THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN & LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1865.

"They which builded on the wall, and they that bear burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so he builded. And he that sounded the trumpet was by me."—Neh. iv. 17, 18.

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PREFACE.

COURTEOUS READER,

Whoever thinks a magazine worth the reading so soon as the month of its issue is over? Most people reckon it a waste of money to bind up magazines. "Every dog has his day," and every magazine its month. Well, friend, we agree with you and the world in general on this point, if it be conceded that the rule has exceptions, and if in the second place you will do us the favour to see if this volume is not one of them. The excellent Case which we have prepared for binding shows that we are vain enough to hope to outlive the present date.* Our matter, for the most part, belongs not to 1865 alone, but to all time, and is of the kind which never grows stale; and wherein we chronicle work peculiar to a certain year, the record may stimulate you to do the like in the time now current. Read our pages therefore, without prejudice, because they were issued periodically in a monthly serial.

SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS,

We have striven to do the Lord's work to the best of our ability, and now we dedicate the year's volume to His service. Some good, to our knowledge, has been already achieved by its monthly issue; sympathy has been enlisted for Christian enterprises, and assistance has been received for holy work; saints have been cheered, workers animated, warriors armed, and learners trained. Foes have felt the sword far more than they would care to confess, and friends have seen the work of the trowel on the walls of Zion to their joy and rejoicing. It is little that we can accomplish, but for that little we are devoutly grateful, and desire to ascribe it all to Him who works all our works in us.

Thanks are due to able contributors for most valuable aid; to industrious friends for soliciting new subscribers; to the ten thousand who regularly support us; and to all who have in any way aided our endeavours. We hope to improve the magazine next year, so far as our means will allow, but apart from an increased sale we cannot do this without curtailing the proceeds which will accrue to the College; which proceeds are all the smaller because we already give as much for money as can possibly be afforded. We will do our best if friends will do theirs. We will furbish the sword and scour the trowel, and use both with our best skill. Meanwhile, to all friends we wish in the best sense, A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

* Cases for binding can be had of the Publishers for 1s. 3d., or the volume bound for 4s. 6d.

INDEX.

	Page
Acqua! Acqua!	329
Bacon's Paradoxes	64
Baptismal Regeneration, Notes on ...	83
——— Sermons, Dr. Campbell on...	345
Baptist Churches, Signs of Better Days for	504
Bazaar, Proposal for	121
Bartlett, Mrs. Class	80, 466
Berridge, Rare John	481
——— Quaint Sayings of	486
Boldness in Distinctive Points	189
Calvinism Defended	139
Campbell, Dr., Testimonial to	82
Candles, Sermons in	133
Catechism, The Pleasant	200
Chapel Now, at Bermondsey ...	418, 222
——— Bromley	372
——— Ealing	419
——— Lyonshall	324
——— Red Hill	461
——— Southampton	323
——— Winslow	276
Chelsea, Meeting at	323
Christian Chymistry, 20, 58, 105, 161, 207, 248, 294	400
Church of England	432
——— Mr. Spurgeon on	110
——— Specimen of Worship of ...	505
Church Meetings...	438
Church-Power, Utilization of	307
Cobden, Richard, Lessons from	385
College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Account of Funds, 36, 84, 132, 180, 228, 276, 324, 372, 420, 468, 516 ...	
College Intelligence, 36, 129, 178, 226 371, 462, 467, 515	
Coliseum, Last Fight in	212
Comprehensiveness of Thought and Feeling	9
Cowper, William, Letters of	358
Cowper, Calvinism of	427
Cromwell, Oliver, Mother of	391
——— Wife of...	240
Cross, at the...	173
Denominational Differences	303
Dorothea Trudel, Story of	90
Duty, a neglected	37
Edwards, Jonathan, Unpublished Writings of	258
Emanuel	437
Enigmas, Sacred	213, 305
Episodes in Mr. Spurgeon's Life ...	421
Exposition by Mr. Spurgeon of Psalm I.	16
——— Psalm II.	53
——— Psalm III.	101
——— Psalm IV.	156
——— Psalm V.	201
——— Psalm VI.	251
——— Psalm VII.	288
——— Psalm VIII.	351
——— Psalm IX.	393
——— Psalm X.	443
——— Psalm XI.	494
——— Psalm XII.	544
Fog, in a	85
Fragrant Spices from Mountains of Myrrh	229, 277
General Intelligence, 82, 132	179
Gleanings from Nature: Water Fleas	28
——— Relatives of the Water Flea	72
——— A Pebble	123
——— Wheel Animalcule	171
——— The Bell Animalcule	215
——— The Frog	260
——— The Invisible World	414
——— Invisible Plants	456
——— Dust	506
——— The Hydra	548
Grace Abounding, 47, 94	148
Gossner, Pastor, Life of	336
Hampden, John	532
India, Religions of	192, 242
Inquirers, how to get at them	44
——— how to deal with them ...	144
Jesus before Pilate	489
Jesus, what shall be done for	2
Letters of Mr. Spurgeon from Italy	265, 312
Letter of Mr. John Olney to the Students	218
Letter on the Title of Reverend ...	131
Letters of William Cowper	358
Life, Real	300
Luther, Last Days of	166

Page

Masses, how to get at them 342
Metropolitan Tabernacle Work, 30, 35 80, 128,130, 178, 218, 227, 270, 366 418 466
Missionaries in Germany connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle 270, 366
Missionary Enterprise 220
Moral Law, Design for which given... 117
Muller, Report of, for 1864-5 ... ...
Nature, Study of, important to Ministers... ... ... 318, 363

Oneness, Spiritual 449
Original Articles by—
Brown, A. G... ... ... 25, 189
Carr, W. 406
Clifford, John 307
Cowdy, J. 438
Crouch, John 117
Davies, Benjamin 234
Discipulus 332
Forbes, Alexander 192, 242
Gracey, William 500
Hayward, W. T. 303
Jackson, J. 300, 489
Landels, W. 517
Leach, Edward 240, 391, 427, 481, 532
Medhurst, T. W. 342
Offord, John 449
Rogers, G. ... 139, 198, 282, 479, 526
Selway, W. R., 28, 72, 123, 171, 215, 260, 318, 363, 414, 456, 506, 548
Strong, Leonard 113
Spurgeon, C. H., 1, 2, 37, 85, 110, 133, 181, 229, 265, 277, 312, 325, 329, 373, 385, 421, 469 ... 537
Spurgeon, J. A. 9, 90, 336
Varley, M. 144
White, Frank 44, 185

Paper, a Roundabout 537
Popys, Mr., Religion of 181
Personal Service 25
Phœbe, the Servant of the Church ... 517
Plymouth Brethrenism 282
Poem on "A Voice from the Walls"... 122
——— "Gone!" 460
——— "How wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?" 403
Poem on "Married Love"... 460
——— "The Fall of Jericho" ... 27
Poetry, Correction of 170
Prayer, Forms of... 479
——— of Faith 90
——— Requested 426
——— United Meetings for, 67, 128, 273, 276
Preaching Christ... 332
Priests, who are the 113

Rahab: her Faith and her Falsehood 500
Review of Abolition Abbey 369
—— About in the World 126
—— Arnot's Parables of our Lord ... 32

Page

Review of Attributes and Aspects of the Divine Redeemer 369
—— Baptist Reporter... 126
—— Bee Keeping 76
—— Benefits of Christ's Death... ... 176
—— Bible-Picture Story-Books ... 127
—— Brook in the Way 127
—— Capital Punishment 369
—— Calls to the Cross 552
—— Central Truths 223
—— Children of the Great King ... 368
—— Children of Scripture... 33
—— Christian Life in England and in Olden Times 32
—— Christian in Complete Armour... 368
—— Christian Poems... 225
—— Christian Work 79
—— Conventicle of Rollo 222
—— Conversion, Illustrated by Scripture Examples 322
—— Cornwell's Geography 321
—— Cottage Preacher 368
—— Courage and Cowardice 78
—— Dark Sayings on a Harp 464
—— Davy's School Days 224
—— Doctrines of the Bible 369
—— Divine Footsteps in Human History 223
—— Duration of Future Punishments 466
—— Easy Lessons in Geography ... 273
—— Exiles in Babylon 33
—— Follow Travellers 368
—— Gallery of Kings and Queens of England 53
—— Gems of Thought 512
—— Gentle Life... 370
—— German Baptist Mission, Report of 79
—— Gilead 512
—— Godly Man's Ark 464
—— Gospel Magazine 511
—— Gospels arranged as a Simple Narrative... 368
—— Hand Book for the Man of Business 463
—— Hand Book of Christian Baptism 126
—— Hodge's outlines of Theology ... 32
—— Highest Relationship... 177
—— Immortal Theme 225
—— Jesus: All in All 369
—— Jewish Temple and Christian Church 177
—— Joe Willess 127
—— Joyful Sunday Stories 224
—— Julius Cæsar 176
—— Junior Clerk 222
—— Lays of the Future 322
—— Lays of the Pious Minstrels ... 127
—— Lessons from the Life of Jesus 512
—— Lessons for Maidens, Wives, and Mothers 511
—— Letters to Friends the Lord has given me 513

Page

Review of Letters on the American Republic 513
—— Letters of Ruth Bryan ... ...
—— Life of James Keyworth 465
—— Life Truths... 322
—— London Hymn Book 466
—— Magazines for November 553
—— Memoirs of the Rev. Thomas Raffles 271
—— Memoirs of Joseph Sturge ... 465
—— Memoirs of Mrs. Susan Hill ... 369
—— Merchant Enterprise 125
—— Merry and Wise 178
—— Missing Link 465
—— Model Preacher 368
—— Mother's Friend 370
—— Mother's Manual 464
—— Money, Mr. Binney on 464
—— Nablous and the Modern Samaritans 225
—— Novelties of Romanism 33
—— Nursery Rhymes 273
—— Old Truths 176
—— Our Eternal Home 224
—— Peter Parley's Tales 125
—— Pentateuch and the Gospels ... 125
—— Pilgrim's Progress 465
—— Play Grammar 222
—— Philosophy of Religion 224
—— Popery, Ancient and Modern ... 323
—— Popery tottering to its Fall ... 178
—— Psalter and Hymn Book 465
—— Quiver 34
—— Rays of Light 224
—— Redeemer and Redemption ... 369
—— Revival, the 464
—— Riches increased by giving to the Poor 464
—— Ripe for the Sickle 127
—— Rome and Civic Liberty 513
—— Royal Nursery 273
—— Scripture Testimony to the Holy Spirit 369
—— Self-Formation 368
—— Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher 177
—— Soul Gatherer 272
—— Stones crying out 126
—— Story of the First Four Centuries 77
—— Sunset in Provence 32
—— Sure of Heaven 463
—— Symbols of Christ 322
—— Take care whom you Marry ... 553
—— Tales to Explain Homely Proverbs 368
—— Teachings of Christ in his own Words 33
—— Thoughts on Preaching 77
—— Tell Jesus 126
—— Trapp's Commentary... 553
—— Two Years After and Onwards 127
—— Two Babylons 77
—— Veil Lifted 514

Page

Review of Voice of Jubilee... 321
—— Wells of Salvation 323
—— Wholesome Words 178
—— Wisdom of our Fathers 463
—— Works of Rev. Alexander Carson 321
Righteousness of God 526

Saturday Review 198
Samuel when a Child 406
Settlements in the Ministry of—
———— Bloom, W. 555
———— Bridge, Isaac 81
———— Brown, A. G. 130
———— Burton, Mr.... 228
———— Cannon, J. 554
———— Collins, John 228, 555
———— Cother, Mr.... 467
———— Crabb, J. 419
———— Cuff, W. 515
———— Dunn, H. 556
———— Fellows, J. O. 514
———— Field, John 35, 371
———— Grant, Mr. 276
———— Griffin, R. A. 418
———— Harrison, Joseph... 80
———— Hearson, E. G. 34, 555
———— James, Mr. 370
———— Kerr, Mr. 275
———— Lonnie, R. 131, 515
———— Minett, Mr. 275
———— Monck, F. W. 468
———— Ness, T. 553
———— Orsman, W. J. 130
———— Shepherd, Mr. 467
———— Smith, Mr. 35
———— Sole, Robert 80
———— Speed, Mr.... ... ... 419, 468
———— Styles, C. H. 515
———— Turner, Mr.... 371
———— Walker, G. 81
———— Webb, G. 556
———— White, Frank 34
———— Willis, Mr. 554
———— Wright, Mr.... 275
Skulls, Ten Thousand... 325
Spiced Wine of my Pomegranates ... 469
Spices Fragrant, from the Mountains of Myrrh 229, 277
Sword and Trowel, Aims and Intentions of 1

Total Abstinence Society 555
Tracts, 23, 24, 62, 63, 108, 109, 164, 165, 210, 211, 256, 257, 298, 299, 356, 357, 404,405, 454, 455, 498 ... 499

Union to Christ 373
Unity in Fundamentals 185
Usefulness, New Plan of 120

Weekly Offerings... 234

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1865.

Our Aims and Intentions.

WHEN Israel sojourned in the wilderness, all the people pitched their tents about the ark of the Lord, and made the holy place their common centre; yet each tribe was distinguished by its own banner, and marched under the conduct of its own chiefs. Even so in the Church of God, our Lord Jesus and the common salvation are the central point about which believers gather, but the standards of peculiar associations of Christians cannot well be dispensed with. We feel that *we* need to uplift a banner because of the truth, and with hopeful heart we do so this day.

Our Magazine is intended to report the efforts of those Churches and Associations, which are more or less intimately connected with the Lord's work at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and to advocate those views of doctrine and Church order which are most certainly received among us. It will address itself to those faithful friends scattered everywhere, who are our well-wishers and supporters in our work of faith and labour of love. We feel the want of some organ of communication in which our many plans for God's glory may be brought before believers, and commended to their aid. Our friends are so numerous as to be able to maintain a Magazine, and so earnest as to require one. Our monthly message will be a supplement to our weekly sermon and will enable us to say many things which would be out of place in a discourse. It will inform the general Christian public of our

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movements, and show our sympathy with all that is good throughout the entire Church of God. It will give us an opportunity of urging the claims of Christ's cause, of advocating the revival of godliness, of denouncing error, of bearing witness for truth, and of encouraging the labourers in the Lord's vineyard.

We do not pretend to be unsectarian, if by this be meant the absence of all distinctive principles, and a desire to please parties of all shades of opinion. We believe and therefore speak. We speak in love, but not in soft words and trimming sentences. We shall not court controversy, but we shall not shun it when the cause of God demands it.

The many ministers who were students in our College will be our helpers in maintaining a variety and freshness of matter, and their flocks, we trust, will receive a blessing through their stirring words. It is our first and last object to do practical service, and to excite others to active exertion.

We shall supply interesting reading upon general topics, but our chief aim will be to arouse believers to action, and to suggest to them plans by which the kingdom of Jesus may be extended. To widen the bounds of Zion and gather together the outcasts of Israel is our heart's desire. We would sound the trumpet, and lead our comrades to the fight. We would ply the Trowel with untiring hand for the building up of Jerusalem's dilapidated walls, and wield the Sword with vigour and valour against the enemies of the truth.

We shall issue two one-paged tracts each month, suitable for general distribution, and so cheap as to be readily purchasable in large quantities. We shall supply outlines of sermons and Sabbath-school addresses. We shall give suggestions as to methods of usefulness, and shall labour to assist all the workers in the Master's vineyard by every means in our power. May the Lord of Hosts crown our efforts with success!

What shall be done for Jesus?

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour."—Esther vi. 6.

THE schemes of Haman were overruled to the honour of Mordecai, to the safety of the Jewish people, and to the glory of God; and so will the devices of evil always be turned by the Most High to the promotion of good. God may suffer his enemies to dig pits, but they shall themselves fall therein; they shall cast stones into the air, but their missiles shall descend upon their own heads. Satan hath a great scheme in hand for the dethroning of King Jesus, but as yet, he has only made him to be the more exalted among men. All the stratagems

and subterfuges of the enemy have been rendered subservient to the greater glory of the Mighty One, and to the fulfilment of the divine decrees. So will it be to the end of the chapter, and we shall see, in looking back from the starry heights of heaven, how all the cruel malice and crafty subtilty of the serpent have been frustrated by infinite wisdom, and overruled by divine love. Lucifer shall fall; and in his fall he shall bear witness to the glory of "the Seed of the woman" through whom he fell.

Forgetting awhile the story of Haman and Mordecai, the words at the head of this paper may, without violence, be applied to our Lord Jesus. He alone of mortal men it is, of whom it may be said, that "the King"—Jehovah, "delighteth to honour" him. Mordecai had done some service to the Persian state, but our Jesus has done infinitely more for us; and the Eternal King, who never slumbers nor sleeps, puts to us this question—"What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour?"

Let us, first, SEE WHAT THE KING HIMSELF HAS DONE.

He has honoured him in every work of grace. In *the decree of election*, the Eternal Father chose his people, but he chose them "in Christ." He made "the man Christ Jesus," the head of election. Watts has well sung—

> "'Christ be my first elect,' he said,
> Then chose our souls in Christ our Head."

"According," says the apostle, "as he hath chosen us *in him* from before the foundation of the world." *Every after-manifestation of grace* has also been through the man Christ Jesus. When did Isaiah speak most evangelically? When did Ezekiel most sweetly comfort the people of God? When did others of the prophets dart bright flashes of light through the thick darkness of their times? Surely it was only when they spake of him who bore our transgressions, and by whose stripes we are healed. *In the great work of redemption*, God has honoured Christ, by laying our help upon him alone, as upon "one that is mighty." He hath "exalted one chosen out of the people." In Bozrah's battle no champion must fight but Jesus, and, covered with the blood of his foes, no hero must return in stately triumph from Edom but the lonely one who speaks in righteousness, "mighty to save." He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with him. In redemption there is but one price, found in one hand, paid by one Redeemer, that price the precious blood, found in the veins of the Saviour, and paid down by him upon the accursed tree. In every other act of grace the design of the King is to honour the Lord Jesus. You cannot taste the sweetness of any *doctrine* till you have remembered Christ's connection with it. You are washed from every sin, but how? Ye have "washed your robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." You are sumptuously arrayed from head to foot; ye are apparelled as the King's sons and daughters, but who is this that hath clothed you? Are you not robed in the righteousness of your Lord Jesus Christ? Up to this moment you have been preserved, but how? "Preserved in Christ Jesus." The Holy Spirit is the author of your sanctification, but what has been the instrument by which he has

purified you? He has cleansed you by the water which flowed with the blood from the wounds of the expiring Saviour. Our eternal life is sure; because *he* lives, we shall live also. We shall behold the face of God with transport and delight, because *he* has gone up to prepare a place for us, that where he is, we may be also. The Father has studiously linked every gospel privilege and every boon of the new covenant with the person of Jesus Christ, that in blessing you he might at the same time honour his own dear Son? "Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour;" he shall be the king's almoner to the poor and needy; he shall be the golden pipe through which streams of mercy shall flow to all his saints; his head shall be anointed with the holy oil which shall afterwards bedew the very skirts of his garments with the richest drops of perfume.

The king, Jehovah, has honoured the Redeemer *by the many offices which he has conferred upon him.* Time would fail us to mention all these, but the three chief will suffice. He is *the prophet* of his people. The Lord has given him "the tongue of the learned;" grace is poured into his lips; upon him the Spirit resteth without measure, so that "never man spake like this man." He is "a prophet mighty in word and in deed." Isaiah and Jeremy, and Hosea, were ye ever honoured as this man? Stand up, ye seers of old, and can ye claim such dignity as his? No, with bowed heads the goodly fellowship of the prophets declare that he is peerless among them. He is also *a priest.* God has been pleased to gird him with the Urim and Thummim, and to put the ephod of his pure mortality upon him. At the altar he stands to offer up his spotless and acceptable sacrifice. At this moment he intercedes for us, being "a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek." Why is he a priest, but that he may be honoured in his sacrifice and intercession. He is *king* by right divine: as man he is "King of the Jews;" his kingdom shall stretch from shore to shore, and of his dominion there shall be no end.

"Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all."

Angels, prostrate yourselves before him! He was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, but now is he crowned with glory and honour. "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas." All things are put under him. "It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell," and he is the head over all things to the Church, which is his body.

As the subject is boundless, we may illustrate it for a moment by the honours of Mordecai. Is not Jesus *apparelled with the King's raiment?* What splendour hath God which Christ hath not? Doth the Lord sit upon his throne? Christ says, "I have overcome, and have sat down with my Father upon his throne." Is heaven the Court of the Great King? Where else doth Jesus dwell? Are angels the King's messengers? Was not Christ seen of angels even in his shame, and is he not adored by angels now? What can ye conceive of splendour blazing around the throne of the Most High, which will not also be seen gleaming with

equal refulgence from the seat of him who is "God over all, blessed for ever?" It is with no trembling lip that we sing *his* praise.

"Jesus is worthy to receive,
Honour and power *divine*,
And blessings more than we can give,
Be Lord, for ever thine."

He is the express image of his Father's glory, and in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

The chosen man was honoured to *ride upon the king's horse*, and this is true of Christ our Lord. Do you not see him as he rides forth in the gospel, conquering and to conquer? It is the power of the Eternal King whereon Jesus rides to victory. "Thou shalt send the rod of thy strength out of Zion; rule thou in the midst of thine enemies." The preaching of the gospel is not mere man's talk; it is Christ riding on his white horse, going forth conquering and to conquer. Think not because *we* stammer that *Christ* falters. Dream not because we go to our beds lamenting that few have "believed our report," that Christ is therefore defeated, or shall lose the travail of his soul. Ah! set yourselves together, ye kings and princes, and say as your sires of old, "Let us break his bonds asunder, and cast away his cords from us!" "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have you in derision!" Wiser were ye if ye would "kiss the Son lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little." All the power with which God went forth in creation and in providence is given to Christ; yea, all power is given unto him in heaven and in earth, that he may do as he wills, and may fulfil his own good pleasure.

The honoured man *was to be crowned with the crown-royal.* Jesus Christ is proclaimed "King of kings, and Lord of Lords."

"The Head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty victor's brow."

Before this honoured man, proclamation was commanded to be made—"Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour." See ye not the Lord Jesus riding through the streets of this world this very day? Albeit that his servants have been persecuted and hunted about like partridges upon the mountains; albeit, that the catacombs of Rome, the stakes of Smithfield, the dungeons of the Lollard's Tower, and the snows of Switzerland's Alps, all bear witness to the martyr-host; yet, we see Christ riding on, despite his enemies, in brave tranquillity, from the day of his ascension even until now. He has journeyed on in the august pomp of triumph, while chosen heralds have cried before him, "Bow the knee and kiss the Son," and now in this year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, in triumph he is riding among the crowds of men, and we, though unworthy of the post, are holding his horse's bridle, and crying aloud, "Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour." Bow ye, then, before him, for unto him "every

knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

True hearts have occupied the station of the false-hearted Haman, but inasmuch as Haman once stood there, here is a lesson of self-examination lest the preacher of the gospel should think himself secure; for though Judas preached, he was damned, and so may we be. Let us bow before this "man whom the King delighteth to honour," for nothing else can save us in the day of his wrath. "He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet."

Our heart is now making the practical enquiry, WHAT SHALL WE DO UNTO THE MAN WHOM THE KING DELIGHTETH TO HONOUR?

I address myself now to all my fellow-helpers, but especially to the members of my own Church. As a Church, we are peculiarly indebted to the Lord Jesus Christ. Certainly Haman plotted against us, and was permitted very terribly to achieve his purpose for the time. It was imagined on the mournful night of the Surrey Gardens catastrophe, that the cause of God was put to dishonour, and a total defeat was given to the young evangelist. But what has been the result? These long years the willing crowds have waited on the Word! God has made bare his arm, and taught his adversaries what he can do by the simple preaching of the cross. The multitudes who have crowded our house of prayer, have been a proof that the simple gospel has still as much power in it as ever; and throughout England and the world this protest has been sounded, that it is not by learning, nor by novel theologies, that men are to be brought from darkness to light. We have been gratified when brethren have said, "We came to hear you this morning, and there was nothing whatever in the sermon to account either for the numbers listening to it, or for their attention, *except that it was the gospel.*" This is just the point, and God has in this place made the world see that the gospel which was preached by Rowland Hill, Whitfield, Calvin, Augustine, Paul, and our great Lord, is still mighty to win the ear, and to change the heart.

Almighty grace has done more than this. If crowds had heard the truth, but had remained hearers only, it were a source of sorrow rather than joy. But *the Lord has given converts.* Like doves to their windows, sinners have fled to Christ, and still they come in unabated numbers. Shall not we do something for King Jesus? Has he filled our house with hearers, and increased our Church with converts, and shall we not do something in gratitude to him?

Nor is this all. Here is the delightful fact which shall be put as the climax to the whole. Out of the vast numbers who have been added to this Church, *how few, happily, how few has God permitted to fall into gross sin or outward backsliding!* We have not built a wall which the foxes have broken down. Our ministry has not nourished gourds, which come up in a night and perish in a night, but in the midst of temptations sore, and trials many, all the defections which we have had to mourn over have been but as the small dust of the balance compared with the many who have been kept by the power of divine grace. If the Lord has done all this for us, shall we not delight to honour him? The pastor can say it is his heart's desire to honour his Master, and the elders and the deacons can say the same. Many of you are already

engaged in earnest and faithful labours, but there are some of you who have need to ask yourselves the question—"What shall *I* do for that glorious Saviour whom the King delighteth to honour? What shall be my tribute of gratitude to the Son of God for all that he has done for *me?*"

We want, especially at the beginning of this year, when we are seeking a revival of religion in our midst—we want now to answer this question—*What do we intend to do as a Church for Christ Jesus, "whom the king delighteth to honour?"* Let me answer briefly.

Believe him. Christ is always very pleased with *his people's faith.* Beloved, confide in him. Tell him your troubles Pour out your hearts before him. Trust the merit of his blood, the power of his arm, the love of his heart. There is no box of precious ointment whose smell will more delight him than your simple, unwavering faith.

He is a God of love: if you would give him something choice, *show him your love.* Let your heart go after him, and with the arms of your love embrace him. Say in your soul's silent language, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for his love is better than wine;" and be this your joyful song, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine." Give him, then, the choice jewel of your heart.

Next to this, *love the brethren. He* loves the saints; show your love to them. Forgive any who have offended you; help those who need your aid; comfort those who are bowed down; lift up the fallen; strengthen the faint-hearted; do good unto all men, but specially to such as are of the household of faith. You give to Christ when you give to his poor and needy people.

Christ has a hunger after souls. He yearns for the souls of men; *labour, therefore, to bring souls to him.* You cannot save sinners, but you may be the instrument of leading them to *him.* There are no better brilliants which you can give my Master as a New-Year's present than your own children brought in the hands of prayer and faith, to be consecrated to his service. Nor let love end at home, but seek the good of all among whom you dwell.

Let us make this matter a practical one. London needs to have its spiritual destitution supplied. We must all give a stone towards erecting new places of worship. By the united help of friends far and near, could we not build four new places in the year 1865? The country needs help; let us aid in forming Churches where there are none. The field of work is boundless; there is no need to pause for spheres of labour. But a voice says, "Begin at home." I agree with the suggestion, and will proceed to carry it out. The penny post is a great tax on our time, but now and then we get a letter worth the reading; here is one addressed to us by one of the elders of our Church; it will do all pastors good to read it, and will be of no small service to Church members also.

"December 1st, 1864.

MY DEAR PASTOR,

The fact that God has pleased of late more than ever to lay on your mind the necessity for a larger outpouring of the Holy Spirit on our Church and congregation, should be, and is, I believe, a matter of very solemn interest. There is, I know, a very general sympathy with you in the

minds of the members of our Church; and to give a practical expression of this sympathy, I beg to lay before you for your consideration, the following suggestions:—

1st. That you should call a meeting of the Deacons and Elders of the Church for special prayer for their own families.

2nd. That you should fix an evening when you would meet the elder children of the Members of the Church, to urge them to immediate attention to the salvation of their souls.

3rd. That you should call a Church meeting for special prayer for a still larger blessing on the ministry, the College, the Sunday School, the Tract Visitors, the Classes, and the other efforts to extend the knowledge of the Saviour now in operation among us.

4th. That a general meeting of the Church should be held also for thanksgiving for the blessings we have enjoyed in the past.

5th. That you should invite from the pulpit ALL the Members of our Church to set apart, in their own homes, one particular day (which you should name) for special prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

6th. That you should invite the Deacons and Elders, and from fifty to one hundred of the Members of the Church to open their houses from seven to nine on some particular evening, for special prayer for the same object. The subjects to be attended to at these meetings, and the list of the houses, to be laid before us by yourself in a printed leaflet which should be placed in every pew in the Tabernacle.

7th. That you should set apart an evening in which yourself, with the Elders, should meet all those in your congregation who are as yet undecided, but seekers after salvation. The object of this meeting would be for special exhortation and prayer with these friends, urging them to immediate decision for Christ.

8th. That yourself with the Elders of the Church, should meet the Students, the Sunday School Teachers, the Tract Visitors, and the several Classes, for special prayer and conference, that their labours may be made more effectual in the salvation of sinners.

9th. That you would draw up for our consideration as a Church, and have printed a selection of promises out of the Bible which we might plead before God on this matter, and so lead us to attend to this object with understanding, having the mind of the Holy Spirit made clear to us all.

10th. That with a view of gathering in the fruit which I believe such a course of proceedings as is now suggested would certainly produce, the Elders should be appointed to see enquirers after every one of the services, both on Lord's-days and week-days.

I submit, my dear Sir, these suggestions to you with considerable reluctance, as I feel if they are carried out, they will involve considerable labour on you personally, and take up much of your valuable time; but the importance of the object, and the deep-seated feeling which I know you have in this matter, induce me to lay them before you; and I pray that God may guide you in reference to the acceptance or rejection of any or all of them.

If there is one of more interest than another, I believe it is the one having reference to our families. There has not been as yet so large a blessing on many of our families as we could desire, nor so great an ingathering as the Word of God would lead us to expect, and therefore I feel that this matter will commend itself to the minds of all our Church members. Excuse reference to one other subject; it is this, that whilst we have abundant reason to bless God for the constant tokens of his presence and approving smile, we have not as yet realized the fulness of the blessing, and I think it is very desirable that our Monday Evening Prayer-meeting should be even better attended than it is. Many of our brethren who are standard bearers among us, men of worth and influence, both in the Church and the world, either do not come at all, or are seldom there. If they could be induced to attend, I feel certain the results to themselves and the Church would be very gratifying.

Leaving these suggestions in your hands, and praying that the blessing we desire may come down first and chiefly on yourself, so that you may be still more greatly honoured in the conversion of sinners, and that the largest and best desires of your heart for a revival of pure and undefiled religion amongst us, and in the Christian Church generally, may be more than realized,

I remain, my dear Pastor,

Yours in the bonds of Christian affection,

AN ELDER OF THE CHURCH."

All these suggestions we will endeavour to follow, and shall be glad to receive others as good and practical from the same or any other hand. We have twenty other projects to propose, but time and space forbid. In the other portions of the Magazine the reader will light upon them; for the present, let us close by repeating the question, "What will you render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards *you*."

Comprehensiveness of Thought and Feeling.

BY J. A. SPURGEON.

IN reading the life of our Lord, we meet with an element in his character which is in strong contrast with the spirit of his age. Not only was that an age of selfishness, which is the sin of all time and of every land; but it was a narrow-minded age. Each nation seems heartily to have despised, even if it feared, all others. The Roman—master of the world—trod down all the rest as dirt beneath his feet, and only tolerated them as means of further conquest or channels of pleasure to feed his avarice and lust. The Greek was living in the memory of past glory and bygone power; he dwelt in the relics of the golden age of art and eloquence, of worldly splendour and mental refinement, and despised as barbarians all the world beside. The son of Israel, though compelled to bow the knee to Roman power and to confess that he had no king but Cæsar, gnashed his teeth as he bent his head and cursed with a Jewish bitterness the uncircumcised race, which desecrated the holy city of his God, and made "Zion beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth," a place for "the abomination of desolation." So, also, each petty race was content to live wrapped up in its own pride, poverty, and prejudice, having "no dealings" with others any more than could be helped, bowing themselves down to the altars of their own peculiar god, and saying, "THE people of *the world*, *the* people of the world are WE." The Chinese race of the present day, holds the same spirit embalmed with that fidelity with which it retains so many relics of the past. But enough of the selfsame cast of thought is to be found in every modern race, to lead us to remember the Scripture, that there is only "one blood" amongst all the sons of men.

Now our Lord breathes a world-wide spirit; the light he sheds is that of the sun which lightens all lands and every man which cometh into the world. It was no lamp of feeble or limited ray, which was only meant to lighten each person who might come into some special house.

How comprehensive is the spirit of Christ! He passes beyond the formula to the essence, he takes the wider spirit with the narrower letter of the precept, and obeys the former rather than the latter. A Sabbath he keeps with the reverence due to a divine command, but he keeps it as being made for man and not man for the Sabbath. Jews may have no dealings with the Samaritans, but he, though a Jew, will give water of life to the woman of Samaria which shall spring up in her to be a well of water to all the men of Sychar, who, hearing her words, come to listen to him who "spake as never man spake." He prays for his own believing followers, and seeing far down the ages the world girdled with the "knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea," he expands his prayer for all who shall believe in him through their word.

Jerusalem, the object of so many of his prayers and labours, the scene of his bitterest wails and tears, is first to hear the truth which makes the spirit free, but from thence the Word is to go forth into every land, and the gospel is to be preached to every creature.

The bonds of tradition and of superstition, of family and national ties, brake before the master's touch like the green withes on Samson's limbs. You come in contact with no bigoted, no professional, no conventional stamp of man. He is one for all classes, for all times, and for all lands. He is brother to the humblest and to the mightiest. A Simeon takes him up in his arms when but a babe, and the aged eyes of the hoary-headed saint see "the Salvation of the Lord," and are glad. The Saviour gives the reverse of the picture when in after years he takes up the little children and blesses them as being like to those who are of the kingdom of heaven. He occupies no corner of the human race, entrenching himself in musty, time-worn trains of thought and modes of action. He steps into the midst "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," and from the centre point he calls to the circling world, saying, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Let the same mind be in us which was in Christ Jesus our Lord. Let us press on, for we have not yet apprehended that for which we have been apprehended of God in Christ Jesus. Let us follow Christ as dear children, so that all men may take knowledge of us that we have *been with Jesus and learned of him.* Our thoughts in this matter will run in four main directions, and may the Spirit give us expansive views of all the Christian truths and duties which will pass under our notice.

I. Take a comprehensive view of *the work of God within you.* "Man, know thyself," is an injunction which all of us need to keep in mind. "The proper study of mankind is man," and of a Christian man no less certainly than of the unrenewed. The apostle reproachfully asks the Corinthian Church, "Know ye not your own selves?" That man will never know his *work* who knows not *his worth as a Christian.* We are *pardoned sinners,* washed and made clean in a fountain of blood which God appointed, and sinners made to flow, which Christ freely gives and faith appropriates, which the Spirit alike reveals and applies to the believing penitent's heart.

