9.

"Do noble things, not dream them, all day long. And so make life, death, and that wait for ever one grand, sweet song."

3. Tu. Knowing that shortly I must put off my tabernacle, 2 Peter i. 14.

The tabernacle was to be put off in order that a more enduring one might be put on: the vesture of decay put off that the fine linen of righteousness might be the attire.

4. W. I will endeavour that ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance, 2 Peter i. 15.

A change of place and locality, the last day's journey, and I was going home; the exodus is not all pain—it is emancipation in the company of Jesus Christ.

5. T. For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, 2 Peter i. 11.

The abundance of the entrance will be in proportion to the character of the life, to the measure of faith, and the fervour of love.

6. F. I have loved thee with an everlasting love, Jer. xxxi. 3.

There is a Divine love behind all the darkness and misery of this mortal life: and this love is eternal and unchanging, and it is a love for you and a love for me.

7. S. The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, Jer. xxxi. 3.

The fact is as old as all human life; it has never been otherwise. Through all human history God has been saying to man, I love you. God loves us, and is always educating and guiding us.

8. Sun. Therefore with lovingkindness have drawn thee, Jer. xxxi. 3.

The love of God is individual, personal; it is the love of one loving heart to another, because only thus it can win you.

9. M. For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus, 1 Tim. ii. 5.

God the Maker of all; Christ the Saviour of all; Inspiration the guide of all; and immortality the heritage of all.

10. Tu. Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you? 1 Cor. i. 13.

The question implies the unique efficacy of the death of Jesus. The full meaning of the work of Christ emerges in his death: his death is the climax of his self-manifestation to mankind.

11. W. I have trodden the winepress alone, Isa. lxiii. 3.

This was the pre-destined; this was the actual saving of his soul, the awful solitariness of his sufferings.

12. T. Beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, 1 Cor. xiii. 7.

It is a great and noble thing to cover the blemishes and to excuse the failings of a friend to display his perfections, to bury his weaknesses in silence, and to proclaim his virtues.

13. F. Then said Jesus unto him, Go and do thou likewise, Luke x. 37.

We must show charity and compassion, love and pity, to our fellows. There cannot be love to God without love to man.

14. S. Grace be unto you, and peace from Him which is, and which was, and which is to come, Rev. i. 4.

Is there no peace in a man's heart in feeling that the Brother who loves him and died for him endures all the perplexities of life, the confusions of the world, and the sorrows and corruptions of the heart?

15. Sun. And from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, Rev. i. 5.

What was the substance of his testimony? It was mainly about God: all our highest, purest, and truest knowledge of God comes from the life, conduct, and character of Christ.

16. M. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself, Matt. vi. 34.

How useless are all frets, cares, and bickerings! But how much pain they bring: how they sap life's joy; how they place are hardened! How inconsistent to be frothing, morose fearing, dreading, and trembling!

17. Tu. And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him, Luke xxiv. 32.

The duty of making an active effort to understand truth when it is presented to us, to welcome it, and to offer it a lodging in the soul.

18. W. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, 2 Tim. iv. 7.

Four things are essential to constitute a Christian: Faith makes a Christian, life proves a Christian, trials confirm a Christian, and death crowns a Christian.

19. T. But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and whers is he? Job xiv. 10.

Man's nature is twofold: a doubt as to what becomes of us after we die.

20. F. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, Col. iii. 17.

The imperious nature of the Christian demand on the bread and spirit of Christian duty; the motive power of a holy life, the sacredness of common life and labour.

21. S. I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord, Ps. cxlviii. 17.

In these words we have the true utterance of a Christian. Whether in recovery from illness, or free to face with death, we should learn the lesson of eternally during the hour of time.

22. Sun. I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir, Isa. xlii. 12.

The Gospel has given a new value to man, and it begets us to learn the meaning of the brotherhood of humanity.

23. M. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope, Ps. cxxxix. 5.

True dependence is trustful in God. Is our dependence such as ought to characterize one who seeks help and favour from God? Are our aims his aims? Our objects his?

24. Tu. My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning, Ps. cxxxix. 6.

This dependence is watchful: two ideas go together, dependence and watching, and such dependence is hopeful.

25. W. Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, Ps. cxxxix. 7.

This true quiet dependence is complete; the all-comprehensive character of this hope. Believe and wait for God's time, as well as God's way.

26. T. If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, Col. iii. 1.

Paul refers to a great epoch in the past lives of Christians: a death and burial, and a new and risen life; the duties of the present and the hopes of the future to be manifested in a glorious state.

27. F. No man hath seen God at any time, John i. 18.

God the Eternal Reality cannot be seen. How should the eye of man scan the Infinite? Christ is the manifested idea of God. Our supreme concern is with Christ.

28. S. Understandest what thou readest? Acts viii. 30.

This was a sharp, pointed question. What is the most important thing to understand in this Book? Out and out for Christ—Christ, and nothing else.



**1. Sun.** For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required; and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more, Luke xii. 48.

Privilege is another name for responsibility. The more we profess, the more we are bound to do. To have the mind of Christ.

**2. M.** Yet they are Thy people and Thine inheritance, which thou broughtest out by Thy mighty power and Thy stretched out arm, Deut. ix. 29.

What gave the Jews their toughness and vitality? The consciousness of close relation to God, the omnipotent and ever-present God; a sense of a glorious destiny and the possession of glorious truths.

**3. Tu.** Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, Eph. iv. 29.

The tongue is the expression of the inward state of the mind. It can be the minister of love, it can bind up wounds—save and soothe them. We are forbidden all corrupt utterance.

**4. W.** But that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers, Eph. iv. 29.

To use the tongue for edification. A backbiter: one who will flatter you to your face, and out you to pieces behind your back. Use the tongue for benevolence and to cheer.

**5. T.** Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath, Jas. i. 19.

This is one of the wisest and most difficult injunctions of Holy Writ; it commends itself to our good sense, and yet it is one of the hardest to be observed.

**6. F.** Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, Rom. xii. 6.

This is the law of benefits bestowed upon men: the one ought to forget at once what he has given, the other ought never to forget what he has received.

**7. S.** My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; yea, my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God, Ps. lxxxiv. 2.

Beligion is a blending of the human with the Divine; it is the longing for the unity which is the true order of both.

**8. Sun.** Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth, Ps. lx. 4.

The charge that is laid upon us, the responsibility implied in the possession of that charge, the motive by which that responsibility is urged upon us.

**9. M.** And to every man his work, Mark xiii. 34.

How honourable it is to be appointed to work for such a Master! How sure the results will be, and how blessed the reward!

**10. Tu.** They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick, Matt. ix. 12.

What was the deepest and most original lesson of that Sabbath eve? It was a lesson of love for the sick, love for the wretched, the lost and the needy had ever loved.

**11. W.** So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief, Heb. iii. 19.

These words apply to people who have misused their aim, who have not reached success; they fit us and our ways.

**12. T.** But without faith it is impossible to please Him, Heb. xi. 6.

Faith is the root of all blessings; believe and you must needs be satisfied, and you cannot choose but be comforted and happy.

**13. F.** But what think ye? A man had two sons; and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard, Matt. xxi. 28.

It is the one plain, positive duty, of every one of us to be engaged in some effort to do good to others—to work for our Master.

**14. S.** So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God, Rom. xiv. 12.

He shall not give an account to his priest, nor to his sect, nor to his church. To God and Christ you must give account.

**15. Sun.** And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, Isa. xxxii. 2.

What a man ought to be—a lofty and beautiful ideal—that has been realised more or less completely in the characters and lives of many in all ages.

**16. M.** As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, Isa. xxxii. 2.

Redeemed from sorrowful fears and perplexities and doubts, God sent them to their wilderness journey refreshed and strengthened with a deeper faith, hope, courage, and joy.

**17. Tu.** Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord, Matt. xxv. 21.

This is the greeting of the Master as the faithful enter heaven; it is the eulogy of service which sanctifies our life; it is Christ's own verdict upon a good man's life and its issue.

**18. W.** But by the grace of God I am what I am, 1 Cor. xv. 10.

Grace alone can preserve grace. When we get a particular blessing we need another to preserve it, and without this we shall soon be shorn of our strength.

**19. T.** Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? Rom. viii. 35.

The love of God and Christ will in the end separate you from tribulation, and bring you out of it, and give you fullness of joy.

**20. F.** He was a burning and a shining light, and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light, John v. 35.

John was like a lamp burning brightly in a dark place, bringing to light things before concealed. This is a great service to render to any age, and we should thank God.

**21. S.** Well done, good and faithful servant, Matt. xxv. 23.

Thus does Christ act whenever he sees noble feelings or faithful work; noble words of commendation rise to his lips. He delights to use these words.

**22. Sun.** We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, 1 John iii. 2.

In this the human spirit rests; there is nothing greater. What he, the first-born Brother, is, that shall we also be. He will make us wholly light, as he is.

**23. M.** Rejoice evermore, 1 Thes. iv. 16.

This is a conclusive answer to such as suppose the Christian life to be one of gloom and sadness. This is Heaven's direction for the Christian life.

**24. Tu.** And that your joy might be full, John xv. 11.

There is a great difference between mirth and joy. The former is merely a condition of mind, the latter is a state of heart.

**25. W.** And there shall be no night there, Rev. xxii. 5.

Blessed day that shall have no night. The sunlight of glory that shall rise upon the soul and never set. Blessed spring that shall have no autumn or fall of the leaf.

**26. T.** Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men, 2 Cor. iii. 3.

Love, meekness, kindness, forbearance, unselfishness, manifested in human souls, personal ministers for good.

**27. F.** Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament, 2 Cor. iii. 6.

To such God has given not only grace, but gifts: not only the love of Christ but the capacity to speak for, and plead with others for Christ—a Divine call, all are to be workers.

**28. S.** Not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life, 2 Cor. iii. 6.

Natural endowments, graces, Divine, spiritual qualities coming from God himself, the power of a living faith, and a deep and true spiritual conviction.

**29. Sun.** And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, Rev. xx. 1.

Heaven is day of which grace is the dawn; the rich ripe fruit, of which grace is the lovely flower.

**30. M.** And it came to pass, that, as the people pressed upon Him to hear the word of God, Luke v. 1.

What was this wonderful secret power by which the Great Prophet drew all utter him? We know, because the people confessed it, that he spoke to them as One that had authority.

**31. Tu.** And in Him is no sin, 1 John iii. 5.

He was sinless. He came to redeem the world from sin, that which still presses upon it most heavily. He hated sin.

1. **W.** But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few, Luke xiii. 48.

He had the tenderest feelings for those who enjoyed the fewest opportunities. This is a comfort when we think of the many who live by our social arrangement, which we should call our social disarrangement.

2. **T.** Because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd, Matt. ix. 36.

If they were ignorant, wayward, or hard to teach, whose fault was it but that of the teachers who neglected them, who gave them no help to walk in the better way?

3. **F.** I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint in the way, Matt. xv. 32.

He recognized the natural or social wants that are common to all, he would feed them before he sent them away to their homes.

4. **S.** But the very hairs of your head are all numbered, Matt. x. 30.

Your whole being, with all its necessities, dependence, and operations, and way of life, are all under the observant and careful eye of God.

5. **Sun.** For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in Heaven, Matt. xxii. 30.

Charles Kingsley says:—"That has been to me always a comfort. I am so well and really married on earth, that I should be exceedingly sorry to marry again in heaven."

6. **M.** And gave authority to His servants, and to every man his work, Mark xiii. 34.

If we can but live the simple life, and do the work that is nearest, though it is dull at times helping, when we meet them, I am glad dogs over styles.

7. **Tu.** In all their affliction He was afflicted, Isa. lxiii. 9.

The Deliverer, the one who identified himself with them, and his nature is not changed.

8. **W.** And the angel of His presence saved them, Isa. lxiii. 9.

Let us cherish the idea, it is too valuable to be thrown away. Hold fast these precious words.

9. **T.** In His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old, Isa. lxiii. 9.

Cherish faith in these unseen faces and powers: it is the unseen that always does the work, and supplies the help.

10. **F.** But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world, 1 Cor. xi. 32.

Christians suffer for their sins. God visits the misconduct of His servants in troubles which assail and dangers that afflict. It is love which holds the rod.

11. **S.** Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth, Matt. v. 5.

Meekness is not simply unprovokedness, or the stupidest would be the most meek. It is self-control to maintain benevolence and love under great control of temper.

12. **Sun.** Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth, Matt. v. 5.

In the prosperity of the Quakers, in their thrift, widespread influence, we see the dawning fulfilment of this declaration.

13. **M.** Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, 2 Peter i. 4.

How many of these have we claimed? We are not backward in claiming the promises of our friends, but God's are often slighted.

14. **Tu.** Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost, John vi. 12.

The odd moments, the in-between thoughts of your hearts for others. They who would do great things must begin by doing little things.

15. **W.** At that day ye shall ask in My name, John xvi. 26.

The dawn of the day, the resurrection morn. God bestows much for which no petition rises to him. There must be a personal application for the blessing of the Gospel.

16. **T.** For the Father Himself loveth you, John xvi. 27.

This love is of a special kind; it is a love of approval, of complacency, and of delight.

17. **F.** Because ye have loved Me, and have believed that I came out from God, John xvi. 27.

Love to Christ has its source in God's love. He sees his Son in them, he sees his own nature in them; for "God is love."

18. **S.** And the Lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely, Luke xvi. 8.

Virtues and vices, good and evil, mixed in human nature. In the best there is something to regret; in the worst something to admire.

19. **Sun.** For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light, Luke xvi. 8.

The lesson is the high religious value of prudence, the need and the function of prudence in relation to the life and future of the soul.

20. **M.** Wisdom dwell with prudence, Prov. viii. 12.

The Book of Proverbs is a handbook to prudence, true judgment of human nature, wise rules for the conduct of life.

21. **Tu.** For they are a nation void of counsel, neither is there any understanding in them, Deut. xxxii. 28.

Prudence keeps its eye upon what is coming, looks to the future which awaits us: it is our business to take measures for what is coming.

22. **W.** The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways, Prov. xiv. 14.

That is the man who turns aside from the truest promptings of his nature, and depends for satisfaction on the mere surroundings of life.

23. **T.** And a good man shall be satisfied from himself, Prov. xiv. 14.

Not that he drew his satisfaction from himself apart from God; the goodness of which God is the author is a possession within the soul.

24. **F.** But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, Isa. lvii. 20.

They are ever yearning for more exciting scenes of amusement; they are never satisfied, as the good are, with quiet and calm surroundings.

25. **S.** And purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works, Titus ii. 14.

"Be good, and let who will be clever; Do noble things, not dream them all day long; And so make life, death, and that vast for ever, One grand sweet song."

—Charles Kingsley.

26. **Sun.** For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, Rom. xiv. 17.