We are *justified saints.* God "beholds not iniquity in Jacob, neither sees He perverseness in Israel." We are all fair in his sight, having no spot or wrinkle whilst he "beholds our shield, and looks upon us in the face of his anointed." "The Lord is our righteousness," and we are accepted in him the Beloved.

We are *adopted sons*, born again of the Holy Ghost; we are possessed of the nature, and, being one by marriage bonds of faith with Christ, we have now the dignity of children, and in the spirit of adoption, cry Abba, Father.

We are *recognized heirs* to "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us."

We are *heavenly pilgrims*, citizens of, and journeying to, a better country. Our life's effort is to keep ourselves free from the evil of the world, to be in it and not of it; and so to live and grow in grace that we may be made meet for the society of those who are faultless and complete, before the presence of him in whose sight even the heavens are unclean, and the angels are charged with folly.

We are *commissioned servants* sent into the vineyard to "work whilst it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work." With more or less of talent, "every man according to his several ability," has a life's service to perform for Christ, and is intrusted with the means needed by him in order to fulfil the duty of the day in the day.

We are all *living members* of one mystic body. Our head, Christ Jesus, is the bond of union to us all, and partakers of his nature, we feel that, because he lives, we shall live also.

We need to keep all these facts in connection with our own individual state and condition, ever before us. To forget one will be an evil, and unduly to exalt any will surely work us mischief. The remembrance of my once fallen state, checks my pride and keeps me humble. The thought of my complete justification through the imputed righteousness of Christ, casts out my fears and constrains me to "live for him who loved me and gave himself for me." My sonship, as realized by the testimony of the Spirit within, ennobles me, and thus helps me to "walk worthy of the high vocation wherewith I am called," being raised above the slavish spirit which once debased my soul. My "treasure in heaven," draws my "heart there also," and lifts me above the allurements and trials of this world; whilst the fact of being in the world as a pilgrim, preserves me from making it my rest or conforming to its maxims and ways, and tends to keep me on my guard against that earthliness and sin, which are the characteristics of those who make this world their home.

To forget that I am a servant, would be to ruin my peace and purity and to miss that blessing which flows from "doing the will of him that has sent me," for it is written, "in keeping his commandments there is great reward." My union to Christ must be a matter of every day influence, or I shall speedily find myself like a withered branch, for "without him we can do nothing."

We are all too prone to regard some one part of our Christian life to the neglect of the rest, and thus to develope ourselves irregularly, and present a maimed and distorted appearance to the eye of our fellow men. Here, perhaps, a swelling of pride is seen, and there a broken bone or a tender part where a dark doubt about our safety has wounded us sore.

One man labours for a father as if he were a task-master; and another seems to forsake the truth, having loved the present evil world, and being conformed to its ways; few of us are, in all things, imitating Christ. Let it be our aim to live under the influence of a comprehensive and accurate view of our nature and standing in Christ Jesus, that we may be "perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

II. Take a comprehensive view *of Divine Truth.* Truth is many-sided, though but one, and unchangeable. The finest white light of the sun is made up of mingled rays—it has heat, motion, chemical action, and we know not what beside; so also is it with that light which giveth life, and comes from the Sun of Righteousness. We at best can know only in part and prophesy in part, and gather our views of truth mainly from their shadows, *as seen in a glass darkly.*

We have, all of us, a secret leaning or taste, which will lead us to lay hold of, and to express most forcibly some part of the truth as it is in Jesus. Men's spiritual constitutions and powers differ as widely as their bodily appearances and mental capacities. We may safely say from experience, and prove it from Scripture, that the Spirit has divided not uniformly but diversely, "as it hath pleased him," the measure of grace to us all. We are strongest at some one point, and this peculiarity enables us to comprehend and exhibit some one part of truth in the clearest and most effective manner. So be it, but I must see that this does not lead me to despise or neglect the rest. Our personal idiosyncracies must never be the standard of our creed. Yet, how often this is the case. The man of action lays hold of precepts, and urges men by all consistent motives to obey them, and to live lives of obedience and usefulness; but in so doing, have you not seen that, not of necessity, but yet surely, he has eclipsed the truths which speak of an inner life of silent communion with God. He has gradually elevated the one, and as insensibly lowered the other class of truths. Whilst, on the other hand, the man of retired and chastened spirit who dwells alone and communes with his own heart upon his bed and is still, is apt to select the experimental parts of holy writ, and compose his creed almost without a command to regulate and guide. We have known men whose preaching was mainly what they had felt, and tasted, and handled of the good word of life, and who always seemed to conclude with the remark, "I was there," whatever the subject may have been. Again, a third class of men whose minds are apt to intermeddle with all knowledge, take exclusively the doctrines, and prophecies, the abstract truths, and direct revelations of the Bible, and furnish their creed with tho teachings of certain dogmas. Now our religion combines all three classes. The Bible is a book of rules for a life of active service, and supplies all healthy motives, exciting us to keep them even unto death; it is also as food for an inner life, which is hid with Christ in God, and furnishes to us a meat and drink which the world knoweth not of; and still further, it has an illuminating power, its entrance giveth light which shineth more and more until that perfect day when we shall know, even as we are known.

Positive error is not so dangerous as partial truth. Poison is seldom taken pure and unadulterated, it is hidden in wholesome meat and drink, and consumed unawares. You may so preach a truth as to make

it do the work of a lie: it may be held in unrighteousness, and wrested to a man's destruction. Brethren, we must start from the cross, and look all around upon the system of truths which revolve about it; but mind, you must not stand upon your own human reason as upon your feet, for then you will turn your back upon some truths and never see them. Rise upon faith's wings, and view them from above, as God over all sees them, and has revealed them to us; and then you will see that "every dark and bending line meets in the centre of his love"—the circle will be viewed complete at once, all truths resting where God has grouped them, round the cross of him, who is THE truth, the first and last, the sum and substance of them all.

III. Our third suggestion is, to take a comprehensive view of *your work in the world.*

No man liveth unto himself; no man dieth unto himself. We are, and must be, links in the chain of being, and on us will hang events which tell for good or ill far down the ages which are yet unborn. We speak to those whose spirits hold a spark which may kindle a flame world-wide, and deathless as the source from whence it came. "I work for eternity," said the ancient artist, and the words should be emblazoned on the beam of our closet, to meet our eye; and be written upon the fleshy tablet of our hearts, so that we may live and labour as those who, though they perish themselves, being dead, shall nevertheless speak by their works which follow them, even while they rest from their labours, having entered into their reward.

There is danger of marking off our corner of the vineyard, and limiting our aims to the cultivating of some one plot of ground. There is good and ill in that deed. Our duty no man shall do for us. We will see that no man take our crown. Let every man bear his own burden; but we have an interest in all work and service done in our common cause, for the one Master, whom we all serve. There be many fields, but they all whiten to one harvest, and shall send multitudes of sheaves amidst the shoutings of the same song, to be gathered into one garner. "The world is my parish," said the prince of evangelists; not less so is it ours, and clearly our duty is to preach the gospel to every creature. Shall our thoughts confine themselves to the four walls of an edifice, or the boundary of a village or town, and say, here I begin and end my work for Christ? No! Wherever breathes, a son of man, a lost and helpless sinner, I see my neighbour, and into his wounds, as God gives me power, will I seek to pour the oil and wine, which alone can heal. We will "do good to all men," though "especially to the household of faith." Wherever we know of a brother speaking the truth in love, and telling to sinners round what a dear Saviour he has found, we salute him as a fellow-labourer in a common work, as a fellow-soldier in the same good fight of faith. We have no divided interest; we cannot clash; we are one, so far as our work is for the Lord. We are, it is true, like the insect in the coral-reef—we each build our own piece; but we like another view of the case. We must turn the world upside down, and there is but one common lever; we must all then give united momentum to effect the deed. The high places of the god of this world are to fall, and his strongholds are to be overthrown; as a grain of gunpowder, each Christian unites with his brother to form the one

charge, and adds his mite of expansive power to make the grand accumulated force by which the castle of evil shall totter to its fall, and the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

IV. Our fourth thought is, that we need to take comprehensive views of *the Church of Christ.*

We believe in the Holy Catholic Church, which is one universal brotherhood, and in the sight of the Eternal Father, a complete and undivided family. Our hearts leap for joy at the thought that out of every kindred, nation, tribe, tongue, and people, God is preparing a seed to serve him, and call the Redeemer blessed. Now, the flock is divided, and we have party folds, but eventually it will be seen that there is "one fold and one shepherd," common to us all. We cherish this idea, it is redolent of heaven, and dawns on our mind as a beam of that perfect day when the Lord God and the Lamb shall be our light, and all our darkness and errors will for ever have fled away.

We hate that false catholicity of spirit which delights to speak against what it calls denominationalism. We belong to the Baptist denomination, and hope never to feel ashamed of the title, or to deny the scriptural character of the ordinance which gives us the name. We venture to express no doubts where we have none—to tread firmly whenever we feel the solid rock beneath our feet—to hold fast what we know to be truth, and to hit hard at whatever loveth or maketh a lie. We are not foolish enough to say that all can be right when they contradict each other flatly, and call white black and black white. The contention is professedly for truth, and there is a truth for which we contend; and whenever we lay hold of it, we grasp it firmly, even though as yet we cannot make it square to the rule of human reason, believing that some stone may be rejected of us builders, and yet become the head stone of the corner. This is one thing, and to deny the Christianity of any who differ from us is quite another. Our denomination we may believe to be nearest the truth, but to assert that it is the boundary of it, is to imitate those who would say, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou." All true Christians are, and must be, one, in fundamental truths. I cannot believe a member to be alive who holds not the head, Christ Jesus; but every member who by faith lives on Christ, however wrapped in grave clothes of superstition, defiled with stains of error, or diseased by sin, we hail as one with us and a joint heir of glory. We may be "distinct as the billows," yet we are "one as the sea," if we have been made to enter by faith into union with our risen Lord. There is scarcely anything which tends to expand the mind, to restore wasted energies both bodily and mental, so much as a travel in foreign lands. Our prejudices are removed, and we enlarge our stock of ideas. It is very healthful for the Christian to journey in spirit over the various churches and to mark the excellencies of each. That there are better men than ourselves in the world is a very happy discovery to make—that we are surpassed by multitudes in matters where we thought ourselves unrivalled—that we have peers who equal us, and princes who tower over us, and to whom we may look up with reverence—these are very humiliating but very healthful truths. We shall never be one by ignoring our differences or making them to take in words (we seldom

do in deeds) a place in the shady background. No, let us ventilate our peculiarities and sun them in fair daylight, and we shall then know wherein we differ, and agree to hold each other in respect, as honest, conscientious men, and to work where we can in union, and where we cannot, yet still in love. Grace, mercy, and peace be with all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth: but no peace with error; and no grace of Christ do we wish to rest upon that work or dogma which is not of God.

We have yet to learn that a bold, unhesitating declaration of our opinion is inconsistent with a due love to all the brethren. We rejoice in all signs of a desire to make alliance, as Christians, with all who love and preach Christ Jesus the crucified; but this can never be genuine nor lasting, if it proceeds on any other principle than a recognition of our differences as well as our agreements. We scorn the man who, differing from us, would speak with bated breath because we were present; and certainly we shall never return the compliment, and imitate him in the deed. After all, our union is irrespective even of the points of doctrinal agreement, it lies back in our common nature and our common Lord. Doctrines will never sever us, and can never unite us more firmly, if we are already "one in Christ Jesus."

But to conclude—the spirit of comprehensive thought and feeling is one that we need to cultivate, so as to apply it on all occasions to every subject of contemplation. If we look within, may we see our calling and our relations in all their bearings: if at truth, may we take heed that we let nothing slip. If our relation to Christian work and enterprise is before us, then may we view it in its widest bearings, and be neither straitened nor weary in well doing, as in due time we shall reap, if we faint not; and whenever the household of faith attracts our thoughts, may we believe that whosoever shall do the will of our Father which is in heaven, the same is Christ's mother, and His and our sister and brother. Amen.

I WISH that *I may never grasp so much of the world as to distract my head with cares, or engage my heart in sins*, and that in the rust that cleaves to my fingers in telling of money, though each peece seem clean enough, I may see the emblem of the defilement, gotten insensibly by the use even of lawful things, that therefore I may constantly afterwards wash my heart by prayers and meditations. I wish *to account nothing a crosse to me, but what crosses religion* in some respect, either to my own soul or others; to reckon by that rule, my losses and gains, my thrivings and goings back: and for this reason, to esteem scandall* the worst of evils; and to give, or do, or suffer any thing to prevent or take them away: and next to these the want of God's ordinances. I wish *to have my heart and conversation alwaies in heaven*, as counting "my treasure to be laid up there;"† and though I must trade with worldly commodities, yet to reckon grace my chief stock: and that as fore-seeing losses, I may trade much in the assurance-office, and study daily the art of Christian alchymy, which can extract advantage out of losses, gold out of every thing, even dung itself; that is, grace not only out of every gracious act of God's providence within sight or hearing; but even out of afflictions and very sins.—*From "Memorials of Godliness and Christianity," by Herbert Palmer.*

* That is, putting a "stumbling block" in the way of others. † Matt. vi. 21.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM I.

TITLE.—*This Psalm is in some measure to be regarded as* THE PREFACE PSALM, *having in it a notification of the contents of the entire Book. It is the Psalmist's desire to teach us the way to blessedness, and to warn us of the sure destruction of sinners. This, then, is the matter of the first Psalm, which may be looked upon, in some respects, as the text upon which the whole of the Psalms make up a divine sermon.*

DIVISION.—*This Psalm consists of two parts: in the first (from verse* 1 *to the end of the* 3*rd) David sets out wherein the felicity and blessedness of a godly man consisteth, what his exercises are, and what blessings he shall receive from the Lord. In the second part (from verse* 4 *to the end) he contrasts the state and character of the ungodly, reveals the future, and describes, in telling language, his ultimate doom.*

EXPOSITION.

BLESSED *is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight *is* in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

"*BLESSED*,"—See how this Book of Psalms opens with a benediction, even as did the famous Sermon of our Lord upon the Mount. The word translated "blessed" is a very expressive one. The original word is plural, and it is a controverted matter whether it is an adjective or a substantive. Hence we may learn the multiplicity of the blessings which shall rest upon the man whom God hath justified, and the perfection and greatness of the blessedness he shall enjoy. We might read it, "O the blessednesses!" and we may well regard it (as Ainsworth does) as a joyful acclamation of the gracious man's felicity. May the like benediction rest on us!

Here the gracious man is described both negatively (verse 1) and positively (verse 2). He is a man *who does not walk in the counsel of the ungodly.* He takes wiser counsel, and walks in the commandments of the Lord his God. To him the ways of piety are paths of peace and pleasantness. His footsteps are ordered by the Word of God, and not by the cunning and wicked devices of carnal men. It is a rich sign of inward grace when the outward walk is changed, and when ungodliness is put far from our actions. Note next, *he standeth not in the way of sinners.* His company is of a choicer sort than it was. Although a sinner himself, he is now a blood-washed sinner, quickened by the Holy Spirit, and renewed in heart. Standing by the rich grace of God in the congregation of the righteous, he dares not herd with the multitude that do evil. Again it is said, "*nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.*" He finds no rest in the atheist's scoffings. Let others make a mock of sin, of eternity, of hell and heaven, and of the Eternal God; this man has learned better philosophy than that of the infidel, and has too much sense of God's presence to endure to hear his name blasphemed. The seat of the scorner may be very lofty, but it is very near to the gate of hell; let us flee from it, for it shall soon be empty, and destruction shall swallow up the man who sits therein. Mark the gradation in the first verse:

He	walketh	not	in the	counsel	of the ungodly,
Nor	*standeth*		in the *way*	of	*sinners*,
Nor	SITTETH		in the SEAT	of the	SCORNFUL.

When men are living in sin they go from bad to worse. At first they merely *walk* in the counsel of the careless and *ungodly*, who forget God—the evil is rather practical than habitual—but after that, they become habituated to evil, and they *stand* in the way of open *sinners* who wilfully violate God's commandments; and if let alone, they go one step further, and become themselves pestilent teachers and tempters of others, and thus they *sit in the seat of the scornful.*

They have taken their degree in vice, and as true Doctors of Damnation they are installed, and are looked up to by others as Masters in Belial. But the blessed man, the man to whom all the blessings of God belong, can hold no communion with such characters as these. He keeps himself pure from these lepers; he puts away evil things from him as garments spotted by the flesh; he comes out from among the wicked, and goes without the camp, bearing the reproach of Christ. O for grace to be thus separate from sinners.

And now mark his positive character. "*His delight is in the law of the Lord.*" He is not *under* the law as a curse and condemnation, but he is *in* it, and he delights to be in it as his rule of life; he delights, moreover, to *meditate* in it, to read it *by day*, and think upon it *by night*. He takes a text and carries it with him all day long; and in the night-watches, when sleep forsakes his eyelids, he museth upon the Word of God. In the *day* of his prosperity he sings *psalms* out of the Word of God, and in the *night* of his affliction he comforts himself with *promises* out of the same book. "The law of the Lord" is the daily bread of the true believer. And yet, in David's day, how small was the volume of inspiration, for they had scarcely anything save the first five books of Moses! How much more, then, should we prize the whole written Word which it is our privilege to have in all our houses! But, alas, what ill-treatment is given to this angel from heaven! We are not all Berean searchers of the Scriptures. How few among us can lay claim to the benediction of the text! Perhaps some of you can claim a sort of negative purity, because you do not walk in the way of the ungodly; but let me ask you—Is your delight in the law of God? Do you study God's Word? Do you make it the man of your right hand—your best companion and hourly guide? If not, this blessing belongeth not to you.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

"*And he shall be like a tree planted;*" not a wild tree, but "a tree *planted*," chosen, considered as property, cultivated and secured from the last terrible uprooting, for "every plant, which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up:" Matthew xv. 13. "*By the rivers of water;*" so that even if one river should fail, he hath another. The rivers of pardon and the rivers of grace, the rivers of the promise and the rivers of communion with Christ, are never-failing sources of supply. He is "like a tree planted by the rivers of water, *that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;*" not unseasonable graces, like untimely figs, which are never full-flavoured. But the man who delights in God's Word, being taught by it, bringeth forth patience in the time of suffering, faith in the day of trial, and holy joy in the hour of prosperity. Fruitfulness is an essential quality of a gracious man, and that fruitfulness should be seasonable. "*His leaf also shall not wither;*" his faintest word shall be everlasting; his little deeds of love shall be had in remembrance. Not simply shall his fruit be preserved, but *his leaf* also. He shall neither lose his beauty nor his fruitfulness. "*And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.*" Blessed is the man who hath such a promise as this. But we must not always estimate the fulfilment of a promise by our own eye-sight. How often, my brethren, if we judge by feeble sense, may we come to the mournful conclusion of Jacob, "All these things are against me!" For though we know our interest in the promise, yet are we so tried and troubled, that sight sees the very reverse of what that promise foretells. But to the eye of faith this word is sure, and by it we perceive that our works are prospered, even when everything seems to go against us. It is not outward prosperity which the Christian most desires and values; it is soul prosperity which he longs for. We often, like Jehoshaphat, make ships to go to Tarshish for gold, but they are broken at Ezion-geber; but even here there is a true prospering, for it is often for the soul's health that we should be poor, bereaved, and persecuted. Our worst things are often our best things. As there is a curse wrapped up in the wicked man's mercies, so there is a blessing concealed in the righteous man's crosses

losses, and sorrows. The trials of the saint are a divine husbandry, by which he grows and brings forth abundant fruit.

4 The ungodly *are* not so: but *are* like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

We have now come to the second head of the Psalm. In this verse the contrast of the ill estate of the wicked is employed to heighten the colouring of that fair and pleasant picture which precedes it. The more forcible translation of the Vulgate and of the Septuagint version is—"*Not so the ungodly, not so.*" And we are hereby to understand that whatever good thing is said of the righteous is not true in the case of the ungodly. Oh! how terrible is it to have a double negative put upon the promises! and yet this is just the condition of the ungodly. Mark the use of the term "*ungodly*," for, as we have seen in the opening of the Psalm, these are the beginners in evil, and are the least offensive of sinners. Oh! if such is the sad state of those who quietly continue in their morality, and neglect their God, what must be the condition of open sinners and shameless infidels? The first sentence is a negative description of the ungodly, and the second is the positive picture. Here is their *character*—"*they are like chaff*," intrinsically worthless, dead, unserviceable, without substance, and easily carried away. Here, also, mark their *doom*,—"*the wind driveth away*;" death shall hurry them with its terrible blast into the fire in which they shall be utterly consumed.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

They shall stand there to be judged, but not to be acquitted. Fear shall lay hold upon them there; they shall not stand their ground; they shall flee away; they shall not stand in their own defence; for they shall blush and be covered with eternal contempt.

Well may the saints long for heaven, for no evil men shall dwell there, "*nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.*" All our congregations upon earth are mixed. Every Church hath one devil in it. The tares grow in the same furrows as the wheat. There is no floor which is as yet thoroughly purged from chaff. Sinners mix with saints, as dross mingles with gold. God's precious diamonds still lie in the same field with pebbles. Righteous Lots are this side heaven continually vexed by the men of Sodom. Let us rejoice then, that in "the general assembly and church of the firstborn" above, there shall by no means be admitted a single unrenewed soul. Sinners cannot live in heaven. They would be out of their element. Sooner could a fish live upon a tree than the wicked in Paradise. Heaven would be an intolerable hell to an impenitent man, even if he could be allowed to enter; but such a privilege shall never be granted to the man who perseveres in his iniquities. May God grant that we may have a name and a place in his courts above!

6 For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Or, as the Hebrew hath it yet more fully, "The Lord is *knowing* the way of the righteous." He is constantly looking on their way, and though it may be often in mist and darkness, yet the Lord knoweth it. If it be in the clouds and tempest of affliction, he understandeth it. He numbereth the hairs of our head; he will not suffer any evil to befall us. "He knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold. (Job xxiii. 10.) "*But the way of the ungodly shall perish.*" Not only shall *they* perish themselves, but *their way* shall perish too. The righteous carves his name upon the rock, but the wicked writes his remembrance in the sand. The righteous man ploughs the furrows of earth, and sows a harvest here, which shall never be fully reaped till he enters the enjoyments of eternity; but as for the wicked, he ploughs the sea, and though there may seem to be a shining trail behind his keel, yet the waves shall pass over it, and the place that knew him shall know

him no more for ever. The very "way" of the ungodly shall perish. If it exist in remembrance, it shall be in the remembrance of the bad; for the Lord will cause the name of the wicked to rot, to become a stench in the nostrils of the good, and to be only known to the wicked themselves by its putridity.

May the Lord cleanse our hearts and our ways, that we may escape the doom of the ungodly, and enjoy the blessedness of the righteous!

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 1.—The Psalmist saith more to the point about true happiness in this short Psalm than any one of the philosophers, or all of them put together: they did but beat the bush, God hath here put the bird into our hand.—*Trapp.*

Where the word *blessed* is hung out as a sign, we may be sure that we shall find a godly man within.—*Baker.*

The seat of the drunkard is the seat of the scornful.—*Matthew Henry.*

Verse 2.—I have no rest, but in a nook, with *the book.*—*Thomas à Kempis.*

The godly man will read the Word by *day*, that men, seeing his good works, may glorify his Father who is in heaven; he will do it in the *night*, that he may not be seen of men: by *day*, to show that he is not one of those who dread the light; by *night*, to show that he is one who can shine in the shade: by *day*, for that is the time for working—work whilst it is day; by *night*, lest his Master should come as a thief, and find him idle.—*Sir Richard Baker.*

Meditation chews the cud, and gets the sweetness and nutritive virtue of the Word into the heart and life: this is the way the godly bring forth much fruit.—*Ashworth.*

The naturalists observe that to uphold and accommodate bodily life, there are divers sorts of faculties communicated, and these among the rest; 1. An attractive faculty, to assume and draw in the food; 2. A retentive faculty, to retain it when taken in; 3. An assimilating faculty, to concoct the nourishment; 4. An augmenting faculty, for drawing to perfection. Meditation is all these. It helps judgment, wisdom and faith to ponder, discern, and credit the things which reading and hearing supply and furnish. It assists the memory to lock up the jewels of divine truth in her sure treasury. It has a digesting power, and turns spiritual truth into spiritual nourishment; and lastly, it helps the renewed heart to grow upward and increase its power to know the things which are freely given to us of God.—*Condensed from Ranew.*

Verse 3.—This is an allusion to the eastern method of cultivation, by which rivulets of water are made to flow between the rows of trees, and thus, by artificial means, the trees receive a constant supply of moisture.

"*His leaf also shall not wither.*" The Lord's trees are all evergreens. No winter's cold can destroy their verdure;

Verse 3—A critical journal has shown that instead of "*Whatsoever it doeth shall prosper,*" the rendering should be, "*Whatsoever it produceth shall come to maturity.*" This makes the figure entire, and is sanctioned by some MSS. and ancient versions.

Verse 3, (*last clause*).—Outward prosperity, if it follow close walking with God, is very sweet; as the cypher, when it follows a figure, adds to the number, though it be nothing in itself.—*Trapp.*

Verse 4.—"*Driveth away,*" or tosseth away; the Chaldee translateth for "wind," "whirlwind."—*Ainsworth.*

This shows the vehement tempest of death, which sweeps away the soul of the ungodly.

Verse 5.—The Irish air will sooner brook a toad, or a snake, than heaven a sinner.—*Trapp.*

Verse 6.—"*The righteous.*" They that endeavour righteous living in themselves and have Christ's righteousness imputed to them.—*Wilcocks.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1—May furnish an excellent text upon "Progress in Sin," or "The Purity of the Christian," or "The Blessedness of the Righteous." Upon the last subject speak of the believer as BLESSED—1. By God; 2. In Christ; 3. With all blessings; 4. In all circumstances; 5. Through time and eternity; 6. To the highest degree.

Verse 1—Teaches a godly man to beware, (1) of the opinions, (2) of the practical life, and (3) of the company and association of sinful men. Show how meditation upon the Word will assist us in keeping aloof from these three evils.

Verse 2.—THE WORD OF GOD. 1. The believer's delight in it. 2. The believer's acquaintance with it. We long to be in the company of those we love.

Verse 3.—Influence of religion upon prosperity.—*Blair.*

The nature of true prosperity.—"*Fruit in his season:*" virtues to be exhibited at certain seasons.—Patience in affliction; gratitude in prosperity; zeal in opportunity. "*His leaf also shall not wither:*" the blessing of retaining an unwithered profession.

Verses 3, 4.—See No. 280 of the "New Park Street Pulpit."—"The Chaff Driven Away."

Verse 5.—"*The congregation of the righteous*" viewed as the Church of the first-born above. This may furnish a noble topic.

Verse 6, (*first sentence*).—A sweet encouragement to the tried people of God. The knowledge here meant. 1. *Its character.*—It is a knowledge of observation and approbation. 2. *Its source.*—It is caused by ominiscience and infinite love. 3. *Its results.*—Support, deliverance, acceptance, and glory at last.

Christian Chymistry.

"ARGUMENTS are the pillars of the temple of truth; illustrations are the windows to let in light." Sermons made all of illustrations would be unsubstantial glass-houses, and would effect nothing beyond the forcing of weak minds into an unhealthy growth. Sermons without metaphors are dark vaults, in which men must grope after the jewels of truth with little hope of finding them. A judicious use of comparisons will make a discourse captivating to the careless, instructive to the enquiring, suggestive to the thoughtful, and pleasant to all.

It is not, however, the very easiest matter to find good and telling emblems. A few gifted brethren may be able to say,—

> "My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
> Wherein imaginations run like sands,
> Filling up time;"

but the many are not blessed with any miraculous fecundity of metaphor, and must collect with diligence those flowers which their own soil does not spontaneously or abundantly yield to them. It is our duty to help each other in these matters of common interest, and therefore we resolve to have one paper every month of illustrations for the use of those who are called to teach. Coleridge enquires, "Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country?" And then he observes, "Great books are not in everybody's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every book-worm, when in any fragrant scarce old tome he discovers a sentence, a story, an illustration that does his heart good, hasten to give it." The advice is good; we intend to be obedient to it.

In the course of our book-hunting we have stumbled upon a copy of an extremely rare book, entitled, "Christian Chymistrie, extracting the honey of instruction from variety of objects, being an handfull of observations, historical, occasional, and out of Scripture, with applications, Theological and Moral. By Caleb Trenchfield, sometime Minister of the Church at Chipsted, in Surrey." It is dated 1662. In the dedication the author puts a humble estimate upon his work. "I here

present you with a bunch of grapes, like those of our country, comparatively sour, nay, positively so, for 'tis out of mine own vineyard, and I dwell in a cold air and churlish soil, that would abase even a generous vine, being fitter for perry and cider. If you can pick out hence any grape meet for your palate that may be for food or physic; if not, like wine to cheer your heart; like vinegar, to whet your stomach to what's better I shall be glad."

Our intention is to reprint this book in our Magazine, but as several of the author's anecdotes are either too coarse or too preposterous to be at all serviceable, we intend to cast them overboard, and fill up the space with others either of our own concoction or collection. As an excuse for so doing, we give a specimen of those knocked out, and we think intelligent readers, and we do not write for any other class, will be content to let us drop all others of a similar stamp:—"A crocodile out of the river Niger drew in with his tail nine slaves chained together, and devoured them all!! But the chain not being digestible, proved his destruction. (We should think so.) Lord, at how great sin dare this heart of mine venture, and at how long a train; as the ox drinketh down water in huge quantities, and with great delight; but there is a chain of guilt with it, surely deadly, which can neither be vomited nor vented; this makes me cry, "*My bowels, my bowels, I am pained at my very heart*, but the comfort is, there is Balm in Gilead, and a Physician there." An excellent moral, doubtless, but so oddly drawn, as to make us overlook it, while noting the quaintness of the style.

I.

SCIPIO Africanus being shewed a very rich shield, answered that it was the manner of the Romans to trust more in their right hands than their left: but most of those champions set down in the Lord's Book of Worthies are notable as much for the defensive as for the offensive use of their weapons. There is as much honour to be reaped in the field of suffering as in that of active service. The apostle, in that triumphal arch of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, has remembered not only those who waxed valiant in fight and put to flight the armies of the aliens, but those also who were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted and were slain with the sword. It is well to handle with skill both the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit.

II.

A CONTENTED citizen of Milan, who had never passed beyond its walls during the course of sixty years, being ordered by the governor not to stir beyond its gates, became immediately miserable, and felt so powerful an inclination to do that which he had so long contentedly neglected, that, on his application for a release from this restraint, being refused, he became quite melancholy, and at last died of grief. How well this illustrates the apostle's confession, that he had not known lust, unless the law had said unto him, "Thou shalt not covet!" "Sin, saith he, "taking occasion by the commandment wrought in me, all manner of concupiscence." Evil often sleeps in the soul, until the holy command

of God is discovered, and then the enmity of the carnal mind rouses itself, to oppose in every way the will of God. "Without the law," says Paul, "sin was dead." How vain to hope for salvation from the law, when through the perversity of sin, it is far more likely to provoke our evil hearts to rebellion, and so to work in us neither repentance nor love.

III.

AGESILAUS, playing with his young son, and riding upon a reed to make him sport, was derided by one of his familiar friends, as being too light and trifling; to whom he answered, "Hold thy peace till thou thyself art a father, and then we will hear thy advice." When we meet with infirmities which have befallen some of the servants of God in their exigencies, we are ready to deride their weakness, or suspect their sincerity; but let us suspend our judgments till our souls be in their souls' stead.

IV.

WHEN the Spartan king advanced against the enemy, he had always with him some one that had been crowned in the public games of Greece. And they tell us, that a Lacedæmonian, when large sums were offered him on condition that he would not enter the Olympic lists, refused them. Having with much difficulty thrown his antagonist in wrestling, one put this question to him, "Spartan, what will you get by this victory?" He answered with a smile, *I shall have the honour to fight foremost in the ranks of my prince.* The honour which appertains to office in the Church of God lies mainly in this; that the man who is set apart for such service has the privilege of being first in holiness of example, abundance of liberality, patience of long-suffering, zeal in effort, and self-sacrifice in service. Thou gracious King of Kings, if thou hast made me a minister or deacon in thy Church, enable me to be foremost in every good word and work, shunning no sacrifice, and shrinking from no suffering.

V.

IT appears that Themistocles, when a boy, was full of spirit and fire, quick of apprehension, naturally inclined to bold attempts, and likely to make a great statesman. His hours of leisure and vacation he spent not, like other boys, in idleness and play, but he was always inventing and composing declamations, the subjects of which were either impeachments or defences of some of his schoolfellows; so that his master would often say, "Boy, you will be nothing common or indifferent, you will either be a blessing or a curse to the community." So remember, you who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus, that to you indifference is impossible; you *must* bless the Church and the world by your holiness, or you will curse them both by your hypocrisy and inconsistency. In the visible Church it is most true "no man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself."

(*To be continued.*)



THERE is an ancient parable which says that the dove once made a piteous complaint to her fellow birds, that the hawk was a most cruel tyrant, and was thirsty for her blood. One counselled her to keep below, but the hawk can stoop for his prey; another advised her to soar aloft, but the hawk can mount as high as she. A third bade her hide herself in the woods, but alas! these are the hawk's own estates, where he holds his court. A fourth recommended her to keep in the town, but there man hunted her, and she feared that her eyes would be put out by the cruel falconer to make sport for the hawk. At last one told her to rest herself in the clefts of the rock, there she would be safe, violence itself could not surprise her there.

The meaning is easy; reader, do not fail to catch it, and to act upon it. The dove is thy poor defenceless soul. Satan is thy cruel foe; wouldst thou not escape from him? Thy poverty cannot protect thee, for sin can stoop to the poor man's level and devour him in the cottage, and drag him to hell from a hovel. Thy riches are no security, for Satan can make these a snare to thee, and if thou shouldest mount never so high, the bird of prey can follow thee and rend thee in pieces! The busy world with all its cares cannot shelter thee, for here it is that the great enemy is most at home; he is the prince of this world, and seizes men who find their joys therein as easily as a kite lays hold upon a sparrow. Nor can retirement secure you, for there are sins peculiar to quietude, and hell's dread vulture soars over lonely solitudes to find defenceless souls, and rend them in pieces. There is but one defence. O may you and I fly to it at once! Jesus was wounded for sin; faith in him saves at once and for ever. He that believeth on him is not condemned. O for the wings of a dove to fly to him and be at rest. Let our fears hasten us; let our hopes speed us. Away, away poor sinner, Jesus waits to receive you. His wounds are open still. Be this your earnest prayer—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee."

Conscience tells you that you do not deserve to find a shelter in Jesus; this is true, but remember that you have to look to God's gracious promise, and not to your own black life. Sinners are the objects of Jesus' mercy, and whosoever believeth on *him* is not condemned. It is written, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

Sword and Trowel Tracts—6d. per 100. Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.