That is the great condition of blessedness, and it is the condition of enjoyment: the one condition of the highest blessedness is goodness.

27. **M.** And willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord, 2 Cor. v. 8.

Death is a change, not an end; it is the close of the earthly scene, the heavenly is opened.

28. **Tu.** If any will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, Luke ix. 23.

The law of daily Christian life; something to put away for Christ's sake; something to take up and bear for Christ's sake.

29. **W.** And follow Me, Luke ix. 23.

Something active to do for Christ's sake. Help in Christ's work—in the way he did it: You and Christ must be often together.

30. **T.** Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, Rom. i. 1.

Paul spent his life, all his thoughts, energies, and powers simply to obey his Lord and Master, and so to be with the free man. The moment you obey Christ, then you are free.

1. F. For through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father, Ep. ii. 18.

We may feel that God is not at an immensurable distance from us, but very near to us. Through Christ we have entrance to God our Father; he is ready to give.

2. S. I will arise and go to my father, Luke xv. 18.

That thought thrilled in blessed vibrations through his soul, and awakened in his lonely heart all the music of the blessed, and made him go, and find a blessing, broad, and a joyful welcome.

3. Sun. Whom God hath set forth a propitiation through faith in His blood, Rom. iii. 25.

Cowper, speaking of his conversion, says:—"I read those words, I received strength to believe; I saw the sufficiency of the atonement, and all the fulness and completeness of his work."

4. M. Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world, John xviii. 36.

Napoleon said:—"Upon what did the creation of genius depend? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love, and to this day millions would die for him."

5. Tu. For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal, 2 Cor. iv. 18.

On the cathedral at Milan are three inscriptions:—

"All that which pleases is but for a moment."

"All that which troubles us is but for a moment."

"That only is important which is eternal."

6. W. Lest Satan should get an advantage of us: for we are not ignorant of his devices, 2 Cor. ii. 11.

These are some of his deceptions. These dangers: only this one; everybody does so.

7. T. But I say unto you, Swear not at all, Matt. v. 34.

There is wading swearing, and instead of giving vent to their feelings in oaths and curses, they slam the door, kick the chair, stamp on the floor, and make all the noise they can.

8. F. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, Ps. xc. 17.

There is no touch of defect in this beauty, no excess in the admiration of it: it is the harmony, the beauty of manifoldness, which we ask God to bestow upon us.

9. S. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

Grace, love, and communion. What lack we yet? That we stir up the gift, that we starve not for lack of using.

10. Sun. For we walk by faith, not by sight, 2 Cor. v. 7.

Faith is the element which moves us, mentally, morally, and practically; such faith produces vigorous and energetic activity.

11. M. The whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, Matt. viii. 32.

The devil will play at small game rather than none at all. They run fast whom the devil drives; the devil brings his hogs to a fine market.

12. Tu. For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, Gal. iii. 26.

This reveals to us the fulness of life, the promise of life, the motive of life. Our true self is in Christ, who has taken humanity to himself.

13. W. If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me, John xiii. 8.

A symbol of truth: the unwashed are the impure, without pardon, grace, union for fellowship with Christ. Christ alone can cleanse.

14. T. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, Ps. li. 2.

Sin is conceived of as deeply ingrained dirt, which washing alone can remove: the stain had penetrated deep into the soul, and needed to be washed out.

15. F. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you, John xiii. 15.

We ought not to neglect little acts of courtesy and kindness, nor to shrink from menial service and self-sacrifice for the benefit of others.

16. S. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, Rom. x. 10.

Faith is right-heartedness towards God. So long as the faith of our hearts is fixed on him who brought God near to us, so long shall all be well.

17. Sun. Lord, where are Thy former loving-kindnesses which Thou sweardest to David in Thy truth? Ps. lxxxix. 49.

The promises of God are largely conditioned: God makes his work dependent for its complete success on the loyal co-operation of human wills.

18. M. But God said unto him, Thou fool, Luke xii. 20.

This fool was the father of a very large family. Men who have no conception that the true end and object of life is inward building of the soul. Such defeat themselves.

19. Tu. Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? Luke xii. 20.

Include yourself in the elements of your prosperity: whilst strong and wise in outward things, see that you are stronger and wiser in inward things.

20. W. So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God, Luke xii. 21.

With all outward riches, but none inward, no mercy, no love, no sensitive purity, no faith, hope, and love: all that you have and are outside of you. No approval of God.

21. T. And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter, Luke xxii. 61.

It was a look of pity, reproof, and sorrow: it would often occur to him in future life to bumble, to cheer, and to quicken.

22. F. No man can serve two masters, Matt. vi. 24.

It is always a choice of masters to which Christ is urging us: find your true Lord, and serve him with a complete submission; let him mark you as his by whatever marks he will.

23. S. But grow in grace, 2 Peter iii. 18.

The growth of grace is like the polishing of metals: first opaque surface, then a strong light, till at length it sends back a perfect image of the sun that shines upon it.

24. Sun. And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, Rom. viii. 28.

Every event in this world is a syllable breaking forth from the lips of God, and the great stream of human history is God's endless revelation of himself.

25. M. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep, Rom. xii. 15.

God made both laughter and tears, and for kind purposes: laughter confined to human species, tears to hinder sorrow from becoming despair.

26. Tu. According to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, 1 Tim. i. 11.

The Gospel is not simply a philosophy of religion, or law of life: but it is a religion declaring God's love to us, and so bringing benediction to every heart and life.

27. W. Recompense to no man evil for evil, Rom. xii. 17.

Men have more pleasure in words which hurt than in those which are kind, and more tolerant of the severity which breaks hearts and ruins fortunes, than of that which falls impetuously on the grave.

28. T. And of them He chose twelve, whom He also named apostles, Luke vi. 13.

They were sent to do a great work; they had to witness to what their Master had been, done, and suffered.

29. F. Must one be ordained to be a witness with us of His resurrection? Acts i. 22.

The apostles had to bear a testimony, and they bore it in three ways—by their words, works, and sufferings; they preached Christ.

30. S. Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations, Jas. i. 2.

When men's desires are held in the balance, are unfulfilled, and are thwarted, that makes men more manly; it drives them from their lower up to their higher nature.

31. Sun. Knowing that the trying of your faith worketh patience, Jas. i. 3.

Patience is the indispensable condition of life, in personal life, in the household, in business; much that frets, jealousy, selfishness. Faith is the father of patience.

1. M. But let patience have her perfect work, Jas. i. 4.

In all positions how beautiful it is to see a man equal to the conditions in which he is placed, refuse to be discouraged, and to endure and press forward.

2. Tu. That ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing, Jas. i. 4.

The gradual growth of human perfection: it begins with faith; then tribulation tests its soundness; under the trial, patience grows till its work is done, and then the full perfection in Christ which he can attain on earth.

3. W. And they heard a great voice from heaven saying unto them, Come up hither, Rev. xi. 12.

Do you hear this in the pauses of daily toil, in the intervals of silence, calling you to a nobler life than you are living now?

4. T. My brethren, be not many teachers, Jas. iii. 1. [R.V.]

The teacher's responsibility is heavy; a careless, thoughtless desire to become a teacher is therefore checked.

5. F. For in many things we all stumble, Jas. iii. 2. [R.V.]

We know very little, and hence our many errors. In our words this stumbling is most commonly seen. A complete man shows this self-control over the tongue.

6. S. What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? Ps. viii. 4.

To do wrong implies a noble power, the very power which constitutes the glory of heaven, the power to do right. Man is not an angel, but neither is he a demon or a brute.

7. Sun. Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me, Rom. vii. 17.

There was a better nature in him that resisted evil, though it did not always successfully resist. So you see Paul speaks in affecting terms of the work of that which we have lost.

8. M. And when he came to himself, Luke xv. 17.

The sinner is beside himself; and there is no peace, no reconciling of his conduct to his nature till he returns from his evil ways: he pays deep penalties for his sins.

9. Tu. But the way of transgressors is hard, Prov. xiiii. 15.

The sinner is a sufferer; he seeks happiness in low and unworthy objects; that is his sin; but he does not find it there. Read it in the pages of a Byron.

10. W. I said of laughter, it is madness, and of mirth, what doeth it, Ecc. ii. 2.

It is in the giddy whirl of frivolous pursuits and amusements that the soul is often sick and weary with trifles and vanities; in the midst of these things we feel their emptiness.

11. T. For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, Phil. iii. 16.

We must speak of faults and sins with consideration and tenderness: our tone should be that of forbearance and pity, as Christ and Paul.

12. F. Whosoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, Matt. xxvi. 13.

In our Lord you see both foresight and insight. He saw where this poor woman's act should be told all over the world.

13. S. Verily I say unto you, Matt. xxvi. 13. Two gifts are essential for this life—foresight, forecast. What is the future, insight, to see into character, understand those with whom you have to deal.

14. Sun. Shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her, Matt. xxvi. 13.

The splendid audacity of this man, who, looking into the future, referred to his Gospel as destined to hold on its way to the remotest future: and this has been accomplished.

15. M. Why trouble ye the woman? For she hath wrought a good work on Me, Matt. xxvi. 10.

The smallness of her act, and the greatness of the prize which it gained. Two ways of estimating an act—the external and internal. Christ read the motive and saw the feelings which prompted the act.

16. Tu. For in that she hath poured this ointment on My body, she did it for my burial, Matt. xxvi. 12.

He knew the love which prompted the deed; love which moves to act is most acceptable to Christ. He looks to the heart, and knows whether love is the motive power.

17. W. By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went, Heb. xi. 8.

The origin of faith; the Divine call; the test of faith; and an example of faith.

18. T. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as it is a strange country, Heb. xi. 9.

The life of faith—obedience, separation. The reward of faith; left it to God to bring the possession in his own way.

19. F. He saved others, Himself He cannot save, Matt. xxvii. 42.

He who loves men, saves them, saves them, must do it at his own cost; he must sacrifice himself.

20. S. The offering up of all things, until this day, 1 Cor. iv. 13.

The lovers of men, unable to save even their good name, have stuck to the saving work at the cost of lying, like door-mats, for others to rub the filth of the streets upon.

21. Sun. For whom I have suffered the loss of all things, Phil. iii. 8.

The saviours of mankind have laid themselves down as rollers on which, bruised and battered by every inch of progress, the world's salvation has been advanced.

22. M. And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, Acts xvi. 31.

Christ's sacrifice is so complete and effectual in and by itself, that nothing is essential for the full benefit of it but an acceptance of its results by an act of simple trust.

23. Tu. And it came to pass, when the Lord would take up Elijah to heaven by a whirlwind, 2 Kings ii. 1.

At the moment of death often has heaven been opened to the humblest, and he who made the flames of fire his ministers displayed himself before the soul had departed from the body.

24. W. And hast crowned him with glory and honour, Ps. viii. 5.

There is a treasure in human nature of which most are not conscious. The influence of the Holy Spirit does not destroy our natural powers, but guides them into a right direction.

25. T. But he that sinneth against me, wrongeth his own soul, Prov. vi. 35.

The wrong which the sinner does to himself, to his nature; the sinner does a work—dark, mournful, and fearful.

26. F. Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant, Prov. ix. 17.

How truly did Oranmer reply when told that a certain man had cheated him—"No; he has cheated himself." Every corrupt man deceives and cheats himself.

27. S. A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench, Isa. xlii. 3.

The soul sometimes faints under weakness, frailty, and the pressure of daily life; Christ brings supply, support, and strength to such.

28. Sun. Let your moderation be known to all men, Phil. iv. 5.

Nothing is more beautiful in character than intense sensibility controlled by the judgment, to content for right and truth with meekness and charity.

29. M. He shall not strive nor cry, Matt. xii. 19.

It is easy to deal harshly and rudely with those who differ from us, to smother the rising purposes of a better life; but Christ comes to us with a wiser, a more considerate adaptation.

30. Tu. A bruised reed shall He not break, Matt. xii. 20.

To sustain and strengthen human weakness, to fan the rising flame of virtuous and holy purposes, to nerve our falling courage, to restrain our wayward passions, in Christ's work.

1. **W.** Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of Man, Prov. vi. 4.

In what character should religion address us, and how should it deliver its message? In the substance, the subject and spirit of essential goodness.

2. **T.** For ye are all one in Christ Jesus, Gal. iii. 28.

The Christian ideal must toll with actual force upon those who believe it. It is this that has had power to sweep away slavery, that has compelled the Christian to treat every other man as a brother.

3. **F.** For God is love, 1 John iv. 8.

The character of the Supreme Perfection is set forth in this one attribute. Conceive of everything good and lovely, excellent and admirable: when these speak to you, know that God speaks to you.

4. **S.** In this was manifested the love of God, 1 Jno. iv. 9.

Both in its nature, vastness, and freeness, the greatness of the love is measured by the nature of the sacrifices.

5. **Sun.** Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come into him, Rev. iii. 20.

Christ says, "Give entrance to Me, and I will make My abode with you, and I will build up all that is within you in glory, beauty, and ineffable brightness."

6. **M.** Because I have called, and ye refused, Prov. i. 24.

Hear the voice of Christ, poor wearied, broken-hearted sinner, and rise to penitence, faith, sanctity, to glory, and heaven.

7. **Tu.** Oh, that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat! Job xxiii. 3.

There is a loneliness in deep sorrow to which God only can draw near. Calmity directly leads us to God; His prayer is the prayer of a lonely heart.

8. **W.** I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments, Job xxiii. 4.

We seem never to know what anything means till we have lost it. There is more here than the world we live in; it is not all life to live.

9. **T.** I would know the words which He would answer me, Job xxiii. 5.

Only by blessings and trials, by pressure of God's gracious hand upon us, can he make us know. You see in Christ's sufferings pain, patience, and love, what no words can utter.

10. **F.** Know that the Lord He is God; it is He that hath made us, Ps. c. 3.

The theme of gratitude is our existence—not what we possess or enjoy, but what we are; a sensitive, social, and religious being.

11. **S.** Be thankful unto Him and bless His name, Ps. c. 4.

We exist. What a blessing and wonder is that! A happiness in wisdom, in love, and in God, which we know is everlasting.

12. **Sun.** But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, 1 Cor. xv. 57.

Who does not say that? Who, that understands the great comforting and redeeming ministrations of the Gospel! We have not been left to struggle alone.

13. **M.** Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof, Job iv. 12.

Human life to many is like a vision, deep and shadowy veils round its awful revelations; there is much teaching and much unbelief, much deep import in this life.

14. **Tu.** In thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on men, Job iv. 13.

Not clear, palpable; not recognised: it comes in the still and lonely hour, in time of sorrow, or some awful trials of life.

15. **W.** Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake, Job. iv. 14.

Vague, indistinct, mysterious, and awful; or they came in the form of certain, but neglected and forgotten, truths. Those secret intimations from the cloud of human cares and pursuits.

16. **T.** Then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up, Job. iv. 15.