A LITTLE boy on his death-bed was urging his father to repentance, and fearing he had made no impression, he said, "Father, I am going to heaven; *what shall I tell Jesus is the reason why you will not love him?*" The father burst into tears, but before he could give an answer, his dear little son had fallen asleep in Jesus. This question though very childlike, is far from childish, and is well worth pondering. May I beg thee, reader, to muse upon it, and reply to it. *You are too much occupied with work and care to afford time to think of Jesus.* O poor excuse! Is it honest to make it? Where there is a will there is a way. You have hours to waste with sinners, you must have some few moments to use with Jesus. It is sad that you should not have time enough to be saved, for you will ere long find time in which to be damned. *Is Jesus unworthy of your love?* He willingly left the glory of heaven to redeem rebellious men. He died upon the cross for his enemies. Is not his disinterested affection worthy of your admiration? Why will you not love him? *He will save you if you trust in him;* and yet you have never deserved to be saved by him. Is not this generous? It is free, undeserved mercy, which makes him pray you to look unto him and be saved. Your mother spent her strength in nursing you, and you love her; Christ bears sinners on his heart, and shall they not love him? Your friend gave you of his substance, and you love him; Christ gives his heart's blood, and can you despise him? WHAT SHALL I TELL JESUS IS THE REASON WHY YOU WILL NOT LOVE HIM? Will you not answer me? Then I will put it in another shape. WHAT WILL YOU TELL JESUS AT THE LAST GREAT DAY WAS THE REASON WHY YOU DID NOT LOVE HIM? O that by the grace of God, you may be led to cry, I do trust the Lord Jesus; he has saved me, and I MUST LOVE HIM—

"A very wretch Lord I should prove,
Had I no love for thee;
Sooner than not my Saviour love,
O may I cease to be."

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Personal Service.

BY A. G. BROWN, OF BROMLEY, LATE STUDENT AT THE PASTOR'S COLLEGE.

"WHATSOVER thy hand findeth to do, do it," is a sentence expressed by the wisest man that ever lived. It is well known to every Christian of the present day, and yet we fear but little practised. In looking round upon the work of the Christian Church, we are almost constrained to think that a text would have been more literally acted out which had run thus: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, get some one else to do it for you." Work by proxy has but little countenance in things relating to this world, but prevails much in matters relating to the world to come. Seldom or never do we hear it said, "As I am desirous of increasing my business, I will get some one else to look after it;" but often may we hear it said, if not in words, yet by actions, "As I am desirous of extending my Redeemer's kingdom, I will see that others are employed in promoting it." Many leave others to do the work, and expect themselves to wear the crown. There is an old tale of some use here. "A certain man would never go to Church, but when he heard the bell ring, would say to his wife, 'Go thou to Church and pray for thee and me.' One night he dreamed that both he and his wife were dead, and that they knocked together at heaven's gate for entrance. St. Peter (as the legend goes) was porter, and suffered the wife to enter in, but kept the husband out; telling him, 'She is gone in for herself and thee,' whereat he was much aggrieved; and thought himself hardly treated." What a blessed and glorious time it will be for the Church of God, when instead of the cry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me *require others* to do," it shall be, "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do." If the few lines following shall, by God's blessing, be the means of urging any of his children to more active and personal service in his vineyard, the writer's heart will rejoice, and his Master alone shall have the glory.

Surely *gratitude itself demands personal service.* How individualized have been all the steps that God has taken in working out the salvation of each of his elect ones! Before an archangel stretched his wings to obey the high behests of his sovereign Lord, ere the morning stars sang together, and before the pale moon shot her first silvery ray over the new-born earth, God chose his people in the first elect; but how? In families? In groups? In nations? No, but individually.

> "Grace first inscribed *my name*
> In God's eternal book."

And had not Christ, in the work of redemption a special view to each eternally elect one? Paul seemed to think so, for he exclaims with ecstacy, "Who loved *me* and gave himself for *me*." It is the thought of the speciality of the atonement which, to the believing eye, throws so rich a lustre round the cross, and causes the saint to sing, with both the tear-drop in his eye, and the smile upon his cheek—

> "Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,
> And did my Sovereign die;
> Would he devote that sacred head
> For *such a worm as I*."

The work of the Holy Spirit, too, is personally applied. The third person of the Trinity stands in close relation to each redeemed one. He does to each, what Christ did to the poor blind man of Bethsaida, takes him by the hand, leads him apart from the crowd, anoints his eyes, and directs them upward. Let God's people testify how the Spirit strove with their stubborn souls,

> "Convinced them of their sin,
> Then led to Jesus' blood,"

how he never left them till the rocky heart was broken, and the iron spirit began to melt.

Did God the Father choose me individually? Did Christ the Son redeem me individually? Did God the Holy Ghost strive with me individually? Then gratitude demands an individual surrender of body, soul, and spirit to the great work of extending the glory of the triune Jehovah—

> "As drops of grief can ne'er repay
> The debt of love I owe;
> Here, Lord, I give myself away,
> 'Tis all that I can do."

Not only does gratitude demand personal dedication to God, but *love prompts it.* Where there is but little personal service, it is not severe to say, there is but little love; for love is an active not a dormant power in the soul. If a house be on fire within, it will soon show itself at the windows. You cannot cover up a spring; it will burst forth somewhere. So if the heart be on fire with love to the Saviour, it will soon burn its way into active operation, and if the well-spring of true affection be there, it will, it must flow out in some channel or other. Given much love in the heart, and we shall soon see much heroism in the work. Walking over a field of battle, it was easy to see why that young man, though but recently enlisted, fought so valiantly; for hidden under his vest, is a sweet face cased in gold, the very thought of which urged him to nobler deeds: so let Jesus, cased in love, be carried in the soul; no difficulty shall deter, no danger shall dismay. Active service is the thermometer of the soul; when that falls, there is cold weather within; when it rises, there is more warmth of love. The still small voice of love within will be constantly and earnestly crying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do."

But, dear reader, not only does gratitude demand and love prompt personal service on the part of every believer, but *the world requires it.* The harvest is so extensive, that it calls for the labour of every reaper. Those already engaged in the work feel their own insufficiency to meet the demand. Ask God's ministers at home, and they will tell you that there is too much left for them to do; that had they the strength of angels, they must faint and tire before one tithe of the work required to be done could be accomplished. With one voice they cry to the Christian Church at large, "Men of Israel, help." The missionaries abroad, with a still more sorrowful emphasis, could tell you that they are appalled at the contemplation of the vast area of that desert on which they have to scatter the seed of the kingdom. What think ye of one missionary to a million of immortal souls under the cruel bondage of the prince of darkness; and yet even this is more than the supply in some parts of our globe. Child of God, listen! Do you not hear—

"From Greenland's icy mountains
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call you to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

Think, too, of *the benefits to be derived in our own souls* by personal service. God will never let a man be a loser by serving him. The dense vapours that rise from earth to heaven return in pure water; so he who gives to God such as he has, shall receive from him a good return. The spear that is used contracts no rust; the sword that is continually wielded remains untarnished; the arm in constant use becomes occasionally weary, but increasingly strong; so the child of God who labours for his master, though often wearied, gains great strength through that which he expends. The placid lake is sealed up in winter's frost from shore to shore, but the running rivulet escapes its power. The bewildered traveller on the Alps, half benumbed with cold, gets fresh circulation and warmth by his exertions to restore animation to the body of another. The reason why we have so many benumbed and frozen Christians in the present day is, that there are few personally employed in the work. We long for the time when every believer like the little waterfall and the alpine traveller shall be too active to freeze. Personal service brings its own reward; watering others, we are watered ourselves; warming others, we are ourselves warmed; blessing others, we ourselves are blessed. Do you say, what can God do by one? I reply, very much! By one, he brought forth his chosen people from Egypt's thraldom; by one, (and that a youth,) Goliah was slain while the whole army of Israel trembled before him; by one, the assembled Israelites were convinced that "The Lord he is God," and the prophets of Baal were slain; by one sermon, and that a simple one, three thousand hearts were opened. Time would fail to tell of what God has done by such men as Wickliffe, Luther, Calvin, Huss, Whitfield, Wesley, Pounds, Harlan Page, and reader, Why not you?

Should this meet the eye of one who is yet unsaved, I ask you not to take the Saviour's work into your own hands, but

first to resign your soul into his hands. Do you say, would that I could put a crown on Jesus' brow. Rise and be thyself that crown.

Fall of Jericho.

BY C. H. SPURGEON, 1852.

THE day is come, the seventh morn
Is usher'd in with blast of horn,
Tremble, ye tow'rs of giant height,
This is the day of Israel's might.
Six days ye mock'd the silent band,
This hour their shout shall shake your land.
Old Jordan's floods shall hear the sound,
Yon circling hills with fear shall bound.

Thou palm-tree'd city, at thy gates,
Death in grim form this moment waits;
See, hurrying on the howling blast,
That dreaded hour, thy last, thy last.

Lo at the leader's well-known sign
The tribes their mighty voices join,
With thund'ring noise the heavens are rent,
Down falls the crumbling battlement;
Straight to the prey each soldier goes,
The sword devours his helpless foes.
Now impious! on your idols call;
Prostrate at Baal's altar fall.
In vain your rampart and your pride
Which once Jehovah's pow'r defied.

Now Israel, spare not, strike the blade
In heart of man and breast of maid;
Spare not the old, nor young, nor gay,
Spare not, for justice bids you slay.

Who shall describe that dreadful cry,
These ears shall hear it till they die.
Pale terror shrieks her hideous note,
War bellows from his brazen throat.
Death tears his prey with many a groan,
Nor earth itself restrains a moan.

Ho! vultures to the banquet haste,
Here ye may feast, and glut your taste;
Ho! monsters of the gloomy wood,
Here cool your tongues in seas of blood.

But no; the flames demand the whole,
In blazing sheets they upward roll;
They fire the heavens, and cast their light
Where Gibeon pales with sad affright;
A lurid glare o'er earth is cast,
The nations stand with dread, aghast.
The shepherd on the distant plain
Thinks of old Sodom's fiery rain;
He flies a sheltering hill to find,
Nor casts one lingering look behind.

The magian scans his mystic lore,
Fortells the curse on Egypt's shore;
The Arab checks his frighted horse,
Bends his wild knee, and turns his course.
E'en seas remote behold the glare,
And hardy sailors raise their prayer.

Now in dim smoke the flames expire
That lit the city's fun'ral fire,
The glowing embers cease to burn:
Haste, patriot, fill the golden urn!
In crystal tears her dust embalm.
In distant lands, in strife or calm,
Still press the relic to thy heart,
And in the rapture lose the smart!

It must not be; her sons are dead,
They with their mother burned or bled;
Not one survives: the vip'rish race
Have perish'd with their lodging-place.
No more lascivious maidens dance,
No youths with lustful step advance,
No drunkard's bowl, no rite unclean,
No idol mysteries are seen.
A warrior stands in martial state,
And thus proclaims her changeless fate.
"Accursed city, blot her name
"From mind of man, from lip of fame.
"Curs'd be the man, and curs'd his race,
"Who dares his house on thee to place;
"He founds it on his firstborn's tomb,
"And crowns it with the brother's doom"

Thus God rewards the haughty foe,
Great in their sin and overthrow.
He ever reigns immortal King;
With Israel's song the mountains ring.

Yet 'mid the justice dread severe,
Where pity sheds no silv'ry tear,
A gleam of golden mercy strays,
And lights the scene with pleasing rays.

One house escapes, by faith secure,
The scarlet thread a token sure,
Rahab, whose seed in future time
Should bear the virgin's Son sublime.

Thus when the thund'rer grasps his arms,
And fills our earth with just alarms,
His hand still shields the chosen race,
And 'midst his wrath remembers grace.

Gleanings from Nature.

A DIP INTO A POND.—WATER FLEAS.

A SHORT paper for the new Magazine—*The Sword and the Trowel*, is requested; and being desirous of adding a mite to the great work in which its projector is engaged, I sit before the fire with hands in pockets, and feet on the fender, gazing into the glowing coals, waiting for inspiration, which does not come; but recollecting that one has taken a tour round his garden, and another a walk in his study, and descanted pleasantly thereon, I send my eyes wandering round the walls and furniture of my room, and seek for an object upon which to write. At length the subject is found, one more usually discovered in a field than a parlour—but here it is to hand; a Pond! into the depths of which I can gaze without sacrificing the comforts of the easy chair—a Pond which has permitted many a pleasant peep into the mysteries of nature, and which may possibly afford an opportunity of wielding a "Sword", that shall cut down the prejudice with which "things that have eyes and wings" are still regarded by many, and of handling a "Trowel" to build up in the faith of divine love and universal goodness, some who may not have given such attention to the works of the "great Master Builder," as the instances of beauty and adaptation everywhere displayed in nature, claim at the hands of his more intelligent creatures.

But where is the pond? We fear its geographical position, although told with all the precision pertaining to science, would not interest. Suffice it that its dimensions are but small—its contents not exceeding two or three pints of water—which is contained in a glass jar, standing on a table at a window, having a southern aspect. Let no good housewife be shocked, when it is added that the water has been in the vessel, unchanged and uncleansed, many, many months. In it there have been many births. Numerous families, of various habits, have flourished therein, and found graves in the small quantity of mud which forms its bottom. At this time numerous individuals of several species of animal and vegetable organisms, find food and shelter in its, to them, ample depths.

I go a fishing in my pond, not like the valetudinarian angler in a tub, with rod and line having a worm at one end, and—— well, we will not say what, at the other; but we take a glass tube, and withdrawing a moving speck with a small quantity of water, proceed to examine the treasure we have secured. We are blessed with tolerably good eyesight, but the keenest unaided vision will not avail us here, so with the optician's help, we direct a flood of light under and around our catch, and bringing the lenses of the microscope to bear, we invite the attention of a novice who happens to be present to gaze down the tube. With an air of mingled pity at our folly, and of shame at his own, he draws near, looking evidently as, if it were polite so to do, he would certainly decline the, to him, childish invitation. But he looks! We watch his countenance; indifference is succeeded by pleasure—pleasure vanishes from his features and wonder usurps its place—he draws a long breath of relief, as he exclaims, "Wondrous! beautiful!" and now, as he lifts his eye from the glass, and turns with many questions, we feel that our turn has come, and are tempted to defer answering, until we have read him a homily on the folly of despising any of the works of the Creator; and of forcing him to the conclusion, he would not, however, now be slow to admit, that here indeed though scarcely visible to human sight is

> "A work of skill surpassing sense;
> A labour of Omnipotence."

The animal is one of those common to almost every stagnant pool and ditch; sometimes so numerous as to appear like mimic clouds in motion beneath the water's surface; occasionally they are rose-coloured, then the water may have a tinge of red from their great numbers. The one now before us is of a rich golden yellow, but is so transparent as to appear colourless when the full blaze

of light is allowed to fall upon its under side. The varied parts of its body are in constant motion. See those powerful antennæ projecting from its head, they are large and branched, one of the branches having three joints, while the other has four. From each of the joints of the antennæ springs a large and jointed filament, while the extremities of the branches are terminated by a tuft of three similar beautiful appendages. The creature has five pairs of feet, these are jointed, and also have numerous hair-like and jointed filaments, most of which are plumose, that is, having attached to them a large number of smaller filaments, which give them a feathered appearance. These feet, with their feathery attachments, perform the same important function for our little friend as the gills of the fish, beard of the oyster, &c.; they are, indeed, its lungs, or that which answers the same purpose in its animal economy; hence their unceasing action. The one we have under review is a male, and possesses a strong claw at the end of the second joint of the first pair of legs, with long slender filaments nearly the length of its body. That round portion terminating in a tolerably sharp and curved beak is the head; the mouth is furnished with jaws, the upper having several minute teeth, and the lower a hard horny body, terminated with four strong spines, three of which curve inwards, and become hooks to retain the food within the mouth, which is in communication with the intestinal canal passing through the body, and is sufficiently transparent to permit us to ascertain that the creature's wants are supplied by the vegetable matter within its reach. The heart is a small and delicate sac, of course in unceasing action, and you may, if you desire, ascertain the number of beats in a given time, not by placing your finger on its wrist, and feeling the pulsation as a doctor would, but by carefully counting its contractions as the pumping goes on under your eye; and if you are still more curious as to its action, you may trace the vital, but colourless fluid as it traverses the pipes in the minute body.

But what is that extremely beautiful object in the head, looking vastly like a miniature mulberry? While I gaze, it moves; now it is still; then the tremor again returns as the mulberry is turned half round. That is the eye. The animal has but one. The resemblance to a mulberry is produced by the grouping of about twenty lenses, lined with dark pigment into one compound eye of a spherical form which is moved by several slender muscles.

The little animal is snugly ensconced within a shell, which, although transparent, is beautifully chased on the surface in a retiniform manner, as if a fairy's nightcap of the most delicate net had been stretched over it. The shell is open along one side, so as to allow free access of water to the vibratory branchial legs, in order that the respiratory function of the inmate may go on without interruption.

You would like to know the name of your little acquaintance? As it does not, I believe, carry a card-case, I may introduce you to Mr. Daphniæ Pulex* of the highly respectable family of Entomostraca.† Although a flea by name, he has no quality in common with our lively acquaintance of the blankets, except that of moving through the water by jerks much as his namesake leaps through the air.

We will replace the gentleman into the water and take another dip in the hope of securing his wife—is it so? Yes, here we have her! differing in appearance only in some slight particulars from the male: but above the back and within the shell, there are some three or four oval-shaped bodies of a dark colour; they are the lady's young family in process of development: the eggs on passing from the ovarium, are received in the cavity in the shell where they gradually attain the form and organs of their parents. When arrived at maturity, they may be seen struggling in their endeavours to obtain release, until, at the proper moment, mamma withdraws her body, the opening of the shell is slightly extended, and they swim away to maintain an independent existence.

During the summer months, a female once impregnated, may give birth to several broods in succession, and these

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* Water Flea.

† *Entoma*, insect; and *Ostracan*, shell, an insect within a shell.

again produce young. Hence our pools and ditches teem with vast numbers of these creatures, which are however destined only for a short existence, as the cold winds of later autumn destroy many, and the frosts of winter probably kill almost, if not all, those which are left of the previous summer's birth. But the race is not allowed to perish; for although the individuals may die, provision is made for the future appearance of sons and daughters. This is accomplished by the female producing at this time one instead of many eggs, and this one of a different character to those in summer: it is large, surrounded by many cells, and enveloped in several coatings, it nearly fills the cavity between the back of the mother and the inner side of her shell to which it adheres, having the appearance of a saddle, and is therefore termed an ephippial ovum. When the final moult of the shell takes place it falls with the egg, which is protected by its covering from predatory animals, to the bottom of the pool. Resting on the mud beneath the reach of winter's frost, it remains snugly until the return of spring, when the animal emerges to pursue the course of life of its predecessors.

Do not these tiny creatures, varying only from about one-twentieth to one-eighth of an inch in size, display an amazing amount of beauty, forethought, and care on the part of their Creator? Where is the prejudice that can remain proof against such appeals as they afford? Where is the faith that is not quickened by the reflection, that he who cares thus for the humble and lowly of his works, is not only my Friend but my Father?

W. R. SELWAY.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Statistics.

AS one object of this Magazine is to give information upon all matters of general interest connected with the Church and Congregation of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, it may be needful first of all to give a statistic outline of their present position. This is not done in a spirit of boasting but of thankfulness and praise to God that giveth the increase. If it be a duty individually, it is the duty of a Church collectively, to declare what God hath done for their souls. When Peter informed the Christian Jews of the spiritual effects which had accompanied his preaching in the house of Cornelius, "they glorified God, saying, then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life." Soon as Paul and Barnabas had returned from their first preaching tour in Asia Minor to Antioch, they rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles. Paul calls upon the Christians at Corinth to show before the Churches the proof of their love and of his boasting on their behalf. "Your zeal," he adds, "hath provoked very many." Writing to the Colossians from Rome he says of Tychicus and Onesimus, "They shall make known unto you all things which are done here." What God is doing for good in one Church ought therefore to be made known to other Churches, that thanks may be given by many on its behalf and others may be provoked to love and good works.

The history of the Church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, from the time that Mr. Spurgeon became its Pastor, needs not to be repeated here. It may suffice to observe that at the commencement of his Pastorate, in Park Street Chapel, in January, 1854, both the Church and congregation were in a low and scattered state. The Chapel, which is capable of accommodating about 1200, was soon filled to overflowing, and Exeter Hall, or the Surrey Music Hall was engaged for the Sabbath evenings, to meet the increasing desire for hearing. The continual overflow of these extensive buildings, led to the erection of a Tabernacle, as large as could be constructed within the natural compass of the voice of the preacher. This, which seats 5,500, and holds 6,500, has been filled from the day it was first opened, unto the present time.

These are encouraging circumstances,

but that which gives them their highest interest is, that the Church has proportionately increased. It has not been the wisdom of preaching that gratifies the natural man, but the foolishness of preaching that saves them that believe. This work has not been of man, but of God, and therefore it has not been overthrown. The work has been so much of God, that it has taken away the thoughts from man. The man appears only as Paul rejoiced he had been recognized, when he says, "They glorified God in me."

The number of members, when the Church removed from Park Street, was 1,178. The number at the present time is 2,881. The number of admissions during the present pastorate, including removals from all causes, is 3,569. Of these, 47 have become Christian ministers, 7 City missionaries, and 3 Bible women. The officers of the Church consist of an Assistant Teacher, Deacons, and Elders. There are ten Deacons, who are chosen for life, and whose duty is to attend to the temporal interests of the Church. There are twenty-three Elders who are annually elected, and whose duty is to attend to spiritual affairs only. Candidates for Church-membership have an interview with one of the Elders, some of whom attend at the Tabernacle for that purpose every Wednesday evening. A record is made by the Elder of the result of that interview in what is called the Inquirers' Book. If satisfied with the candidate, he gives a card, which qualifies for direct intercourse with Mr. Spurgeon, who devotes a fixed portion of his time to that office. If Mr. Spurgeon thinks favourably of the individual, the name is announced at a Church meeting, and visitors are appointed to make the most careful inquiries into the whole circumstances connected with the application. If this investigation is satisfactory, the candidate appears at a Church meeting where he is examined by the Pastor, after which he retires, and the visitor gives his report upon the case. It is then proposed to the Church for its adoption, and if approved, the Pastor gives the right hand of fellowship. As soon after this as convenient, the candidate is baptized, and on the next first Sabbath in the month ensuing, unites in the Communion Service, having first been recognized before the whole Church by again receiving from the Pastor the right hand of fellowship. Each member on admission, and at the beginning of each year, receives a ticket corresponding with the periods of communion. These tickets are collected by the Deacons just before the communion service commences. The numbers and dates of the tickets correspond with their names in the Church books, so that absentees are known and inquiry in due time is made respecting them.

This form of Church-government has risen out of the peculiar circumstances of a rapid increase, and is, we believe, in harmony with that which in similar circumstances existed in the primitive Churches. It has resulted spontaneously from the influence of the same truths, and the gratification of the same desires. It answers at least all the ends of communion, and discipline, and co-operation contemplated by a Christian Church. It enables a Church of nearly three thousand members to observe all its ordinances with order, solemnity, and profit, with entire freedom from those prodigious evils which have resulted from Churches founded upon totally different principles, and from those even which have attended smaller Churches of their own order. The principle here has been to follow, and not to precede the guidance of Providence, and of the Spirit of God; and to this principle we hope to show we owe our College and other institutions which are sustained amongst us. "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place."

G. R.

Reviews.

The Parables of our Lord. By W. Arnot. T. Nelson and Sons.

Mr. Arnot is the fittest man living to expound the Parables, for he is himself a great master of metaphorical teaching. Happy are the people who statedly listen to his highly pictorial, and yet solid instruction; and here they who read will share the blessing. Bells of golden music, and pomegranates of richest sweetness, are the true emblems of a sanctified teacher, and these in equal proportions enliven and adorn Mr. Arnot's discourses. In the valuable work before us there is, as is usual with the Author, much striking originality, and much unparaded learning. The first will make it popular, the second will commend it to the thoughtful. Many writers have done well upon this subject, but in some respects, as far as space would permit him, our friend excels them all. "The Parables" will be a fit companion to "The Proverbs," and both books will be immortal.

Outlines of Theology. By the Rev. A. A. Hodge. T. Nelson and Sons.

We can best show our appreciation of this able body of Divinity by mentioning that we have used it in our College with much satisfaction both to tutor and students. We intend to make it a Class Book, and urge all young men who are anxious to become good theologians, to master it thoroughly. Of course we do not endorse the Chapter on Baptism. To a few of the Doctor's opinions in other parts we might object, but as a handbook of Theology, in our judgment, it is like Goliah's sword—"there is none like it." It is almost entirely in the form of Questions and Answers. It was published by a Son, who had been associated with his Father in the Professorships of a Theological College in America, after the Author's decease.

Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Time. T. Nelson and Sons.

To the lovers of antiquity, and to those especially who deeply sympathize with the early struggles of Christianity in our own land, this book will have a peculiar charm. The entrance of Christianity, at first, we judge, was private, known and enjoyed by a scattered few in its primitive simplicity long before its existence was known to the Pagan priests and chieftains of the British Isles. Its influence upon the leading characters by whom it was adopted in the Anglo-Saxon and Norman periods of our history, is here glowingly and enthusiastically described. We are induced to think better of those times, but we are not less thankful that they have long passed away. It is a book better adapted to the general taste of the age than to our own.

Sunset in Provence, and other Tales of Martyr Times. T. Nelson and Sons.

True religion has had to contend with opposition and persecution on its first entrance into all lands, while false religions have risen, flourished, and abided for centuries undisturbed. The former is opposed to the sentiments and passions of men; the latter are in harmony with them. The religion of the New Testament therefore ever has, and ever will have, a severe struggle in its first introduction amongst any people; and by this its genuineness may often be known. This is true not of countries merely, but of smaller localities. These are the periods in which its advocates have to "resist unto blood." All Christian lands, therefore, have their army of martyrs, and these are justly held in great veneration by them. Of these some have a deserved prominence assigned them, and yet they are to be regarded as types only of a class; nor must we forget the sufferings inflicted upon the families and companions of those that were so used. We need to have our attention often called to those scenes, that faith in our principles may be strengthened, as well as gratitude for the priviliges we possess.

Such is the object of the book before us. It records some affecting instances of martyrdom in Holland and France in former times. Traces of tender footsteps, stained with blood, and which had

been long trodden under foot of men, are here recovered and presented to our view. The style and whole structure of the narratives are formed to allure those who are addicted to light reading, with the view, in all probability, of attracting attention, that could not otherwise have been gained. On this account it is less suitable to others. On the whole, it is well adapted to its design.

The Children of Scripture. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Children of Scripture! This is a happy thought. We wonder it has not occurred before. It is just what the title of a book ought to be, that is designed for the Scriptural instruction of children; and it is just the book which ought to have such a title. It is all about the children particularly mentioned in Scripture, and is written in words and sentences that children can easily understand. How much better are these tales of children in the Bible, than those which are drawn from other sources! They are not only more real, but more interesting. This work is ornamented by coloured plates; and would be a most suitable Christmas present to children, from those who are anxious for their religious welfare.

Royal Gallery of Kings and Queens of England. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

This is a very elegant book in its appearance, and well suited to its purpose. It contains large and clear engravings of all the Kings and Queens of England, from Alfred the Great to the present time. These are accompanied with short biographical sketches of great plainness and simplicity, faithful and free from ecclesiastical or political bias. It gives to the young an elementary history of England in an attractive form.

The Teachings of Christ in his own Words. T. Nelson and Sons.

We have here the teachings of Christ arranged under their different subjects, and divided into sections suitable for daily reading. It is an exceedingly valuable companion for the closet, or for reading in families. The teaching of Christ himself we regard as of special value, without detracting from our interest in the writings of his apostles. At the close of each section a few verses of poetry are introduced. With this exception, all are the words of him who spake as never man spake.

Exiles in Babylon. By A.L.O.E. T. Nelson and Sons.

Here again we have Scripture narrative presented in a form calculated to interest and impress the youthful mind. The stories of Daniel and his three companions are illustrated in an engaging manner, and to a considerable extent. We have engravings of the different stages of the narrative, and the recital of cottage lectures purported to have been delivered upon them. There is also a picturesque history of circumstances connected with the delivery and effects of this Scripture teaching. It may be regarded as a successful effort to unite entertainment and profit.

The Novelties of Romanism. By Charles Hastings Collell. The Religious Tract Society.

Whether Romanism be upon the increase in this country or not, we do not object to its making a full trial of its strength, and to its standing upon equal grounds with all other professed systems of revealed truth. If with the Bible in all hands, and an open field and no favour, Romanism can prevail, let it prevail. It is far better than we had supposed it to be. If, on the other hand, it claims to be exempt from any other ordeal than its own; and its works are in the dark, and it will not come to the light lest its deeds should be made manifest, we neither fear its advancement, nor pity the shame and confusion to which it is continually exposed. A Roman Catholic bishop at a public meeting at Warrington, having recently affirmed "that he was the representative in this country of no new system of religion, and the teacher of no new doctrine." the book before us was written to disprove that assertion, in which it is clearly shown that the Romish Church has not agreed in itself upon any one of its distinguishing peculiarities; that not only at one stage

of its progress it has differed from another, but in every age it has been at variance with itself. The whole argument is conducted with the calmness and carefulness of one who felt it to be impregnable at every step. It is a work of great research, as the authorities are given for every opinion that is cited against the Roman bishop at Warrington, from his own Church. "Out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee thou wicked servant." We regard the book as most seasonable. We think, too, it might be used in other directions by those who have knowledge of the times of what Israel ought to do.

The Quiver. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Two numbers of this periodical have been sent us, and we are glad of the opportunity of showing our readiness to fraternize with this and all other monthly publications with which we have a common interest and aim. We are not likely to hinder, but we trust to promote each other's good. Our path is peculiar, and not likely to interfere with others, though we have the same end. While periodicals are rapidly multiplying in support of error and crime, we do well to multiply those that seek the extension of religion and truth. "The Quiver," and "The Sword and the Trowel" will always, we hope, be found on the same side.

Other books have been received which will be noticed in due order.

Notices.

We propose in this part of our Magazine to record the formation of new interests, and the erection of new places of worship in connection with the labours of those who have been trained or are in a course of training, at the Pastor's College. A few of these, as far as our space will allow, may here be introduced, reserving other movements equally encouraging for a future occasion.

Mr. Frank White, after preaching for a short time at the Chapel in Paradise Walk, Chelsea, has had the gratification of seeing the Church and congregation so far revived, as to require more enlarged accommodation, and a more favourable position. The Memorial Stone of a New Chapel was laid by Sir Morton Peto, on the 30th of last June, in Lower Sloane Street, Chelsea, on the main thoroughfare to Battersea Park, and the building is expected to be completed in April. The cost, including a School-room underneath, capable of holding nearly one thousand children, is estimated at £4,000. Towards this amount, Lady and Sir Morton Peto have subscribed £2,000. The Church has raised £500, and Mr. Spurgeon and his friends have given £500. Towards the remaining £1,000, the contributions of the Christian public are earnestly solicited. Donations may be sent to Sir Morton Peto, to Mr. Spurgeon, or to Mr. Frank White, 13, Hemus Terrace, Chelsea.

A Chapel at Vauxhall, lately known as St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, has recently come into the possession of the Baptist denomination. A small but increasing congregation, which had been raised by the zealous efforts of Mr. G. Hearson, in a large room in the vicinity, were looking out for better accommodation, when the above place of worship became vacant, and the lease of it was offered for sale. By the help of his own friends, and the advice and aid of Mr. Spurgeon and his deacons, Mr. Hearson was enabled to secure the building for his use. After being beautified and considerably improved, it was opened on Monday evening, the 14th of November last, by a sermon from Mr. Spurgeon. The chapel was crowded in every part, and the collection, with donations received on that occasion, amounted to nearly £60; on the Wednesday evening Mr. Fergusson preached, and on the following Sunday, the services were conducted by Mr. Ness, Mr. G. Evans, and Mr. Rogers. A Baptist Church has been formed with the prospect of considerable additions; the Sunday-school has been greatly increased, and the

congregations have been very encouraging. Mr. Hearson has joined Mr. Spurgeon's College, and it may reasonably be hoped, in dependence upon the divine blessing, that a flourishing and permanent interest will be established in that place.

At Redhill, in Surrey, Mr. Smith, a student in the College, has been preaching for some time in the Town Hall. A Church, consisting of ten members, was formed by Mr. Spurgeon on the 20th of last July. The attendance, which was small at first, consists now of about three hundred regular worshippers. The real and spiritual effects of Mr. Smith's preaching have been still more encouraging. The erection of a chapel is in contemplation, and a suitable plot of ground has been secured. Towards this movement, we hope the sympathy and prayers of many of the people of God will be directed.

On Tuesday, Nov. 29th, 1864, the Church and congregation worshipping in Bartholomew-street Chapel, Exeter, held a tea and public meeting, to welcome among them their new minister, Mr. John Field, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. About 350 were at the tea meeting. At the subsequent meeting, Mr. Wilson, the senior deacon, occupied the chair. After Mr. U. Foote had sought the divine blessing by prayer, Messrs. David Hewitt, Independent, Exeter; T. Mann, Baptist, Exeter; E. Webb, Tiverton; C. Baker, Broadnich; J. Kings, Torquay; Mr. Price, late of Montacute; and T. Cannon, Newton Abbot: delivered suitable and stirring addresses, in which they warmly congratulated and wisely counselled the Church and its new Pastor. Mr. J. Field, in reply, gratefully acknowledged the attentions he had received; thanked the friends for their earnest welcome, and endeavoured to stir up the Church to faithful labour for the Lord. This was the most pleasing and warm-hearted meeting that has been held in Exeter for some years past. Being a Cathedral city, Dissenting causes have many difficulties to contend with; but our new friends are determined here, in the strength of the Lord, to oppose, vigorously the indifference, formality, and Puseyism that abound. The Church is at present in a very healthy state, and in a fit condition to do battle with the friends of superstition, and the enemies of Gospel truth.

The attention of the friends at the Tabernacle has been directed to the neighbourhood of Blue Anchor-road, Bermondsey, where there are over 20,000 persons, and the only place of worship is a chapel with about 350 sittings, belonging to the United Methodist Free Churches. A room is already occupied for preaching, and the attendance is encouraging. Negociations are in progress for a piece of ground on which to erect a chapel, and several generous subscriptions have been promised towards the undertaking. Any persons disposed to favour this movement are requested to communicate with Mr. Spurgeon on the subject.

In accordance with the suggestions in a letter addressed to Mr. Spurgeon by one of the deacons, and inserted in pages 7—9, the elders and deacons, in compliance with the eighth suggestion, have met the tract distributors, teachers, and students, at three separate meetings. Tea was provided, and at the meetings which were afterwards held, the power of the spirit of God was experienced both in the prayers and the addresses. The suggestion No. 10 has been carried out, and considerable numbers of inquirers have come forward. The suggestion No. 6 is under consideration, and the result will soon be announced.

The large and influential Sabbath school connected with the Tabernacle we shall consider well worthy of a place in our magazine. The blessing of God has evidently accompanied the labours of the teachers, as several scholars have joined the church from the different classes. A special meeting of the teachers and some of the scholars was held on Tuesday evening, the 4th of November last, at which Mr. Olney presided. Suitable prayers were offered, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Olney, Mr. Ness, Mr. Cocks, and two of the teachers. It was an awakening occasion, and some of the scholars were constrained to profess their determination to be the Lord's.

A Fraternal Society of Baptist ministers has recently been formed at the Tabernacle, in connection with which special meetings for prayer will be held

in the first week of January; on Monday evening at the Metropolitan Tabernacle; on Tuesday evening at Palace Gardens Chapel, Notting Hill; on Wednesday evening, at Providence Chapel, Shoreditch; on Thursday evening, at Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood; and on Friday evening, at Vernon Chapel, Bagnigge Wells Road.

The Autumnal Session of the College was closed by a private meeting of the tutors and students for devotion and addresses, on Thursday, the 15th of last month, and by a public tea meeting on the following evening, and an adjournment to the Tabernacle. The number at tea was nearly 2,000, and in the Tabernacle about 4,000. After singing and prayer Mr. Spurgeon replied to certain objections that had been made by some against an educated ministry, and by others against the kind of education adopted in his college; and gave an encouraging statement of the benefits conferred upon the Churches by the college during the past year. Addresses were then delivered by four of the students; by Mr. Crouch, on "Salvation by Grace;" by Mr. Warren, on "What it is to be a true Christian;" by Mr. Lennie, on "Christian Motives;" and by Mr. Speed, on "The Christian's Work." These addresses were all accompanied with energy, self-possession and power, and were well received by the assembly. Mr. Spurgeon then delivered his lecture on "Sermons in Candles," which was listened to with undiminished interest to a late hour, and was enthusiastically applauded. We have never witnessed a more successful attempt at emblematical teaching of gospel truths. There was much for all eyes to see, and all hearts to learn. We can hardly suppose that any one could retire from such a lecture without real profit, provided always he be not under the moral influence of the "*Saturday Review*." Yet even he might have seen his own emblem in a *sputtering* candle if self-application had not been altogether banished from his creed.

As our Number is made up early, the meeting of Mrs. Bartlett's class must be noticed next month. G. R.

THANKS.

We gratefully acknowledge our many obligations to our old and tried friend, *The Baptist Messenger*. We should be very sorry to diminish its sale by so much as a single copy: on the contrary, we hope it may increase and multiply. To *The Christian World*, which is the best weekly penny newspaper in existence, we also tender our sincere thanks for all its courtesies and good words, and especially for making itself the medium of so noble a Christmas offering to our College. It will always afford us pleasure to advance, by any means in our power, the circulation of either the magazine or the paper.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 83.

Statement of Receipts from November 19th, to December 19th, 1864.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bickmore (Maldon)	50	0	0
Mr. Croker's Class	7	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Leatherdale	5	0	0
Misses Dransfield	5	0	0
Miss Hadland	2	2	0
A Northern Baptist	1	0	0
Miss Marchant	0	10	0
Miss F.	20	0	0
Moiety of Collections at Stowmarket, after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	24	11	9
Mr. Hector (Blandford)	1	0	0
Mr. S Magnus	5	0	0
Mr. T. R. Phillips	5	0	0
Rev. W. Dransfield	5	0	0
Mr. G. Phillips (Helford)	0	10	0
Part Proceeds of Lecture at Potton, by C. H. Spurgeon	10	10	0
Mr. Pullman	2	0	0
A Stranger	2	0	0
Mr. C. Alldis	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Jeffs	0	17	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Nov. 21	39	11	0
" " " " 28	27	9	11
" " " Dec. 5	28	7	2
" " " " 12	30	19	2
" " " " 19	18	17	4
Sums received in Sunderland and Scotland have been devoted to the erection of places of worship, in connection with the College.			
	£293	15	10

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

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY, 1865.

A Neglected Duty.

HE who wrote this paper prays God to give it his blessing, and begs the reader to afford it a thoughtful perusal.

Mr. Rothwell, surnamed by the godly of his day the Rough Hewer, from the solemn and powerful manner in which he opened up the corruptions of the human heart, and delivered the judgments of God against all iniquity, was, in his early days, a clergyman without any true sense of religion: he was brought to know the power of divine things through an admonition given to him by a godly Puritan. Clarke, in his "Lives," says, "He was playing at bowls amongst some Papists and vain gentlemen, upon a Saturday, somewhere about Rochdale in Lancashire. There came into the green to him one Mr. Midgley, a grave and godly minister of Rochdale, whose praise is great in the gospel, though far inferior to Rothwell in points and learning. He took him aside, and fell into a large commendation of him; at length told him what a pity it was that such a man as he should be companion to Papists, and that upon a Saturday, when he should be preparing for the Sabbath. Mr. Rothwell slighted his words, and checked him for his meddling. The good old man left him, went home, and prayed privately for him. Mr. Rothwell, when he was retired from that company could not rest, Mr. Midgley's words stuck so deep in his thoughts. The next day he went to Rochdale Church to hear Mr. Midgley, where it pleased God so to bless the Word that he was, by that sermon, brought home to Christ." The earnest man who was sent by his Master upon this errand of rebuke, must have felt that he was well rewarded for his holy courage in the after usefulness of Mr. Rothwell; but even had the message failed to bless the person to whom it was delivered, it would not have lacked a recompense from the Great Taskmaster. We cannot command the winds, but he who spreads the sails has the consolation that he has done his duty. Duties are ours: events are God's. Timely, bold, kind, and wisely-directed rebuke is often used

by the God of all grace as the means of awakening souls from spiritual death; this is an all-sufficient reason for our being ready to deliver it when occasion demands it. Can souls be won to God by any means? then we will use that means, and look to God the Holy Ghost to bless our efforts. It is frequently a hard and self-denying duty to administer admonition personally either to saints or sinners; but, if we love the souls of men, and would be clear of our brother's blood, we must school ourselves to it, and make as much a conscience of it as of our prayers. A little drummer-boy writing home from the Crimea, after giving his mother a description of the hardships of the terrible winter, and the hunger and nakedness which the army endured, concluded his letter thus: "But, mother, it is our duty, and for our duty we will die." The same sentiment should reign in every Christian breast, and silence for ever all excuses which our flesh suggests for neglected service.

If men were not corrupt in heart, they would turn from sin of themselves; like life-boats, if for a time tossed out of position, they would right themselves: but, alas! their nature is so depraved that one sin is a prelude to another, and he who has begun to descend the ladder of iniquity is impelled to continue his downward career. Men's consciences should be sufficient monitors; but, like the dogs upon the Capitol of Rome, the watchers sleep, and the foes advance. Hence it becomes essential that, by agency from without, warning should be given. Brands must be *plucked* from the burning, for of themselves they will never leave the fire. Sin makes men such sots—such madmen—that they are quite beside themselves, and sharp methods must be used to restrain them from self-destruction. An ox or an ass in a pit, will struggle to get out; but men are such silly creatures that they will not move hand or foot to escape, but rather delight in their own ruin; we must, therefore, as Jude puts it, "pull them out."

The Word of God is very plain as to the duty of rebuking sin, although, from the neglect into which the work has fallen, one might have imagined that it was left optional, or *allowed*, rather than commanded. It is a most weighty observation that, according to God's law, silence concerning sin is consent to it. "And if a soul sin, and hear the voice of swearing, and is a witness, whether he hath seen or known of it; if he do not utter it, then he shall bear his iniquity." (Lev. v. 1.) Trapp has pithily said, "By ill silence to leave men in sin is as bad as by ill speech to draw them to sin. Not to do good, saith our Saviour, is to do evil, and not to save is to destroy." "And he saith unto them, Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill?" (Mark iii. 4.) To leave others in their sins unreproved is to be "partakers of other men's sins." Paul teaches us this when he writes, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them"—as much as to say, if you do not reprove them, you have fellowship with them. If I see a thief breaking into a house, and give no alarm, am I not, by my silence, an accessory to the act? Without the aid of my silence the burglar could not perpetrate the robbery; if I lend him that assistance, am I not, morally, his accomplice? The same holds good in all cases; but we are not left merely to infer the fact, for the Lord has told us by the mouth of his prophet Ezekiel, "If thou dost not speak

to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." The ruin and sin of others we shall surely partake in if they perish through want of our admonition. Eli must break his neck for very grief when his sons are cut off in their sin; it was not meet that he should outlive those whom he had not endeavoured to preserve from ruin by timely rebuke: had he made their ears to tingle with his upbraidings, his ears might never have tingled with the news of the terrible judgments of God. How few Christians will be able to say with Paul, "I am pure from the blood of all men"?—none of us can be in that happy case if we neglect the duty of warning our neighbours for their good. It is to be feared that in this matter we have superabundant reason for using Archbishop Usher's dying prayer, "Lord, in special, forgive me my sins of OMISSION."

The law and the gospel with one voice call us to the duty we are now endeavouring to enforce. *The law:* "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart: thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him." (Lev. xix. 17.) *The gospel:* "Moreover if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother." (Matt. xviii. 15.) The first Christians were earnestly stirred up to this work, and were some of them well skilled in it. The Roman saints were full of goodness, filled with knowledge, able to admonish one another. (Rom. xv. 14.) The Colossians were directed to teach and admonish one another; (Col. iii. 16) and the duty is coupled with sacred song, as if the one were as needful and acceptable as the other. The believers at Thessalonica were urged to exhort one another, "Wherefore comfort one another with these words;" (1 Thess. iv. 18) and the Hebrews were bidden to exhort one another daily, and to consider one another to provoke to love and good works. (Heb. iii. 13—x. 24.) Those who forget this duty cannot plead that they are not sufficiently reminded of it, for the Word is very full and clear upon the point; and yet the most of us are so negligent in it that one might imagine we respected the foolish and cruel law of the Spartans, that none should tell his neighbour of any calamity which had befallen him, but every one should be left, by process of time, to find out his own troubles for himself. Alas! that sinners should hardly hear of hell until they come there!

The great usefulness of prudent reproof can be proved by a thousand instances. Scriptural testimony will have the most force with *us;* and what saith it?—"The rod and reproof give wisdom." (Prov. xxix. 15.) "Reprove one that hath understanding, and he will understand knowledge." (Prov. xix. 25.) "Let the righteous smite me," saith David, "it shall be a kindness." He calls it "an excellent oil, which shall not break my head." (Ps. cxli. 4.) Christ styles it "a pearl and a holy thing." (Matt. vii. 6.) Solomon prefers it before silver, gold, and rubies; it is the merchandize of wisdom which is better than precious treasures. (Prov. iii. 14, 15.) He describes it "As an earring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold." (Prov. xxv. 12.) Our Saviour encourages us to this much-forgotten service by the prospect of success, "Thou hast gained thy brother." (Matt. xviii. 15.) To gain a soul is better than to win the world, as *he* has assured us who knew the worth of souls better than any of us. Holy John Bradford was the means of

preserving both Bishop Farrar and Bishop Ridley sound in their testimony for Christ by means of letters which he wrote them while they were lying in prison, and were willing to have made some compromise with their persecutors. How grateful was David to Abigail for her timely interposition! she saved his character from a great blot; and how much he reverenced Nathan whose faithful parable restored him to the paths of holiness! You cannot do your friend a greater kindness than to admonish him in the Lord, nor can you wish your enemy a greater injury than to go unrebuked.

On all sides there is need for the mutual exercise of exhortation. *Good* men need it: the royal preacher bids us "Rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee;" and "Reprove one that hath understanding." Abimelech had just ground for rebuking the friend of God when he suppressed the truth and almost suffered the king to sin through ignorance. Peter needed that Paul should withstand him to the face, for he deserved to be blamed. "The best of men must sometimes be warned against the worst of faults." The *greatest* are not too high to need an honest rebuke. John dealt very plainly with Herod; and Nehemiah spared not the nobles and rulers who oppressed the poor. Naaman's servants were not so overpowered by the greatness of their master as to be silent concerning his foolish pride; he would never have washed in Jordan had it not been for them. *Ministers* sometimes require this stimulus. Paul writes to the brethren at Colosse—"Say to Archippus, Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it." (Col. iv. 17.) To the *ungodly* our lives should be a standing testimony for God against all unrighteousness; and, as to the godly, we should constantly watch over one another, and deal freely, tenderly, and faithfully, one with another, labouring to amend faults and foster graces. Have we not been guilty here? When we remember our many opportunities, must we not blush to think how we have wasted them? Ministers of the gospel, are you clear? The most of us are not. It is a very solemn word which we remember to have met with in J. A. James' works, "The scrutiny which Christ will make at the last day will not only be into the manner in which we have dealt with the congregation as a whole, but with the individuals of which it is composed. It is an alarming idea that our responsibility extends to every single soul." Who can receive this truth without a shiver as he remembers his own omission? Holy Mr. Hieron, who laboured most faithfully in his day, when he lay on his death bed was heard to say, "I confess that in public I have been somewhat full in reproof, admonition, instruction—but in private, my backwardness, my bashfulness, my dastardliness, have been intolerable, and I may truly say, that if anything lie as a burden upon my conscience, this it is." This acknowledgment full many a pastor might make. O for grace to feel the sin as a real load upon the heart, and to be rid of it, through Jesus Christ our Lord. An ancient pastor made this one of his memoranda—"I desire to account the commandment of not suffering sin to lie upon my neighbour, to lie principally upon me; and, therefore, if public reproof of all, in presence of the offender will not affect him, to reckon a wise and particular reproof in private to be a debt of love I owe him, and to defer

the payment of it no longer than till the providence of God hath made him fit to receive it: but specially not to let slip the season of sickness or remorse for sin upon any other ground; because then he hath both more need of it, and it is like to do him more good."

It were well if people, as well as ministers, would lay to heart the duty of speaking often one to another by way of admonition. "Exhort one another daily," says the apostle, "while it is called to-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." We should not then have to revive the complaint of Bernard concerning the talk of professors—"not a word of the Scriptures—nothing of the salvation of the soul; but trifles, and toys, and laughter, and words light as the wind, 'eat up the time.'" If we were frequently to warn the unconverted, how much good might we be doing! whereas now we are adding one sin of omission to another by our unconcern about immortal souls. How many a Naaman might have been washed from his leprosy if his Christian servants had been earnest enough to speak with him on soul matters! But, alas! blood-guiltiness is hardly felt to be a sin in these days! Soul-murder is scarcely ever wept over! A poor wretch dies of starvation, and men cry out because bread was not given him; but when souls sink into damnation for lack of knowledge, they who withhold the bread of heaven will not allow their consciences to trouble them. May the Lord give us tenderness of heart to repent the neglect of the past, and holy resolution to labour more heartily in the future.

Do you, earnest reader, feel that you would rush at once into this work? Stay awhile, and hear another word or two; for it is well for you to know that it is no child's play which is before you. Wisdom must guide you, or you will play the fool. A busy-body who is for ever babbling, is like a yelping cur which is no more esteemed than a dumb dog that cannot bark, and is thought to be a far greater nuisance. It has been said that "If a man were to set out calling everything by its right name, he would be knocked down before he got to the corner of the street;" and he who sets himself up as a general reformer of every other man's follies, will likely enough receive the same treatment, and will have nothing to blame but his own impertinence. Casting pearls before swine has often led to the simpleton's discovering the truth of the Saviour's warning, "lest they turn again and rend you." Sin may be foolishly rebuked, and so encouraged; it may be sinfully rebuked, and so multiplied. Much spirituality of mind is needed to speak for God; hence Paul puts it, "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, *ye who are spiritual* restore such an one in the spirit of meekness." Such are fit to be soul-surgeons, whose tenderness and faithfulness give them a lady's hand and a lion's heart. "The art of reproving," says Rayner, "is like the husbandman's skill which his God doth teach him, in respect of the several kinds of grain, as to beat out cummin and fitches with a staff or little rod, and to bruise out the bread corn as wheat and rye by the force of the flail or the cartwheel. So God doth teach the spiritual man whom to touch with a twig of reproof, whom to smite with a rod, and whom to thrash with a flail of reproof." We must consider both the offence and the offender, the sin and the sinner, so that our words may be fitly spoken, and prove

effectual. It is written of Andrew Fuller, that he could rarely be faithful without being severe; and, in giving reproof, he was often betrayed into intemperate zeal. Once, at a meeting of ministers, he took occasion to correct an erroneous opinion delivered by one of his brethren, and he laid on his censure so heavily that Ryland called out vehemently, in his own peculiar tone of voice, "Brother Fuller! brother Fuller! you can never admonish a mistaken friend, but you must take up a sledge hammer and knock his brains out." Gentleness and affection should be evident in all our remonstrances: if a nail be dipped in oil it will drive the more readily. There is a medium in our vehemence which discretion will readily suggest: we must not drown a child in washing it, nor cut off a man's foot to cure a corn. Perhaps it will be less tedious to the reader if, instead of a long enumeration of the qualities required in a successful reprover, we instance the case of Dr. Waugh. There are two or three anecdotes which are eminently characteristic of his power:—"At one of the half-yearly examinations at the Protestant Dissenters' Grammar School, Mill Hill, the head master informed the examiners that he had been exceedingly tried by the misconduct and perverseness of a boy who had done something very wrong, and who, though he acknowledged the fact, could not be brought to acknowledge the magnitude of the offence. The examiners were requested to expostulate with the boy, and try if he could be brought to feel and deplore it. Dr. Waugh was solicited to undertake the task; and the boy was, in consequence, brought before him. 'How long have you been in the school, my boy?' asked the doctor. 'Four months, sir.' 'When did you hear from your father last?' 'My father's dead, sir.' 'Ah! alas the day! 'tis a great loss, a great loss, that of a father; but God can make it up to you, by giving you a tender, affectionate mother.' On this the boy, who had previously seemed as hard as a flint, began to soften. The doctor proceeded: 'Well, laddie, where is your mother?' 'On her voyage home from India, sir.' 'Ay! good news for you, my boy: do you love your mother?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And do you expect to see her soon?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Do you think she loves you?' 'Yes, sir, I am sure of it.' 'Then think, my dear laddie, think of her feelings when she comes home, and finds that, instead of your being in favour with everyone, you are in such deep disgrace as to run the risk of expulsion, and yet are too hardened to acknowledge that you have done wrong. Winna ye break your poor mother's heart, think ye? Just think o' that, my lad.' The little culprit burst into a flood of tears, acknowledged his fault, and promised amendment. On one occasion, a young minister having animaverted, in the presence of Dr. Waugh, on the talents of another minister, in a manner which the doctor thought might leave an unfavourable impression on the minds of some of the company, Dr. W. observed, 'I have known Mr. —— many years, and I never knew him speak disrespectfully of a brother in my life.' At another time, in a company of nearly forty gentlemen, a student for the ministry entertained those around him with some ungenerous remarks on a popular preacher in London. Dr. Waugh looked at him for some time, with pity and grief depicted in his countenance, and when he had thus arrested the attention of the speaker, he mildly remarked, 'My friend, there is a saying in a good

old book which I would recommend to your consideration :—The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy.'" Such rare powers of wise remonstrance may not be easy to acquire, but they are very precious, and should be greatly coveted.

We have no room to notice particularly more than two out of many practical suggestions which are now upon our heart.

Personal character is of the utmost moment in the work of admonition. We must not try to remove motes from the eyes of others while we have beams in our own. Quarles reminds us that "He who cleanses a blot with blurred fingers, makes a greater blot. Even the candle-snuffers of the sanctuary were of pure gold." (Ex. xxxvii. 23.) We may not urge others to activity, and lie still like logs ourselves. A quaint old preacher of the sixteenth century has put this truth into homely, pungent words: "Beloved in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, it is a very monstrous thing that any man should have more tongues than hands. For God hath given us two hands and but one tongue, that we might do much and say but little. Yet many say so much and do so little, as though they had two tongues and but one hand; nay, three tongues and never a hand. Such as these (which do either worse than they teach, or else less than they teach, teaching others to do well and to do much, but doing no whit themselves) may be resembled to divers things. To a whetstone, which being blunt itself, makes a knife sharp. To a painter, which being deformed himself, makes a fair picture. To a sign, which being weather-beaten, and hanging without itself, directs passengers into the inn. To a bell, which being deaf and hearing not itself, calls the people into the Church to hear. To a goldsmith, which being beggarly, and having not one piece of plate to use himself, hath store for others which he shows and sells in his shop. Lastly, to a ridiculous actor in the city of Smyrna, who pronouncing 'O cœlum,' *O heaven*, pointed with his finger toward the ground. Such are all they which talk one thing and do another; which teach well and do ill."

Direction and grace from the Spirit of God must be esteemed as of paramount importance. So much may depend upon our temper, manner, and words, that we should never dare to rebuke others until we have sought divine aid. Take God into your counsel and you will be wise; enlist his power on your side and you will be strong. A heart full of love to Jesus will be blessed with an instinctive wisdom with which the cold-hearted cannot intermeddle. The man who pants to be useful and is a soul-gatherer by profession, will not need to be informed of opportunities, for he will never miss them. Does a miser ever forget his money-bags? Will he who loves souls be unmindful of them? The disciples could not cast out the demoniac, for they had not exercised the prayer and fasting which were needful. If we attempt to exorcise the evil spirit in our own strength, he will laugh at our efforts and cry, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?" If we dwell in the mount as Moses did, then shall we be able to break the golden calves which others worship, and with shining face to vindicate the cause of God.

Possibly the reader may feel so disheartened by the difficulties which we have hinted at, that he may half resolve to let the matter go by default. If so, we commend to him the speech of a negro preacher, with which we conclude: "Brethren," he said, in his broken way,

"whatever de good God tell me to do in dis blessed book," holding up at the same time an old and evidently much-used Bible, "dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Going troo it belongs to God—jumpin at it 'longs to me."

C. H. SPURGEON.

How to get at Inquirers.

A PAPER READ AT A MEETING OF MINISTERS.

BY PASTOR F. WHITE, CHELSEA, FORMERLY A STUDENT IN THE COLLEGE.

IN these days of revival and awakening, no subject calls more loudly for serious and prayerful consideration than that of "Inquirers." How to get at them? How to deal with them when got at? How to expose the false teaching of their own hearts, and the lies of Satan? How to shake their confidence in other Saviours than Jesus, such as "doings," "feelings," "prayers," "repentance," etc. How to drive men from one false refuge and another, until they are safely hidden in the cleft of the Rock of Ages? These, with many others of a similar nature, are questions of the deepest import to those to whom a dispensation to preach the gospel has been committed.

I trust, brethren, that we are not content to go on preaching without having inquirers. "*No Inquirers*" does not indeed prove that there is "no blessing upon our ministry;" but does it not indicate a wrong state of things somewhere? Does it not call forth another and a graver question? "Is there not a cause?" Are my preaching and practice calculated, by God's blessing, to produce a spirit of inquiry among my hearers? Am I aiming, instrumentally, to bring about an awakening? Do I give sufficient prominence to those truths which God is wont to use in order to arrest the impenitent and excite them to inquire, "What must I do to be saved? It is true I am praying for a revival, but do I really desire one? Am I content that it should come in the manner God may choose to appoint, and not in the way I may have marked out in my own mind? Am I expecting, in answer to prayer, an awakening? Should I be prepared for it if it came? Should I be startled if God were to begin to work amongst my people? Do I encourage those men whom God is using to awaken the ungodly, although they may not be just after my own model?

These questions have forced themselves upon me in writing this paper. Forgive me, dear brethren, if I have taken too much upon myself. I will proceed at once to the particular question before me, and endeavour to keep to it. That question is, How to get at inquirers, in order more fully to point out to them God's way of peace? How to get upon the track of those stricken souls who have been pierced by the arrow of God's truth? How to find out such, in order to point them, all wounded and bleeding as they are, to him who healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up the wounded in spirit? How to get face to face with anxious souls? This is the question I am to introduce; not how to *deal* with inquirers, *but how to get at them.*

Of course, as in all questions, the answers will be various, and the mode of action suggested by them more or less practicable according to circumstances. The means which I may find most efficient, another brother may not be able to use with any advantage. Much depends upon the character and size of our congregations, the state of their previous training, etc. My answers, therefore, to the question are not intended to contain rules for my brethren, but simply a few suggestions, the usefulness of which have been proved in my own experience.

I. *Inquirers may be got at by the minister himself.*

The minister himself! Oh! how much depends on *the minister himself!* not only in his walk and his state of heart before God when out of the pulpit, but even *the spirit and tone of his conduct* IN *the pulpit.* Inquirers are very sensitive and timid. If the minister would "get at them," he must have some winning or drawing element in his preaching. Hard, ferocious speaking, though it may alarm the careless, is not likely to allure the anxious.

We should also so preach that inquirers shall be persuaded that we are interested in them as a class. We should give a prominent place to those truths which are peculiarly adapted to meet the case of inquiring ones, speaking of the *divinity* and *simplicity*—and may I add *activity?*—of faith in such a manner as shall lead them to say within themselves, "He knows the way of salvation himself; he believes in the efficacy of the remedy he is proposing, and has often seen its successful application, and is in no doubt of the result in my case. I feel I can open my heart to such a man." We shall thus gain their confidence, and if not too timid, they will voluntarily come and present themselves to us as inquirers.

Generally speaking, *an invitation to converse with us* is necessary, and should be given either by letter, or by word of mouth. The former would involve too much time, and might not be so effective. You may invite them from the pulpit to meet you at your own house, or appoint an evening to converse with them in the vestry, say, Monday before the prayer meeting, or any other time mutually convenient. It is better to have a regular day and hour when they are sure to be able to speak with you. Next, I might mention the *after prayer meeting*, which I always conduct myself, immediately after the Sunday evening service. It is best to give an opportunity for those who think fit to leave, and it is well also to announce the time the prayer meeting will be over, as by that means servants and others may know whether they are able to remain or not. At these meetings let the prayers be *short* and pointed, and the hymns full of gospel truth, sung to a simple tune, such as all can join in. You may then give a five minutes' address to the anxious, and just a word to believers present, in faith, in prayer, and in sympathy with the awakened. If there be time (for late meetings should be avoided) invite seekers to remain for conversation in the vestry.

* In the memoir of Robert M'Cheyne, which every minister and every Christian should read again and again, I find this record: "William Burns, now in China, supplied Mc'Cheyne's pulpit during the absence of the latter in the Holy Land. Through his instrumentality hundreds

* Bonar. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

were awakened, and his labours were followed by a great and glorious revival. At the close of a very solemn service, held in the Parish Church of Dundee, an invitation was given to the anxious to come into the vestry for prayer and conversation. No sooner was the vestry door opened to admit those who might feel anxious to converse, than a vast number pressed in with awful eagerness; it was like a pent-up flood breaking forth; tears were streaming from the eyes of many; some fell on the ground, weeping and crying for mercy. . . . Of course, in this instance, the feeling was intense; without such ardent earnestness there is often a reluctance, to be seen walking up the aisle, in order to enter the vestry, and take a seat upon what is called the penitent form."

I have found it a good plan to *request the anxious to remain in their seats while the rest leave.* You can then speak to them in a body, or go from pew to pew and converse with them separately. In comparatively small congregations, as soon as you have finished preaching you may come down from the pulpit and go amongst the people, speaking indiscriminately to them concerning the state of their minds, or get near the door, and have a word with all as they pass out. This has often proved effective. When done in a wise and happy way, many who were leaving the place careless have stayed to inquire. I may mention one case in point. A young person who had for a long time been attending a place of worship, was leaving the chapel at the close of the service, when I simply asked, "Have you found Jesus; or do you know Jesus?" She answered in the affirmative, and passed on; but she was conscious she had not given a faithful reply to my question, and that she never had been really converted. From that time she became an earnest inquirer for salvation, and soon afterwards joined the Church.

Other ways by which ministers themselves may get at inquirers will, I have no doubt, suggest themselves to you. I shall only mention one more, and this by way of example. Dr. Payson, who was an eminent soul-gatherer, once gave out that he would be at home on a certain evening to see those who were *not* anxious about their salvation. Strange to say, twenty or more came. No doubt they were anxious, anxious because they were *not* anxious, or thought they did not feel so. This was an excellent way of getting at such, and should teach us to be wise in winning souls. Love is very suggestive, and if our own hearts are full of the constraining love of Christ towards poor sinners, we shall soon find ways and means of getting at those who are anxious amongst them.

II. *Inquirers may be got at by the Christians in the congregation, or by the officers and members of the Church.*

It is vastly important that an inquirer should be dealt with on the spot, whilst his sense of sin is vivid and fresh. The iron should be struck whilst it is hot. Christ should be presented immediately that the need of him is felt. Moreover, early conversation is likely to deepen conviction. A minister after preaching, is heated and exhausted, and unable to do much by way of conversation; nor is it necessary that he should if his members are trained to this work. Let him retire to the vestry, whilst the Christians present speak to any who may be concerned, persuading them to go into the vestry to converse with the preacher; or, what is better, themselves point them to Jesus. This will help to do

away with the superstitious notion which sometimes prevails that it is necessary to speak and pray with a *minister* before a hope of really being saved can be indulged. *Let your people minister to the anxious.* To converse with an inquirer will be better than twenty sermons to them after salvation. If you fear to call indiscriminately upon all the Christians present to speak to those who may sit next to them, you may appoint a certain number of male and female helpers, and distribute them over the chapel, bidding them be upon their watch tower, especially for any stranger present who may seem interested in what has been said. Tell them not to wait for the tear to roll down the cheek. We are too apt to connect concern of soul with weeping only. Let them feel responsible afterward for the persons with whom they have conversed, and bid them not lose sight of them. If possible, in all cases procure the names and addresses of inquirers for future visitations. In fact, let us use every possible means to bring them to Christ.

Let us train our people to this blessed and important work, for their own sake, and for Christ's sake. We cannot do much without *their* co-operation; we can do much with it, if the Holy Spirit bless our work. The time is short. Let every available man and woman be pressed into this service. Let every one be a soul-winner, watching for souls as one that must give an account. Let him know "That he who converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Grace Abounding:

OR, PRAYER ANSWERED IN THE CONVERSION OF SIX CHILDREN.

BY A FATHER.

IT has pleased the God of all grace, who is rich in mercy, to call, in the course of a few months, six of my dear family "out of darkness into his marvellous light," "from the power of Satan unto God;" and it has been much laid upon my mind that it is his will that I should draw up and publish some account of his abounding grace towards me in this matter. Under this conviction, and believing that it will be to his glory, I make the attempt.

I feel, however, that the facts about to be related are so connected with previous events in my past life, that the narrative would be very imperfect, and would lose much of its interest and importance, if I did not first furnish some account of the dealings of God with me previous to this wonderful outpouring of his Spirit on my dear children, by which he graciously saw fit to prepare me for this abundant shower of blessing.

With this view it is necessary for me, then, briefly to state that, about twenty-five years ago, it pleased God "to call me by his grace," and to grant me "love, joy, peace," in believing in the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. In the ardour of my first love I felt a desire to live to his glory, and to labour in his service. In the course of time, I had a

conviction on my mind that it was my duty to relinquish my worldly prospects, and devote myself wholly to the service of him who had loved me and given himself for me. But then I began to hesitate. Other objects allured me: I entered into argument with my convictions; I persuaded myself that I could serve God as effectually without giving up these objects; and eventually I made the fatal choice. Instead of taking up my cross, denying self, and giving up *all* for Christ, I preferred the gratification of self, and the pursuit of my worldly prospects. I need hardly say that I soon lost my first love; my zeal for Christ soon abated; active efforts in his service became distasteful; the ordinary duties of religion became irksome; prayer a tedious duty; all relish for the Bible was soon gone. How could it be otherwise? Christ and self cannot reign together in the same heart!

I now see plainly that God threw the reins upon my neck, and left me to my own perverse devices. And yet, ever blessed be his glorious name, he did not wholly cast me off. I had made a public profession of his name, and continued a member of a Christian Church; but I felt that all was wrong with me—that God had hidden his face from me. I had no love, no joy, no peace. I was altogether unhappy. I had just enough religion to make me miserable. Sometimes, indeed, Satan sorely tempted me to get relief by throwing up my religion altogether and returning wholly to the world; but the God of all grace preserved me from the power of this temptation.

Smarting under my misery, I have often prostrated myself before God, and in agony of soul earnestly implored him to deliver me from my fallen state, and restore to me the joy of his salvation. But there was no still small voice to answer me. As I had chosen to gratify self and pursue worldly objects, in preference to a life of entire consecration to Christ, so he chose to give me up to the rule of that spirit for *twenty-one years;* and during the whole of that time a constant struggle was, more or less, going on within me between a sense of duty to Christ on the one hand, and the power of self and the world on the other. I did not want to give up salvation, but I felt that I had lost the power faithfully to confess the Lord, and live to him. I desired to serve him, and at the same time to please the world. I was, if such a paradox be possible, a worldly, selfish Christian. As coldness and heartlessness in religious exercises and duty grew, so grew up also a love of worldly society and amusements.

No language I can use can adequately describe the misery, the torment of mind I frequently passed through—conscience smiting while entangling myself with the world, surrounding myself with inconsistencies, and seeking to stifle the sting of self-reproach by asking "What harm in this?" Ah! my heart had gone after idols, and God reigned not there. O Christian, take your God at his word: "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." Beware that you lay not yourself open to learn this truth through the bitter experience of him who now addresses you! Oh! the blessedness of child-like faith in the Word of God! If you are his child he *must*, and by some means he *will* have your *whole* heart. Blessed be his name, he has now taught me that the path of happiness and peace is not in *approaching as near to* the world as may be tolerated, but in *keeping at as great a distance as possible*

from its associations, its amusements, and its pursuits. Indeed, where the love of Christ reigns, the world, its society, its spirit, will be distasteful, uncongenial, painful.

It had pleased God graciously to give me a wife of eminent piety—a woman of more than ordinary zeal, devotion, and self-sacrifice in the service of her Lord and Master; who was ever ready to take up her cross, and follow him through evil report, and good report; whose bright example was a constant reproach to me, while my worldliness of spirit and inconsistency of conduct were the grief and sorrow of her life. Often in a gentle spirit did she remonstrate with me, or kindly invite me to enter upon some active effort in the service of Christ; but my heart was not in it, and some plausible sophistry was ever ready on my lips as a reason why I should decline. Indeed, I felt altogether powerless for anything of the kind—the state of my mind, and the incongruity of my walk and conversation, paralysed my hands. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Will you, Christian, make the futile attempt? You will inevitably bring upon your soul unutterable woe. Your peace of mind, your zeal, your love for Christ, your usefulness as a Christian will be wholly gone—you will grievously dishonour your Lord before the world—and you may be left, as I was, in that fearful state, *powerless to retrace your steps*, during a long course of years. At length, however, the day of my deliverance drew nigh! But I had to pass through deep waters. It is no light matter for a child of God to wander from him; and it is no light matter to be brought back again. The God of all grace was about to put the steel into my mouth, rein me up, and turn me to himself. Oh! the long-suffering, the forbearance, the rich mercy of God!

Early in the year 1860, my eldest daughter, then fifteen years of age, was attacked with fever, and for some days her life was despaired of. My dear wife, I have since ascertained, fully expected a fatal issue, supposing that this was to be the sharp trial which she had long anticipated as the means to be employed to rescue me from my backsliding state. But it was ordered otherwise; a still more bitter cup was preparing for me. It pleased God to restore our dear child to us from the jaws of the grave. As her recovery was progressing, her dear mother wrote a letter to a friend, in which occurred the following remarkable passage, referring to the dealings of God with her during this affliction:—"The voice that only faith hears seemed ever to be saying, 'What wilt thou that I should do for thee?' and I ever replied, during the *lonely night-watches*, 'Whatsoever seemeth good in thy sight; *only* convert my unconverted, and make room for thyself in this house.' I believe the blessed Lord intends to raise my child up; but I scarcely feel as if he would so soon withdraw his loving hand; something seems to say 'There is another baptism;' and my soul says, 'Not my will, but thine be done!' Friday. There is a decided change for the best to-day, and the portion spoken to my heart by the still small voice is, 'See if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour thee down a blessing;' so come what may, it will be a 'blessing;' and to his name be all the praise. Ah! dear friend, I knew that the great 'I AM' had risen up out of his holy place, and would not return until he had made his power to be felt and acknowledged."