The deep sense of guilt and infamy, the deeds of darkness, duplicity, and crime; man's misery comes of his greatness.

17. **F.** It stood still, silence, and I heard a voice, Job. iv. 16.

Everything in this life bears traits that may stir our minds to admiration and wonder: the history of the humblest human life is a tale of marvels.

18. **S.** What is man, that Thou shouldest magnify him? Job vii. 17.

Everything which befalls us in the course of life is a trial of our temper and disposition, and develops in us feelings that are right or wrong.

19. **Sun.** And that Thou shouldest visit him every morning, and try him every moment? Job vii. 18.

This guest comes to us at the opening of every day. That conscious existence which in the morning you recover from the embrace of sleep, what a testimony is it to the power and beneficence of God!

20. **M.** It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed; they are new every morning, Lam. iii. 22, 23.

What meets you every day? Not bright sunshine alone, but God's mercies visit you, and call for gratitude; and you can neither acknowledge nor resist the call without a moral result.

21. **T.** Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field, Matt. xiii. 44.

There is a treasure in the field of life richer than all its visible wealth, which whose finds shall be happier than if he had discovered a mine of gold.

22. **W.** The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, Rom. x. 8.

Near us lie the mines of wisdom; there is a secret in the simplest things, a word in the plainest, a charm in the duldest.

23. **T.** And that Thou shouldest set Thine heart upon Him? Job vii. 17.

Let your heart be opened to the vision of life and the Divine uses of things; God magnifies, and sets his heart upon the humblest fortunes of humanity.

24. **F.** Let your moderation be known unto all men, Phil. iv. 5.

Restrain your passions; subdue your hearts to gentleness and patience, and resign your interest for another's advantage.

25. **S.** Your care of me hath flourished again; wherein ye were also careful, Phil. iv. 10. So speak words of kindness and wisdom—raise the fallen, cheer the fainting, soften and assuage the weariness and bitterness of this mortal lot.

26. **Sun.** Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, 2 Pet. iii. 13.

A Divine life is and will be spiritual insight; for want of it the earth is desolate. This will constitute the new order of things spoken of by Peter.

27. **M.** There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, Rom. viii. 1.

But to all the others there is condemnation, sorrow, pain, vanity, and death: there is no Gospel for such.

28. **Tu.** Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead, John xi. 14.

He is not dead, whose ransomed mind

Lifts ours on high;  
 To live in hearts we leave behind  
 Is not to die."

29. **W.** Being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, Ep. iv. 18.

A low-lived, heathenish, selfish people, dark in every way because they have shut out the daylight from their hearts.

30. **T.** That, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God, John xi. 40.

Abolard said he longed to know in order that he might believe. Anselm said he believed in order that he might know.

31. **F.** And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, Gen. ii. 9.

The religion of Christ is a paradise in which God has planted every tree that is beautiful and good for spiritual food, and the tree of life is in the midst of the garden.

1. S. And good for food; the tree of life also in the middle of the garden, Gen. ii. 9.

Some labour to prove the religion of Christ true. Prove it good; and if good, it is also true. The true, the good, the beautiful, are all one.

2. Sun. Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, Rev. i. 5.

We loved us with an all-embracing love: he loved us with a free, eternal, and changeless love.

3. M. He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, Rom. viii. 32.

Loving us so, he gave his Son for us: his Spirit is here in us preparing us for something higher and better.

4. Tu. And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants, Numb. xiii. 33.

Faith says the work ought to be done, and therefore it shall be done. Doubt is like these men, but faith is like Caleb and Joshua.

5. W. And Joshua and Caleb spake, saying, The land which we passed through is an exceeding good land, Numb. xiv. 67.

Doubt sits and questions; faith goes forth and does the work. Erasmus considered and doubted, Luther acted and burned.

6. T. I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause, Job v. 8.

This is good advice, and sound doctrine. Nothing could be better than the counsel proffered; nothing more certain than the ground on which he rests his counsel.

7. F. Which doeth great things and wonderful, Job v. 9.

The great, the unsearchable things which God does; the truth is an inspiring one.

8. S. He calleth them all by names by the greatness of His might, Isa. xl. 26.

The unmeasured extent of God's universe shows his intention to fill us with wonder, and to inspire us with glad thoughts of his resources; you cannot think of God without having hope added to your prayers.

9. Sun. My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God, Isa. xl. 27.

There can be no doubt of God's wonder-working in grace in those who believe his transcendent marvels of redemption.

10. M. The Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not; there is no searching of His understanding, Isa. xl. 28.

Evidently the God of redemption is a God of whom marvellous things may be expected in the saving of souls.

11. Tu. How shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? Rom. viii. 32.

To think of the history of Christ, and then to imagine that God, in bringing men to himself, will be restricted to the ordinary course of things is surely impossible.

12. W. And I will bring the blind by a way they know not, Isa. xlii. 16.

What unforeseen things happen that give a new direction to life—what sudden removal of difficulty—what startling conjunctions!

13. T. Who is blind as he that is perfect and blind as the Lord's servant? Isa. xlii. 19.

Is it not mere blindness that refuses to see the marvellous in our own sphere of life? Should we not be glad and thankful when any one lets us see how full of wonders is our ordinary human life?

14. F. Which doeth great things and unsearchable; marvellous things without number, Job v. 9.

Is it not a great part of the poet's work, a mark of the true poet, that he lets us see the deep, the strange, the wonderful, in ordinary life?

15. S. And crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them, Isa. xlii. 16.

If we believe that God encompasses and pervades all human life, shall we not see him all through, and look to him with expectation?

16. Sun. They soon forget His works; they waited not for His counsel, Ps. cvi. 13.

We remember our difficulties and trials, but not our deliverances and signal mercies; and we find little or no nourishment for our hopes.

17. M. But Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place, Ps. lxxvi. 12.

There are some who, if they would scan their past experience with fairness and insight, would be filled with brilliant hopes.

18. Tu. The Lord of hosts, wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working, Isa. xxviii. 29.

Believe that God can do wonders for you, and seek that he may; seek wonders in your own life, in others, in the Church, and in the world.

19. W. Man shall not live by bread alone, Matt. iv. 4.

How few seem to believe this—how few do believe this in the highest sense; and yet how true it is!

20. T. For by faith ye stand, 2 Cor. i. 24.

Upon faith we can live calmly, endure patiently, labour resolutely, deny ourselves cheerfully, hope steadfastly, and gain a blessed and endless life.

21. F. But without faith it is impossible to please Him, Heb. xi. 6.

When you examine a human soul, see its powers and wants, you say that being was made for faith—must be something to believe in. He cannot healthfully grow or happily live without it.

22. S. Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you, John vi. 53.

Christ's doctrine is the very food and life-blood of the soul; cut off from the soul all that Christ taught, and it will sink into sin, misery, darkness, and ruin.

23. Sun. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, Matt. vi. 33.

Our part is to be and do our best in the present—God's to make our future correspond with the present, out of which it grows.

24. M. And all these things shall be added unto you, Matt. vi. 33.

Christ gives a clue through our care to its cure. Do as he did—begin with God—and we shall be as he was, without care for the morrow. Seek what he sought, and you will find joy and peace.

25. Tu. Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, Jos. xxiv. 15.

Man cannot escape the responsibility of choice: it faces him at every moment of life, most of all in those days when the basis of manhood is being laid.

26. W. God setteth the solitary in families, Ps. lxxvii. 6.

Citizenship in the kingdom of God is the primary condition of all good; God's best gift to man a happy home, a source of blessedness amid many anxieties.

27. T. Ye are the salt of the earth, Matt. v. 13.

The highest duty man owes to society and the State is to be the best that it is possible to him; the nearer he comes to this, the more he will be able to do for his country.

28. F. Ye are the light of the world, Matt. v. 14.

Make clear to others the ways of righteousness and peace. The higher and brighter our character, the higher our service to Christ.

29. S. Whom having not seen ye love, 1 Pet. i. 8.

Here it is that belief created love, and that love rises into a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. Perfect love is perfect joy.

30. Sun. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God, Ps. lxxxvii. 3.

There is a city of God invisible, spiritual, which knows no place or time, which embodies God's ideal of society, the ordered and obedient life of man.

31. M. My times are in Thy hands, Ps. cxxxii. 15.

"My times are in Thy hand, Perfect the cup in singing, Let age approve of youth, and Complete the same."

**1. Tu.** It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes, Ps. cxix. 71.  
 We think little of our joys because they are so common, and make much of our sorrows because they are so rare; yet there is a soul of good in things evil.

**2. W.** He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that disbelieveth shall be condemned, Mark xvi. 16. [R.V.]  
 This is the assertion of a fact which every thoughtful mind knows to be true; viz, that unavoidable misery which springs from wants unassisted, which the object of faith alone can satisfy.

**3. T.** Unto the pure all things are pure, Titus i. 15.  
 How many does a lovely example win to goodness! How many does sanctify purity! A good man wills that there is goodness, unselfishness, and purity in the world.

**4. F.** But unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure, Titus i. 15.  
 The evil make the social world they live in. Those who forget the rights of others must not be surprised if their own are forgotten.

**5. S.** But even their mind and conscience is defiled, Titus i. 15.  
 A heart estranged from truth and sanctity that can find no truth or sincerity in others. The corrupt mind elicits what is bad, and the pure mind brings out what is good.

**6. Sun.** If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness! Matt. vi. 23.  
 Kindle a light within, and then the world will shine brightly around thee: but till then the world will be dark to thee.

**7. M.** Therefore let no man glory in men. For all things are yours, 1 Cor. iii. 21.  
 In the realm of God's beneficence is an infinite fulness, and it all may be yours; and these words are still and forever true to all who can receive them.

**8. Tu.** Thou hast visited me in the night, Ps. xvii. 3.  
 Night in its relation to man is an interruption, a danger, a time during which God speaks to the soul: of such visitations you may use these words.

**9. W.** Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect, Ps. cxxxix. 16.  
 Religion ascends to the mysterious regions beyond science, in which life—and that mystery, the transmission of life—is traced up to its first, its only source.

**10. T.** Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us, Ps. iii. 6.  
 How may blessedness be attained? By submission to the will of God, whatever that will may be, and thus comes a sense of Divine approval.

**11. F.** Thou hast put gladness in my soul, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased, Ps. iii. 7.  
 How few forget to take their daily food, yet starve their souls, though they need their portion, which is the word of God.

**12. S.** The Lord is good to all, Ps. cxlv. 9.  
 God's goodness to all. His providence is not only kind, but kindness extended to all. This should make us contented, submissive, and grateful.

**13. S.** The Lord is gracious and full of compassion, Ps. cxlv. 8.  
 The Persian poet Sadi exclaims, "O God, have pity on the wicked, for Thou hast done everything for their good in having made them good."

**14. M.** For I have learned in whatsoever state I am to be content, Phil. iv. 11.  
 If tempted to discontent and murmuring, ask yourself—the spirit within yourself—formed for happiness, for glory, for virtue—of what you shall complain.

**15. Tu.** To an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, 1 Pet. i. 4.  
 Though others may complain, dissatisfaction may prey upon them, envy corrode the heart, there is for us a treasure which none can change or disturb.

**16. W.** For the creature was made subject to vanity, Rom. viii. 20.  
 That eternal want—a wanting of what is never on earth to be obtained; impatient, blind, and useless effort after something good.

**17. T.** The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, Rom. viii. 22.  
 Religion does not altogether abrogate this feeling—does not suppress that groan. It can satisfy that feeling as nothing else can and will, fully and entirely.

**18. F.** Not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope, Rom. viii. 20.  
 Misery is a beneficent principle in the universe. He who subjected the creature to misery did it in hope: it is meant for good.

**19. S.** That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God, Eph. iii. 19.  
 To see not beauty and majesty only, but the all-beautiful, the all-conscious mind and spirit of love—this is to be filled with more than created fulness.

**20. Sun.** O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth, Ps. lxxi. 17.  
 Life is a school; our entire course is an education for virtue, purity, and heaven. There are hard lessons in the school of God's Providence.

**21. M.** Let the day perish wherein I was born, Job iii. 3.  
 There are times and seasons, events and influences, in life which awaken sentiments like those of Job, which require to be considered.

**22. Tu.** Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life, Job ii. 4.  
 The love of life proves it is a blessing. If it is not, why are we so attached to it? Life is not only good, but it is made to be glorious.

**23. W.** When Christ, who is our life, Col. iii. 4.  
 Christ is the author, the sphere, the food, and also the actual essence of our life—the very life itself.

**24. T.** And Thou hast crowned him with glory and honour, Ps. viiii. 5.  
 What a glorious thing then is this life! To know its wonderful Author! What glory in the created universe is there surpassing this!

**25. F.** But the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord, Rom. vi. 23.  
 There are blessings upon the birth of life, physical and spiritual; there is hope in its death: and, to consummate all, eternity in prospect.

**26. S.** Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life, John xi. 25.  
 These words so stupendous in their import, so majestic in their tone: death is for the body, but for the soul no death.

**27. Sun.** Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, but I go that I may awake him out of sleep, John xi. 11.  
 So does Christ contemplate death, not as a dread catastrophe, but as a quiet sleep, a sacred repose, succeeding the weary and troublesome days of life: after life's fatal fever, he sleeps well.

**28. M.** Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died, John xi. 32.  
 What natural and living truth is there in this simple trait of feeling! How natural it is for the bereaved to think that if this or that had been done, the blow would have been averted!

**29. Tu.** Jesus wept, John xi. 35.  
 Christ was not one with cold philosophy, or misplaced rapture; his face looked on bereavement and agony, looked on death. He was not ashamed of tears.

**30. W.** Cometh to the grave, John xi. 38.  
 Christ did not approach the grave with an air of triumph. Humanity shudders and trembles when it comes there, and may not be denied these testimonies to its frailty.

1. T. Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory, John xvii. 24.

There shall be a glorious fellowship of the good with Christ and with one another. There shall we find our lost ones, and be with them for ever.

2. F. And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die, John xi. 26.

Such have spiritual life in Christ already—living an immortal life: those who thus partake of this life shall never die.

3. S. Believest thou this? John xi. 26.

Faith in Christ as the Saviour of the world, participating of the spiritual life that was in him; this he insists on as the pledge of fidelity to himself.

4. Sun. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, John xi. 25.

This heart-believing is what we need, must have, must seek. The breathing of the life of Jesus in us, this alone can comfort: may we find that consolation.

5. M. In Him was life; and the life was the light of men, John i. 4.

The inmost and truest life of man is spiritual life, and this inward purity, love, goodness is the very light of life that brightens, blesses, and guides.

6. Tu. But was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin, Heb. iv. 15.

In Christ was solved the problem of life: the end of life, virtue, sanctity, blessedness, the means of attaining it, the whole discipline of life.