At this juncture I was most unexpectedly and peremptorily called away to Ireland, and was absent ten days. I returned home fully expecting to find my child recovered and all well; but on entering my door I was immediately informed by the servant that her mistress was very ill; and on rushing to her bedside found her delirious, in a burning fever. She was spared to me eight days; but during the whole of that time her state was such that conversation was impossible; and she passed away without one word of farewell to husband, children, or friend!

Ah! reader, have you ever passed through such a trial as this? Has it fallen to your lot to gaze upon the cold, lifeless form of the beloved of your heart, the delight of your eyes, the companion of your bosom, the parent of your children, cut down, as in a moment, in the prime of life? If so, you can then understand something of my state of mind under it. But there was a bitter ingredient in my cup which I trust has seldom fallen to the lot of others. My loss in itself was overwhelming, staggering, crushing! but added to that was the torment of a guilty conscience. I knew *why* the blow was struck. I knew that the hand of God was upon me for my sins; and the agony of my soul was indescribable. My wretched, hateful course of life for twenty-one years seemed to pass before me! Forgotten painful incidents started up before my mind. Truly can I say with the Psalmist, "The pains of hell gat hold upon me." But, blessed be God, I soon saw that my only refuge was in him who had smitten me!

One of my first acts on leaving the chamber of death was to retire to my closet, and there solemnly to vow to God that, by his grace, I would henceforth wholly and entirely surrender myself to him and to his service, as he might be pleased to lead me. And though dark and dreary was my way for some time, my Lord was pleased soon to lift upon me the light of his countenance, and give to me his peace, which passeth all understanding, enabling me to say from my heart—

"Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near."

Oh! the blessedness, the unspeakable blessedness of an entire, unreserved surrender to God! Dear reader, do you understand it? It is, I am satisfied, the nearest approach to the heavenly state that can be enjoyed here below. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" "He then brought me up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God." Ah! what a teacher the Lord is when he takes us in hand! Many, many admonitions and warnings were in vain, disregarded, reasoned away, forgotten, until he put *his* hand to the work! It is *he* who "maketh the heart soft," when everything short of omnipotence fails! Oh! what a priceless blessing to be brought nigh unto God, to be delivered from the bonds of self, of sin, and the world; even though the path be through a furnace of fire! Backslider, when your God shall bring you back from your wretched wanderings, though the means he may employ be of the most bitter and lacerating nature, the most fervent ascriptions of gratitude and praise to him that were ever offered by you will then arise from

your heart! May he hasten the time, for your blessedness and his own glory! Thus did a God of love begin to answer the prayers of my departed wife by the very act of her removal! Truly it is said—

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

"By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us." (Psalm lxv. 5.)

I have referred to a letter of my dear wife, written just before her fatal illness, having a direct connection with succeeding events here recorded. It is right that I should also mention a most remarkable conversation which took place between her and one of her children about three months before her decease.

On entering a room where his dear mother was alone, he observed tears trickling down her cheeks. He took a seat beside her, and gently asked her if she were unwell. She replied, "No, my dear boy, but some great affliction will some time fall upon you all, more especially affecting your papa, and it will make him smart, and draw him from the world, and nearer to God." Marvellous words! Truly "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant." I only became acquainted with this conversation, which I have quoted exactly as reported to me, after her decease, in reply to my earnest entreaty to my children that they would repeat to me anything that they had heard fall from their dear mother's lips during the latter part of her life.

Thus had God "made his power to be felt and acknowledged," and begun to answer prayer, and to fulfil his own promise to "open the windows of heaven and pour down his blessing!" And, blessed be his name, this was only the beginning of blessing; I felt that it was only the beginning. I felt confident that as the blessing had been so graciously poured upon my own soul, so also my dear children were included in the promise; and I did not cease constantly for two years to lay before my God this his gracious promise to the dear departed one. Nor did I plead in vain! Ah! is he unfaithful who hath promised? Will he deny himself? O brother, sister, beloved in Christ, "have faith in God," and you shall yet praise him!

And now the copious shower of blessing, the abounding grace, was about to descend! I have now to record the circumstances under which it pleased God to call my dear children from the power of Satan unto himself; and I propose to give the details as simply as possible, believing that a narration of the simple facts will be to his glory, and may be calculated by his blessing to do good to others.

Early in the year 1862, the Rev. J. Denham Smith, of whom I had not the slightest previous knowledge, held a series of services in our neighbourhood, which I attended with those of my family then at home. I was astonished and delighted at the simple, clear, earnest, eloquent manner in which he set forth, applied, and enforced the vital truths of the glorious gospel of Christ. I was equally delighted and devoutly thankful to God for the remarkable manner in which he was enabled to unfold the glorious fulness, completeness, and perfection of the great salvation which God by his Spirit bestows, as the free gift of his grace,

on all those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ! How many there are who can testify to the flood of light which was shed upon their minds, and the abundant blessing which was poured into their souls, through the clear and forcible exposition of the truth from his lips! To God be all the praise!

I soon saw that my eldest daughter was much affected. She sought an interview with Mr. Smith; and in a short time it pleased the Lord to reveal himself to her in all his grace and love, to deliver her from her burden of sin, and give her joy and peace in believing. At my request she has given me a short account of her state of mind, and the dealings of the Spirit of God with her; in which, after referring to serious anxiety about her soul six years ago, she says:—

"'Then, when I was ill, I was very unhappy, and dear mamma used to read and pray with me, and try to comfort me; but when I got better my serious impressions passed off, though convictions of sin constantly troubled me. The first time I heard dear Mr. Denham Smith I did not listen much to the sermon—I seldom did; but my attention was arrested by hearing him solemnly repeat the words, 'Down, down, down, down!' etc.; these words haunted me, for I thought that *I* too was going *down* to everlasting destruction as fast as it was possible to go. This was on Sunday afternoon. The following Tuesday evening Mr. Smith spent at our house; and because I begged of him not to speak to me before others, he arranged for me to see him at his lodgings the next morning. I went and stayed at least an hour; but I returned home, if possible, more miserable than before; for I was afraid to believe in Jesus as Mr. Smith told me, and everything seemed dark and dreary. As you know, I attended nearly all the meetings, but could not find peace; and every night I sat up till one, two, or three o'clock, reading my Bible and the 'Times of Refreshing' Hymn-book, and praying and crying.

"I continued in this state of mind for about a fortnight, when Mr. Smith called at our house. He said he had come to see me, so we went into the breakfast-room alone; and then Mr. Smith again talked to me, and explained several portions of Scripture to me, and prayed with me. While he was talking to me about the ninth verse of the tenth chapter of Romans, he said, 'You are not ashamed to confess Christ, are you?' I answered, 'No.' 'And you believe that God raised him from the dead, do you not?' 'Yes.' 'Then,' said Mr. Smith. 'what follows?—THOU SHALT BE SAVED.'

"While he was talking like this, the way of salvation seemed to be made clear to me; peace, joy, and rest filled my soul, and I knew that I was saved, made a new creature in Christ Jesus. When I told Mr. Smith I could say, 'Lord, I believe,' his face beamed with joy, and he said, 'Now let us kneel down and thank the Lord.' I must tell you that dear M—— had had some conversation with me about the Saviour; so after her father had engaged in prayer, he left me to send her (she was upstairs) to me, that she also might rejoice with me."

My dear child soon made me acquainted with her new-found joy and happiness in believing in Jesus; and then I knew that this was the commencement of the long-sought and promised blessing.

(*To be continued.*)

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM II.

TITLE.—*We shall not greatly err in our summary of this sublime Psalm if we call it* THE PSALM OF MESSIAH THE PRINCE; *for it sets forth, as in a wondrous vision, the tumult of the people against the Lord's anointed, the determinate purpose of God to exalt his own Son, and the ultimate reign of that Son over all his enemies. Let us read it with the eye of faith, beholding, as in a glass, the final triumph of our Lord Jesus Christ over all his enemies. Lowth has the following remarks upon this Psalm: "The establishment of David upon his throne, notwithstanding the opposition made to it by his enemies, is the subject of the Psalm. David sustains in it a twofold character, literal and allegorical. If we read over the Psalm, first with an eye to the literal David, the meaning is obvious, and put beyond all dispute by the sacred history. There is indeed an uncommon glow in the expression and sublimity in the figures, and the diction is now and then exaggerated, as it were on purpose to intimate, and lead us to the contemplation of higher and more important matters concealed within. In compliance with this admonition, if we take another survey of the Psalm as relative to the person and concerns of the spiritual David, a noble series of events immediately rises to view, and the meaning becomes more evident, as well as more exalted. The colouring which may perhaps seem too bold and glaring for the king of Israel, will no longer appear so when laid upon his great Antitype. After we have thus attentively considered the subjects apart, let us look at them together, and we shall behold the full beauty and majesty of this most charming poem. We shall perceive the two senses very distinct from each other, yet conspiring in perfect harmony, and bearing a wonderful resemblance in every feature and lineament, while the analogy between them is so exactly preserved, that either may pass for the original from whence the other was copied. New light is continually cast upon the phraseology, fresh weight and dignity are added to the sentiments, till, gradually ascending from things below to things above, from human affairs to those that are Divine, they bear the great important theme upwards with them, and at length place it in the height and brightness of heaven."*

DIVISION.—*This Psalm will be best understood if it be viewed as a four-fold picture. (In verses* 1, 2, 3*) the Nations are raging; (*4 *to* 6*) the Lord in heaven derides them; (*7 *to* 9*) the Son proclaims the decree; and (from* 10 *to end) advice is given to the kings to yield obedience to the Lord's anointed. This division is not only suggested by the sense, but is warranted by the poetic form of the Psalm, which naturally falls into four stanzas of three verses each.*

EXPOSITION.

WHY do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the LORD, and against his anointed, *saying*,

3 Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

We have, in these first three verses, a description of the hatred of human nature against the Christ of God. No better comment is needed upon it than the apostolic song in Acts iv. 27, 28: "For of a truth against thy holy child Jesus, whom thou hast anointed, both Herod, and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel, were gathered together, for to do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done." The Psalm begins abruptly with an angry interrogation; and well it may: it is surely but little to be wondered at, that the sight of creatures in arms against their God should amaze the psalmist's mind. We see the *heathen raging*, roaring like the sea, tossed to and fro with restless waves, as the ocean in a storm; and then we mark the people

in their hearts *imagining a vain thing* against God. Where there is much rage there is generally some folly, and in this case there is an excess of it. Note, that the commotion is not caused by the people only, but their leaders foment the rebellion. "*The kings of the earth set themselves.*" In determined malice they arrayed themselves in opposition against God. It was not temporary rage, but deep-seated hate, for they *set themselves* resolutely to withstand the Prince of Peace. "*And the rulers take counsel together.*" They go about their warfare craftily, not with foolish haste, but deliberately. They use all the skill which art can give. Like Pharaoh, they cry, "Let us deal wisely with them." O that men were half as careful in God's service to serve him wisely, as his enemies are to attack his kingdom craftily. Sinners have their wits about them, and yet saints are dull. But what say they? what is the meaning of this commotion? "*Let us break their bands asunder.*" "Let us be free to commit all manner of abominations. Let us be our own gods. Let us rid ourselves of all restraint." Gathering impudence by the traitorous proposition of rebellion, they add—"*let us cast away;*" as if it were an easy matter,—"let us fling off '*their cords from us.*'" What! O ye kings, do ye think yourselves Samsons? and are the bands of Omnipotence but as green withs before you? Do you dream that you shall snap to pieces and destroy the mandates of God—the decrees of the Most High—as if they were but tow? And do ye say, "Let us cast away their cords from us?" Yes! There are monarchs who have spoken thus, and there are still rebels upon thrones. However mad the resolution to revolt from God, it is one in which man has persevered ever since his creation, and he continues in it to this very day. The glorious reign of Jesus in the latter day will not be consummated, until a terrible struggle has convulsed the nations. His coming will be as a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap, and the day thereof shall burn as an oven. Earth loves not her rightful monarch, but clings to the usurper's sway: the terrible conflicts of the last days will illustrate both the world's love of sin and Jehovah's power to give the kingdom to his only Begotten. To a graceless neck the yoke of Christ is intolerable, but to the saved sinner it is easy and light. We may judge ourselves by this, do we love that yoke, or do we wish to cast it from us?

4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.

Let us now turn our eyes from the wicked council-chamber and raging tumult of man, to the secret place of the majesty of the Most High. What doth God say? What will the King do unto the men who reject his only-begotten Son, the Heir of all things?

Mark the quiet dignity of the Omnipotent One, and the contempt which he pours upon the princes and their raging people. He has not taken the trouble to rise up and do battle with them—he despises them, he knows how absurd, how irrational, how futile are their attempts against him—he therefore *laughs* at them.

5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

6 Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.

After he has laughed he shall *speak;* he needs not smite; the breath of his lips is enough. At the moment when their power is at its height, and their fury most violent, *then* shall his Word go forth against them. And what is it that he says?—it is a very galling sentence—"*Yet,*" says he, "despite your malice, despite your tumultuous gatherings, despite the wisdom of your counsels, despite the craft of your lawgivers, '*yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.*'" Is not that a grand exclamation! He has already done that which the enemy seeks to prevent. While they are proposing, he has disposed the matter. Jehovah's will is done, and man's will frets and raves in vain. God's Anointed

is appointed, and shall not be disappointed. Look back through all the ages of infidelity, hearken to the high and hard things which men have spoken against the Most High, listen to the rolling thunder of earth's volleys against the Majesty of heaven, and then think that God is saying all the while, "Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion." Yet Jesus reigns, yet he sees of the travail of his soul, and "his unsuffering kingdom yet shall come" when he shall take unto himself his great power, and reign from the river unto the ends of the earth. Even now he reigns in Zion, and our glad lips sound forth the praises of the Prince of Peace. Greater conflicts may here be foretold, but we may be confident that victory will be given to our Lord and King. Glorious triumphs are yet to come; hasten them, we pray thee, O Lord! It is Zion's glory and joy that her King is in her, guarding her from foes, and filling her with good things. Jesus sits upon the throne of grace, and the throne of power in the midst of his Church. In him is Zion's best safeguard; let her citizens be glad in him.

"Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore."

7 I will declare the decree: the LORD hath said unto me, Thou *art* my son; this day have I begotten thee.

8 Ask of me, and I shall give *thee* the heathen *for* thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth *for* thy possession.

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

This Psalm wears something of a dramatic form, for now another person is introduced as speaking. We have looked into the council-chamber of the wicked, and to the throne of God, and now we behold the Anointed declaring his rights of sovereignty, and warning the traitors of their doom.

God has laughed at the counsel and ravings of the wicked, and now Christ the Anointed himself comes forward, as the Risen Redeemer, "declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead:" Rom. i. 4. Looking into the angry faces of the rebellious kings, the Anointed One seems to say, "If this sufficeth not to make you silent, '*I will declare the decree.*'" Now this decree is directly in conflict with the device of man, for its tenour is the establishment of the very dominion against which the nations are raving. "*Thou art my Son.*"—Here is a noble proof of the glorious Divinity of our Immanuel. "For unto which of the angels said he at any time, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee?" What a mercy to have a Divine Redeemer in whom to rest our confidence! "*This day have I begotten thee.*"—If this refers to the Godhead of our Lord, let us not attempt to fathom it, for it is a great truth, a truth reverently to be received, but not irreverently to be scanned. It may be added, that if this relates to the Begotten One in his human nature, we must here also rejoice in the mystery, but not attempt to violate its sanctity by intrusive prying into the secrets of the Eternal God. The things which are revealed are enough, without venturing into vain speculations. In attempting to define the Trinity, or unveil the essence of Divinity, many men have lost themselves: here great ships have foundered. What have we to do in such a sea with our frail skiffs?

"*Ask of me.*" It was a custom among great kings, to give to favoured ones whatever they might ask. See Esther v. 6; Matt. xiv. 7. So Jesus hath but to ask and have. Here he declares that his very enemies are his inheritance. To

their face he declares this decree, and "Lo! here," cries the Anointed One, as he holds aloft in that once pierced hand the sceptre of his power, "He hath given me this, not only the right to be a king, but the power to conquer." Yes! Jehovah hath given to his Anointed a rod of iron with which he shall break rebellious nations in pieces, and, despite their imperial strength, they shall be but as potters' vessels, easily dashed into shivers, when the rod of iron is in the hand of the omnipotent Son of God. Those who will not bend must break. Potters' vessels are not to be restored if dashed in pieces, and the ruin of sinners will be hopeless if Jesus shall smite them.

"Ye sinners seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there."

10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

11 Serve the LORD with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish *from* the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed *are* all they that put their trust in him.

The scene again changes, and counsel is given to those who have taken counsel to rebel. They are exhorted to obey, and give the kiss of homage and affection to him whom they have hated.

"*Be wise.*"—It is always wise to be willing to be instructed, especially when such instruction tends to the salvation of the soul. "Be wise *now, therefore;*" delay no longer, but let good reason weigh with you. Your warfare cannot succeed, therefore desist and yield cheerfully to him who will make you bow if you refuse his yoke. O how wise, how infinitely wise is obedience to Jesus, and how dreadful is the folly of those who continue to be his enemies! "*Serve the Lord with fear;*" let reverence and humility be mingled with your service. He is a great God, and ye are but puny creatures; bend ye, therefore, in lowly worship, and let a filial fear mingle with all your obedience to the great Father of the Ages. "*Rejoice with trembling.*"—There must ever be a holy fear mixed with the Christian's joy. This is a sacred compound, yielding a sweet smell, and we must see to it that we burn no other upon the altar. Fear, without joy, is torment; and joy, without holy fear, would be presumption. Mark the solemn argument for reconciliation and obedience. It is an awful thing to *perish* in the midst of sin, in the very *way* of rebellion; and yet how easily could *his wrath* destroy us suddenly. It needs not that his anger should be heated seven times hotter; let the fuel kindle *but a little*, and we are consumed. O sinner! Take heed of the terrors of the Lord; for "our God is a consuming fire." Note the doxology with which the Psalm closes:—"*Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.*" Have we a share in this blessedness? Do we trust in *him?* Our faith may be slender as a spider's thread; but if it be real, we are in our measure blessed. The more we trust, the more fully shall we know this blessedness. We may therefore close the Psalm with the prayer of the apostles:—"Lord, increase our faith."

The first Psalm was a contrast between the righteous man and the sinner; the second Psalm is a contrast between the tumultuous disobedience of the ungodly world and the sure exaltation of the righteous Son of God. In the first Psalm, we saw the wicked driven away like chaff; in the second Psalm, we see them broken in pieces like a potter's vessel. In the first Psalm, we beheld the righteous like a tree planted by the rivers of water; and here, we contemplate Christ, the Covenant Head of the righteous, made better than a tree planted by the rivers of water, for *he* is made king of all the islands, and all the heathen bow before him and kiss the dust; while he himself gives a blessing to all those who put their trust in him. The two Psalms are worthy of the very deepest

attention; they are, in fact, the preface to the entire Book of Psalms, and were by some of the ancients, joined into one. They are, however, two Psalms; for Paul speaks of this as the second Psalm. (Acts xiii. 33.) The first shows us the character and lot of the righteous; and the next teaches us that the Psalms are Messianic, and speak of Christ the Messiah—the Prince who shall reign from the river even unto the ends of the earth. That they have both a far reaching prophetic outlook we are well assured, but we do not feel competent to open up that matter, and must leave it to abler hands.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 1.—*Rage.* The word with which Paul renders this in the Greek, denotes rage, pride, and restiveness, as of horses that neigh, and rush into the battle. Εφρυαξαν, from Φρυασσω to snort or neigh, properly applied to a high-mettled horse. See Acts iv. 25.

"*A vain thing.*" A medal was struck by Diocletian, which still remains, bearing the inscription. "The name of Christians being extinguished." And in Spain, two monumental pillars were raised, on which were written:—I. "Diocletian Jovian Maximian Herculeus Cæsares Augusti, for having extended the Roman Empire in the east and the west, and for having extinguished the name of Christians, who brought the Republic to ruin." II. "Diocletian Jovian Maximian Herculeus Cæsares Augusti, for having adopted Galerius in the east, for having everywhere abolished the superstition of Christ, for having extended the worship of the gods." As a modern writer has elegantly observed: "We have here a monument raised by Paganism, over the grave of its vanquished foe. But in this, 'the people imagined a vain thing;' so far from being deceased, Christianity was on the eve of its final and permanent triumph, and the stone guarded a sepulchre empty as the urn which Electra washed with her tears. Neither in Spain, nor elsewhere, can be pointed out the burial place of Christianity; 'it is not, for the living have no tomb.'"

Verse 2.—The *many* had done their part, and now the *mighty* show themselves.—*Trapp.*

Verse 3.—Resolved they were to run riot, as lawless and aweless, and therefore they slander the sweet laws of Christ's kingdom as bonds and thick cords, which are signs of slavery. Jer. xxvii. 2, 6, 7. But what saith our Saviour? "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." It is no more burden to a regenerate man than wings to a bird. The law of Christ is no more as bands and cords, but as girdles and garters which gird up his loins and expedite his course.—*Trapp.*

Verse 4.—"*He that sitteth in the heavens.*" Hereby it is clearly intimated, (1) that the Lord is far above all their malice and power, (2) that he seeth all their plots, looking down on all; (3) that he is of Omnipotent power, and so can do with his enemies as he lists. "Our God is in the heavens: he hath done whatsoever he pleased." Psalm cxv. 3.—*A. Jackson.*

"*The Lord,*"—in Hebrew, Adonai, mystically signifieth my stays, or my sustainers—my pillars. Our English word "Lord" hath much the same force, being contracted of the old Saxon word "Laford," or "Hlafford," which cometh from "Laef," to sustain, refresh, cherish.—*Ainsworth.*

Verse 5.—"*Vex them;*" either by horror of conscience, or corporal plagues; one way or the other he will have his pennyworths of them, as he always has had of the persecutors of his people.—*Trapp.*

Verse 11.—The fear of God promotes spiritual joy; it is the morning star which ushers in the sunlight of comfort. "Walking in the fear of God, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost." God mingles joy with fear, that fear may not be slavish.—*Watson.*

Verse 12.—*Kiss,* a sign of love among equals; Gen. xxxiii. 4; 1 Sam. xx. 41; Rom. xvi. 16; 1 Cor. xvi. 20. Of subjection in inferiors; 1 Sam. x. 1. Of religious adoration in worshippers; 1 Kings xix. 18; Job xxxi. 27.—*Bishop Richardson.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—*Nothing is more irrational than irreligion.* A weighty theme. The reasons why sinners rebel against God, stated, refuted, lamented, and repented of.

Verse 2.—New Park Street Pulpit No. 495, "The Greatest Trial on Record."

Verses 1, 2.—These verses show that all trust in man in the service of God is vain. Inasmuch as men oppose Christ, it is not good to hang our trust upon *the multitude*

Verses 1 & 2. Opposition to the gospel unreasonable ineffectual. Two sermons by John Newton.

for their number, *the earnest* for their zeal, *the mighty* for their countenance, or *the wise* for their counsel, since all these are far oftener against Christ than for him.

Verse 3.—The true reason of the opposition of sinners to Christ's truth, viz.: their hatred of the restraints of godliness.

Verse 4.—God's derision of the rebellious, both now and hereafter.

Verse 6.—*Christ's sovereignty.* 1. The opposition to it; "*yet.*" 2. The certainty of its existence; "Yet have I set." 3. The power which maintains it; "*have I set.*" 4. The place of its manifestation; "*my holy hill of Zion.*" 5. The blessings flowing from it.

Verse 7.—The divine decree concerning Christ, in connection with the decrees of election and providence. The sonship of Jesus.

This verse teacheth us faithfully to declare, and humbly to claim, the gifts and calling that God hath bestowed upon us.—*Wilcocks.*

Verse 8.—Christ's inheritance.—*Jay.* Prayer indispensable.—*Jesus must ask.*

Verse 9.—*The ruin of the wicked.* Certain, irresistible, terrible, complete, irretrievable, "like a potter's vessel."

Verse 10.—True wisdom, fit for kings and judges, lies in obeying Christ.

Verse 11.—*Mingled experience.* See the case of the women returning from the sepulchre. Matt. xxviii. 8. This may be rendered a very comforting subject, if the Holy Spirit direct the mind of the preacher.

Verse 12.—*An earnest invitation.* 1. *The command.* 2. *The argument.* 3. *The benediction* upon the obedient. No. 260 of the New Park Street Pulpit.

Last clause.—Nature, object, and blessedness of saving faith.

Christian Chymistry.

VI.

PHILIP, King of Macedon, being importuned by a poor widow to do her justice, answered that he was not at leisure; to whom she replied, "Then cease to be a king, for to do justice is the very reason why you are a king at all." Hearing this, he felt so much the force of the rebuke, that he took care of her cause immediately. Lord, thou requirest of us that we should do thee service, and we are sometimes tempted to say we cannot attend to it; but it may well be replied to us, then cease to live, above all, cease your spiritual life, for therefore gavest thou us our natural life and our new life that we might lay them out in thy service.

VII.

HIPPONICUS, intending to dedicate a costly statue, was advised by a friend to employ Policletus, a famous workman, in the making of it; but he, being anxious that his great expense should be the admiration of all men, said that "he would not make use of a workman whose art would be more regarded than his own cost." When in preaching the great truths of Gospel Salvation the enticing words which man's wisdom teacheth are so much sought out that the *art* of the orator is more regarded by the hearers that the value of the truth spoken, it is no wonder that the Lord refuses to grant his blessing. HE will have it seen that the excellency of the power lies not in our speech, but in his gospel.

VIII.

AN artist being desired by a certain person to draw for him a horse tumbling, mistook the order and painted one running. When he had

brought it home, the person employing him grew angry, because he had not represented the horse tumbling as he had been desired. The artist answered, "Turn the piece, and your running horse is a tumbling one." Many differences upon religious subjects have arisen amongst us, wherein we have been very angry that others have not concurred with our apprehensions, when the difference hath been only in the way of representing the matter, and not in the matter itself.

IX.

When certain persons had commended the Pope's Legate at the Council of Basle, Sigismund, the Emperor, answered "*Tamen Romanus est*" (yet he is a Roman). So when sin is put before us in a pleasant manner, and it is excused as a very little evil, let us answer at once, "Yet it is a sin;" and thus let us escape the insinuating arts of those who would seduce us from the way of truth.

X.

Diogenes, seeing some Rhodians gorgeously apparelled while others admired them, said, "Tush, that's nothing but pride;" and seeing some Spartans near in their thread-bare caps, said, "That is but another sort of pride." When the vain men of the world indulge fantastic vanities, it is manifest that it is nothing but pride. O would that when religious persons appear to deny the world, they did not give cause to say that theirs is pride too.

XI.

Scipio the conqueror of Hannibal, and the scourge of Carthage, though by many triumphs he had replenished the common treasury, yet in all his life never bought one acre of ground for himself, nor left money enough in his coffers to bury him. How many men have damned their souls that they might die rich, and how many like overflowing rivers have grown great by the ruin of their country, that they might go out of the world wealthy; whereas Scipio's moderation and abstinence have reared for him a more glorious monument than his conquests. Let us see to it that our service of God is disinterested: for he only is acceptable to God who looks not at all to his own honour, but only to the glory of the Lord his God. Achan was stoned for taking to himself a part of the Lord's spoil, and Ananias fell dead at the apostles' feet for keeping back part of the price: let us beware of serving ourselves, when we are engaged in the service of our Lord.

XII.

According to an old writer, no Capuchin among the Papists may take or touch silver. This metal is as great an Anathema to them as the wedge of gold to Achan, at the offer whereof they start back as Moses from the serpent; yet the monk has a boy behind him who will receive and carry home any quantity, and neither complain of metal nor measure. Such are those who are great sticklers themselves for outward observances in religion, but at the same time compel their servants to sin on their account. They who sin by substitute shall be damned in person.

XIII.

PHILOSTRATUS being employed by Ptolemy in building that famous Pharos near to Alexandria, engraved in the solid and durable marble his own name, and in plaster over it that of the King, that the name of the monarch being worn off, his own might be seen to perpetuity. Sin imprinteth in my fancy favourable and specious conceits of itself, but there are characters in my conscience of a different tenour, which will abide there when the others have disappeared, and are no more to be remembered. What a blessing to have the heart engraved with inscriptions of grace, then grace is enduring and sin but temporary. In the hypocrite's case, it is virtue which is printed on the plaster, but vice is cut into the marble.

XIV.

WILLIAM Wickham being appointed by King Edward to build a stately Church, wrote in the windows, "*This work made William Wickham.*" When charged by the king for assuming the honour of that work to himself as the author, whereas he was only the overseer, he answered that he meant not that he made the work, but that the work made him, having before been very poor, and then in great credit. Lord, when we read in thy Word that we must work out our own salvation, thy meaning is not that our salvation should be the effect of our work, but our work the evidence of our salvation.

XV.

THE Empress Maud, being closely beset by her enemies near Winchester, caused herself to be put into a coffin, and, as one dead, was safely conveyed through their troops. Evil concupiscences so beset my soul, that it is almost impossible for me to escape, but the way to avoid them is by becoming dead to sin, not to live any longer therein.

XVI.

THE river Tigris, passing through the lake Arethusa, mingleth not its waters with it, but retains a taste and colour different from the waters of the lake. Such should the Christian be; though living in the world yet should he preserve both the savour of his godliness, and the colour of his profession, and be thus distinguishable from all other men. Fish live in the salt sea, and yet their flesh is not salt; pearls lie deep in the dark caverns of ocean, and yet they are not black; the olive grows on a dry soil, and yet it flows with oil; the gentian blooms at the foot of the freezing glacier, but its flowers are of the loveliest blue; so may we be *in* the world but not *of* it, enduring its ills, but not injured by its evils.

XVII.

ANTISTHENES, the founder of the sect of the Cynics, when he was told that Ismenias played excellently upon the flute, answered, properly enough, "Then he is good for nothing else, otherwise he would not have played so well." Such also was Philip's saying to his son, when at a certain entertainment he sang in a very agreeable and skilful manner, "Are you not ashamed to sing so well?" Even so, when one who professes to be of the seed royal of heaven, is able to rival the ungodly in their cunning, worldliness, merriment, scheming, or extrava-

gance, we may well conclude him to be of little use in spiritual things, and ask him, "Art thou not ashamed of thyself, to sing the world's song in so natural a manner?"

XVIII.

When the Government of England had resolved to build a wooden bridge over the Thames at Westminster, after they had driven a hundred and forty piles into the river, there occurred one of the most severe frosts in the memory of man, by means of which the piles were torn away from their strong fastenings, and many of them snapped in two. The apparent evil in this case was a great good; it led the commissioners to reconsider their purpose, and a substantial bridge of stone was erected. How well it is when the fleshly reformations of unregenerate men are broken to pieces, if thus they are led to fly to the Lord Jesus, and in the strength of his Spirit build solidly for eternity. Lord, if thou sufferest my resolves and hopes to be carried away by temptations and the force of my corruptions, grant that this blessed calamity may drive me to depend wholly on thy grace, which cannot fail me.

XIX.

Such was the patience of Pericles that when a vile and abandoned fellow loaded him a whole day with reproaches and abuse, he bore it with patience and silence, and continued in public for the despatch of urgent business. In the evening he walked slowly home, this impudent wretch following, and insulting him all the way with the most scurrilous language. As it was dark when he came to his own door, he ordered one of his servants to take a torch and light the man home. If we would be noble in spirit, let our only reply to our slanderers be an anxious desire to yield them the light of truth wherewith they may find their way to heaven.

XX.

When certain persons expressed their admiration at the excellent manner in which that great warrior Œmilius Paulus arranged everything at his banquets, so as to charm the guests, he replied, "It requires the same genius to draw up an army and to arrange an entertainment, that the one may be most formidable to the enemy, and the other most agreeable to the friends." Let ministers remember that it is as much their duty to feed the saints with food convenient for them as to carry war into the midst of the sinners' camp. The same sanctified wisdom should be sought in both matters.

XXI.

Demetrius, King of Syria, being taken prisoner by the King of Parthia, was by him married to his sister, and magnificently entertained, yet, being homesick, he could never rest quiet in his exile, but often attempted, and at last effected his escape into his own country. Lord, with what enjoyments soever I am detained from thee, yet let the desire of my soul be to thy name, and to the remembrance of thee, and at last may I obtain a happy escape to thee.

(*To be continued.*)



IT is by the grace of God that ungodly men are preserved from instant death. The sharp axe of justice would soon fell the barren tree if the interceding voice of Jesus did not cry, "Spare him yet a little." Many sinners, when converted to God, have gratefully acknowledged that it was of the Lord's mercy that they were not consumed. John Bunyan had three memorable escapes before his conversion, and mentions them in his "Grace Abounding" as illustrious instances of long-suffering mercy. Occasionally such deliverances are made the means of affecting the heart with tender emotions of love to God, and grief for having offended him. Should it not be so? Ought we not to account that the longsuffering of God is salvation? (2 Peter iii. 15.) An officer during a battle was struck by a nearly spent ball near his waistcoat pocket, but he remained uninjured, for a piece of silver stopped the progress of the deadly missile. The coin was marked at the words DEI GRATIA *(by the grace of God)*. This providential circumstance deeply impressed his mind, and led him to read a tract which a godly sister had given him when leaving home. God blessed the reading of the tract, and he became, through the rich grace of God, a believer in the Lord Jesus.

Reader, are you unsaved? Have you experienced any noteworthy deliverances? Then adore and admire the free grace of God, and pray that it may lead you to repentance! Are you enquiring for the way of life. Remember the words DEI GRATIA, and never forget that by grace we are saved. Grace always pre-supposes unworthiness in its object. The province of grace ceases where merit begins: what a cheering word is this to those of you who have no worth, no merit, no goodness whatever! Crimes are forgiven, and follies are cured by our Redeemer out of mere free favour. The word grace has the same meaning as our common term gratis: Wickliffe's prayer was, "Lord save me *gratis*." No works can purchase or procure salvation, but the heavenly Father giveth freely, and upbraideth not.

Grace comes to us through faith in Jesus. Whosoever believeth on Him is not condemned. O, sinner, may God give thee grace to look to Jesus and live. Look *now*, for to-day is the accepted time!

3.—Sword and Trowel Tracts—6d. per 100. Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.



TWO learned doctors are angrily discussing the nature of food, and allowing their meal to lie untasted, while a simple countryman is eating as heartily as he can of that which is set before him. The religious world is full of quibblers, critics, and sceptics, who, like the doctors, fight over Christianity without profit either to themselves or others; those are far happier who imitate the farmer and feed upon the Word of God, which is the true food of the soul. Luther's prayer was, "From nice questions the Lord deliver us." Questioning with honesty and candour is not to be condemned, when the object is to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good;" but to treat revelation as if it were a football to be kicked from man to man is irreverence, if not worse. Seek the true faith, by all manner of means, but do not spend a whole life in finding it, lest you be like a workman who wastes the whole day in looking for his tools. Hear the true Word of God; lay hold upon it, and spend your days not in raising hard questions, but in feasting upon precious truth.

It is, no doubt, very important to settle the point of General or Particular Redemption; but for unconverted men, the chief matter is to look to the Redeemer on the cross with the eye of faith. Election is a doctrine about which there is much discussion, but he who has made his election sure, finds it a very sweet morsel. Final perseverance has been fought about in all time; but he who by grace continues to rest in Jesus to the end, knows the true enjoyment of it. Reader, *argue*, if you please, but remember that *believing* in the Lord Jesus gives infinitely more enjoyment than disputing can ever afford you. If you are unsaved, your only business is with the great command, "*Believe!*" and even if you have passed from death unto life, it is better to commune with Jesus than to discuss doubtful questions. When Melancthon's mother asked him what she must believe amidst so many disputes, he, knowing her to be trusting to Jesus in a simple-hearted manner, replied, "Go on, mother, to believe and pray as you have done, and do not trouble yourself about controversy." So say we to all troubled souls, "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."

4.—Sword and Trowel Tracts—6d. per 100. Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.

Bacon's Paradoxes—not Bacon's.

AT the "Pilgrim's Inn," kept by good Mr. Gaius, the company spent an hour or two after supper in cracking nuts and asking riddles; nay, Mr. Gaius and old Father Honest sat up all night at it: a true picture of the spiritual recreations with which the good old Puritans solaced themselves, opening hard texts and solving experimental mysteries hour after hour. No theme is so prolific in paradoxes as the spiritual state of the believer; indeed it is so complex, so mingled, so diverse, so unique, that it is a riddle both to the Christian and to all who know him. Hence, the old divines delighted in this subject, and were wont to sharpen their wits and exercise their ingenuity by composing apparent contradictions which were plain matters of fact to understanding minds. A certain Master Herbert Palmer, B.D.—a great man in the Westminster Assembly of divines and a most able preacher—issued a small pamphlet, entitled, "The Character of a Christian in Paradoxes and seeming Contradictions." By some means or other, these paradoxes were tagged on to an edition of "Bacon's Remains," and for many a day they have been ascribed to my Lord of Verulam. Possibly, it was the design of some believer in pious fraud to honour the Christian faith by ascribing to the great philosopher the authorship of this small but deeply experimental tract; if so, he signally missed his aim, for French atheists have seen in the paradoxes a sarcastic attack upon our faith, and have inferred from them that Bacon was an infidel and a mocker. What a queer conclusion from a very strange mistake! Bacon did not write a line of the Paradoxes, and he who wrote them was a most fervently devout and believing Christian. How little does purblind philosophy know of the simple realities of the Christian life. She mistakes a graphic and quaint statement which a babe in grace may comprehend for a piece of sneering sarcasm: verily the carnal mind receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God.

Our esteemed friend and brother, Alexander B. Grosart of Kinross, has the honour and delight of having made the discovery which restores the Paradoxes to their rightful author; and he is so diligent a student of Puritanical lore that we should not wonder if he turns up many more treasure-troves in the field which he digs so carefully. Mr. Grosart has printed, for private circulation, an account of his remarkable discovery, together with a memoir of Herbert Palmer, his Memorials of Godliness and Christianity, and a valuable Appendix. This volume should be placed at once in every library in the three kingdoms; the work can be obtained by application direct to Mr. Grosart. We congratulate our friend most sincerely, and thank him heartily for all his labours of love, of which readers of Puritanic literature are made to be profited partakers. Probably few among our readers have ever seen the Paradoxes, we therefore present them to them as a dish of nuts. Crack away, ye who have cut your wisdom-teeth. Babes may as well beware lest the uncracked nuts stick in their throats. We print from Mr. Grosart's book with the spelling as in the original *true* copy. Look on the next page, good reader, and if the Paradoxes prove as entertaining to thee as they have been to us, we shall *both* be gratified indeed.

THE CHARACTER OF A CHRISTIAN IN PARADOXES AND SEEMING CONTRADICTIONS.

1. A *Christian* is one, who believes things which his reason cannot comprehend.

2. Who hopes for that which neither he, nor any man alive ever saw.

3. Who *labours* for that he knows he can never *attain*.

4. Yet in the issue, his { *Belief* appears not to have been false. / *Hope* makes him not ashamed. / *Labour* is not in vain.

5. He believes Three to be One, and One to be Three; A Father not to be elder then his Son, and the Son to be equal with his Father, and one proceeding from both to be fully equall to both.

6. He believes in one *Nature* three *Persons*, and in one *Person* two *Natures*.

7. He believes a *Virgin* to have been a *Mother*, and her *Son* to be her *Maker*.

8. He believes him to be *born in time*, who was from *everlasting*, and him to be shut up in a narrow room, whom Heaven and Earth could never contain.

9. He believes him to have been a weak childe carried in armes, who is the *Almighty*, and him to have *died*, who only hath life and immortality in himself.

10. He believes the God of all Grace, to have been angry with one who never offended him; and the God that hates all sinne, to be reconciled to himself, though sinning continually, and never making, or being able to make him satisfaction.

11. He believes the most just God to have punished a most innocent person, and to have justified himself, though a most ungodly sinner.

12. He believes himself freely pardoned, and yet that a sufficient Satisfaction is paid for him.

13. He believes himself to be precious in Gods sight, yet he loaths himself in his own sight.

14. He dares not justifie himself, even in those things wherein he knows no fault in himself: yet he believes God accepts even those services, wherein himself is able to finde many faults.

15. He praiseth God for his Justice, and fears him for his Mercies.

16. He is so ashamed, as he dares not open his mouth before God; yet comes with boldnesse to God, and asks any things he needs.

17. He is so humble as to acknowledge himself to deserve nothing but evil; yet so confident, as to believe God means him all good.

18. He is one that fears alwaies, and yet is bold as a Lion.

19. He is often sorrowfull, yet alwayes rejoycing: often complaining, yet alwayes giving of thanks.

20. He is most lowly minded, yet the greatest aspirer; most contented, yet ever craving.

21. He bears a lofty spirit in a mean condition; and when he is aloft, thinks meanly of himself.

22. He is rich in poverty, and poor in the midst of riches.

23. He believes all the world to be his, yet dares take nothing without special leave.

24. He covenants with God for nothing, yet looks for the greatest reward.

25. He loses his life and gains by it, and even while he loses it, he saves it.

26. He lives not to himself, yet of all others is most wise for himself.

27. He denies himself often, yet no man that most pleases himself, loves himself so well.

28. He is the most reproached, and most honoured.

29. He hath the most afflictions, and the most comforts.

30. The more injury his enemies do to him, the more advantage he gets by them.

31. The more he himself forsakes of worldly things, the more he enjoys of them.

32. He is most temperate of all men, yet fares most deliciously.

33. He lends and gives most freely, yet is the greatest Usurer.

34. He is meek towards all men, yet unexorable* by men.

35. He is the best childe, brother, husband, friend, yet hates father, and mother, and wife, and brethren, &c.

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* "Impartial, self-severe, inexorable." Samson Agonistes v. 5. = not be persuaded.

36. He loves all men as himself, yet hates some men with perfect hatred.

37. He desires to have more grace then any hath in the world, yet he is truly sorry when he sees any man have less then himself.

38. He knows no man after the flesh, yet gives to all men their due respects.

39. He knows, if he please men he is not the servant of Christ; yet for Christ's sake he pleases all men in all things.

40. He is a peacemaker, yet continually fighting, and an irreconcilable enemy.

41. He believes him to be worse than an Infidel that provides not for his family, yet he himself lives and dies without care.

42. He is severe to his children, because he loves them; and being favourable to his enemies, revenges himself upon them.

43. He accounts all his inferiors his fellows, yet stands strictly upon his authority.

44. He believes the Angels to be more excellent creatures than himself, and yet counts them his servants.

45. He believes he receives many good turns by their means, yet he never praies their assistance, nor craves their prayers, nor offers them thanks, which yet he doth not disdain to do to the meanest Christian.

46. He believes himself a King, how mean soever he be, and how great soever he be, that he is not too good to be servant to the poorest Saint.

47. He is often in prison, yet alwayes at liberty, and a free-man though a servant.

48. He receives not honour from men, yet highly prizes a good name.

49. He believes God hath bidden every man that doth him any good, to do so; yet he of any man is the most thankfull to them that do ought for him.

50. He would lay down his life to save the soul of his enemy; yet will not venture upon one sin to save his life that hath saved his.

51. He swears to his own hinderance and changes not; yet knows, that his mouth cannot tie him to sin.

52. He believes Christ to have no need of anything he doth, yet makes account he relieves Christ in all his deeds of charity.

53. He knows he can do nothing of himself, yet labours to work out his own salvation.

54. He confesses he can do nothing; yet as truly professes he can do all things.

55. He knows that flesh and bloud shall not inherit the Kingdom of God: yet believes he shall go to heaven body and soul.

56. He trembles at God's Word, yet counts it sweeter to him then the honey and the honey-comb, and dearer then thousands of gold and silver.

57. He beleeves that God will never damn him; and yet he fears him for being able to cast him into hell.

58. He knows he shall not be saved by his works, and yet doth all the good works he can, and believes he shall not be saved without them.

59. He knows God's providence orders all things; yet is he so diligent in his businesse, as if he were to cut out his own fortune.

60. He believes before-hand God hath purposed what shall be; and that nothing can make him alter his purpose; yet prayes and endeavours, as if he would force God to satisfie him however.

61. He praies and labours for what he believes God means to give him, and the more assured he is, the more earnest.

62. He praies for that he knoweth he shall not obtain, and yet gives not over.

63. He praies and labours for that, which he knows he may be no less happy without.

64. He praies with all his heart not to be led into temptation, yet rejoyces when he is fallen into it.

65. He believes his prayers to be heard, even when they are denied, and gives thanks for that which he praied against.

66. He hath within him the flesh and the spirit; yet is not a double-minded man.

67. He is often led away captive by the law of sin, yet it never gets the dominion over him.

68. He cannot sinne, yet he can do nothing without sin.

69. He can do nothing against his will; yet he doth what he would not.

70. He wavers and doubts, and yet obtains; he is often tossed and shaken, and yet like mount *Zion*.

71. He is a Serpent and a Dove, a Lamb and a Lion, a Reed and a Cedar.

72. He is sometimes so troubled, that he thinks nothing is true in Religion; and yet if he did think so, he could not be at all troubled.

73. He thinks sometimes that God hath no mercy for him, and yet resolves to die in the pursuit of it.

74. He believes, like *Abraham*, in hope and against hope: and though he can never answer God's Logick, yet with the woman of *Canaan* he hopes to prevail with the Rhetorick of importunity.

75. He wrestles with God and prevails; and though yielding himself unworthy the least blessing he enjoyes already: yet, *Jacob*-like, will not let God go without a new blessing.

76. He sometimes thinks himself to have no grace at all; and yet how poor and afflicted soever he be besides, he would not change conditions with the most prosperous upon earth, that is a manifest worldling.

77. He thinks sometimes the Ordinances of God do him no good at all, and yet he would rather part with his life than be deprived of them.

78. He was born dead, and yet so, as it had been murther to have taken his life away.

79. When life was first put into him, is commonly unknown; and with some, not untill they had learned to speak, and were even grown up to the stature of a man; and with others, not till they were ready to drop into their graves for age.

80. After he begins to live he is ever dying; and though he have an eternal life begun in him, yet he makes account he hath a death to pass through.

81. He counts self-murder a most hainous sin, yet he is continually busied in crucifying his flesh, and putting to death his earthly members.

82. He believes that his soul and body shall be as full of glory as theirs that have more, and not more full then theirs that have lesse.

83. He lives invisibly to those that see him, and those that knowe him best, doe but guesse at him; yet they sometimes see further into him, and judge more truly of him than himself doth.

84. The world did sometimes count him a Saint, when God counted him an hypocrite; and after, when the world branded him for an hypocrite, God owned him for a Saint.

85. In fine, his death makes not an end of him: his soul, which was created for his body, and is not to be perfected without his body, is more happy when it is separated from it, then it was all the while it was united to it: and his body, though torn in pieces, burnt to ashes, ground to pouder, turned into rottennesse, shall be no loser: His Advocate, his Surety, shall be his Judge; his mortal part shall become immortall; and what was sown in corruption, shall be raised in incorruption and glory; and his spirituall part, though it had a beginning, shall have no end; and himself a finite creature, shall be possessed of an infinite happinesse. *Amen.*

Our United Meetings during the Week of Prayer.

BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

A WEEK of prayer. The best possible beginning for a new year. So thought the ministers associated for prayer and mutual edification, and therefore they agreed to call their people together for united prayer.

The Central Meeting of the Churches was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Monday, January 2nd. The pastors met at three for prayer and consultation; and they were joined, at five, by about one hundred elders and deacons, who continued in prayer to God until the hour for the public meeting. The spirit pervading these devotions gave promise of a blessed gathering in the evening.

At seven about six thousand persons were assembled in the Tabernacle—probably the largest number of believers ever found together under one roof for prayer. Fully to characterize this meeting would be impossible. No pen could express the deep-thrilling

power which pervaded the assembly. We can only present a brief outline of the proceedings.

The meeting was conducted by C. H. Spurgeon. The guiding hand of the Holy Ghost was manifest in the wisdom shown in the brief and suggestive remarks made in reference to the subjects and manner of the prayers. This must have been evident to all.

The brethren, Varley and F. White, pleaded with deep and fervent earnestness for blessings to be then and there vouchsafed by the God of all grace to his people; and for a genuine revival of all the Churches of God in the land. Simple, direct, earnest, reiterated, were the desires of these servants of Jesus; and most fervent was the response of the thousands of Christian hearts, which united, as the heart of one man, to bear up those desires to the throne of grace.

Two elders (W. Olney and Bridge) then pleaded with God on behalf of the pastors and students; the lowly, loving, touching breathings of these brethren, moved and bowed down the hearts of all the pastors around them. Old and young alike felt that blessing must descend upon them in answer to such heartfelt Spirit-wrought desires as those which were being poured forth on their behalf. Would to God that all elders and deacons might thus ever deeply feel, and earnestly plead, for the pastors of the churches that the full power of the Holy Ghost may rest upon them. Those brethren who were present can testify that they never felt more solemnly the need and the value of such intercession. The responsibility, the trials, the necessities of God's servants, were made the subjects of most sincere supplication.

Next came a confession of sin, through Brother Offord, the oldest minister on the platform. For this solemn act the whole assembly was prepared by the blessing already granted and felt; for all hearts and spirits were bowed down in deep repentance. Many details of the failures and sins of ministers were spread before the face of God in the most solemn manner. Sins of omission and commission, neglect, and shortcomings, were acknowledged. Solemn, simple, earnest appeal was made to the eye of the heart-searching God, that his servants might wish to hide nothing from his gaze; that all the evil in them might be judged in his sight. And when the words "Lord it is I! it is I!" were uttered, many broke forth saying, "It is I! it is I!" The beloved pastor of the Tabernacle Church wept like a child, and sobbed aloud, while the brethren around could not restrain their weeping and groaning before God. Nor were the assembled elders less moved when *their* sins and shortcomings were solemnly and affectionately confessed unto the Lord, and when they, as men of like passions with their brethren, and of like necessities too, were borne into the presence of God, before the mercy seat, through Jesus. But it was when the sins of the people, the worldliness, the deadness, the lack of love to brethren and to souls, and especially the want of love to Jesus and the consequent grieving of the Holy Ghost; it was when these were in lowly, broken sentences, named before the great Father of All, that hearts seemed to be melted into one universal feeling of grief, and to bow in the dust in one solemn act of self-abasement. It was wont to be said of old time, that he had never seen sorrow who had not beheld the sorrow of Israel on the great day of atonement; and, verily, many who were present on that night, felt that they had never before seen such real, awful, general grief as that which rolled over the spirits of that vast assembly. God, the Holy God, was there, and his people had a sight of themselves, and of their ways, in the very light of his holiness; and each took the place of the patriarch, saying, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." It was a solemn moment when the voice ceased, and all bowed in the silence of their souls' agony before the holy God.

Great, indeed, was the relief, and calm the peace which followed the sweet words uttered by Mr. Spurgeon:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

Never were the first two verses of this hymn sung with more genuine and blessed feeling, or by more grateful hearts. Never were the words,

"I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me"

more sincerely and earnestly spoken by a multitude of mortal men, than on that occasion.

The time was now come for a few solemn words to the host of believers present; and the spirit of the pastor of the Tabernacle Church could no longer restrain its pent-up feelings. An earnest, loving, impassioned appeal broke from his lips. He led the hearts of the people into the depths of God's everlasting love, and appealed to them as to what sort of persons men so loved ought to be. He gave forth a few burning words on the precious redeeming blood of Jesus, enquiring what manner of men they ought to be who knew themselves to be so redeemed? He pressed upon every conscience the great truth, that each loved and blood-bought saint is a temple of the Holy Ghost—the indwelling Spirit of God; and earnestly showed how holiness became the dwelling-place of the Lord; and he directed the hearts and hopes of God's children to the home in the Father's house, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and asked what manner of men its denizens ought to be? And then came the searching, thrilling, humbling question, have we, have I, have any of us, ever lived as it becometh those to live who have been loved of God with a sovereign and gracious love from eternity? Have any of us ever lived as it becomes men to live, who have been in very deed redeemed from wrath by the blood of God's own Son, as it becomes men to live, in whom the Holy Ghost doth in very deed dwell, and who are destined to dwell with God and his Christ for ever? Many hearts will never forget these questions; strong men could not restrain the audible "Never! never! have we so lived;" while the deeply-moved heart of the great congregation gave forth the silent response that each and all were verily guilty before God. The power of the Almighty Spirit carried home those questions to the inner life of that great Christian gathering; and the grace of that same Holy One stirred the heavenly affections of that life with feelings of deepest humiliation before its great author.

A humble, fervent prayer, by Pastor Cole, for the up-lifting and revival of all believers, followed this appeal, the Spirit leading the speaker to dwell upon the precious truths which had been laid upon the hearts of the meeting, and to supplicate that God would enable his people thenceforth to realise them in the fulness of their power. The universal response which followed these pleadings with God told how deeply the blessings sought were desired by all.

The time had now arrived for an address to the unconverted. At the suggestion of Mr. Spurgeon, three minutes were spent in silence by believers in pleadings for their fellow sinners, and that Mr. Offord might be aided to bear God's message to them, as directly as he had been enabled to lay their confessions before God. In answer to prayer, our beloved brother was enabled to set forth the glories of heaven in a most delightful manner, so that many who had been hitherto careless, felt a desire after that goodly land; then came the warning that no defiling thing can enter there, and the simple, earnest, instructive, and touching story of the way by which the sinner may be cleansed from all defilement and made to stand accepted in the Beloved. Every word was clothed with power, we all felt that the speaker's lips had been touched with a living altar-coal, and we sat wondering at the power of God, and expecting great results.

All the Christians present expressed their hearty desire that their fellow-men might receive God's mercy in Christ, by singing certain verses each ending with the words,

"Come and welcome sinner come."

These words could not but fall with thrilling power upon many hearts.

The earnest work of supplication was ended by Pastors Stott and C. H. Spurgeon pleading with God for anxious and careless souls present. Each plea seemed to go straight to the throne of grace, while numbers felt that such prayer must be and was accepted. These prayers, like all the others, as well as the confession, were evidently the result of a resistless power, moving the hearts of speakers and hearers, animating them with deep and earnest desire, and working in them a simple and mighty faith, that must surely prevail with him who said, "According to thy faith be it unto

thee," and, "all things are possible to him that believeth." This is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes. Who shall tell what blessing may grow out of this wonderful display of the grace of our God! May he grant us to see yet greater things than these!

After an announcement that another central meeting will be held on the first Monday in February, a number of Christians retired into a room below with many anxious ones, several of whom received peace with God through faith in the precious Saviour. Many of these have since been seen by Mr. Spurgeon, who tells us that he conversed personally with no less than seventy-five enquirers in one day subsequent to the meeting. We hope "The Sword and Trowel" will chronicle many blessed items of saving results.

On Tuesday, at Palace Gardens Chapel, Notting Hill, the results were not so marked and singular, but still "the Lord was there," and much wrestling believing prayer was offered. To some brethren there appeared to be even more power in the meeting, than on the previous evening; but it wrought in another manner, and was felt to be rather as the descent of the dove of peace, than of the tongues of fire and rushing mighty wind. Brother Offord was again mighty in confession, and seemed to be in a state of conscious personal humiliation, which, while it may have marred his own comfort, we felt to be a needful preparation for the other and larger meetings of the week. C. H. Spurgeon was again zealous with believers, and told the story of his own conversion as a comfort to seeking sinners. The brethren pleading were not suffered to approach the Lord alone, the people evidently went with them.

The meeting on Wednesday evening, at Providence Chapel, Shoreditch, was very full. The prayers offered by the elders of the Churches for the revival of the Lord's work amongst them, were most fervent and solemn. Pastors, elders, and people, were borne upon the hearts of these earnest men into the presence of God with a lowly, reverential and confiding faith. Great oneness of spirit pervaded the assembly as these supplications went up to the throne of grace, while very many felt that blessing was already richly descending amongst the people.

Pastor Russell made a detailed confession of the sins of ministers, elders, teachers, parents and children, which were acknowledged in a calm, humble, and earnest spirit of self-abasement before the Lord. A watchful and holy jealousy as to the inward thoughts, feelings, and motives of the heart on the part of the ministers of God was evidenced in this heartfelt confession. No servant of the Lord could fail to lay his spirit in the dust as he listened to the simple and affecting statements of his fellow-servant, while thus pouring out the deep feelings of a stricken heart into the bosom of his God. No one could resist the conviction that he stood in the presence of the Holy One, and yet of One who was waiting to be gracious, and ready to forgive. Fervent and importunate supplication for a sense of pardoning love and the cleansing efficacy of the precious blood, followed this confession.

C. H. Spurgeon earnestly exhorted those who had accepted Christ as *their* Saviour to come forward amongst his people and avow their attachment to his person and name. Words of kindly encouragement and of loving persuasiveness, were addressed to the timid and retiring ones, who feared to avow themselves to be the Lord's, lest they should fall back into sin and dishonour his name. This was followed by an appeal to those who had confessed the name of Jesus—an appeal of so stirring and searching a nature, that many must have felt constrained to say, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" Prayer for more earnest living, abiding, practical godliness, followed this address.

Several brethren having pleaded with God on behalf of the unconverted, with fervency seldom equalled, Mr. Offord proceeded to set before them the way of access to God through the blood of Christ. The Lord gave him the heart of love and the lip of persuasion. He told of the awful distance and of the divine method of being made nigh. Substitution and sacrifice were his delightful theme, and when he closed with a most affecting story of an aged sinner who laid his finger on the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son,

cleanseth us from all sin," and said, "I die in the faith of that verse," there were few, if any, who could restrain the flowing tear. This assembly, in some points, exceeded all the others. It was none other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven.

The meeting at Abbey-road Chapel, St. John's-wood, was very large, and was characterized throughout by intense earnestness. A spirit of ardent gratitude, and reverential adoration burst forth at the opening of the service; and most fervent were the supplications for a present and rich blessing on the meeting. The outpouring of the penitential feelings of the hearts of the people, in a strain of deep contrition and child-like simplicity, was most solemn and affecting. The prayers for a revival of spiritual power, of holy devotedness, and of true practical holiness, were marked by intense fervour of soul, and by a genuine, humble confidence in God. Promises were pleaded, the glory of God and of Christ urged, and the love and faithfulness of a covenant God appealed unto, with an energy which nothing but the power of the Holy Ghost could have wrought in the heart.

These prayers were followed by an address from Mr. Spurgeon, on the need and desirableness of attaining to a higher condition of practical spiritual life. Motives, drawn from the depths of eternal love, and the principles of eternal truth, were urged upon the consciences of God's people, to prompt them to strive after this higher life: and most sincerely did the brethren plead with the God of all grace, that all his people might be constrained to long for, and grow up into this hallowed state of true godliness.

After a season of both silent and audible pleading with God for the salvation of perishing souls, Mr. Offord urged home upon the consciences of the unsaved the importance of decision, commenting on the words, "The God that answereth by fire, let him be God." The fire of wrath which fell upon the sinner's substitute, was spoken of in such language as might have fallen from prophetic lips. We forgot the man, and prayerfully listened to his sublime descriptions and thrilling appeals, feeling that the Lord was speaking through him.

Pastor Stott, with that superlatively passionate enthusiasm which seems to be his very element, urged upon church members the importance of a present and thorough re-consecration of themselves, and all that they were, and all that they possessed, unto God; to which an instant response was given by numbers of persons; and with equal force and fervour he implored exercised souls to take God at his word, and at once to receive Christ as their only Saviour. There were in the assembly those who felt constrained to follow this counsel, and who testified that God had, by his Spirit, drawn their souls to the cross of his precious Son Christ Jesus that very night.

The final meeting was held on Friday evening, at Vernon Chapel, Bagnigge Wells Road, which was crowded to excess. Again did the spirit of praise and adoration manifest itself. Blessing already so signally vouchsafed and spoken of, stirred the hearts of the brethren with true gratitude. But not less thorough and contrite was the spirit of deep humiliation, nor less earnest the prayers and entreaties which went up to the heavenly throne for pardon and healing, for deliverance and full restoration of soul.

Mr. Spurgeon set before the people the sin of neglecting to watch for souls. Most lovingly did he seek to lay upon the hearts and consciences of the saved, the privilege and responsibility of endeavouring to bring the unsaved to Christ. With glowing thoughts and becoming words he implored the saints of God to live not unto themselves, but to him that died and rose again for them. May God, in his rich mercy, long spare this his servant, and make him yet more devoted, watchful, and successful in the work of the ministry.

It must be acknowledged that the prayers presented to God, at this meeting, for the unsaved, were the most pointed and urgent of the unusually vehement pleadings which had gone up to heaven, during these services, for lost souls. Verily, the brethren and the people agonized with strong crying and tears for the salvation of sinners. Cries went up unto God, like the cries of men who call for help when their friends are ready to sink in the boiling waves, or

to perish in the devouring flame. They seemed to see their fellow-sinners standing on the verge of the fiery lake, ready to plunge into its horrible torments; and they called upon God to pluck them as brands from the fire. We do not recollect ever hearing more awfully solemn, and thrillingly earnest, and yet more tender pleadings (we had almost said reasonings) with God, that he would then and there save souls from the wrath to come.

These passionate yearnings over the deathless spirits of perishing men were followed by another of those gracious upliftings of the Saviour's cross which Mr. Offord was enabled to give during this remarkable week. The words, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith Jehovah hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger," sounded with most weighty meaning in the ears of the crowded audience; and the loving appeal to sinners, based upon the griefs of Calvary, was, we feel sure, sealed to the hearts of many by the Divine Spirit.

We cannot, by such poor sentences as these, convey to those who were not present, even the faintest idea of what was felt and enjoyed. May the holy fire spread until all Churches shall feel its mighty power.

Gleanings from Nature.

DIPS INTO A POND.—RELATIVES OF THE WATER FLEA.

THIS little creature has a considerable circle of relations. Were they all to be gathered together round a central hearth, or pool, on any festive occasion, say to partake of Christmas fare, we doubt if many of the guests could be brought to recognise some of their fellow-guests, as branches belonging to the family tree—for, although not immediately related, yet by remote connexion, the lordly lobster, the sideling crab, and dusky crayfish, would be there; while representatives from many climes, and flourishing under very differing circumstances, would expect to receive a greeting of welcome. We need hardly say, however, that our pond contains none of these; but looking through it toward the light, several specks of animated matter are seen; some keeping near the bottom, others darting hither and thither freely, but it is vain thus to endeavour to define the species—it is only by a practised eye that the several branches of the shelled-insect family, finding food and space here, can be distinguished one from the other.

The Entomostraca, as one branch of the great genus of shelled animals—the crustacea—have several representatives in the ponds and ditches of our country, many of which live and thrive well in jars containing a small quantity of water with vegetable matter; not that they are all innocent vegetarians, but the growing plant will prevent the water from becoming offensive. They prefer, generally, the clear water of ponds to that of running streams, and but few will live if the water is foul; it being a mistake to suppose that minute animal life thrives best in stinking and stagnant water. It is true that, in such water, very large numbers of certain minute individuals, some of nature's scavengers, may sometimes be found; but the number of species obtainable under such circumstances is but few.

By the aid of the dipping-tube, we remove a drop from our pond, and, placing it under the microscope, find it to be an elegant shrimp-like animal, having a single eye, of a bright red colour, in the middle of its head; hence its name—the cyclops. The shelly covering of its body is jointed somewhat after the fashion of the shrimp's coat, is transparent, and enables a view to be obtained of its internal economy. Its head is decorated with two pairs of antennæ, the larger of which are extremely elegant and curious in their construction, showing how carefully, and, at the same time, how beautifully the varied organs of minute animal existences are formed. Examine them as we may, bring the highest magnifying power to bear upon them, flood them with light, and nothing but fitness of form, with regard to the function to be

discharged, meets the eye. New beauties reveal themselves as the investigation is pursued; and as the mind wanders back into the misty past, we seem to see the creative power evoking all this beauty and minute adaptation, not only that the creature might be possessed of all that its exigencies demand, but in order that that higher being, into whom was breathed life from the Great Creator himself, should have his mental faculties quickened, and his loving sensibilities developed, as, after long years of patient labour, he at length perfects his instruments so as to enable him to perceive these living lessons which, but for the exercise of human ingenuity, would have been lost to man. Is it too much humbly to suggest that there may be spiritual existences who were gladdened by the exhibition of Divine love, as displayed in the ordinarily invisible works of God before man knew of their being; and whose enjoyment of the sentiment is not lessened now that it is partaken of by those who are a little lower than themselves? The superior antennæ are about the same length as the body of the animal, and, that they may be perfectly flexible, have twenty-six joints, from each of which spring one or more bristle-like hairs.

The creature has five pairs of legs; four of them are bronchial, performing the office of lungs. Each of these four bronchial feet has two branches, and each of the branches three joints, all of them being furnished with a number of long plumes, like hairs, adding much to the beauty as well as usefulness of the organ. The end of the body is furnished with a tail, divided into two lobes, from each of which spring elegant and lengthy bristly filaments. The two dark bodies, similar to minute bunches of grapes, which are attached one on either side of the tail, are the external egg-bags of the creature, the one under review being a female. These external ovaries commmunicate with the internal ones, where the germs are elaborated, by means of a small canal on each side, along which the eggs, as they are formed within, pass to the exterior, where they are enveloped in a delicate, transparent membrane. The eggs now under the eye are near their perfect development, and if you would gratify your sight with a wonderful and interesting spectacle, keep the eye to the microscope awhile, and you will perceive the membrane suddenly disrupted, the shells, if they may be so called, of the separate eggs burst, and from sixty to seventy infant cyclops, sport before your gaze. But, you are ready to exclaim, can these little, turtle-shaped creatures, with legs sprawling in all directions, be the children of that long-backed, short-legged lady? It is even so! The young have very little resemblance to the adult animal, and, indeed, in more than one book of some scientific pretension, they have been figured and described as a distinct species of Entomostraca—a lesson we shall do well to bear in mind, as the form, colour, and structure of these animals vary considerably, according to their age and to the locality in which they are found, and are, of course, influenced by the surrounding temperature and the food upon which they subsist.

The young undergo a gradual transformation, until, if preserved under similar conditions, at length they assume the shape, size, and colour of their respective, and we may add respectable, parents. The period of their infancy and youth depends upon the temperature in which they dwell. In summer, about eleven days suffice to enable them to pass through all their changes; but in the cold of early spring, the time required may be twenty-seven or twenty-eight days.

Animals of this class, as alluded to in the case of the water fleas, are examples of that singular phenomenon known amongst Naturalists as Parthenogenesis, in which the female, although carefully isolated, brings forth several successions of eggs. The number which one female may be the means of introducing in the course of a single season is very large. M. Jurine, who has devoted much attention to the cyclops, found that one female would lay about ten times, and produce at each birth from thirty to forty eggs in each of the two egg sacs, and thus become the direct parent of from six to eight hundred in the year. Allowing for the same fecundity in her female offspring, after deducting the usual proportion of males, which is about one to every four, Jurine calculates that the children, grand, and great grandchildren,

of this one lady cyclops will number at the end of the year no fewer than 4,442,189,000. We need not, therefore, be surprised at the fact that it is almost impossible to dip a bottle into a pond favourable for their growth, without securing some of these pretty little creatures.

Some branches of the Entomostraca family are only to be found in the adult state, parasitical on other animals. As juveniles, they are free swimmers, and in appearance not unlike the young cyclops; but in due time, guided by some occult motion, they take up their abode in positions, one would at first think, most unlikely to conduce to their development or comfort. One (Nicothoe) having for its host the lobster, becomes an unwelcome guest, firmly attached to the gills of that animal. Another (Actheres Percarum) affixes itself to the mouth of the Perch, when its two fore legs undergo enormous development, and uniting, become a kind of sucker to enable the parasite to take the firmer hold, while its mouth is pressed closely against the host, upon whose juices it is nourished, until a large number of eggs are developed in the internal, and perfected in the external ovaries, which, bursting, give forth numerous young, many of which are no doubt devoured by fish and other creatures, but some find their destined places as parasites on the perch.

This branch of the family is known as the Siphonostoma, having a siphon or tube connected with the stoma, the mouth. One of the most elegant forms of these is very commonly parasitical on the common stickleback; and if the water in which gold and silver fish are kept be renewed from a pond, these fish, which are too often in an unhealthy state, not unfrequently become victims to the attacks of a large number of them. Their bodies are covered with a round shield or buckler, which is a very interesting and beautiful object for the microscope.

We may also mention a curious branch of this family, which not only delights to live in water more salt than few ordinary marine animals can endure, but it cannot exist if the brine be diluted beyond about four ounces of salt to the pint. In the brine pits at Lymington, in Hampshire, is found the Artemia Salina, or brine shrimp, occurring in summer in such large numbers as to impart to the water a tinge of red, that being their natural colour. They also occur in salt marshes, where the quantity of salt is considerable, as well as in the salterns of Siberia, and other places. They are of much larger size than those species above referred to, and are easily observed by the unaided eye. Their form is elegant, and their motions agile and graceful in the extreme; they swim generally on the back, now upwards, then downwards, turning over, bending the body into the form of an arch, and springing forward in curves, evidently enjoying the capricious gambols in which they are employed. The egg pouch is carried under the tail of the mother, so that, when hatched, the young not unfrequently become entangled in the currents caused by the bronchial feet, and are carried toward the head of their mamma, who, we grieve to say, has no hesitation in making a meal off as many of her children as come in her way. The babies who fortunately escape this sad fate undergo several metamorphoses ere they arrive at the full dignity and perfect form of the parent animal.