7. W. I am the Light of the World, John viii. 12.

Christ enlightens the world's darkness, is the interpreter of its mystery, the solver of its problem. He so lived and died as to cast light upon the dark paths in which we walk.

8. T. He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life, John viii. 12.

There is darkness in the paths of men—they stumble at difficulties, are ensnared by temptations; Christ is the sun to guide in all this.

9. F. Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty, Isa. xxxiii. 17.

In Jesus Christ was the most perfect unfolding of all Divine beauty and holiness that the world ever saw. We shall be invested with all this beauty and grandeur.

10. S. Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, Phil. ii. 5.

What we want is to be clothed, not with outward adorning, but with the simple self-forgetting, single-hearted truth and beauty of his life.

11. Sun. Except ye be converted and become as little children, Matt. xviii. 3.

This is the change we want to make us lovely and blessed beyond all the aspirations of ambition and all the dreams of happiness.

12. M. For all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's, Phil. ii. 21.

It is our inordinate self-seeking, self-considering, that is over a stumbling-block in our way; it is this which spreads questions, snarls, and difficulties around us.

13. T. And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not, John i. 5.

In Christ was the life and light of perfect love. This is the all-enlightening and all-healing principle that the Gospel commands.

14. W. Love your enemies, Matt. v. 44.

There is nothing to do with men but to love them. To all the hatred and wrath of men the Spirit of Christ is the only help for us.

15. T. Bless them that curse you, Matt. v. 44.

To hate your adversaries will not help you, to kill them will not help you; nothing within the compass of the universe can help you but the love of Christ.

16. F. But one thing is needful, Luke x. 42.

And that is the serenity of religion; the sobriety and steadiness of deep-founded principle, the strong and lofty aim of sacred virtue.

17. S. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable, 1 Cor. xv. 19.

If no influence from afar take hold of the mind, if no aim stretch to eternal improvement, strengthen and sustain us, no holy conscience, no heavenly principle, we are of all beings most to be pitied.

18. Sun. He hath made everything beautiful in His time, Ecc. iii. 11.

In its place, in its appointed office, is everything which man is put to do naturally helps to work out his salvation.

19. M. And by it, he being dead, yet speaketh, Heb. xi. 4.

How enduring is the memorial of goodness! It lives in its memory, speaks in its example. The world is filled with the voices of the dead.

20. Tu. And their works do follow them, Rev. xiv. 13.

If the earth is filled with the labours of the dead: they live in our thoughts, in our lives, and in our blessings.

21. W. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, 2 Tim. iv. 8.

The battle is fought, the victory is won; now all is safe. No more doubt, danger, or temptation. Now the reward which the Saviour will give.

22. T. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, Rom. x. 10.

Make it manifest; hide it not. Let the life show it—be a confession; then others will know that you are good.

23. F. And with the mouth confession is made unto salvation, Rom. x. 10.

There should be a confession of the lips. The belief that leads to godliness, to usefulness, to that which is best for you in this life and the life to come.

24. S. Fight the good fight of faith, 1 Tim. 4 vi. 12.

We are in an enemy's country; foes beset us. This is the conflict of faith; faith takes hold on God, and his power is made known in our weakness.

25. Sun. If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar, 1 John iv. 20.

No man is to be accounted a lover of God who is not a lover of his brother. Religion is the highest beauty and loveliness of character.

26. M. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, 1 John iv. 10.

The identity of religion and goodness. By no other means can religion be esteemed and loved. Religion desired to be revered and loved.

27. Tu. Ye seek Me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled, John vi. 26.

Some look upon this life as a science, not of spiritual interest, but of worldly qualifications and pleasures. The zeal, the eagerness with which outward things are sought.

28. W. Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, John vi. 27.

Care and provide for the soul. These are real and supreme among the cares of life. Do not sacrifice the welfare of the soul for goods and pleasure.

29. T. Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, Phil. ii. 12.

The care of the soul is the most essential of all human interests. It is as essential that you should labour for the soul's salvation as it is to work for daily bread.

30. F. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

Religious sensibility, spiritual fervour, instead of cold, dull, and dead feeling. Religion is intended to arouse our affections, to kindle a flame of devotion, and to give the foretaste and hope of heaven.

31. S. For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap, Gal. vi. 7.

That which you are doing, be it good or bad, grave or gay—every thought, action—contributes to form that character by which you are to be judged.



**1. Sun.** God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him, 1 John iv. 16.

This is the great central truth that gives brightness to every other truth. In temptation, in sorrow, a deep and a passionate trust in the love of God is the sustaining and controlling fact.

**2. M.** And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us, 1 John iv. 16.

Love only can understand love. We do not properly know what we believe in without love to it. Love only can give to faith in Divine love its proper character.

**3. Tu.** Well done, thou good and faithful servant, Matt. xxv. 21.

Enter into joys made dear by sorrows, made bright by the darkness. You have experienced made noble and glorious by the trying of your faith.

**4. W.** Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, Matt. xxv. 23.

It pleases God to try the reliance of his children. He would have them trust him that he may say to them these words.

**5. T.** Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, 1 John iv. 7.

To live to toil, to struggle, and to suffer, and to die—is this all? No: but it is God's love. The Gospel tells us there is more.

**6. F.** He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love, 1 John iv. 8.

The love of God is sure. He loves us in our sins, and has commended this love to us in this very character.

**7. S.** Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee, Isa. xli. 15.

If Nature speaks truth, revelation utters wisdom. God does love his natural creatures. How strong is this language!

**8. Sun.** Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life, Rev. ii. 10.

The highest distinction, the grandeur of the reward, the glory of the recompense. Two things worth living for: to do what is worthy of being written, to write what is worth reading.

**9. M.** And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also, Rom. x. 3.

We glory in the evil name and hard fortune which you despise. Glorifying in reproach was a characteristic bias of his mind.

**10. Tu.** For every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, Luke xviii. 14.

Humility, self-forgetfulness, sacrifice, these are the true distinctions. What you have done, borne, wrought, won here, shall endure.

**11. W.** For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, 1 Cor. ii. 2.

The subject of Christianity is the character of Christ as the Saviour of men, and the revelation of his character and purpose was made on the cross.

**12. T.** I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say, 1 Cor. x. 15.

How is man influenced? By considerate reasons, motives, fears, and hopes. So Paul speaks to those who were capable of deciding what he says.

**13. F.** Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God, John iii. 3.

Conversion is a change of heart, of feelings, character, and habits. This is the condition of salvation, forgiveness, peace, and hope of heaven.

**14. S.** And when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren, Luke xxi. 32.

His mind and heart are right, affections pure, aspirations spiritual. We need teaching and humbling before we can help the weak.

**15. Sun.** And rejoice in hope of the glory of God, Rom. x. 2.

Hope attracts every human heart. It springs eternal and irresistible in every human breast. Its eye kindles, and its face glows as it looks on the bright future.

**16. M.** To them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up, Matt. iv. 16.

The hope of such was that they should live hereafter. It was a hope full of immortality, full of the sublimity and joy of that great expectation.

**17. Tu.** I am made all things to all, 1 Cor. ix. 22.

We adapted his instructions to those whom he addressed—to their particular characters, difficulties, trials, and speculations.

**18. W.** All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless thee, Ps. cxlv. 10.

Does the all-creative life that stirs in every beating pulse all us with adoring gratitude and powerful trust?

**19. T.** But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, Isa. lix. 2.

The thought of infinite holiness striking us with a restraining awe. Infallible perfection causes our imperfection to stand abashed, aloof, and at a distance.

**20. F.** But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ, Eph. ii. 13.

This sums up the meaning and mission of Jesus Christ; for this he lived and died. This love should win and draw all.

**21. S.** For whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, Heb. xii. 6.

The path of the highest for man is through hardship, trial, and endurance; to die for the right is the very crown of humanity.

**22. Sun.** O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee, Ps. lxxiii. 1.

To arrest the thoughts, to fix them in meditation upon God, to lift the soul in aspiration and prayer: this is what we should do.

**23. M.** Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace, Job xxiii. 21.

Shall everything be studied, meditated upon, but the source of all neglected? Shall a man seek to know everything but God?

**24. Tu.** I will fetch my knowledge from afar, and will ascribe righteousness to my Maker, Job 36.

I will go to the root of all truths. This must be so with God, both in blessings and afflictions.

**25. W.** Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee, Ps. lxxiii. 25.

What wonderful language is this! Absorbed into the love of God, finding the deepest satisfaction in him, the only light and joy of life.

**26. T.** But God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever, Ps. lxxiii. 25.

Aspiration after the life and love of God. This is to the heart a comfort and a reliance indispensable.

**27. F.** Surely every man walketh in a vain show, Ps. xxxix. 6.

Want of insight into the meaning of things: it is amidst shadows that we live. We live, and know not what it is to live; we suffer, and know not wherefore.

**28. S.** Surely they are disquieted in vain, Ps. xxxix. 6.

They do not penetrate beneath the surface to the meaning of life. There is a charm, a glory in life which they never reach or perceive.

**29. Sun.** For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? John iv. 20.

Many seem to be good men God-ward who are not good man-ward: who are not calm, kind, and loving, but passionate, self-conceited, sour, and disagreeable.

**30. M.** Hatred, variance, wrath, strife, Gal. v. 20.

Men are cruel, hard, over-reaching, unjust: sometimes despoil another of property, or his fame, or good name.

1. Tu. Be pitiful, be courteous, 1 Pet. iii. 8.  
 A person of real kindness, forgetful of himself, of real delicacy, considerate of others: a true Christian.

2. W. So the last shall be first, and the first last, Matt. xx. 16.  
 In lowly position, their toil, patient exertion, disinterestedness, unwearied patience, unrecorred till the words of Christ are fulfilled.

3. T. The world cannot hate you, but Me it hateth, because I testify of it that the works thereof are evil, John vii. 7.  
 Because Christ was a teacher, a censor, and a reformer: they after condemned the religion and morals of society, and they were hated.

4. F. But speaking the truth in love, Eph. iv. 15.  
 That is the way in which truth can be rightly spoken. Truth when shining with its purest lustre is invested with the soft and transparent veil of love.

5. S. May grow up into Him in all things, Eph. iv. 15.  
 How you speak, and not give offence. When love is in the heart you can say anything. That was the key of the mystery.

6. Sun. But we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth, 2 Cor. xiii. 8.  
 Truth is not ours to bandy about at pleasure; but it is an eternal law to bind us for ever. So should we say as Paul does.

7. M. Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, Ps. xxxvii. 1.  
 Impatience, fretting, a state of mind common and indefensible. Your sermon is all true: it has not touched me. My sin is impatience.

8. Tu. Fret not thyself in anywise to do evil, Ps. xxxvii. 8.  
 It is doing evil to fret ourselves in any wise. Impatience is an offence against the whole order of Providence. Impatience is a miserable and mean defeat.

9. W. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him, Ps. xxxvii. 7.  
 The remedy for impatience is submission to the will of God. In the thought that God is love, comfort and calmness come.

10. T. And he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city, Prov. xvi. 32.  
 A man may rule an empire, and yet not govern himself: he who has an even temper, and gentle patience with himself and others, has an everyday greatness.

11. F. Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, Heb. xi. 25.  
 The renunciation of selfishness, the preferring of godliness cost what it may, was a noble principle to act upon.

12. S. Than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, Heb. xi. 25.  
 You can do without pleasures or wealth; but you cannot do without truth, integrity, inward peace, and God.

13. Sun. For he had respect unto the recompense of reward, Heb. xi. 25.  
 What is that? It is the right that a noble soul seeks: it is the true, the just, the lovely; it is disinterestedness: it is Christianities.

14. M. Be of good cheer, John xvi. 33.  
 Amid sorrow, desertion, rejection, and crucifixion, the grandeur of a power to lift our sin-burdened and despairing humanity to courage and heavenly bliss and peace.

15. Tu. Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, John xiv. 27.  
 How remarkable, how touching these words! all around trouble to himself and his disciples, and yet how true to all who trust him!

16. W. Come unto Me, all that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, Matt. xi. 28.  
 Amidst a life of desertion and denial he offers rest inwardly and peace and the offer has been tested by millions, and found true. Only in Christ can you find repose.

17. T. I have meat to eat that ye know not of, John iv. 32.  
 Amidst hunger and distress, poverty and privation; in all time of our want and wealth, weariness and wandering, Lord evermore give us this bread.

18. F. Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect, Matt. v. 48.  
 We should aim at the highest, and ever strive to reach it. Christ says it is attainable, and we must ever strive after it.

19. S. Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said, One thing thou lackest, Mark x. 21.  
 Why did Christ love him? What had he, and what did he lack? The loftiness, the glory of life lies in this decision for the right, for Christ.

20. Sun. I am small and despised, Ps. cxlix. 141.  
 To be disregarded, to be held as of no account, is felt to be a hard condition. Yet the poor are rich in faith, and the lowly are lifted to glory and honour.

21. M. Now are we the sons of God, 1 John iii. 2.  
 A grand outline is struck out for us; but how little of it is filled up! Learning, aspiration, and progress are the life of life.

22. Tu. Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps, 1 Pet. ii. 21.  
 Christ's sufferings were mysterious and superhuman in this leaving us an example. We are to imitate and follow him.

23. W. But was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin, Heb. iv. 15.  
 Such an example must be intelligible. He was tried, tempted, in all points as we are; and that was meant for our imitation.

24. T. This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent, John vi. 29.  
 Accepting Christ is a reverent and affectionate recognition of him. The work of God in the soul—the highest, the divinest—is the hearty way of loving Christ.

25. F. I am the bread of life, John vi. 35.  
 Christ would reign over, and be the King in such a sense that the highest personal allegiance to him, and a drawing of all spiritual life and power from him, would be the true distinctive character of the Christian.

26. S. Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, 2 Cor. v. 17.  
 To be in Christ. The Christ-life in the soul is a new life; new motives, power, patience, and now victory.

27. Sun. What? Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, 1 Cor. vi. 19.  
 The noblest stage of Christian life is reached when a man has learnt to care for himself, because he belongs to Christ, and is a subject of the kingdom of God.

28. M. Knowing that tribulation worketh patience, Rom. v. 3.  
 Paul set an example of this when in prison at Philippi, his back bruised and sore from the stripes he had received.

29. Tu. I was dumb with silence, I held my peace even from good, Ps. xxxix. ii.  
 "With silence ever as their benedictions  
 God's angels come,  
 When the shadow of a great affliction  
 The soul sits dumb."

30. W. That ye may approve things that are excellent, Phil. i. 10.  
 A spirit of discernment is required from us, to prove what course it would be right for us to take in difficulties; sincerity and blamelessness essential.

31. T. For all the promises of God in Him are Yea, and in Him Amen, unto the glory of God by us, 2 Cor. i. 20.  
 Life is a promise and a hope. Christ in you is your realisation of the promise. The promises of God are not to be performed: they are already.



Camberwell, Wyndham-road ... ..	...
Camden-road, Upper Holloway ... ..	...
Camden-town, Great College-street ... ..	...
Castle-street, Oxford-street (Welsh) ... ..	W. Jones, 23, Rochester-terrace, Camden-road
Catford Hill ... ..	T. Greenwood, Lachaire, Stanstead-road, Forest-hill
Chadwell Heath ... ..	D. Taylor, 87, New-road, Commercial-road, E.
Chadwell-street, St. John-street-road. TH. ... ..	J. Hazelton, 87, Chapel-street, Pentonville
Chelsea, Lower Sloane-street. TH. ... ..	W. H. J. Page, 20, Shawfield-street, King's-road, Chelsea
Chiswick ... ..	W. E. Lynn, Chiswick, W.
Clapham, Grafton-square. W. ... ..	R. Webb, 10, Grafton-square, Clapham, S.W.
" Courland-grove. TH. ... ..	T. Chivers, 61, Larkhall-lane S.W.
" Wirtemberg-street ... ..	H. Hall, Manor-street, Clapham
" Weymouth-road ... ..	J. Maxham
Clapton, The Downs ... ..	T. V. Tymms, 224, Evering-road, Upper Clapton, E.
Clapton-park ... ..	...
Commercial-road ... ..	J. Fletcher, 322, Commercial-road, E.
Cranford ... ..	...
Crayford ... ..	E. M. Le Riche, Crayford, Kent
Crouch-hill ... ..	H. Dowson, 12, Mount Pleasant-villas, Crouch Hill
Croydon, Tamworth-road ... ..	J. Willis, 56, Croydon Grove
" West ... ..	J. A. Spurgeon, 33, White Horse-road, Croydon
" Derby-road ... ..	T. Thurston, Croydon, S.E.
Dalston, Queen's-road. TH. ... ..	W. Miall, 71, Richmond-road, Dalston
" Forest-road ... ..	...
" Junction. TH. ... ..	W. H. Burton, 83, Farleigh-road, Stoke Newington
Dartford ... ..	A. Sturge, 1, Highfield-villas, Dartford
Deptford, Florence-place ... ..	J. S. Anderson 171, Manor-road, New Cross, S.E.
" Midway, Lower-road. W. ... ..	F. Joseph, 82, Barkworth-road, S.E.
" Octavius-street ... ..	D. Honour, 5, Alpha-road, New Cross
Devonshire-square, Kingsland-road ... ..	G. H. Ellis, 98, Foulden-road, Stoke Newington
Dulwich, Lordship-lane ... ..	T. Pegg, 4, Palmerston-terrace, Dulwich
Ealing, Dean ... ..	A. Fergusson, 118, Argyle-road, Castle-hill
" Haven-green ... ..	C. Clarke, Ealing-common, W.
East London Tabernacle ... ..	A. G. Brown, 22, Bow-road, E.
East-road, City-road ... ..	W. Waite
Edmonton, Lower ... ..	D. Russell, 8, Queen's-road-villas, Lower Edmonton
Eldon-street, Finsbury (Welsh). W. ... ..	W. Jones, 44, Church-street, Rotherhithe
Enfield ... ..	G. W. White, Sydney-road, Enfield
" Highway ... ..	A. F. Brown, 3, Franklyn-villas, Ordnance-road
Esher ... ..	J. L. Thompson, Esher
Finchley, North-end ... ..	J. Chadwick, Accrington House, North Finchley, N.
" East-end ... ..	R. R. Finch, 21, Station-road, Finchley, N.
Finsbury-park ... ..	...
" Gillespie-road ... ..	J. Whitteridge, 16, Union-square, New North-road
Foot's Cray ... ..	G. Simmonds, Foot's Cray
Forest-gate ... ..	J. H. French, 94, Osborne-road, E.
Forest-hill ... ..	J. C. Foster
Fulham-road ... ..	A. Brandon, 5, Camera-street, Chelsea
Goodman's Fields, Mill-yard (Seventh Day) ... ..	W. M. Jones, Chapel House, Mill-yard, E.
Goswell-hall, Goswell-street ... ..	R. May, 27, Barbican
Goswell-street-road, Charles-street. W. ... ..	P. Gast, 12, Noel-street, Islington
Gower-street. TH. ... ..	...
Greenwich, Lewisham-road. W. ... ..	A. C. Gray, 5, Circus-street, Greenwich
" South-street ... ..	C. Spurgeon, 16, The Circus, Greenwich
Gunnersbury ... ..	W. Frith, The Manse, Gunnersbury
Hackney, Mare Street. TH. ... ..	S. R. Aldridge, L.L.B., 130, Graham-road, Dalston
" Oval ... ..	H. Myerson, 96, Bonner-road, Victoria-park
" Hampden Chapel, Lauriston-road ... ..	John Hillman, 19, St. Thomas's-road, South Hackney
Hackney-road, Shoreditch Tabernacle ... ..	W. Cuff, Lordship-road, S.E.
Hammersmith, West end ... ..	W. Page, B.A., Upper Mall, Hammersmith, W.
" Avenue-road (Union) ... ..	C. Graham, 2, Loftus-road, Shepherd's Bush
Hampstead. TH. ... ..	W. Brock, 16, Ellerdale-road, Hampstead
" New-end. W. ... ..	J. Foreman, 10, New-court, Farringdon-street, E.C.
" Child's-hill ... ..	W. Rickard, Homelea, Child's Hill
Hanwell (Union) ... ..	G. R. Lowden, Hanwell, W.
Harlington ... ..	J. S. Wyard, Harlington
Harrow-on-the-Hill ... ..	H. H. Pullen
Harrow, Station-end ... ..	...
Harrow-road ... ..	J. Munns, 79, Harrow-road, W.
" St. Peter's-park ... ..	J. M. Cox, 63, Elgin-road, St. Peter's-park, W.
Hendon ... ..	G. D. Hooper, Sunny-gardens, Hendon
Hennietta-street, Brunswick-square. TH. ... ..	W. T. Taylor, 200, Euston-road, N.W.
Highbury-hill ... ..	W. H. King, 88, Drayton-park, Highbury
Highgate, Southwood-lane. TH. ... ..	J. H. Barnard, North-hill, Highgate
Highgate-hill-road ... ..	J. Stephens, M.A., 4, Dartmouth-park-road, N.W.

Hill-street, Dorset-square. w.	...	G. W. Shepherd, 7, Acacia-road, St. John's Wood
Holborn, Kingsgate-street. w.	...	T. Henson, 43, Richmond-terrace, Clapham-road
Holloway, Upper ...	...	J. R. Wood, 56, St. John's-park, Holloway, N.
" Wedmore-street, TH.	...	H. Bolton, 10A, Sebbon-road, N.
Woodberry Down... ..	...	W. R. Skerry, 12, Woodberry-grove, N.
Homerton-row. TH. ....	...	J. Bennett, 39, Groombridge-road, E.
Hornsey, Campsbourne-road	...	J. S. Bruce, 9, Campsbourne-road, N.
" Crouch-end ... ..	...	
Hornsey Rise ... ..	...	
" Sunnyside Road ... ..	...	F. M. Smith, Miranda-road, Hornsey Rise
Hounslow, Zoar ... ..	...	J. Curtis, Ealing, W.
" Providence Chapel ... ..	...	E. B. Pearson, Staines-road, Hounslow
Hoxton, High Street. TH. ....	...	W. J. Orsman, Milton House, Shacklewell
" Norton-street ... ..	...	
Ilford... ..	...	J. Young, 3, Hainault-street, E.
Islington, Providence-place. w.	...	P. Reynolds, 3, Hainault-street, E.
" Copenhagen-street ... ..	...	J. Bennett, 40, Albion-grove, N.
" Cross-street. F. ....	...	F. A. Jones, 26, Quadrant-road, Canonbury
" Baxter-street ... ..	...	A. Bax, 4, Park-lane, Stoke Newington
James-street, St. Luke's ... ..	...	E. J. Farley, 59, City-road, E.C.
John-street, Bedford row... ..	...	W. Norris
John-street, Edgware-road ... ..	...	J. O. Fellowes, 14, Priory-park-road, Kilburn
Kensington, Hornorton-street ... ..	...	J. Hawes, 5, Edwardes-place, Kensington
Kensington-park-road ... ..	...	R. G. Edwards, 103, Oxford-road, Stepany
Kentish-town, Hawley-road ... ..	...	E. White, 3, Tufnell-park, Holloway
" Basset-street ... ..	...	M. H. Wilkin, Hampstead, N.W.
Keppel-street, Russell-square. TH.	...	W. J. Styles, 27, Colledge-street, Islington, N.
Kilburn, Canterbury-road ... ..	...	J. Lewis
" Queen's-park ... ..	...	T. Hall, Chippenham-gardens, Kilburn-park, N.W.
Kingston-on-Thames ... ..	...	G. Wright, Kingston
Lambeth, Regent-street. TH....	...	T. C. Page, 92, Newington-butts, S.E.
Langham-place, Regent-street. w.	...	J. Adams, 68, Lisson-grove, W.
Lee, Bromley-road ... ..	...	
" High-road ... ..	...	T. Foston, 41, Blessington-road, Lee, S.E.
Lessness-heath, Kent ... ..	...	
Lewisham, College-park... ..	...	W. Hazelton, 2, Albert-villas, S.E.
Leyton-manor-road ... ..	...	J. S. Morris, 5, Bridgewater-terrace, Leyton
Leytonstone ... ..	...	J. Bradford, Hainault-terrace, Leytonstone
Little Wild-street. TH. ....	...	G. Hatton, 12, Ampton-place, Regent-square
Loughton ... ..	...	W. H. Vivian, Loughton
Malden, New ... ..	...	S. H. Moore, Cambridge-house, Malden
Millwall ... ..	...	J. Warner
Mintern-street, Dorchester-hall... ..	...	W. Crowhurst, 23, Balmes-terrace, De Beauvoir-town
New-cross, Brockley-road ... ..	...	J. T. Wigner, Breakspear-road, St. John's, S.E.
New North-road, Wilton-street ... ..	...	W. Flack, 187, Church-road
New Southgate ... ..	...	D. Gracey, Severn-villa, New Southgate
Norwood, Westow-hill TH. ....	...	S. A. Tipple, Hamlet-road, Upper-Norwood
" Gipsy-road ... ..	...	J. Hobbs, Hawke-road, Norwood [Norwood
" Chatworth-road ... ..	...	W. F. Gooch, St. Stephen's-villas, Chatsworth-rd., Lower
Notting-hill TH....	...	
" St. James's-square ... ..	...	W. T. Moore, M.A., 42, Lansdowne-road
" Norland Chapel ... ..	...	W. J. Weatherhead, 26, Richmond-gardens, W.
" Kensington-place ... ..	...	
Old Kent-road ... ..	...	
Paddington, Church-street. w.	...	R. P. Cook, 32, Grove-road, N.W.
" Praed-street ... ..	...	
Peckham, Edith-road ... ..	...	S. J. Cole, 28, Hollydale-road, Peckham
" Park road ... ..	...	T. Harley, 15, St. John's-villas, East Dulwich
" James's-grove ... ..	...	
" Heaton-road ... ..	...	
" Rye-lane. W... ..	...	J. T. Briscoe, 19, St. John's-villas, East Dulwich Green
" Gordon-road ... ..	...	T. H. Court, 34, King's-road, S.E.
" Norfolk-street... ..	...	T. W. Cave, Finsbury College, City-road
Peckham-road ... ..	...	C. M. Day, 2, Eldon-villas, Peckham [rye, S.E.
Peckham-rye, Underhill-road. TH.	...	W. J. May, 3, Minard-villas, Hindman's-road, Peckham.
" Barry-road ... ..	...	A. J. Grant
Pekin-street, Limehouse ... ..	...	F. C. Holden, 18, Malmesbury-road, E.
Penge, Maple-road ... ..	...	J. W. Bond, Penge, S.E.
Pimlico, Westbourne-street. w...	...	J. Parnell, 25, Trigan-terrace, S.W.
" Princess-row. TH. ....	...	J. Hand, 27, Pulross-road, Brixton, S.W.
Pinner ... ..	...	W. Stakes
Plumstead ... ..	...	
" Conduit-street ... ..	...	G. E. Arnold, Woodville, Welling, Kent
Ponder's-end ... ..	...	A. J. Cotton, Napier-road, Ponder's-end
Poplar, Cotton-street ... ..	...	
" Folkstone-terrace. TH....	...	
" High-street, Bethel. TU.	...	H. F. Noyes, 8, Grove-villas, E.