Let us return to our own pond. See! There are some tiny specks moving through the water with ease — not quickly, as the water-flea, or by fits and starts, as the cyclops, but with a steady, continuous motion. There are others creeping on the bottom, apparently but little disposed to swim: these are other relatives of the water-flea—namely, of the branch, Cypridæ. We will take one of those which are swimming, and examine it by the aid of the microscope. It is enclosed in a hard, horny, carapace or shell, in two pieces; hinged at the back, like a tiny mussel. The creature has but one eye, and was therefore included in the Linnean class Monoculi. The shell is too opaque to admit of the internal organization being well seen, but, projecting from the shell, are elegantly-feathered filaments attached to the three or four last joints of the antennæ, which give the name of "Ornata" to this species. The feet are occasionally thrust below, and are ornamented with many bristly hairs. The

food of this tribe is decaying animal and vegetable matter, and they doubtless fulfil an important function in removing much that would be offensive, and even destructive, to higher forms of existence. To appropriate this food, they are furnished with large and strong jaws, with five teeth. The eggs are perfected within the ovarium, and, when excluded, are covered with a glutinous material, by which they adhere to the surface of stones, shells, plants, or other convenient receptacles, in their habitats. A season or two since, those in our pond were so numerous and prolific, as to entirely cover the surface of the glass below the water with their eggs, and, in many instances, eggs were laid upon eggs, while every fragment of vegetation swarmed with them. When they were hatched, in the spring, the water was literally full of them, of all sizes and ages; but there not being sufficient food for so large a company, a famine soon ensued, and numbers of them perished. When dead, no doubt, they afforded food to many of their stronger brethren, some of whom, in their descendants, many generations removed, we have before us. The young undergo no metamorphose. When they emerge from the shell, they have the same form as their parents; but, of course, proportionately small, and the parts extremely delicate. The shell is as unyielding as that of any of the shelled animals; and, as the little fellow grows rapidly, he soon becomes too large for his jacket. What is to be done? If he cannot enlarge it, he had better throw it off and obtain a new one. Accordingly, we have frequently isolated specimens; and, after a short time, have found the cast-off shell lying beside the animal, which, in its new suit, is as lively as ever. I have never been so fortunate as to witness the throwing-off the shell, but it is, without doubt, rapidly done, and the new shell must be formed within, although it is probably not hardened until the water comes into contact with it. This change of garment is a curious phenomenon, as it is not only the shell which falls off, but the covering of the body within the shell, including even that of the extremely delicate legs and antennæ. The rejected coat is a pretty object for observation, and appears to be inverted when thrown off.

The lineage of the Cypris is most interesting; compared with it, the age of the Stuarts, the Plantagenets, or the Barons who came over with the conqueror, are but as yesterday. Nay, beside the antiquity of this little animal, even man himself, dating his existence from the hour when God called into being the lifeless clay, and placed him amid the flowers and beside the rivers of Eden, must be accounted as of modern origin, for the Cypris lived, in all its minute beauty, in far, bygone ages—it is believed, long, long before any of the birds or mammals which now tenant the globe were called into being. It is probable, this tiny animal is the sole connecting link between the far-off past, which geologists have termed the period of ancient life (Palæozoic), and our own time. Its remains are found fossilized among the relics of that era which gave man the rare treasure he possesses in the deeps of the earth. When the land brought forth the gigantic, curious, but beautiful vegetation of that age, which has become known to us as coal, the clear waters of the ponds and lakes, upon the borders of which grew the lofty sigillaria, the calamite, or the gigantic club-moss, were tenanted by large numbers of Cypris, whose shells remain embedded in the sand and other stones formed at that time. They are contributing their quota, at the present day, to the building-up of the solid rock. On excavating, some years since, the hard lime-marl which formed the bottom of a drained lake in Forfarshire, among other organisms, myriads of the shells of the Cypris were found, exactly as they occur in many of the ancient freshwater marls.

Cypris! I take off my hat, and make my bow to you, as the living animal which has the most ancient lineage. If antiquity of family can confer nobility, then art thou most noble, and thy blood should be of all purple the purplest; but it is, in truth, of a limpid character, and without colour; yet dost thou pursue the path marked out for thee, and art ever ready to perform thy work in the grand scheme of nature, regardless of the nobility of age, and evidently teaching that present life and useful labour is to be preferred, before dignity of title or lineage.

It may well be supposed, that these

animals must be subject to many vicissitudes of heat and cold, wet and drought, some of them, indeed, seem only to flourish in perfection under these apparently unfavourable conditions; but they are all, either in the perfect state, or still more so in the ova condition, capable of retaining vitality for a long period. Dr. Baird, who probably more than any other has studied the Entomostraca, received from the surgeon to the British Consulate at Jerusalem, some dry mud from the Pool of Gihon, which he placed in vessels supplied with perfectly clear water, and in seven days many little creatures of this family had become developed from the ova contained in the mud. The Rev. Charles Middleton informs us, that a fresh parcel of mud, from the same source, was received at the Philosophical Hall, Leeds, where it laid for *two years dry*. In 1863, it was placed in water, and several animals of the Entomostraca family, including the Daphniæ, Cypris, and others, were born. Dr. Baird also received from Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, some dried mud, which, on being wetted, notwithstanding its long voyage, yielded the same results.

What mutations have not these creatures seen! Had they a language or a history, how they could enlighten us on many a point in the history of our earth —events that may require long ages, before the brain of man is enabled to elucidate them! If they cannot thus help us, we may, at least, gather from them the numerous lessons their structure and habits unfold. W. R. S.

Reviews.

Bee-Keeping. By *The Times* BEE-MASTER. Sampson Low, Ludgate Hill.

WHETHER or no the learned and prophetical doctor, who has favoured the world with this work, has herein proved himself, by a lofty disregard of facts, to be one of the greatest patrons of fiction of the present day, we cannot take upon ourselves to say. Whatever may be the virtues of honey, Dr. Cumming has been singularly unfortunate in developing its sweetening influence on the temper; for there has been more buzzing and stinging around the Tunbridge Wells apiary, than has ever before been recorded in the Book of the Wars of the Bees and the Bee-masters; and if *we* were inclined to be wrathful, *we* should be quite justified in joining the *melée*, and in inserting one needle more; but we are such busy bees, that our shining hours are too few to be wasted among the angry swarm. As stimulating an industry which is capable of the widest expansion, and of conferring great benefits upon the poor; and, as directing attention to one of the most interesting parts of God's works, we welcome the volume. We feel sure that the Bee-master's letters, however blundering, will induce hundreds to turn their attention to bee-culture, and that his book will interest and amuse thousands. Dr. Cumming is not noted for excess of accuracy, and is not considered to be a quotable authority, but he has a happy knack of handing down subjects from the shelf and putting them into the public hand. Why he should need to drag *us* in among his bees, we cannot tell, unless it be that our faithful rebukes of Anglican abominations have reminded him of his own unworthy silence on such matters, and he therefore attempts to drown the voice of his own conscience by finding fault with us. Thus speaks the honeyed doctor—"I wish that somebody would send Mr. Spurgeon a super of good honey. Three months' diet on this celestial food, would induce him to give up those shockingly bitter and unchristian tirades he has been lately making against the clergy of the Church of England." Now this is not generous. If the doctor believed that a super of honey would do us so much good, why had he not the liberality to send it? We would cheerfully have given *him* a three months' supply of the celestial food, if it would have saved *him* from being shockingly bitter and unchristian, and he might have been as liberal to us. However, it is quite as well as it is—for the truth is,

that, in spiritual things, we greatly prefer salt to honey; remembering that it is written, "In all thine offerings, thou shalt offer salt;" and again, "Ye shall burn no leaven, *nor any honey*, in any offering of the Lord made by fire." Salt, though sharp and penetrating, is the deadly foe of all corruption; and honey, on the other hand, though sweet, is corruptible, soon ferments, and turns sour. Fire speedily spoils the sweetest honey. We advise the doctor to use less honey and more salt in his public ministry; and, being more generous than he, we hereby promise that, upon the receipt of a line from himself, we will forward to Crown-court, or Tunbridge Wells, a fine brick of salt, of the best quality, for his own use, carriage paid. Having said this much, we await the year 1866 with equanimity.

The Story of the First Four Centuries. By H. L. L. T. Nelson and Sons.

An excellent compilation of interesting facts from the first four centuries of Church-history! It is admirably bound, in a neat and striking cover, and well printed on toned paper. The style, upon the whole, is very readable, and the book will be a most acceptable present to any intelligent young person. The author, we observe, admits baptism was by immersion, but thinks this was on account of "the warm climate of the East." Our readers will, perhaps, do the early Christians more justice, and ascribe it to their desire to obey strictly the Master's will.

Thoughts on Preaching. By James Alexander, D.D. Ogle and Murray, and Oliver and Boyd: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

We are glad of an early opportunity of commending this book to the notice of students, and those who have recently entered upon the full duties of the Christian ministry. To those whose habits of preaching are in a state of formation, it will prove a valuable directory to the easiest and most effective method of pulpit discourse; and even those who have been long in the ministry may glean from it many suggestions that can hardly fail to re-animate their zeal, and assist them in their ministrations. The work is divided into three parts; one of which consists of unconnected paragraphs; the second, of Letters to Young Ministers; and the third, of Treatises upon Preaching and Preachers. The paragraphs are posthumous, and are printed as they occur in the private journal of the Author, which gives them less finish but more power. It often requires the experience of a life to know how it should begin. This has been the case more frequently, perhaps, than otherwise with the preachers of the gospel. Methods of preparation, of style, and of address, have been adopted, for want of more courage to break through conventional formularies, and to follow the natural dictates of genius and of genuine emotions. While acknowledging the power of pulpit oratory, which some have acquired by reading, and others by memoriter recitation, we maintain that a diligent attention to thought and order, with a free and extemporaneous use of words, is the most natural and scriptural method of preparation for the pulpit, and best accomplishes, as a rule, all the purposes for which the preaching of the word was ordained. Any form of preaching which requires great literary taste, or great strength of memory to render it effective, cannot be that which is essential to an office designed not so much for men of rare abilities, as of rare piety and zeal. Moreover, we have yet to be convinced that they who have accomplished much by reading, or recitation, would not, by the application of the same energy in an opposite direction, have accomplished much more. Upon this subject much may be learned from the volume before us. Well will it be for the young minister who shall gird on the harness with the knowledge and skill with which Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, here puts it off!

The Two Babylons; or, Nimrod and The Papacy. By the Rev. Alexander Hislop. Edinburgh: James Wood, 130, George-street. London: Houlston and Wright.

This is a book of literary curiosities; not curiosities in the sense of what is rare, strange, and wonderful, merely

but of historical relics dug up from remote antiquity, and shown to have been reproduced in more modern times. The abominations of the Romish Church are here proved to have had their origin, not so much in an imitation of the Jewish priesthood, as in the adoption of the ceremonies and symbols of heathen idolatry. The motive for this compliance in the rulers of the Church with Pagan rituals, was first to gain over Pagan nations to a profession of Christianity, and then to strengthen, by their own superstitions, an ecclesiastical authority over them. In so doing, it is contended by the Author of this work, they unconsciously appropriated to themselves all the symbolical peculiarities which had their origin in the times of Nimrod and Semiramis, and thus confirmed their own title of the "New Testament Babylon." We had long been convinced of a prophetic relation, and of an historical analogy between the two Babylons, but had not suspected any real connexion between them. That fact, however, we consider to be thoroughly established by the laborious researches and ingenious disclosures which are here put upon record. A more able exposure of the abominations of Romanism has not appeared since the days of Luther. We are reminded of Ezekiel, when he says, "He brought me to the door of the court; and when I looked, behold a hole in the wall. Then said he unto me, Son of Man, dig now in the wall: and when I had digged in the wall, behold a door. And he said unto me, Go in, and behold the wicked abominations that they do here. So I went in, and saw; and behold, every form of creeping things, and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel pourtrayed upon the wall round about." Our Author has evidently received a commission to apostate Rome, similar to that of Ezekiel to apostate Jerusalem; and he has executed it with equal fidelity. We do not wonder that a work of so much erudition, and so suited to the present age, should have reached a third edition, and we trust that it will not rest even there.

My First Book. By Dr. BREWER. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

UNDER this title, a most useful series of books for children is published by this eminent Firm. They are upon all subjects upon which youth needs to be informed, and are directly adapted for educational purposes. A vast amount of information is contained in each of these little volumes. The author is one who may be trusted by the wise and the good upon all subjects. Both to public and private tuition, this series is calculated to give very valuable aid.

Courage and Cowardice. A Lecture delivered at Bromley, by ARCHIBALD G. BROWN.

"INTENDING, after Easter, to bring him forth to the people." This was our observation, as soon as the occasion upon which this lecture was delivered was made known to us. When Easter did come, Peter was not to be found. This was our prediction of what would come from waiting until after Easter. A lecture upon compulsory and voluntary Church principles had been publicly announced to be delivered at Bromley, in Kent, by the Rev. Stewart Williamson, at which Mr. Archibald G. Brown was to have taken the chair. The Independent minister and one of his deacons, on account of some pending arrangement between Dissent and Episcopacy in the town, persuaded the society, represented by Mr. Williamson, to postpone the lecture until after Easter. This might have been good policy, but Mr. Brown had no sympathy with it. The word *policy* was not in his religious creed. His parentage, his genius, his training, were of a different order. Instead of succumbing with the timid, his courage rose with the occasion. Half-delighted, peradventure, at the opportunity of gratifying a characteristic propensity, he determined to supply the place of the prohibited lecture by one of his own, the subject of which should be "Courage and Cowardice." That lecture is now before us, and we have no hesitation in saying it is well worthy of Mr. Brown and of the occasion. It displays firmness without bitterness, self-respect without self-commendation, and liberty of speech without denying the same liberty to others. Mr. Brown has so strong a consciousness of love to all men, that he can say in kindness what others could say in wrath only.

Those who know him cannot easily mistake him. There is nothing here to impair his reputation in the mind of any honest man, but much to compel admiration in even those who hoped to condemn. Courage may border on presumption—with singular felicity Mr. Brown has avoided this extreme. His subject enabled him to dilate upon the noblest examples of moral courage—as Martin Luther, John Knox, and others; and this he has done as one who rejoiceth when he findeth great spoil. Of courage he speaks much, as a congenial theme; of cowardice, sparingly, as not within his sphere.

Quarterly Reporter of the German Baptist Mission. Heaton & Sons.

We notice this periodical thus early, not on account of its general value, merely, but on account of the particular interest that has been taken by the pastor and friends at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in the German Baptist Mission. This interest they evince by the support of two agents in connexion with that mission. We have in mind to give some recital of the encouraging results of the faithful and laborious efforts of these representatives of the Metropolitan Tabernacle influence on the Continent, but, for the present, must content ourselves with a brief notice of the Denominational movements with which they are associated. Mr. Oncken, the indefatigable pastor at Hamburg, by whom these brethren are superintended, has recently undertaken a tour to St. Petersburg, for the benevolent purpose of endeavouring to obtain religious freedom for the Baptists in Russia and Poland; which, though far from succeeding as could have been desired, has left a favourable impression which it is believed will not be without some beneficial results. The persecution of the Baptists in *free* Switzerland is also referred to in this periodical. A "reporter" is one of the most effective safeguards of the Church in times of persecution. If governments will persecute when full publicity is sure to be given to their proceedings, what would they not do without it? Let "The Quarterly Reporter of the German Baptist Mission" be encouraged with this view, if with no other. This is not, however, its principal value; for it records great efforts put forth for the evangelization of all classes, and rich blessingss attending them.

"Christian Work." "The Sunday Magazine." "Good Words." Strahan.

The January numbers of these periodicals are before us. The first is what it professes to be—"A Magazine of Religious and Missionary Information"—neither more, nor less. It is a plain, straightforward account of the principal religious movements in all parts of the world. It deals with facts as facts, as having sufficient interest in themselves, without any artificial colouring. This cannot be said of the more popular productions that follow. The "Sunday Magazine" is not that which we could conscientiously recommend for Sunday reading. It is scarcely more adapted to aid the devotion of the Sabbath than the "Saturday Review" to prepare us for it. "Good Words" exhibits truth too much in the aspect of fiction, for our taste. When we think of the two estimable men by whom these works are edited, we are ready to doubt our own judgment; but still we cannot withhold it. We augur no good from thus widening and bringing into a high state of cultivation the border land between the Church and the world. We would rather dwell in Palestine than with the two tribes on the other side Jordan, where there may be abundant fruits and rich pastures, but they are less protected from danger, and less within the promise. The Church is not, we think, in a position to meet the world half-way. A compromise of this kind may effect a temporary good, at the expense of a future and permanent evil. The two periodicals to which we allude are the best of their kind, and they are one with us, we trust, in their design. The only difference is, that the one takes the direct, the other a circuitous path to the same end.

Notices.

One of the most efficient of the numerous institutions connected with the Church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, is a Class of young women, styled from its originator and superintendent, "Mrs. Bartlett's Bible Class;" of which a full account will be given hereafter. The annual tea meeting of this class was held on the 20th of December last. The large school-room was well filled, as the class numbers from six to seven hundred. After tea, a meeting was held in the Lecture Hall, at which Mr. Spurgeon presided; and addresses were delivered by Mr. Frank White, Mr. George Evans, and Mr. A. G. Brown. The meeting, as usual, rose in interest until it received its full expression in an address from Mrs. Bartlett, whose faithful and pathetic appeals to the conscience, and clear statements of the principles and fruits of genuine Christianity, delivered in the natural and varied tones, and with the calm and dignified energy of true female oratory, were scarcely less overpowering on the platform than in any other part of the assembly. Mrs. Bartlett presented to Mr. Spurgeon, on behalf of the class, no less a sum than £105 1s. 8d. for the College, which, with £73 9s. previously given, amounted to £178 10s. 8d. for the year. What zeal and self-denial must have co-operated to produce so large an offering! Here is an example which may well stimulate others! Alas, how few of the wealthy could bear to be compared with these humble females in point of generosity to the Lord's cause! The spiritual fruits of this class are upon a still more gigantic scale, as will afterwards appear. To Mr. E. Bartlett, one of Mrs. Bartlett's sons, a number of volumes of the "Puritan Divines" were presented on this occasion.

Mr. Joseph Harrison was one of the early students under the auspices of Mr. Spurgeon. He was induced to preach at Grosvenor-st. Chapel, Commercial-road, Stepney. This led to an engagement to occupy the pulpit there for three months. The congregation at first amounted to about forty persons, who, on account of a debt upon the chapel, were unable to offer him any remuneration. The Chapel was soon well attended, the debt was paid, a baptistry was constructed, other expenses amounting to about £60 were met, and, best of all, many souls were saved. The engagement was extended to six months longer, during which time the attendance steadily increased, so that the building was not large enough to accommodate the multitude that desired to hear from the young preacher's lips the story of the Cross. On the 2nd of December, 1861, a Church was formed, consisting of seventy members, forty of whom were baptised by Mr. Harrison during ten months' ministry at Grosvenor-street. The large hall at the Beaumont Institution, at Mile End, was taken for the Sabbath evening services, where the congregation soon exceeded a thousand persons. It became evident that a new and spacious Chapel was required: the memorial stone of a New House was laid by Mr. Spurgeon on July 28th, 1864. The Chapel, under the name of "Stepney Green Tabernacle," was opened on Friday, the 2nd of December, 1864, exactly three years from the time the Church was first formed. Mr. J. A. Spurgeon preached in the morning, and Mr. F. Tucker in the evening. On the ensuing Sabbath, Mr. D. Katterns preached in the morning; the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered by the pastor in the afternoon; and Mr. J. Kennedy, minister of the Congregational Church, Stepney, preached in the evening. The congregations were large, and many were unable to gain admission. The building, with the school-room and vestries, has been erected through the economy and liberality of Mr. Higgs the builder, at a cost of only £3,000, and seats about 900 persons. Mr. Spurgeon has furnished one-tenth of the cost. Mr. Cubitt is the architect. A debt of £1,500 still remains, towards which contributions will be gratefully received at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, or by C. Mace, Esq., Old Ford.

At Winslow, in Buckinghamshire, where, two hundred years ago, the justly celebrated Benjamin Keach had laboured and suffered persecution, the Baptist

cause for many years had become almost extinct; within the last two years a great revival has taken place. It commenced with a few, who, finding that putting a new piece in an old garment would only make the rent worse, determined upon a new and independent course of action. Application was made to Mr. Spurgeon; and Mr. Robert Sole, a student in the College, was sent to preach to the people. He continued to visit them at first every fortnight, and then every Sabbath. The Word was much blessed; sinners were converted; believers strengthened; backsliders reclaimed; and the place where they assembled became too strait for them. A new chapel was indispensable to give stability and permanence to the movement. A zealous friend to this project was found in Mr. John Neal, of Edgware-road, London, a native of Winslow. Henry Kelsall, Esq., of Rochdale, was prevailed upon to lay the foundation stone, and on the same day, Mr. Spurgeon preached twice to a large congregation. The chapel was opened on the 15th of September last, when two sermons were preached by Mr. James Spurgeon; and by Mr. T. Ness, on the following Sabbath. The chapel will accommodate 350 persons, and with gas-fittings, vestry, platform, all needful furniture, and law-expenses, cost £620. Of this amount, £282 remains to be liquidated. Active efforts are being made by public lectures, and other means, to reduce the debt; and it is hoped that others, who may read this statement, will help those who are thus doing all they can to help themselves.

Special services were held in the Baptist Chapel, at Fenny Stratford, Buckinghamshire, on the 25th and 26th of last month, on the occasion of the settlement of Mr. G. Walker over the Church and congregation assembling in that place. On Sunday, the 25th, two sermons were preached by Mr. T. Ness, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. In the afternoon of the following day, a sermon was preached by Pastor G. Rogers. About 200 sat down to tea after the service, and a public meeting was held in the evening. Our tutor, Mr. Rogers presided, and addresses were delivered by Mr. T. Ness, E. L. Foster, M.A., of Stony Stratford; T. Baker, B.A., of Ridgemount; T. Potts, of Wolverton, Wesleyan; W. Burgess, of Stony Stratford, Independent; R. Sole, of Winslow; and J. Minett, of Stantonbury. Mr. J. Goodman, one of the Deacons of the Church, gave an account of the cordial manner in which Mr. Walker had been received by the Church and congregation, to which Mr. Walker, in a very feeling and appropriate manner replied. When the friends at this place applied to Mr. Spurgeon's College, the Chapel was nearly empty. Mr. Walker was the first student sent to supply the pulpit. He was unanimously approved. The Chapel is now filled, and twenty members have been added to the Church. The prospects of both pastor and people are most encouraging; and it was delightful to witness the sympathy with this revival in ministers of different persuasions from the neighbouring churches.

On Wednesday, Dec. 14th, interesting services were held at the Union Chapel, in Aldborough, Suffolk, in connexion with the ordination of Mr. Isaac Bridge, late student of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's College. Pastor J. P. Lewis, of Diss, asked the questions usual upon such occasions; after which, he offered the ordination prayer. Pastor James Webb, of Ipswich, then delivered an excellent and solemn charge to the pastor, characterized by much earnestness and affection. Tea was provided in the Chapel, at which about 150 sat down.

In the evening, a suitable and impresssive sermon was preached to the Church and congregation by Mr. G. Firth, of Saxmundham. A happy feeling of unity and love pervaded both the Church and people, throughout the services of the day.

Mr. Bridge, in his address, spoke of the circumstances which led to his visit to that people, and the pleasure with which he accepted their unanimous call to the pastorate. He fully believed the Lord had sent him there. Already a few drops had fallen among them, and they were earnestly praying and waiting for showers of blessing. He desired that all the members of the Church might be brought to feel that a solemn responsibility rested upon them to be found pleading with the Lord for a great bless-

ing. He was convinced that much prayer had gone forth from the Church on his behalf, and trusted that its benefit had already been experienced. If necessity were laid *on him to preach*, necessity was also laid *on them to pray*. Several neighbouring ministers were present and took part in the services, which we sincerely hope were a token for good.

Mr. George Rogers has resigned his pastoral charge at Albany Chapel, Albany-road, Camberwell; and is succeeded by J. De Kewer Williams, formerly of Tottenham.

Mr. Frank White acknowledges with thanks the receipt of £1 for his new chapel from "An Unknown Friend."

Romney-street Chapel, Westminster, has been re-opened by Mr. Spurgeon in the hope of raising a good interest in that locality. Mr. Morris, preacher.

Mr. J. Brown, student, sailed for Rotterdam on January 18th, to preach the Word there for a season.

The first wedding in the Tabernacle was celebrated on Thursday, Jan. 12th, between Mr. G. Evans, of Upton Chapel, late student with us, and Miss Hackett, daughter of our beloved deacon, Mr. W. Hackett.

Baptisms at Tabernacle for the month of January.

Jan. 16th—14; 19th—15; 23rd—13; 26th—20; 30th—20. Total: 82.

General Intelligence.

THE first week of the past month was devoted to special prayer by the Churches both in London and in the provinces, as a suitable commencement of the New Year. A series of meetings was held as usual at Freemasons'-hall, in connexion with the Evangelical Alliance, at which addresses, embracing a great variety of topics, were given, and fervent prayers were offered. The attendance was uniformly good. A series of similar meetings, in connexion with the same Alliance, was held on the south side of the Thames by rotation at Walworth, Brixton, Clapham, and other parts. These were also well attended, and of a very profitable kind. On Monday morning a special meeting was held, as usual, by the members of the Congregational Board of Ministers, at the Congregational Library. A very beautiful and heart-stirring address was given by Mr. Jones, of Bedford Chapel, Camden Town, which was responded to in a delightful manner by short addresses from Mr. Stoughton and Mr. Binney. Mr. Binney, Mr. Henderson, and Dr. Vaughan conducted the devotions. The meetings of more than usual interest appear to have been in connexion with a Fraternal Association of Baptist Ministers, recently formed at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, of which an account is given in another part of this magazine.

During the past month, our friend Dr. Campbell has received the highest honours to which he could have aspired on this side the grave. It was preceded by an ovation, at which many kind things were said by great and good men on occasion of his retiring from the editorial management of the "Christian Witness," and the "Penny Magazine," accompanied by a donation of £500. The chief triumph was yet to come. On Tuesday, the 17th of last month, he was invited to meet at Radley's Hotel about 150 gentlemen, most of whom had united to procure a testimonial of £3000 to be presented to him on that occasion. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided; and was surrounded by many persons of distinction on the side of literary and evangelical movements. The addresses were upon the whole well suited to the occasion. It is pleasing to see so much respect paid to the firm and fearless advocacy of the old-fashioned gospel, regardless of the seeming severity with which it is attended. Dr. Campbell, at a distance, looks like a lion; but he is really a lamb. We would not look upon such a gift to such a man, as more needful than honorary. Neither would we regard it as a compensation for his work. "They cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

Notes on the great Delusion of Baptismal Regeneration.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

"For some time past I have felt a desire to let you know how godfathers are sometimes appointed. About ten years ago I occasionally employed a man to serve writs and other legal proceedings. This person, like others I have known, who get their living in this way, was by no means particularly nice in religious matters. Finding he frequently omitted to call at my offices, when expected, I inquired the cause of his neglect, and was much surprised to hear him say that his services were required at Churches in or near the Strand, for standing godfather to the children of poor people. He told me his fee for so doing was 5s. in each case, but he would accept 2s. 6d., or even 1s., rather than decline the business. Whatever he received, he gave half to the clerk or the beadle. The notices were sent to him at a public-house in Maiden-lane, Covent Garden. Of course his godsons or goddaughters were never seen or heard of by him after the fees for vowing and promising were paid.

This man, I think, is now dead, and therefore legal or strict proof of these facts could not very well be obtained, but I have no doubt in my own mind, there was much truth in what I have stated.—*Signed* T.M.

"KILLING A CHILD TO MAKE IT A CHRISTIAN.

An inquest was held by Mr. Humphreys, Middlesex coroner, on Monday, January 16th, in Cannon-street road, respecting the deaths of two children, a male and a female, the former of whom died from neglect, and the latter from exposure to the weather through being taken to be christened in a Roman Catholic chapel immediately after birth. Catherine Connor, of Red Lion place, Wapping, said that on Wednesday morning she was called to the wife of George Knight, a labourer, residing at King-street, St. George's-in-the-East. Mrs. Knight was delivered of the three children, the two deceased and another girl. They were fine children, but there was no doctor then present, and the boy died almost immediately. The father was a Protestant and the mother a Catholic. At ten o'clock the same morning, Mrs. Knight told witness and the "handy woman," Mrs. Clarke, to take the two surviving children to the Roman Catholic chapel in the Commercial-road. Coroner: 'Why were they taken out so soon after birth?' Witness: 'To make Christians of them—to make angels of them. None of us would go up above if we were not made Christians of.' Coroner: 'Was the object to make Catholics of them?' Witness: 'To be sure it was. We need not have taken them to the chapel if it was not for that. The mother said, "Make haste, for fear they would die;" she did not say, "for fear the father would come back before they were christened." He did not meddle about religion at all. We wrapped the two girls up, and when we got to the chapel, the clergyman came to me and unwrapped the child I carried, and said, 'Oh! it's gone.' It was dying or dead. It was a cold day. Dr. J. S. Belcher said that the girl died from exposure to the cold. It was the most indiscreet thing possible to have taken the children through the streets immediately after birth on such a cold day. The jury returned a verdict 'that the deceased female child was found dying and did die in a Roman Catholic chapel from the mortal effect of exposure through being taken out so soon after birth.'"

Is this death to be charged on that text of Scripture, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not?" (Mark x. 14, and Luke xviii. 16.) Certainly not, for there was no *baptism* there—there was no water—but it was to *touch them* and to *bless them*—yet priests quote that as their authority for baptism of infants. Or is this death owing to the fact that some people have asserted, that unless an infant is baptised, it cannot be saved—that is, if it should die, it could not go to heaven? Do they think, or assert, that the children above referred to in St. Mark would have been lost eternally if the disciples had succeeded in driving them away?

The newspaper report says, "Knight's Children were taken to the Roman Catholic Chapel to be made angels of by baptism." The *cold weather* made *an angel* of one, and want of proper treatment, an angel of another of the three.

J. C. J.

Pastor's College Account

Dr. *For the Year* 1864. **Cr.**

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance brought forward	358	3	11	By Salaries	740	19	0
,, Weekly Offerings, at Tabernacle ..	1,466	1	5	,, Students' Board and Lodging £2,470 5 10			
,, Donations	1,250	17	2	Less Amount Contributed by their Frnds. 188 15 0			
,, Collections after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon .. 644 10 9					2,281	10	10
Less Travelling Expns. 90 6 3				,, Books 483 17 3			
	554	4	6	Less Purchases by Students 89 11 11			
,, Various Collections, chiefly by former Students	43	7	3		394	5	4
				,, Expenses of Preaching Stations	44	4	8
				,, Medical Attendance on Students	7	17	6
				,, Clothing	71	2	7
				,, Scientific Apparatus for Lectures	30	7	10
				,, Chelsea Chapel	38	9	0
				,, Sundry small Payments	60	19	1
				,, Balance in hand	2	18	5
	£3,672	14	3		£3,672	14	3

The foregoing Account has been examined by us with the Vouchers produced and found correct, leaving a Balance in hand of two pounds, eighteen shillings, and five pence.

January 23rd, 1865. ROBERT ROWTON, WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors appointed by the Church.*

The above Account was also read at the Annual Church Meeting, January 25th, and ordered to be entered upon the Minutes.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 91.

Amount required for Students during the year about £5000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from December 19th, 1864, to January 19th, 1865.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
S. W. L.	5	0	0	Mrs. Tyson	12	10	0
Collected by Miss Banting	0	6	6	Mr. Marshall	1	10	0
Mr. Goldston	1	1	0	Mr. Hubbard	2	0	0
Mr. T. Cox	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker	1	0	0
Misses Davies and Pointer, Cromer ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Leetch, per Mr. M'Vicker ...	5	0	0
Mr. B. Cotton	5	0	0	W.P., Burton-on-Trent	0	6	3
E. B., Stogumber	1	0	0	Mrs. Simmond's Collecting Box ...	0	2	11
Mr. D. Leary	1	1	0	Mr. E. Harle	0	10	0
Mr. G. Lowe	1	0	0	Miss F. Liverpool	0	5	0
Mrs. Jane Matthews	0	10	6	Mrs. Bremner	1	0	0
Mrs. Marsh	0	5	0	Mr. Neal	2	2	0
Miss Eliza Marsh	0	6	6	A Friend, per Mr. J. R. Wood	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Scott	1	0	0	Mr. T. D. Marshall	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Bilborough	1	0	0	Miss S. B. Pavey	2	0	0
Readers of *The Christian World* ...	163	0	0	Collected in the Hamlet of Bonchurch, Isle of Wight	1	16	0
Mrs. Biggs	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon's Wedding-gift	5	0	0
Mr. T. S.	10	10	0	Mr. Taylor	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0	Mr. James Long	2	0	0
Mr. Roger's Class	2	17	0	Mr. F. Pool	1	0	0
A Thank-offering on the Anniversary of a Wedding-day	5	0	0	Miss Fogg	0	10	0
Mrs Bartlett's Catechumen Class ...	105	1	8	Mr. Nicholson, Annan	20	0	0
Mr. W. Dransfield...	10	10	0	Mr. G. H. Mason	20	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	10	10	0	Profit of Tea Meeting	104	0	8
Mr. Hanks' Catechumen Class	15	0	0	Mr. Wm. Coutts	0	10	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Dec 26	53	1	6
A Black Brother	0	5	0	,, ,, ,, Jan. 2	66	3	0
Mr. Wrigley	3	3	0	,, ,, ,, ,, 8	52	17	6
The Singing Class, per Mr. Turner ...	3	0	0	,, ,, ,, ,, 10	27	7	0
Miss Hayward	1	1	0				
Mr. Flood	1	0	0		£750	11	0

Friends will observe that we have, in faith in God, enlarged our operations. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1865.

In a Fog.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THAT Gog and Magog are legitimate sovereigns of our great city of London we will not venture to dispute; but there is a third potentate whose reign is far more real, and whose dominion is vastly more oppressive—his name is Fog. The other day we rode through London at noonday; through London, we said; we meant through a mass of vapour looking almost as thick as melted butter,

> "with a sordid stain
> Of yellow, like a lion's mane."

A stinging savour of smoke made our eyes run with tears, and a most uncomfortable clinging cobwebby dampness surrounded us like a wet blanket, and sent a cold chill to the very marrow of our bones. Light had departed, and darkness, like a black pall, hung horribly over every street—a dense gloom which could not be cheered even by the lamps which in all the shops were burning as if night had set in. The fog sensibly affected all the organs of our body.

> "Vapour importunate and dense,
> It was at once with every sense.
> The ears escape not. All around
> Returns a dull unwonted sound."

Few were the passengers, and those few flitted before us like shadows, or passed shivering by us like wet sparrows looking out for shelter in a heavy rain. It was of no use to be wretched, and therefore we became thoughtful, and condensed a little of the black mist into drops of meditation.