Poplar, Brunswick-road ... ..	W. T. Lambourne, 2, Avenue road, Bow, E.
Potter's Bar... ..	...
Putney, Wenter-road ... ..	W. Thomas, 119, Disraeli-road
"    (Union) ... ..	R. A. Redford, M.A., Park Lodge, Wandsworth-lane, Putney, S.E.
Regent's-park, late Diorama ... ..	D. Davies, 14, Regent's-park-terrace
Richmond, Duke-street ... ..	J. H. Cooke, 6, Spring-terrace, Richmond, S.W.
"    The Baths ... ..	...
"    Rehoboth ... ..	...
Romford ... ..	J. M. Steven, Romford
Shepherd's-bush, Bolingbroke-road ... ..	W. P. Williamson, 11, Gordon-place, W.
"    Oakland Chapel (Union) ... ..	W. Sanders, 5, Percy-road, Shepherd's-bush, W.
Shooter's-hill-road ... ..	R. Chettlebrough, 11, Langton-terrace, S.E.
Shouldham-street TH. ... ..	...
Soho Chapel, Oxford-street. W. ... ..	J. Box, Denbigh-villas, Grove-lane, Camberwell
Speldhurst-road, South Hackney ... ..	C. W. Baul's, 9, Banbury-road, Hackney
Spitalfields, German Church ... ..	...
St. John's Wood, Abbey-road... ..	W. Stott, 16, Abbey-road, St. John's Wood
Stepney, Wellesley-street ... ..	T. Stead, 21, Gardom-street, Commercial-road
Stockwell ... ..	E. Maclean, 3, Burnley-road, Stockwell
Stoke Newington ... ..	G. H. Malins, Bouverie-road
Stratford grove. TH. ... ..	J. Banfield, 1, Keogh-road, Water-lane, Stratford
Stratford, Gurney-road ... ..	J. H. Lynn, 5, Osborne-road, Forest-gate
Streatham ... ..	...
Sutton, Surrey ... ..	J. M. Bergin, Sutton, Surrey
Tottenham, High-road. TH. ... ..	R. Wallace, Chapel House
"    Wood-green ... ..	...
"    West-green ... ..	G. Turner, West-green, Tottenham, N.
Twickenham ... ..	E. H. Brown, 14, Apsley-villas, Twickenham
"    St. Margaret's ... ..	J. Durden, 1, Flodden-villas, Twickenham
Upper Tooting, Nottingham-road ... ..	S. B. Rees, Broderick-road, Upper Tooting, S.W.
Lower Tooting ... ..	A. E. Seddon, 25, Edith-road, Peckham
Vauxhall, Kennington-lane ... ..	J. T. Malyon
Victoria-park, Grove-road. W... ..	W. J. Inglis, 10, Penschurst-road, South Hackney
Victoria Dock ... ..	J. Foster, Linton House, Plaistow, E.
Waltham Abbey ... ..	W. Jackson, The Manse, Paradise-row, Waltham Abbey
Walthamstow, Wood-street ... ..	H. Varley, Prospect-hill, E.
"    Boundary-road ... ..	T. Breewood, 11, Albert-terrace, Pembroke-road, Walthamstow
"    March-street ... ..	H. Dunkley, 74, London-road, Clapton
"    Zion ... ..	J. Copeland
Walworth, East-street TH. ... ..	W. Alderson, 120, Boyson-road, Walworth
"    Arthur-street. W. ... ..	S. H. Akehurst, 49, Denmark-road, Peckham, S.E.
"    Road. TH. ... ..	W. J. Mills, 75, Grosvenor-park, S.E.
"    York-street ... ..	...
Wandsworth, East-hill ... ..	...
"    Chatworth-road ... ..	J. Clarke, 2, Stanley-villas, Wandsworth, S.W.
"    Chatham-road ... ..	C. E. Stone, 148, Bridge-road
"    Meyrick-road ... ..	J. Bonney, Beach Lawn, Guildford
Wandsworth-road ... ..	E. Henderson, 57, Lillieshall-road, Clapham, S.W.
West Drayton ... ..	...
West Ham Park, East-road ... ..	J. Wilkinson
Westminster, Romney-street TH. ... ..	J. Hutchison, 35, Reedworth-street, S.E.
Whitechapel, Commercial-street. TH. ... ..	W. T. Adey, 10, Victoria Park-road, South Hackney, E.
Willesden ... ..	J. Davies, Willesden
Wimbledon ... ..	C. Ingre, 25, Courthope-villas, Wimbledon
Wood Green ... ..	J. L. Bennett, 2, Queen's-villas, N.
Woolwich ... ..	...
"    Elm-grove-street ... ..	J. Murphy
"    High-street. W. ... ..	W. K. Squirrell, 95, Taunton-road, S.E.
"    Queen-street. TU. ... ..	T. Jones, 5, Unity-place, Samuel-street, Woolwich
"    Anglesea-road. TU. ... ..	...
"    Parson's-hill... ..	J. Wilson, 24, North Kent-terrace, Woolwich

\*. \* In the event of change of residence, Ministers will oblige by forwarding an early notice.

## CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.	PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.
Armley, Leeds,	W. Sumner,	Hull	Birmingham,	G. West,	South Shields
Aberdylais,	E. James,	Haverfordwest College	Barking, E.	T. Carter,	Pastors' College
Addlestone,	R. Shindlen,	Kington	Brandon, J.	Sage,	Mildenhall
America, T. N. Smith,	Monk's Kirby	[Mare	Bournemouth,	Westbourne,	W. J. Scott, Hove
Barrow-in-Furness,	J. R. Russell,	Weston-super-	Boxmoor, M. Hudson,	Wigan	
Beeston Hill,	J. S. Whitaker,	Rochdale	Briercliffe,	J. Lee,	Idle, near Bradford

PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.	PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.
Bridlington,	W. J. Hunter,	Rawdon College	Regent's Park,	D. Davies,	Weston-super-Mare
Barnes,	C. B. Chapman,	Alperton	John Street,	Bedford Row,	W. Norris
Boston,	R. Pursey,	Pastors' College	Berkeley Road,	N.W.,	G. Scudamore,
Bacup,	F. Overend,	Oldham, King Street	Wood Green,	W. W. Haines,	St. Leonard's
Brentford,	J. S. Hockey,	Camberwell	Sydenham,	J. C. Foster,	Braintree
Canterbury,	W. Townsend,	Enfield	Loughborough,	R. M. Julian,	Nottingham College
Chesterfield,	A. H. Smith,	Comingsby	Maesteg,	E. E. Lovell,	Bristol College
Cloughfold,	J. Smith,	Chatham	Milton,	Oxford,	G. W. Davidson,
Christchurch,	L. Battersby,	Westbourne, Bourne-	Norwich,	G. Pusey,	Rushden
mouth			Northampton,	A. B. Middleditch,	Nottingham
Chatteris,	Cambs, T. H. Smith,	Haddenham	College		
Caxton,	Cambs, H. G. Stembridge,	Regent's Park	Newton Abbott,	S. Lyne,	Chenies
College			Newton,	Montgomeryshire,	J. Mostyn,
Chatham,	Clover Street,	T. Hancocks,	Newport,	Isle of Wight,	H. J. Tressider,
Tunbridge			Merriott		
Clifton,	H. Waight,	Manchester	Crewkerne		
Dunoon,	R. C. Sowerby		Nottingham,	O. D. Campbell,	Edinburgh
Derby,	W. F. Harris,	Chesterfield	Oldham,	W. F. Edgerton,	Gamlingay
Evesham,	J. L. Cooper,	Wells	Oswaldtwistle,	D. J. Jones,	Manchester
Emsworth,	A. W. Leighton Barker,	Niton, Isle of	Over,	Cambs, J. Morling,	St. Neots
Wight			Penzance,	S. Mann,	Reading
Elgin,	R. E. Glendenning,	Pastors' College	Potter's Bar,	J. Dupee,	Pastors' College
Earl Soham,	A. K. Davidson,	Chipping Sodbury	Pentreystrad,	E. Aubrey,	Ogmore Vale
East Dereham,	G. H. Kemp,	Langham	Pinner,	W. Stokes,	Winchester
Glasgow,	Queen's Park,	S. D. Landels,	Ramsey,	N. Heath,	Gravesend
London			Romsey,	J. Smith,	Pastors' College
Gravesend,	F. Tuck,	Pastors' College	Rugby,	A. Morgan,	Regent's Park College
Galashields,	H. Gray,	West Hartlepool	Rhondda Valley,	Dr. Davies,	Treorkey
Great Missenden,	S. H. Case,	Abingdon	Rhyrnu,	G. Griffiths,	Llangollen College
Helmsden,	W. Thomas,	St. Leonard's	Reading,	Carey Street,	J. H. Tuckwell,
Heptonstall Slack,	J. Hubbard,	Barlestone	Stockton-on-Tees,	T. L. Edwards,	Luton
Huddersfield,	F. J. Benskin,	Reading	Shipleigh,	J. Whitaker,	Bourton-on-Water
Harrow-on-the-Hill,	H. H. Fullen,	Pastors' College	Stevenage,	H. Channer,	Sutton-on-Trent
Hanley,	Staffs, J. M. Wilson,	Manchester College	Sutton,	J. Harper,	Bramley
Keynsham,	W. Mann,	South Africa	St. Leonard's,	J. Penny,	Clifton
Knighton,	Hereford, H. Thomas,	Builth, Wales	Southend,	F. R. Bateman,	Pastors' College
Kirton,	Lindsay, W. Goacher,	Milton, near	Sandhurst,	L. Llewellyn,	Shrewsbury
Chipping Norton			Sandown,	F. J. Feltham,	Winslow
Leominster,	W. H. Purchase,	Isle of Wight	Shoreham,	J. Briggs,	Pastors' College
Long Eaton,	W. Wood,	Orriisa	Smalley and Kilbourne,	E. Hilton,	Heanor
Llanwenarth,	T. H. Williams,	Haverfordwest	Trowbridge,	J. Butlin,	Leamington
College			Todmorton,	W. L. Stevensen,	Isleham
Lee,	T. Foston,	Shipleigh	Totnes,	W. R. Bowman,	B.A., Cheshunt College
London			Tyldesley,	J. Lloyd,	Rhosddu
Peckham Park Road,	T. Harley,	Bedford Row,	Walton,	T. Evans,	Milford
London			Walsall,	G. Barran,	Bridlington
John Street,	Edgware Road,	C. A. Fellowes,	Yeovil,	S. Newman	
Keynsham			Yarmouth,	Great, T. B. Curry,	Pastors' College
Commercial Road,	W. T. Adey,	Scarborough			

## NEW CHAPELS.

Allerton.	Great Marlow.	Sutton.
Broadclyst.	Gosport.	Stalham.
Bristol, Stapleton Road.	Hereford, Founhope.	Teddington.
Crawley.	Langton.	Toddington.
Crewe.	Menai Bridge.	Tunbridge Wells.
Coventry.	Northampton.	Waterlooville.
Dunfermline.	Peckham.	Woburn.
Georgeham.	Putney.	

## COLLEGES.

**BRISTOL.**—Founded 1770. President and Theological Tutor, Rev. J. Culross, D.D.; Secretary, Rev. R. Glover. Treasurer, E. S. Robinson, Esq. Number of Students, seventeen.

**BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION, BRIGHTON GROVE (Manchester).**—Founded June, 1866. President and Tutor, Rev. E. Parker, D.D., General Literature, Rev. J. T. Marshall, M.A. Treasurers, George Shepherd, Esq., and William Watson, Esq., Hon. Secretaries, Rev. J. Harvey, Rev. F. Ovenend, Number of Students, seventeen.

**RAWDON (near Leeds).**—Founded at Bradford, 1804; removed to Rawdon, 1859. President, Rev. T. G. Rooke, LL.B. Classical Tutor, Rev. W. Medley, M.A. Treasurer, John Barran, Esq., M.P., Leeds. Secretaries, Rev. J. Barker, Rev. C. W. Skemp. Number of Theological Students, twenty-four.

**REGENT'S PARK.**—Founded 1810. Number of Students, Forty-one. President, Rev. J. Angus, D.D. Classical Tutor, Rev. S. W. Green, M.A. Mathematical Tutor, Rev. Dr. Newth. Treasurer, E. R. Underhill, Esq., LL.B. Secretary, Rev. G. W. Fishbourne.

**PONTYPOOL.**—President, Rev. W. Edwards, B.A. Founded 1807; removed to Pontypool, 1836. Students, nineteen. Theology, Rev. D. Thomas, B.A. Treasurer, D. Davies, Esq. Secretary, Rev. T. Lewis.

**Haverfordwest.**—Founded 1830. Students, twenty-one. President, Rev. T. Davies, D.D. Classical and Mathematical Tutor, Rev. T. W. Davies, B.A. Secretary, Rev. James Jenkins. Treasurer, Richard Cory, Esq. The College Term begins on the Third Wednesday in November, and ends on the First Wednesday in September.

**NOTTINGHAM.**—Instituted in 1797, Nottingham; removed to Chilwell, 1861; removed to Nottingham, 1883. Present number of Students, fifteen. Theological Tutor and President, Rev. T. Goadby, B.A. Secretary, Rev. W. Evans, Leicester. Treasurer, Mr. T. W. Marshall, Bankhouse, Loughborough.

**PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.**—Instituted at Camberwell, 1856; removed to Tabernacle, 1861; and to College-buildings, Temple-street, Southwark, 1874. President, C. H. Spurgeon; Vice-President, Rev. J. A. Spurgeon; Lecturer on Natural Science, Rev. F. Cheshire; Tutors, Revs. A. Ferguson, D. Gracey, and F. G. Marchant. Tutors of Evening Classes, Mr. Bowers and Mr. S. Johnson. Secretary, Rev. C. H. Thomas. Present number of Students, 110. Students in the Evening Classes, 300. Amount required annually, £7,000.

**LLANGOLLEN, OR NORTH WALES.**—Instituted at Llangollen, 1862. Present number of Students, sixteen. President and Classical Tutor, Rev. G. Davies, B.A. Treasurer, Thomas Hughes, Esq., Vrondeg, Llangollen. Secretary, Rev. H. C. Williams.

**SCOTLAND.**—THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION (in connection with the Baptist Union of Scotland—formerly connected with the Association). Instituted 1856. Number of Students, thirteen. Theological Tutors, Rev. J. Coats, M.A., A. Wylie, M.A., O. Flett, and Dr. Culross (taking Bib. Criticism and Exegesis, Systematic Theology, Apologetic, Church History, Pastoral Theology, and Homiletics). During the winter months the Students take the Art Classes in a Scotch University. The Theological Session is for two months during the summer. Candidates for the Institution to apply to Rev. Oliver Flett, Paisley, Convener of Committee.

*Note.*—The number of Students, as mentioned above, may not be the exact number the institutions are capable of receiving, the number not being always filled up.

The Colleges named (except the Pastors' College) are entitled to give certificates, qualifying for matriculation at the University of London; and many of the students have already taken degrees and honours there.

## RELIGIOUS AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

**BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**—Joseph Tritton, Esq., Treasurer; Hon. Sec. Dr. E. B. Underhill, A. H. Baynes, Esq., F.S.S., Secretary; Association Secretary, Rev. J. B. Myers. Mission House, 19, Castle-street, Holborn.

**YOUNG MEN'S BAPTIST MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION** is in aid of the Baptist Missionary Society, by forming Sunday-school and other Juvenile Auxiliaries. President, H. M. Bompas, Esq., Q.C. Treasurer, A. H. Baynes, Esq., F.R.G.S. Secretary, Mr. Holliday, 19, Castle-street, Holborn.

**GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY** was formed in 1816, to carry on Missionary work on the principles of the New Connection of General Baptists. Treasurer, W. B. Bembridge, Esq., Ripley. Secretary, Rev. W. Hill, Derby.

**BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY** has for its object—"To aid in printing and circulating those translations of the Holy Scripture from which the British and Foreign Bible Society has withdrawn its assistance, on the ground that the words relating to the ordinance of Baptism have been translated by terms signifying immersion; and, further, to aid in producing and circulating other versions of the Word of God, similarly faithful and complete." Treasurer, E. B. Underhill, Esq., LL.D. Secretary, Rev. Alfred Powell, 19, Castle-street, Holborn.

**BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY** was formed to disseminate the truths of the Gospel by means of small treatises or tracts, in accordance with the subscribers' views, as Calvinists and Strict Communion Baptists. Treasurer, J. S. Macmaster, Esq. Secretary, Rev. G. Simmons. Editor, Rev. J. T. Briscoe. Depot, Castle-street, Holborn, W.C.

**BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY FOR SCOTLAND.** (Chiefly for the Highlands and Islands).—Formed, 1816. Object,—"The dissemination of the Gospel of Christ in Scotland." Hon. Treasurer, Charles Anderson, Esq., 21, Royal-terrace, Edinburgh. Hon. Secretary, Dr. Macnair, 65, Ferry-road, Leith. Superintendent, Rev. W. Tulloch, Glasgow; Collector, H. W. Hunter, Lasswade, Edinburgh. The General Committee consists of members of churches in the principal towns of Scotland. Twenty-four Missionaries are supported, in whole or in part, by this Society.

**BRITISH SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL AMONG THE JEWS.**—Formed 1842. Secretary, Rev. J. Dunlop. Offices, 96, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, W.C.



**BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY, SAILORS' INSTITUTE.**—Mercers'-street, Shadwell, E. Established 1818. Treasurer, Thomas Hankey, Esq. Secretary, Rev. E. W. Matthews. Over forty agents in home and foreign ports.

**BRITISH AND IRISH BAPTIST HOME MISSION.**—Office, 19, Castle-street, Holborn, W.C. Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth. Treasurer, Colonel Griffin.

**GENERAL BAPTIST HOME MISSION.**—President, Richard Johnson, Esq., Hitchin. Treasurer, T. H. Harrison, Esq., Greenhill, Derby. Secretary, Rev. J. Fletcher, 322, Commercial Road, E.

**BAPTIST UNION.**—The objects of this body are said to be—To extend brotherly love and union among those Baptist Ministers and Churches who agree in the sentiments usually denominated evangelical; to promote unity of exertion in whatever may best serve the cause of Christ in general, and the interests of the Baptist Denomination in particular; to obtain statistical information relative to the Baptist Churches and Institutions throughout the world; to prepare annual Reports of its Proceedings, and of the state of the Denomination. It fully recognises that "every separate church has within itself the power and authority to exercise all ecclesiastical discipline, rule and government, and to put into execution all the laws of Christ necessary to its own edification." The pastor of every Church connected with the Union is a representative *ex officio*; and every Church is entitled to appoint as representatives two of its Members. Every Association of Baptist Churches connected with the Union is entitled to appoint two representatives. Churches, Associations, and Ministers, are admitted on written application. Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth, 19, Castle-street, Holborn.

**2077 BAPTIST BUILDING FUND** assists by gifts, or loans without interest, in the building, enlargement, and repair of Baptist Chapels. Treasurer, James Benham, Esq., 50, Wigmore-street, W. Honorary Secretary, Mr. Alfred T. Bowser. Secretary, Rev. W. Bentley. Offices, 19, Castle-street, Holborn. Hon. Solicitor, S. Watson, Esq.

**THE GENERAL BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.**—Formed 1865. Treasurer, Charles Roberts, Esq., Jun. Peterboro'. Secretary, Rev. W. Bishop, Leicester.

**BAPTIST BUILDING FUND FOR WALES.**—This Fund was established, in connection with the commemoration in 1862 of the Ejected Ministers of 1862, to assist in paying for the Baptist Chapels of the Principality. Henry Lewis, Esq., Treasurer; Rev. J. G. Phillips, Hon. Secretary; with 24 Committee-men selected from all parts of the Principality.

**LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.**—Treasurer, T. Greenwood, Esq. Secretary, Mr. F. A. Jones. The object of this Association is the extension of the Denomination in the metropolis and its suburbs, the Committee having pledged themselves to build a Chapel every year.

**METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.**—President, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Treasurer, Mr. E. Bousted. Secretary, Rev. W. C. Jones. Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. Gregory. Trade Manager, Mr. C. Waters. The object of this Association—the increased circulation of religious literature—is carried out in a twofold manner; 1st. By means of colporteurs, whose whole time is devoted to the work, and who are paid by a fixed salary. 2nd. By book agents, who canvass for orders for periodicals, and supply them month by month; these receive a liberal percentage on the sales to remunerate them for their trouble.

**THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE FUND** is for the benefit of the Widows of Baptist Ministers, recommended by the contributors. Treasurer, J. H. Tritton, Esq., 54, Lombard-street. Secretary, Mr. Gilbert Bligh, 12, Castle-street, Holborn.

**THE SELECTION HYMN-BOOK FUND** is applied to the relief of Widows and Orphans of Baptist Ministers and Missionaries. Treasurer, J. H. Tritton, Esq., 54, Lombard-street. Secretary, Rev. W. G. Lewis, St. Albans.

**THE PARTICULAR BAPTIST FUND** is for the relief of Ministers and Churches, the Education of Ministers, and the presentation of books to Students and Ministers. Treasurers, T. Greenwood, Esq., Rev. S. H. Booth, and J. J. Smith, Esq. Secretary, Mr. R. Grace, 28, Bromar-road, Denmark Hill, S.E.

**THE BAPTIST WESTERN SOCIETY FOR AGED OR INFIRM BAPTIST MINISTERS,** for affording Ministerial relief, managed chiefly by residents in the Provinces. Treasurer, Rev. F. W. Gotch. Secretaries, Rev. G. W. Humphreys and Mr. G. Ashmead, 19, Small-street, Bristol.

**THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.**—Formed 1866. Object: "To aid the Ministers of both Sections of the Baptist Denomination with limited incomes, in the education of their children." Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth.

**GERMAN BAPTIST MISSION.**—Committee for the distribution of funds sent out from Great Britain. Pastor J. G. Oncken, Hamburg, Chairman; Mr. P. W. Rickel, Treasurer; Pastor Wiehler, of Reetz; Pastor Kemnitz, of Templin; Pastor Willms, of Ihrove; Pastor Beyebach, of Hersfeld. Mr. Harting, of Hamburg; Mr. Pielstick, of Hamburg, Secretary. Treasurer for Great Britain, Mr. M. H. Wilkin, Hampstead, N.W. Travelling Representative in Great Britain, Rev. F. H. Newton, 45, St. Marks-road, Leeds.

**WARD'S TRUST.**—John Ward, LL.D., Professor in Gresham College in 1754, left £1,200 Bank Stock for the education of two young men for the ministry at a Scotch University, preference being given to Baptists. Trustees, Rev. Dr. Angus, J. J. Smith, Esq., Joseph Tritton, Esq. Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth.

**THE BAPTIST UNION PASTORS' INCOME AUGMENTATION SOCIETY.**—Object: "The increase of the income of well-accredited pastors, according to the claim that may be presented, and the means that may be supplied." Treasurer, Mr. S. R. Pattison, 50, Lombard-street, London. Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth, 19, Castle-street, Holborn.

**BAPTIST TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.**—President, W. S. Caine, Esq., M.P. Treasurer, J. P. Meredith, Esq., Wandsworth. Hon. Secretary, Mr. James T. Sears, 232, Southampton-street, Camberwell, S.E. This Association was formed to utilize to the greatest advantage the Total Abstinence power existing in the churches of the Denomination.

## GENERAL SOCIETIES

### IN WHICH BAPTISTS ARE MORE OR LESS INTERESTED.

**AGED PILGRIM'S FRIEND SOCIETY.**—Asylum, Westmoreland-place, Peckham. Secretary, Mr. J. E. Hazeldon, 83, Finsbury-pavement. Treasurer, W. Heathfield, Esq.

**APPRENTICESHIP SOCIETY.**—Formed 1829. Secretary, Rev. J. Marchant. Office, Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street.

**ARMY SCRIPTURE READERS' AND SOLDIERS' FRIEND SOCIETY.**—Object: "To spread a saving knowledge of Christ amongst our soldiers, without denominationalism." President, General Sir A. J. Lawrence, K.C.B. Treasurer, V. G. M. Holt, Esq., Whitehall-place. Bankers, National Provincial Bank of England, 212, Piccadilly, W.C. Secretary, Rev. W. A. Blake. Hon. Secretary, Colonel Sandwith.

**ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN, Reedham, near Croydon.**—Instituted 1844. Treasurer, H. Spicer, Esq. Hon. Secretary, Rev. Thomas Aveling, D.D. Sub-Secretary, Mr. G. Stancliff. Office, 6, Finsbury-place, E.C.

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY, Normal School, Borough-road.**—Formed 1808. Treasurer, J. G. Barclay, Esq. Secretary, Rev. A. Bourne. Central School, Borough-road, S.E.

**HOME AND SCHOOL FOR THE SONS AND ORPHANS OF MISSIONARIES, Blackheath, S.E.**—Established 1842. Treasurer, H. W. Dobell, Esq., Jun. Hon. Secs., A. H. Baines, Esq., Rev. R. W. Thompson.

**INSTITUTE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF MISSIONARIES, Walthamstow, N.E.** Minute Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Pye Smith. Treasurer, T. Gardner, Esq., Buckhurst-hill.

**LADY HEWLEY'S CHARITY.**—Secretary, G. A. Crowder, Esq., 55, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

**MILL-HILL SCHOOL, Hendon, N.W.**—Treasurer, Thomas Scrutton, Esq. Hon. Secretary, Rev. R. H. Martin, B.A. Head-master, R. F. Weymouth, Esq., M.A., LL.D.

**ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, Haverstock-hill.**—Instituted 1785. Treasurer, J. K. Welch, Esq. Secretary, Mr. J. Finch. Office, 73, Cheapside.

**RAGGED CHURCH AND CHAPEL UNION.**—Object: "To raise funds to assist in providing buildings for places of worship on Sundays and general school purposes during the week, for the destitute poor of the Metropolis." Patron, the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury. President, Lord Edbury. Treasurer, A. Sperling, Esq. Secretary, Mr. W. A. Blake, 4, Trafalgar-square, W.C.

**RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.**—Formed 1799. Treasurer, G. Rawlings, Esq. Hon. Secretaries, the Rev. Canon Fleming and Rev. John Stoughton, D.D. Secretaries, Rev. Lewis Borrett White, M.A., and Rev. Dr. Green.

**ROBINSON'S RETREAT, Hackney.**—Built and endowed by the late Mr. S. Robinson, a member of the Independent Church then meeting at Founder's-hall, for twelve widows of Protestant Dissenting Ministers, eight of them being Independents, and four Baptists. Each widow has a separate set of apartments, and a pension of £13 per annum. Mr. Robinson also created a fund called "Robinson's Relief," from which annuities of £10 are paid to sixteen Independent and eight Baptist Ministers Trustees, Messrs. T. B. Woolley, E. Viney, E. C. Searle, and J. Carter.

**ROBINSON'S RELIEF FUND.**—For Calvinistic Ministers, Baptist or Independent, resident in England and Wales. Ebenezer Viney, Esq., Treasurer, Upper Norwood. Two-thirds are to be Independents and one-third Baptists. The grants are £10 per annum. The trustees are the same as for "Robinson's Retreat." Present number of recipients, thirty-two.

**STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE FOR FATHERLESS BOYS, Clapham-road, London, S.W.**—Trustees, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, James Stiff, Esq., H. Smith, Esq., B. W. Carr, Esq., C. F. Allison, Esq., William Olney, Esq., W. C. Murrell, Esq., Joseph Passmore, Esq., Thomas Olney, Esq., Master, Rev. V. J. Charlesworth. Secretary, Mr. F. G. Ladds. Fatherless boys between the ages of six and ten are received, irrespective of creed and locality, but sons of Baptist Ministers are considered specially by the Trustees. Applications giving full particulars, should be addressed in writing to the Secretary or Master.

**SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF AGED AND INFIRM PROTESTANT DISSIDENT MINISTERS.**—Formed 1818. Treasurer, P. Cadby, Esq. Secretary, Rev. G. Rogers, 117, Camberwell-road, S.E.

**SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF NECESSITOUS WIDOWS AND CHILDREN OF PROTESTANT DISSIDENT MINISTERS.**—Formed 1733. Treasurer, W. Edwards, Esq. Secretary, R. Grace, Esq.

MONTHLY TRACT SOCIETY, 5, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars; Secretary, Rev. G. D. Hooper.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 56, Old Bailey, E.C.—Formed 1803. Secretaries, Messrs. F. J. Hartley, J. E. Tresidder, and J. Towers. Trade Manager, Mr. Cauldwell.

TRINITARIAN BIBLE SOCIETY, 96, Newgate-street, E.C.—Secretary, Rev. E. W. Bullinger, D.D. Hon. Secretary, H. C. Nisbet, Esq.

## RECENT DEATHS.

1. REV. A. A. REES.—A popular preacher, the record of whose life is of a somewhat remarkable character, has passed away. The Rev. Arthur Augustus Rees was born at Carmarthen on February 22, 1815. The youngest of a family of eight, his term of instruction was only prolonged until the age of 13, when he was accepted as a first-class naval volunteer on board Her Majesty's ship *Wasb*, from which he was transferred to the *Donegal*. While acting as signal officer, want of promptitude in the performance of his duties called down upon him such a rebuke from the captain, that he resolved to terminate his connection with the ocean, and, having obtained an invalid's certificate, sailed for England. After a course of religious training, he received ordination from Bishop Malby in 1841, taking priest's orders in the following year. While acting as curate to the rector of Sunderland, some observations of a character not familiar to the ordinary attendants at churches having been reported, the bishop directed him to write out his sermons at full length, and prohibited him from preaching in any other church in the diocese than that to which he had been licensed. For a long succession of years he laboured at Bethesda Free Church in Tatham Street, with great success, his week-night services attracting a congregation numbering about four hundred. Some years ago he suffered from an attack of paralysis, and a second attack terminated fatally. A strong attachment existed between the deceased and Mr. Spurgeon. Mr. Rees was highly esteemed in Sunderland by numbers outside the circle of his own congregation, by all of whom he was greatly beloved. The interment took place in Bishopwearmouth Cemetery, and so large was the attendance of those who desired to show respect to the memory of the deceased, that the procession occupied more than half-an-hour in passing a given point. Amongst those present were Colonel Gourley, M.P., Mr. S. Storey, M.P., and most of the ministers of the borough. At the service in Bethesda Chapel, an address was delivered by Rev. Walter Hanson, secretary of the Northern Baptist Association; at the Cemetery, the Rev. W. A. Walton, Presbyterian minister, delivered an address, in which he said that, if they would write in one sentence Mr. Rees' epitaph, it would be "Faithful unto death."

2. REV. REES EVANS, formerly pastor of the Welsh Baptist Church, Stanhope Street, Liverpool, peacefully passed away early on the morning of June 6. He was born in August, 1823, and began to follow Jesus when very young. In 1843 he entered Haverfordwest College, and whilst there he proved himself successful as a student. He was an industrious worker, and industry prominently characterised him during the whole of his ministerial life. In 1846 he entered the ministry. He married in 1847, and a few years ago he lost by death a daughter whom he most dearly loved. Shortly after he received the sad news of the death of his son, who was wrecked off Cape Horn; and about two years ago his wife was taken from him. Ever since he has been ailing. The funeral took place on Monday, the 9th, when a large number of friends, including several of his brethren in the ministry, came together to pay the last earthly tribute of their esteem to him. At the house the Revs. R. Thomas, Bethel, read, and Rev. D. Price prayed. Then a *cortège* was formed, and walked two abreast towards Maes Hyfryd Cemetery, where the Rev. R. Thomas, Bethel, gave a short address in Welsh.

3. REV. W. A. DAVIES, pastor of the Baptist churches at Kegworth and Diseworth, near Derby, died on Sunday, September 7, after an illness of only twenty-four hours' duration. Mr. Davies was a native of Tredegar, where he joined the church when about seventeen years of age. In the year 1874 he entered the Baptist College at Brighton-grove, Manchester, and in August, 1879, he settled as pastor of the churches at Kegworth and Diseworth, where he laboured with much faithfulness, acceptance, and success for a little over five years. He was seized with violent pains about mid-day on Saturday, September 6th, and expired about half-past one o'clock on the following day. On Wednesday, the 10th, he was honourably buried by an affectionate and sorrowing people at their chapel in Kegworth. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. G. Stevenson, of Loughborough. Addresses were also delivered by the Rev. Mr. Yates, a former pastor of the churches at Kegworth and Diseworth, and by the Rev. J. Lewis, pastor of the church at Tredegar. Mr. Davies died in his 35th year.

4. REV. DANIEL DAVIES.—We have to announce the death on March 30, at Cardiff, at the early age of 29, of Rev. Daniel Davies. Mr. Davies was educated at Bristol College, and by way of preparation for the pastorate was engaged for some twelve months in evangelistic work in the neighbourhood of Bridgwater. Failing health obliged him at the close of a year to give up his ministerial labours. During a temporary improvement in health, with his natural energy and love of occupation, he took up literary work, his last engagement being on the work just published in part, "Thirty Thousand Thoughts," edited by Canon Spence and the Rev. J. S. Exell, and a "Life of Wycliffe," to be hereafter published. Mr. Davies was a young man of great promise, but that bane of our climate—consumption—brought him to an early grave. He was buried Thursday afternoon, April 3, in Treforest Cemetery, Pontypridd, the scene of his earliest years, when Revs. Dr. Roberts, J. Roberts, N. Thomas, and J. Williams took part in the service.

5. **REV. FRANCIS SMITH** who died February, 1884, aged 79, was born at Malta, January 4th, 1805, his father being in a Scotch regiment stationed there at the time. He spent the first ten years of his life in the island, and being a quick, promising child, was sought after by the Roman Catholic priests, who desired to gain possession of him and shape him to their ends. This, however, was resisted by his parents, who in 1815 came with their son to Scotland, and settled in Glasgow. Here, after a little time at school, he was placed with a printer, and learned the compositor's art, in which he became skilful—during this period not neglecting his studies, which he diligently pursued at a night school. It is not known exactly at what time or in what way he became a Christian; but early in life he joined the Primitive Methodists, and soon after became one of their ministers, and was on their circuits at Berwick, Halifax, and Newcastle. About the year 1836, and when a little over the age of thirty, he was led to change his views on the subject of baptism, and joined the General Baptist body. In 1853, at the instance of Dr. Burns, he settled at Downton, Wilts. Here the last thirty-one years of his life and ministry were passed. The General Baptist church at Downton dates from the period of the Commonwealth, and Mr. Smith found it in a low condition, and although it rallied a little for a time, he suffered much discouragement; and his inability, from increasing weakness, for the last two or three years, to take any active part in its service has tended to its increasing depression. He was seized with his third attack of paralysis, and after lingering a short time, departed in peace, happily exchanging the imperfections and infirmities of the present life for the repose of the pious dead. His interment took place on the 23rd of February, in the old burial-ground belonging to his chapel, the service being conducted by the minister of the second Baptist church, Rev. J. T. Collier, by whom previously, in the same ground, his wife and three of his sons had also been buried. He leaves one son, Mr. Frank Smith, who was educated for the ministry at Chhwell College, but who is now engaged in business at San Francisco, and an only daughter, who has been for some years his faithful nurse and companion.

6. **REV. WILLIAM WALTERS** died at his residence, Cullercoats, Northumberland, on Thursday, the 2nd October, after a long and painful illness. Mr. Walters was born at Pembroke Dock, Pembrokeshire, and was educated for the ministry at Haverfordwest and Bradford Colleges. He was successively pastor of churches at Preston; New Park-street, London; Trinity-road, Halifax; Berwick-street, Newcastle; and Aston-park, Birmingham; but was compelled to retire from the pastorate in 1880, through chronic rheumatism. A paper on "Baptist Principles and Religious Liberty," which Mr. Walters read before the Baptist Union during its autumnal session, at Cardiff, in 1867, was translated into Welsh by the Rev. J. Rhys Morgan, of Llanelly, and into German by Pastor Joseph Lehmann, of Berlin, and was republished in Nova Scotia and Canada. For some years Mr. Walters was the energetic secretary of the Northern Baptist Association, in which he rendered very valuable service, and during his residence in Birmingham, while strength would allow, he was secretary of the Midland Baptist Association. Among his published works are "Views of Life," "Claims of the Bible," "Lessons of Life," "Laws of Life," "Times and Seasons," and a "Life of Moffat." Mr. Walters leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters. The funeral took place at Elswick Cemetery, Newcastle. The service was conducted by the Revs. A. Norris and J. M. Stephens.

7. **REV. RICHARD JAMES**, until a short time ago, the minister of Yeovil Church.—Deceased, who was well-known in the West of England, was appointed pastor of the church in 1842, and his pastorate continued until October, 1883, when he was presented with an address and a purse containing £400, contributed not only by his own congregation, but by members of the Church of England and every denomination in the town. For some time prior to the relinquishment of his pastorate, Mr. James had been in weakly health, and a few days before his death he had a relapse, which was made more severe by news that his wife's brother was injured in the Downton railway accident. The cause of death was enlargement of the heart. Rev. E. Edwards, of Torquay, delivered the memorial address in the chapel.

8. **REV. CHARLES ROOM**, who died on the 30th March, at Finchley, was born on 9th December, 1804, and thus lived to enter his eightieth year. He was born in Birmingham, and was educated at the school kept by Mr. Thomas Wright Hill, and his three sons, Rowland, afterwards Sir Rowland Hill, Matthew Hill, and Frederick Hill. On leaving this school, Mr. Room read with tutors, and afterwards proceeded to Bristol College. His first ministerial charge was at Evesham. He next became assistant minister with the late Dr. Rippon, at New Park-street Chapel, Southwark. Mr. Room left New Park-street, to undertake the pastorate of the Baptist church at Portsea, where he laboured many years, and was largely instrumental in building a handsome new chapel. Subsequently, Mr. Room was pastor of the Baptist church at St. Paul's-square, Southsea, which he left, on his retiring from regular ministerial work, in the year 1858. He was a man of considerable and wide culture, and was the author of several volumes of poems, the last of which, entitled "Foreshadowings," he published in the year 1881. He married, in the year 1837, Eliza Scott, a great-niece of the Rev. Dr. Rippon, formerly minister of New Park-street Chapel. Mr. Room was interred in St. Pancras Cemetery, Finchley, on Thursday last, the Revs. Francis Tucker, B.A., John Corbin, and J. H. Barnard taking part in the service.

9. **REV. ISAAC EDWARDS**, who died on the 19th September, after a short illness, was fifty years of age. The deceased was a native of Peurhyncoch, Cardiganshire. He was baptised when he was fourteen years of age, and commenced preaching when young, and having spent three years at Pontypool College, settled at Llanidloes twenty-four years ago, this being his first and only pastorate. His funeral took place on September 23rd, at the Llanidloes Cemetery, when several ministers took part in the ceremony. At the house Rev. D. E. Hughes read portions of Scripture, an address followed by Rev. J. Nicholas, and Rev. J. Mostyn engaged in prayer. The funeral was a public one, many ministers and others taking part. On the following Sunday evening the funeral sermon was preached by his friend and neighbour, Rev. E. T. Davies (New Chapel) to a crowded congregation.

## PUBLICATIONS.

WEEKLY.

*The Baptist.* One Penny. Stock, Paternoster Row.  
*The Freeman.* One Penny. Yates and Alexander, Castle Street, Chancery Lane.

ANNUAL.

*Baptist Hand-book.* One Shilling and Sixpence. Yates and Alexander, Church Passage, Chancery Lane.  
 ————*Almanack.* Twopence. Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

*Baptist Magazine.* Fourpence. Yates and Alexander.  
 ————*Messenger.* One Penny. E. Stock, 61, Paternoster Row.  
*The Church.* One Penny. E. Stock, Paternoster Row.  
*General Baptist Magazine.* Twopence. Marlborough and Co.  
*Earthen Vessel.* Twopence. Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.  
*Missionary Herald.* One Penny. Marlborough, Old Bailey.  
*Juvenile Missionary Herald.* One Halfpenny. Marlborough, Old Bailey.  
*Gospel Herald.* Twopence. E. Stock, Paternoster Row.  
*The Young Men's Missionary Advocate.* The Journal of the Young Men's Auxiliaries to the Baptist Missionary Society. One Penny. Marlborough, Old Bailey.

## THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

QUEEN ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA, born 24th May, 1819, succeeded to the throne 20th June, 1837; married 10th February, 1840, to the late Francis Albert, Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. *Issue:* 1. Princess Victoria Adelaide (Princess Frederick William of Prussia), born Nov. 21st, 1840.—2. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born Nov. 9th, 1841 (married to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, 1863).—3. Princess Alice Maud Mary (Princess of Hesse Darmstadt), born April 25th, 1845. Died December 14th, 1878.—4. Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, born August 6th, 1844.—5. Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25th, 1846 (married to Prince Christian of Augustenberg, July, 1866).—6. Princess Louisa Carolina Alberta, born March 18th, 1848 (married John, Marquis of Lorne, March 21st, 1871).—7. Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1st, 1850.—8. Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert, born April 7th, 1853. Died March 28, 1884.—9. Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora, born April 14th, 1857.

George William Frederick Charles, Duke of Cambridge, cousin to the Queen, born 26th March, 1819.

George Frederick Alexander, Duke of Cumberland, cousin to the Queen, born May 27th, 1819.

Princess Augusta Caroline of Cambridge (Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz), born July 19th, 1822.

Princess Mary Adelaide of Cambridge, born 27th November, 1833, married to Prince Teck, June, 1866.

## POST-OFFICE REGULATIONS.

## Rates of Postage—

To and from all parts of the United Kingdom, for prepaid letters not exceeding

1 oz.....	1d.	4 oz.....	2d.	8 oz.....	3d.
2 oz.....	1½d.	6 oz.....	2½d.	10 oz.....	3½d.
		12 oz.....	4d.		

Any letter exceeding the weight of 12 oz. will be liable to a postage of One Penny for every ounce, or fraction of an ounce, beginning with the first ounce. A letter, for example, weighing between 14 and 15 ounces must be prepaid fifteen pence. A letter posted unpaid will be charged on delivery with double postage, and a letter posted insufficiently prepaid will be charged with double the deficiency.

An Inland Letter must not exceed one foot six inches in length, nine inches in width, nor six inches in depth.

**Inland Book Post.**—The Book-post rate is One Halfpenny for every 2 ozs. or fraction of 2 ozs.

A Book Packet may contain not only books, paper, or other substance in ordinary use for writing or printing, whether plain or written or printed upon (to the exclusion of any written letter or communication of the nature of a letter), photographs, when not on glass or in frames containing glass or any like substance and anything usually appertaining to such articles in the way of binding or mounting, or necessary for their safe transmission by post, but also *circula*, when these are wholly or in great part printed, engraved, or lithographed.

Every Book Packet must be posted either without a cover or in a cover open at both ends, and in such a manner as to admit of the contents being easily withdrawn for examination; otherwise it will be treated as a letter.

Any Book Packet which may be found to contain a letter or communication of the nature of a letter, not being a circular letter or not wholly printed, or any enclosure sealed or in any way closed

against inspection, or any other enclosure not allowed by the regulations of the Book Post, will be treated as a letter; and charged with double the deficiency of the letter postage.

A packet posted wholly unpaid will be charged with double the Book Postage; and if posted partially prepaid with double the deficiency.

No Book Packet may exceed 5 lbs. in weight, or one foot six inches in length, nine inches in width, and six inches in depth.

**Post Cards.**—Post Cards, available for transmission between places in the United Kingdom only, bearing an impressed halfpenny stamp, can be obtained at all Post Offices, at the rate of 7d. per doz. A thicker card is also issued at 8d. per doz. Reply post cards can be obtained at the rate of 1s. 2d. per doz., and a thicker card at 1s. 4d. The Reply Cards are not sold in sheets like the single cards.

**Postage on Inland Registered Newspapers.**—*Prepaid Rates.*—For each Registered Newspaper, whether posted singly or in a packet, One Halfpenny; but a packet containing two or more Registered Newspapers is not chargeable with a higher rate of postage than would be chargeable on a Book-packet of the same weight, viz., One Halfpenny for every 2 ozs., or fraction of 2 ozs.

*Unpaid Rates.*—A Newspaper posted unpaid; or a packet of Newspapers posted either unpaid, or insufficiently paid, will be treated as an unpaid, or insufficiently paid Book-Packet of the same weight.

The postage must be prepaid either by an adhesive stamp, or by the use of a stamped wrapper. Every Newspaper or packet of Newspapers must be posted either without a cover or in a cover open at both ends, and in such a manner as to admit of easy removal for examination; if this rule be infringed the Newspaper or packet will be treated as a letter.

No Newspaper, whether posted singly or in a packet, may contain any enclosure except the supplement or supplements belonging to it. If it contain any other, it will be charged as a letter.

No packet of Newspapers may exceed 14 lbs. in weight, or two feet in length by one foot in width or depth.

**Inland Parcel Post.**—For an Inland Postal Parcel the rates (to be prepaid in ordinary postage stamps) are, when not exceeding in weight, 1 lb., 3d.; 3 lbs., 6d.; 5 lbs., 9d.; 7 lbs., 1s.

Maximum length 3 ft. 6 in.; maximum length and girth combined, 6 ft.

Examples:—A parcel measuring 3 ft. 6 in. in its longest dimension may measure as much as 2 ft. 6 in. in girth, that is, around its thickest part. Or, a shorter parcel may be thicker—for example, if measuring no more than 3 ft. in length, it may measure as much as 3 ft. in girth.

## STAMP DUTIES, ETC.

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		£	£ s. d.	£	£ s.
Not exceeding	.....	5	0 0 1	500	and not exceeding 7 50 0 7
£5, and not exceeding	.....	10	0 0 2	750	1,000 0 10
10, "	.....	25	0 0 3	1,000	" 1,500 0 15
25, "	.....	50	0 0 6	1,500	" 2,000 1 0
50, "	.....	75	0 0 9	2,000	" 3,000 1 10
75, "	.....	100	0 1 0	3,000	" 4,000 2 0
and 1s. for every £100 up to £500.				For every additional £1,000..... 0 10	

**HOUSE DUTY.**—Inhabited house, of the value of £20 or upwards ..... 9d. in the £.  
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