Are we not all more or less travelling in a fog through this land of cloud and gloom? What is life? 'Tis but a vapour; and that vapour is often a thick, light-obstructing mist! Of the forms around us in

God's fair universe have we much more discernment than a fog-picture? To some extent "a formless grey confusion covers all." Where we see one trace of our glorious God, do we not fail to perceive a thousand of the divine touches of his pencil? We may not dare to say even of earthly things that "we see," or those who have formed some guess of what true *seeing* means will soon declare us to be blind. As to the revelation with which our heavenly Father has so graciously favoured us, how little have we gazed upon it in the clear daylight of its own glory. Our prejudices, predilections, fancies, infirmities, follies, iniquities, unbeliefs, and vanities have raised a marsh-mist through which heaven's own stars can scarcely dart their cheering rays. There is light enough abroad if the dense fog would suffer it to reach us, but for want of the wind of heaven to chase away the obscuring vapours we walk in twilight and see but glimmerings of truth. We are proud indeed if we dream of attaining a clear view of heavenly things by our own carnal minds while we grope under moral, mental, and spiritual glooms, which have made the best of men cry, "Enlighten our darkness, good Lord." Well did Paul say, "Here we know in part," and "here we see through a glass darkly." We have not yet attained to face-to-face vision: happy day shall it be when we escape from this cloudland, and come into the true light where they need no candle, neither light of the sun. We who have believed are not of the night nor of darkness, but yet the smoke of things terrestrial dims our vision and clouds our prospect. When we think of the doctrines of grace, of the person of Christ, of the experimental work of the Spirit—when we think of these simpler matters—to say nothing of the heaven which is to be revealed, of the prophetic apocalypse, or of the glorious coming of the Son of Man, how great does our ignorance appear and how small our knowledge! Faith believes what her God has told her; but by reason of "the turbid air" in which we live, how little do we understand of what we believe! When our fellows boastingly cry, "We see," how readily may we detect their blindness. Those men who claim to know all things,—who are incapable of further enlightenment,—whose creed is made of cast iron and can never be altered,—these are the most blind of us all, or else they dwell amidst the thickest and densest mists. Surely, we are in a fog—the best of us feel the dread shadow of the fall hovering over us. O Sun of Righteousness shine forth! Remove our darkness; in thy light let us see light; then will our glad voices ring indeed, when we shall see thee as thou art, and shall be like thee! We would not give up what little we do see of our Beloved for all the world, for though it be but a glimpse, it is, nevertheless, a vision so blessed that it enables us to wait patiently until we shall see "the king in his beauty, and the land that is very far off."

Being once surrounded by a dense mist on the Styhead Pass in the Lake District, we felt ourselves to be transported into a world of mystery where everything was swollen to a size and appearance more vast, more terrible than is usual on this sober planet. A little mountain tarn, scarcely larger than a farmer's horse-pond, expanded into a great lake whose distant shores were leagues beyond the reach of our poor optics; and as we descended into the valley of Wastwater, the rocks rose on one

side like the battlements of heaven, and the descent on the other hand looked like the dreadful lips of a yawning abyss; and yet when one looked back again in the morning's clear light there was nothing very dangerous in the pathway, or terrible in the rocks. The road was a safe though sharp descent, devoid of terrors to ordinary mountain-climbers. In the distance through the fog the shepherd "stalks gigantic," and his sheep are full-grown lions. Into such blunders do we fall in our life-pilgrimage; a little trouble in the distance is, through our mistiness, magnified into a crushing adversity. We see a lion in the way, although it is written that no ravenous beast shall go up thereon. A puny foe is swollen into a Goliath, and the river of death widens into a shoreless sea. Come, heavenly wind, and blow the mist away, and then the foe will be despised, and the bright shores on the other side the river will stand out clear in the light of faith!

Men often mistake friends for foes because of the fog in which they walk. Mr. Jay tells us of one who saw a monster in the distance. He was greatly afraid, but having summoned courage enough to meet it, the monster turned out to be his own brother John. We frequently keep aloof from the best of people for want of knowing them: if we could see them as they are we should love them. The fog so marvellously magnifies faults and distorts peculiarities—we think men dragons if not devils in the distance, when a closer view assures us that they are saints and brethren. We all need to be cautioned against misjudging one another.

If the world-fog operates upon Christians who are the children of light, it is little wonder if it has a far worse influence *upon unconverted men.* They wander in a day of gloom and of thick darkness, in a "darkness which may be felt." Concerning them we may say that their mists shut out the sun. The mercy revealed in the gospel reaches not the sinner's eyes; his doubts, his sins, his follies keep it away from him. We have full often held up Christ crucified before the sinner, but he could not see him. We have preached a full salvation to the guilty one, but he could not discern it. The beams of gospel light are obstructed by the dense mist of carnality in which the sinner lives. Alas for the ungodly! their state is one of such darkness that *they lose their way.* In the firm belief that they are travelling to heaven, they choose the path which leadeth to destruction. They go gaily on, dreaming that they shall reach the rest which remaineth for the people of God, but they stumble to fall for ever. False teaching, sinful inclination, prejudice and predilection, cast a cloud over the sinner's reason, so that he chooses his own damnation. Even when partially convinced of sin he betakes himself to his own self-righteousness and wanders like a blind man upon a vast plain, toiling hard to reach his destination but making no progress, for there is darkness over all his paths.

It is likely that in such a state as this *the sinner may be very near the home where there is rest to be had, and yet he may not know it:* in a dense fog it is no unusual thing for a person to be standing before his own door, in total ignorance of his own whereabouts. The sinner has heard the gospel preached, but he does not know it as good news for him. He has been present when the Spirit of God has been moving over the entire assembly, but he did not feel its power. When a mother's tears

fell on his forehead he did not perceive that she was God's angel of mercy to him. When, afterwards, affliction came and he was laid on the bed of sickness to meditate, he did not know that God had designs of love towards him in bringing him low. Oh, that the Spirit of God would dispel these soul-destroying clouds, and make the sinner see that the knocker of mercy's gate is near his hand, and that if he do but knock the door will surely be opened, and he shall enter in to be housed, to be welcomed, to be feasted, to be blessed for ever!

This darkness, if it continue always, *will lure the sinner on to his own destruction.* It makes him wretched now, for to walk in spiritual darkness is misery indeed. Our London fog finds its way through your clothing, your flesh, and your bones, right into your very marrow, there is hardly anything more cold and penetrating, and the sinner's life is very like it; he tries to keep out the feeling of despondency and fear and apprehension, by a thousand inventions which the world calls pleasure, but he cannot do it. He is "without God," and he is therefore without hope; he is without Christ, and he is consequently without rest. He is well-pictured by those poor shivering, half-clad, hungry creatures whom we see in a foggy night hurrying on to get a cold seat on the workhouse doorstep. The worst of all is, that the sinner is hastening to his own destruction. He little knows what is before him. His last step was on the firm earth, but his foot now hangs over the jaws of perdition. Beware, O man, whom we seem to see in yonder fog on the brink of a precipice! Beware! for when that fatal plunge is once taken, remonstrances from friends and remorse from self will be all in vain!

To change our line of thought. Is there not a darkness which God sends on men,—not moral darkness, for "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all," but the gloom of adversity and affliction? The believer may be in thick darkness as to his circumstances and as to his soul's enjoyment of the comforts of religion. Some Christians are favoured with constant sunlight, but others like nightingales, sing God's praises best in the night. How dense is this fog just now! Well, what about it? We do not recollect ever thanking God in family prayer for the light of the sun, but we will to-night right heartily. It may be that we should never value the sun, if he did not sometimes hide himself behind a cloud. How thankful is the Christian for peace of mind, when doubts and fears are gone! How grateful to God for prosperity when adverse days are over!

As one sees the lamps all lit, it strikes us that *the darkness makes us value the means.* On foggy nights every twopenny link boy is a jewel. He is of no use in the day; we drive the urchin away; but when it is very thick and foggy, we are glad to see the blaze of his torch. When we are high and lifted up, and are marching on joyously, we are apt to despise the means; but when we are troubled the throne of grace, the prayer-meeting, and the preaching of God's Word are highly prized. Certain professors, who cannot hear anybody except their favorite minister, would be glad of consolation from any lip, if soul trouble should overtake them. The candles of the promise stand

us in good stead when we walk in the shades of sorrow, and the Word becomes a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our paths.

When we are seeking our home in a fog, *how we prize company.* When you do not know where you are going, and have only half an idea that you are steering right, how cheerfully you make a friend of any poor labouring man who is going your way! If it be a rough-looking navvy, it does not matter, he is in the same distress, and you salute him. There is a close kinship in trouble. There are no gentlemen on board sinking ships: every man then is taken for what he is practically worth. When Christians are in the darkness of affliction, it is delightful to observe how "they that fear the Lord speak often one to another." Some poor old woman who knows the things of God by experience, becomes of more value to you in your hour of grief than the dainty gentleman whose company bewitched you aforetime.

We have harped long enough on this string, but we must strike it once more. When it is dark and misty abroad, the traveller *longs the more earnestly to reach his home;* and it is one of the blessings of our heavy crosses, our sicknesses, and our troubles, that they set us longing for heaven. When everything goes well with us, we exclaim, like Peter, "Lord, let us build three tabernacles, for it is good to be here." But the mists cover Tabor's brow, and we fear as we enter into the cloud, and long to be away where glooms can never come. After a long journey along a dismal, dreary, beclouded road, how delightful will it be when our Father shall shut to the door of his house above, and shut out every particle of darkness and sorrow for ever and ever.

Thus far we have thought of the believer's trials; but *those who are not saved may yet be caught in a fog of trouble.* We think we can see a lost one as we look into the haze around us. Yes—here is the picture. Up till lately he has always prospered. He was considered by all about him to be a knowing man; he knew "what's what," as the world says: he felt but little uneasiness of conscience or trouble of mind. All at once he has come into a state of doubt and distress. He is enveloped in a fog: he does not know which way to turn, he is *non-plussed;* he guided others, he wants a guide himself now, but dares not trust any man. All the old accustomed land-marks are gone from sight; whether to go this way or that he cannot tell. His health fails; he is depressed in spirits and feels broken down. A mighty one has taken the old lion by his beard, a mysterious influence has cowed the valour of the boaster. Man in the mist we salute you, and are glad that you are where you are! Do not think that we rejoice in your sorrow for its own sake, but we hail it for its after consequences. We are rejoiced that your wisdom is turned to folly, for God's wisdom will now be displayed! Now you are beginning to feel uneasiness in the world we are greatly in hope that you will give it up, and seek your lasting good elsewhere. O man in the mist! you have come to a dead stop; prudence has cried, "Halt!" While you are thus perplexed, we pray that you may prayerfully consider your ways. You have been in a bad way up till now; for that road is always bad in which God is forgotten and Jesus slighted! You have had troubles and sicknesses, these have been mercy's fog-signals laid down on your road, and they have startled you with their explosion; but you have gone on,

and on, until you dare not proceed further, for you cannot see an inch on either side. Stop, poor friend, and listen to the voice of one who careth for the sons of men, "He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God." When a ship is enveloped in fog, what can she do better than cast her anchor? But you have no anchor, for you are without hope in Christ. God give you of his grace to receive the hope most sure and steadfast, and then your vessel shall ride at anchor and fear no ill.

The Prayer of Faith;

OR, THE LIFE STORY OF DOROTHEA TRUDEL.*

THE Master has said, "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." These are words whereunto we shall do well to take heed, as unto a light which shineth in a dark place. We sometimes sing that "Prayer moves the hand which moves the world," but how seldom do we touch the spring, and then in confidence of spirit wait till we see the result. Whatever may be the accepted theory, we practically call in question the certain and illimitable power of prayer. Now and then a man mighty in prayer forces himself into notice by his firm utterances as to the complete truth of the Scriptures on this point, and at once the surprise, it may even be suspicion, which he will awaken, gives only too lamentable proof of the real state of opinion in the Church on this matter. We need a fresh infusion of faith to enable us to believe that if we ask anything in the Saviour's name, he will do it for us. This power of prayer is yet only partially developed in our midst. We hope to see the day when we shall ask and receive, seek and find, knock and have it opened to us so fully, that men shall say, "This thing is of God, and none can gainsay it."

The life of Dorothea Trudel is an incontestible proof of the fact that, whatsoever ye ask, believing, ye shall receive. Some six or seven years ago reports came to our ears concerning a work amongst the afflicted in body and in mind, who were said to be cured by the power of simple and believing prayer alone. This work was going on in different places on the Continent at the same time; it was open to the inspection of all, and was accredited by the commendation of men whose names were familiar to us; and better evidence still—it had borne the brunt of persecution, and been tried in the furnace without loss—yea, it had triumphed in the face of an open court of justice, whither its enemies had dragged it in order to crush it out of existence. We will now lay the facts briefly before our readers, and leave them to judge for themselves.

Amongst the hills which fringe the lake of Zurich, calmly reposing amidst the most lovely scenes, lies the little village of Männedorf. Our readers will look in vain to find the name upon their maps, it is too small and insignificant to be noticed, and perhaps if the

* Abridged by J. A. Spurgeon from a life published by Morgan and Chase, 40, Ludgate-street, London.

locality be known to any, they will have a feeling akin to that of the guileless Nathanael when he said, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth." We reply, "Come and see."

A poor but pious woman was struggling some forty years ago to bring up a large family on the principle, "Pray but do not beg," and her chief consolation amidst her many privations, was the pouring out of her wants into the sympathizing ear of God. She summed up her advice to her rising family in the weighty sentence, "Children, pray and work, and you will never suffer want." They had every cause to believe the truth and wisdom of this injunction, seeing that their every-day life was a confirmation of it. One of the daughters says, "When any of us were ill, we were brought in prayer before the feet of the heavenly physician. Our mother had no cure except prayer. Even when I had the small-pox and became blind, no doctor was sent for and no one was told of it." Prayer wrought a perfect cure. Once again, "one of my brothers had a fit brought on through fright. It was a most violent and painful attack, and we were all greatly alarmed. Our mother said to us, 'I know this fearful illness, my children, is one of the heaviest trials which could have occurred; but Jesus who cured that lunatic boy can heal our child. Do not speak of the attack to any one, we will go only to Jesus about it.'" Three successive attacks all yielded to the power of prayer, and finally, perfect restoration to health was obtained by like means. The same principle ran through all the affairs of the household. "Pray without ceasing" was the motto and practice of this God-taught mother. Dorothea Trudel, the youngest daughter of this handmaiden of the Lord, was blessed with the same spirit, and like another prophet's mantle, it brought with it a double portion of power from on high. Of a tall and comely figure, she grew up to the age of twenty-two years, under the influence of holy principles, but was not personally a partaker of their saving power. About this time, God took her in hand to train her for his own special work. While resisting the assault of a ruffian who insulted her when alone and unprotected, she received so serious an injury as to result eventually in spinal disease, which bowed the maiden, once so erect and graceful, into a crooked, dwarfed, and withered being, the wreck of what was once lovely, but now deformed for ever. An intimate friend was carried off suddenly into another world, and as in the case of Luther, the death of the friend became one of the means in God's hand for making her completely his own.

In the course of providence she was removed from the necessity of labouring for her living, and resided with her nephew. In his place of business she found a sphere of Christian usefulness, and devoted herself to the welfare of the workpeople. "Four of them fell ill, and as each could do as he pleased, all four summoned a doctor." It was remarked, however, that they grew worse after taking the medicine, until at last the necessity became so pressing, "that I went," says she, "as a worm to the Lord and laid our distress before him. I told him how willingly I would send for an elder as it is commanded in James v. 14; but as there was not one, I must go myself to my sick ones in the faith of the Canaanitish woman, and, without trusting to any virtue in my hand, I would lay it upon them. I did so, and by the Lord's blessing all four recovered." This

was about the year 1850. Two years after she changed her residence again, and here began her more extended usefulness. Every day young people came to her that she might read and pray with them. She had an intense love for souls; and a care for the spiritual good of mankind always formed the most prominent feature in all her movements.

After a while, on the persuasion of a friend, she received patients into her house that she might ask the Lord to cure them both in body and soul. "One of them, Madam M—, the mother of twelve children, had been quite shattered in mind by the death of her husband, and had been actually sent away uncured from an asylum. After seven weeks, she could thank the Lord as her helper, and has remained well to this day."

The place became too strait for them, and a second house was bought to hold the patients. But now the enemy began to rage. In 1856, when both houses were full and many were being cured, the authorities were incited to interfere, and these godly people were fined sixty francs, and ordered to send away all their patients by a certain time. This was done, but a returning tide of sick ones soon filled this haven of rest and love with the blind, the lame, the deaf, and the possessed and diseased of all sorts; God working mightily to cure many of them. Strict discipline, Bible instruction, and faithful dealing with their souls, seem to have been her chief remedies for all diseases. She employed the means of healing appointed in God's Word,—namely, the imposition of hands, with prayer and the anointing with oil,—because she believed and realized that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and that the promises which he made to his disciples belong to us also. She looked at disease as being not only the result of sin past, but as connected with sin dwelling in us; the soul was therefore brought before the Lord for healing as well as the body. We shall now give some cases of the double cure wrought by God through her.

On one occasion a young artist arrived, in whom cancer had made such progress as to render any approach to him almost unbearable; from the day that he confessed his sins against God and man, the disease abated, but was not completely gone till he acknowledged one sin which he had hitherto concealed, and then he speedily recovered his bodily health, and returned to his home cured in spirit also. "The foreman of a manufactory in Switzerland fell ill of inflammation of the lungs; the fatal symptoms warned himself and friends that he must prepare to die; but, believing that the prayer of faith accomplishes a great deal, if truly earnest, he requested to be taken to Dorothea's house in Männedorf. She continued his prescribed medicines, and fulfilled his desire for the imposition of hands after prayer, till he refused to take any more of the earthly remedy, and dismissed his doctor, relying implicitly on the power of prayer. In a short time he was as a brand plucked out of the fire, quite restored to health, and able to devote his life to useful labours."

We could give many more cases, but our space compels us to refrain from doing so. In the year 1861 a second storm burst out. A sudden order from the magistrates of the canton of Zurich arrived, a fine of 150 francs was to be paid, and all the sick were to be dismissed. She appealed to the county court, but without avail, and the sentence was unanimously confirmed. She then carried her complaint to the highest court in

Zurich. Her case was conducted by an able advocate, and the result was the following decision:—"That inasmuch as this institution was carried on quite differently to any other, employing no medicine, and having as a primary object benefit to the souls of the patients, Dorothea Trudel was not guilty of transgressing against the laws of physic, and was at liberty to carry on her work." She was able to produce at the trial hundreds of testimonials from the most eminent men in Switzerland and Germany. Prelate Von Kapff, Professor Tholuch, and others of high repute, bore witness to her self-denying zeal, and the power of her earnest prayers. It should be remarked that, though she used no medicinal means herself, she did not forbid any one to use the prescriptions of a licensed physician. The worst of all was, the doctors, who brought the charge against her of devoting herself to the healing of disease without a license, never once examined her establishment, and were unable to show a single case in which her treatment had produced evil effects. *Let any of them say as much for themselves.* At any rate *her* patients died a *natural* death. She conducted the pecuniary affairs of her institution on the principle adopted alike by Mr. Müller, at Bristol, and by the Pastor in the College, at the Tabernacle. The whole was cast upon God for his support. If the patients could afford to help, they did so; if not, supplies came from other sources. Many times something had to be paid, and they had no means wherewith to meet the claim, but it was always supplied. Once God actually sent aid by means of an enemy, who offered money; another time 3,000 francs came from Holland just as they were needed, and quite unexpectedly; on a third occasion they were about to borrow money to pay for bread, when 250 francs arrived, with the stipulation that, if the fine had not to be paid to the magistrates, the money should be spent in bread. The work grew under her hands till it pleased the Lord to call her to himself in the year 1862.

She had made over by a deed of settlement her own property in the houses devoted to this good work; and it is now, we believe, carried on by her faithful coadjutor, Samuel Zeller. We have no further room for extracts from her letters and sayings, which are choice and spiritual beyond measure. We counsel our readers to read and imitate her life. It is our firm conviction that the principle on which she acted is scriptural, and will bear the severest strain and test. The Epistle of James is eminently practical, the context of the passage, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick," (James v. 15,) must be taken literally, and in its ordinary signification; and this must also be accepted with a childlike faith. We have tried it ourselves, and set our seal to it that it is true, for we can produce living evidence of it. It is certainly worthy of record as a feature of the Christian life of our century. Others are reported working similarly in different parts of Switzerland: Pastor Blumhardt of Würtemberg, has had his house crowded with patients for years. Dr. Bushnell in his "Nature and the Supernatural," reports like instances from America. There can be no supposition of fraud. Will mesmerism, animal magnetism, spiritualism, the power of sympathy, be adequate explanations? Or is it still true that THE PRAYER OF FAITH SHALL SAVE THE SICK, AND THE LORD SHALL RAISE HIM UP?"

Grace Abounding:

OR, PRAYER ANSWERED IN THE CONVERSION OF SIX CHILDREN BY A FATHER.

(*Continued from page* 52.)

AH, what a blessing, what a glory, to see a child born of God, and that child your own offspring! I retired to my closet with feelings of joy and gratitude which I had never known before; and as I was on my knees, offering up the overflowing gratitude of my heart to God for his great grace in the salvation of my daughter, an inward voice said to me, "Send for R—— from London." After a moment's hesitation, I resolved to do so. Immediately afterwards the same inaudible voice said, "Send also for T——." Now I had strong special reasons for not wishing to do this, and I resisted it; a hundred reasons seemed to flash across my mind why I should not. I argued, as it were, the point with my secret monitor; then tried to forget it, and pass on to something else in my converse with God; but I was held fast; I could go no further; I found that I was resisting the Holy Spirit; and I rose from my knees, and wrote to my two sons, telling them of the conversion of their sister, and requesting them to come home that they might hear dear Mr. Smith, in the hope that a similar blessing might be brought home to their own souls. At first I intended simply to invite them home for a few days; but I afterwards felt that I must candidly state *why* I wished them to come.

They responded to the invitation on the following day—Saturday. They attended Mr. Smith's services on Sunday; and the elder one returned to London on Monday morning with every appearance of the most perfect indifference to what he had heard, stating that his engagements did not admit of his remaining longer. His brother remained until after the conclusion of the series of meetings on the Wednesday evening—a blessed, glorious assemblage of about a thousand Christians around the table of their Lord and Redeemer! My daughter was one of them. I thought I observed indications of my son being considerably affected under the powerful addresses of Mr. Smith, and I asked him if he could, as a believer, join us at the Lord's table, but he sorrowfully replied, "No, I wish I could."

After the conclusion of the service, Mr. Smith came with another minister of the gospel to my house. As we sat at the supper-table, in the midst of a somewhat animated conversation on a subject I had broached irrelevant to the scene we had just left, I observed my son sitting with his elbows on the table, and his hands covering his face; and I regretted to see him in what I considered an unbecoming posture. Little did I imagine what was passing in that excited brain. Engaged in the conversation, I had ceased to notice him, when the attention of all present was drawn to him by his suddenly exclaiming, in the midst of a flood of tears, "Oh Mr. Smith, pray for me, I am the only unconverted person present." I need hardly say that his request was immediately responded to. Others also offered prayer on his behalf. Dear Mr. Smith afterwards spent a considerable time alone with him, until past midnight; but all was yet darkness and agony under the heavy

burden of sin. At length all retired for the night. I was about to do so, but on falling on my knees alone to offer up one more earnest prayer for him, I felt that I could not go to bed, but that I must remain and wrestle with God on his behalf. I could not rise, my knees seemed fastened to the floor, and my soul was poured forth before God in agonizing prayer that he would give my dear boy peace, in showing him that Jesus the slain Lamb of God bore his load of guilt, and completely atoned for it on the cross on his behalf.

I thus spent about an hour and a half, when in the midst of my supplications the still, small voice of God said to me, "Why do you thus continue to ask me for that which I have already done?" I felt immediately confident that my prayer was answered; and I could not rise from my knees until I had offered up the warmest praise and gratitude of my heart to God for his astonishing grace! I then went to my son's room, and finding him awake, told him what had passed. He replied, "Yes, God has heard your prayers; go to bed now; I feel quite differently now."

The following morning he called on Mr. Smith, and told him of his confident faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and on his journey back to London he afterwards said he could do nothing but sing—

"Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!"

His own account of this glorious change is as follows :—

"One Saturday morning I received a note from my father, asking me to go home, that I might have an opportunity of attending the services held by the Rev. J. Denham Smith, who was then preaching in my native town. The note also told me that my sister had been converted at those meetings. I was deeply impressed by this intelligence, and could not help falling on my knees to thank God for my sister's conversion, and to pray that I also might be brought to a knowledge of him—little thinking then that all I had to do was to believe, and that thus my salvation, under God, depended on my faith.

"I went home, and on the following morning heard Mr. Smith preach from the text, 'While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light.'

"I was deeply impressed, and could only with difficulty keep the tears from rolling down my face. After the service I again fell on my knees and prayed that I might be converted. I thought my heart was harder than ever; but I did not know that the Spirit of God was working in me, and that, already, I was a quickened soul.

"During the next four days I attended seven of these happy meetings. *I saw souls finding Christ;* I longed for him myself, but could not find him. I spent many hours in prayer and in tears before God's throne, and I had a firm conviction that before the services were over my soul would be saved. The last service, however, came and terminated—the desired effect had not taken place—and I walked home in a despairing state; but when I arrived I found that Mr. Denham Smith had come to take supper with us.

"I shall never forget that meal. I endeavoured to join in the conversation, but I was uneasy and could not. I endeavoured to appear

merry, and could not; and, at last, being no longer able to restrain my feelings, with tears I implored Mr. Smith to pray for me, and after we had all knelt down around the table, three earnest prayers were offered up for me by Mr. Smith, another minister, and my father.

"After this I felt relieved, but I was not yet happy, and in this state I went to bed; but I could not sleep, my soul's eternal welfare was on my mind, and nothing could efface it. I prayed and I wept on for about two hours, and then I felt I was not what I used to be; some change had taken place in me; indeed I realized that Christ was my Saviour. Directly after this feeling came over me, my father came into my room; he told me that ever since we had left the supper-table he had been on his knees imploring God to reveal himself to me through his Holy Spirit; but he had been no longer able to entreat God for me, because he felt confident the great change had taken place, and he had been obliged to praise God for it. God's Spirit *had* revealed Christ to me, and my father's prayer was answered.

"Since that night I have been a new creature; and although, at first, some doubts and fears entered into my mind, and although the devil endeavoured to shake my faith, I thank God that He only looks at me as in Christ; and, being a member of my Saviour's body, I am confident that I shall never perish, but inherit eternal life, and have presented to me a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Thus was a faithful God fulfilling his promise, and pouring down his blessing upon the offspring of her who was now with him! What shall I render to the Lord for these his benefits towards me? Is it not meet that I should publish his praise abroad? If I held my peace, would not the stones cry out?

I now come to the third case, which quickly followed. The next week I was called from home; and being within easy access of my third son, in a distant part of the kingdom, I embraced the opportunity of spending one evening with him. I did not fail to tell him of the blessed change which, by the grace of God, had taken place in his dear sister and brother; and I left with him one or two copies of Mr. Smith's addresses in Freemasons' Hall. What followed is so well related in an account which at my request he has drawn up, that I need only transcribe it, and leave it to speak for itself.

"About the end of Dec. 1861, I left my home to reside in B——. From the fact of my parents being godly, I had never mixed in worldly society, though I had long looked at its intoxicating pleasures with a longing eye, and only wanted the opportunity to launch out into them. Gay B —— soon afforded me one; and the taste increased my appetite tenfold. Two or three nights a week were now devoted to the dance, and I began to spend an evening at the theatre. I well knew that my father was strongly opposed to these so-called recreations, and I can now see how the devil was steadily and surely hurrying me into an utterly godless course of life.

"Towards the end of March, my father paid me a hurried visit. I was then suffering from a severe cough and cold, most likely brought on, or to say the least, aggravated by my newly contracted habits. His affectionate inquiries after my health, and his kind, tender manner cut me to the heart; for I knew how it would grieve him to know what my

conduct had been. As I walked with him from the neighbourhood of the station, he told me that a gentleman of the name of Denham Smith had been to our native town, and had held some wonderful services there, which had been 'blessed to many souls;' and then told me the astonishing news that J— and R— had been 'brought to Christ as little children.' I was literally amazed, and a feeling of dread came over me. My father expressed himself in terms of heartfelt gratitude to God, and ascribed the praise to him. I thought I ought to congratulate him, but could not, dared not speak, until he changed the topic of conversation. My sister J— had written to me a few days previously, and told me that some Christian friends had been spending the evening at our house, and amongst them a Mr. Denham Smith, who had told them 'such beautiful things about the revival in Ireland.' Little did I think that those 'beautiful things' were sinking into her heart, and under God's blessing bringing her to the knowledge of Jesus as her Saviour; still less did I dream of my brother R— ever troubling about the state of his soul.

"During the rest of the evening I carefully avoided the subject of religion, lest the conversation should turn to the state of my own soul, and did my best to appear cheerful and happy, though I was deeply impressed with what I had heard about my brother and sister, and my conscience continually accused me for my past conduct. At last I rose to bid my father 'Good night;' but he offered to accompany me, and as we were putting on our coats, he drew out of his pocket what appeared to be a large-sized tract, and said something to this effect: 'Here, my boy, is a little book; will you take it, and read it to please me?' I promised to do so, though I wondered in my own mind whether I should ever open it. Having accompanied me home, he affectionately bade me 'Good night.' I retired to my room, and, as I now took a retrospect of my conduct since I had left home, I felt still more how ungrateful it had been, and how cruelly it would wound him to know of it. While thus pondering, I drew out of my pocket the tract he had given me, but thinking it would only make me more unhappy to read a religious book, at first I resolved to lay it aside: I hesitated; I could not throw it aside; I had wronged my father—I should have no love left in me. I would read it; I could not do less. I looked at it, my curiosity was at once excited. It was Mr. Denham Smith's first address in the Freemasons' Hall, London. I read, and became deeply interested. First came the conversion of the Philippian jailor. It appeared to me much more striking than it ever had before; then the instances of sudden and remarkable conversions in Ireland came home to me with great power. At any other time I should have questioned their genuineness, and raised all sorts of objections in my own mind; now I felt that it was all true, though I had hitherto looked upon conversion as a very long and tedious process, requiring weeks or months to complete. I had, however, for some months past had a conviction that conversion was very desirable, and felt that I must be converted some day when circumstances were more favourable; and my idea was, that I should have to turn over a new leaf, and take to reading the Bible and praying a great deal, until God saw fit to give me some token of approbation, and then, in some undefinable way, I should alter

my manner of thinking and acting, and become good; but I now read that it was only to believe in Jesus. Why should not I believe in Jesus?—*I should be lost if I did not.* I was deeply impressed; and that night I knelt down and prayed to God that he would show me how to believe in Jesus; and I wept, though I scarce knew why, except that my hard heart was really softened.

"The following morning I awoke with the impression that something unusual had happened, and my thoughts at once reverted to the news I had heard on the previous day, and to the state of my own soul. A night's sleep had not now, as it had on many previous occasions, driven away my impressions and quieted the voice of conscience. If anything, conscience now spoke louder than ever; and I felt an emptiness in my soul that I had never felt before. When I again saw my father before his departure, I would gladly have asked him more about my brother and sister; but I feared that he would mention the state of my own soul, and that had always been an unpleasant subject to me, and since a few hours, had become a very tender one.

"The business and engagements of the day even failed to divert my attention from the state of my own soul. I knew myself to be unsaved, and felt the necessity of a change. My spare moments were devoted to breathing the prayer that God would show me what 'looking to Jesus' meant, and what 'believing' was. The words were familiar to me, but I could not discern their spiritual meaning. I retired earlier at night, and rose earlier in the morning, in order to have more time to spend in prayer; and to a late hour I used to be on my knees imploring God to convert my soul, till, wearied in spirit and in body, I threw myself on to my couch only to rise at early dawn, to ask God to satisfy that indescribable emptiness which for the first time my soul now felt.

"Two or three days had elapsed since my father's visit, and I felt I could no longer delay writing to him, and that my letter must contain something about the conversions of J— and R—. I also felt prompted to tell him, without reserve, the anxiety I now felt about my own soul, and to ask for his advice and prayers; but Satan told me that these were only passing emotions; that perhaps before I received an answer to my letter, I should again have become indifferent; so I resolved on waiting a little longer. I, however, congratulated him that the dearest wishes of his heart had been realised in two of his children, and I heartily hoped that he might soon have to rejoice in a similar change having taken place in all of them; and God knows I meant it.

"I now discovered that I had brought no Bible with me, and that these two or three months I had not looked at one. I at once procured one: but its glorious truths conveyed no light, no comfort to me—they seemed rather to tantalize.

"By return of post I received a long letter from my father. What I had written to him seemed to have been sufficient to convey to him what the state of my mind was. His letter was full of Gospel; it ran as follows: 'I am much pleased with what you say respecting the blessed change that has taken place, by God's grace, in dear J— and R—. You say you heartily wish that my hopes may be speedily realised with regard to each one of you. If you hope so, dear B—,

why should there be any delay with you? Does the delay rest with you or with God? Oh, think of this! There is indeed no impediment on His part. He is love! The way is open: 'I am the door,' says Jesus: 'by me if any man enter in he shall be saved.' 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' He came to save sinners, to save the lost, the guilty; and His own blessed word is—'*Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.' 'To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.' Oh, dear boy, that is the secret—hardness of heart, unwillingness to yield the heart, the life to Christ; love of sin, love of the world, fear and shame to put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and confess Him before men. With God—through Jesus—there is no impediment to your immediate salvation. Christ has died—He has offered up, and now appears before God with His own blood as a *complete* atonement for our sins. He bore the curse *for us*. 'The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all;' *there*, and *there alone*, is your complete, everlasting salvation! Look! Believe! and you are svaed! 'There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' Read the 53rd of Isaiah, and the 3rd of John's Gospel. As the bitten Israelite looked at (believing) the brazen serpent, so the lost sinner looks on Jesus and is saved.

"'The Lord teach you.'

"This letter, though so full of the Gospel, only conveyed to my mind more of the theory of the way of salvation, without being the means of bringing one ray of spiritual light.

"The following letter, which I wrote to my father, and for some reason did not send, will be sufficient to describe what the state of my mind was at that time, and what it continued to be, till the light of the Gospel gently beamed into my benighted and sin-weary soul.

"'Ever since I have read Mr. Denham Smith's tract which you gave me, I have been endeavouring to act according to its teaching, and I am very much perplexed, and have been on the point of writing to you for advice. But then I scarcely know on what to ask your advice, because everything is so lucidly explained that it could scarcely be more explicit; and there is an undefinable something about it which I cannot understand, though language could not be more plain. Again, you tell me the self-same things in your letter, lucidly and plainly, and yet all is dark. Then you would say, 'Pray to be enlightened.' I have prayed, hours and hours, morning, noon, and night, and I find myself becoming harder and harder. The answer is obvious: I do not ask aright; but I cannot unless it is given me to do so; and thus I remain perplexed and in the dark, and seem to be drifting farther and farther from the light.'

"About three weeks had passed since my father's memorable visit; and I was still in the same state of mind; expecting my tears and my prayers to conciliate an angry God, and almost despairing because they brought me no peace. At times I had endeavoured to drown my feelings in boisterous merriment. I sang, danced, and laughed, while my soul was as dark, as cold, as death-like as a sepulchre. Meanwhile I had received letters from my father and newly-saved brother and sister, all endeavouring to lead me as a lost sinner to the cross of Jesus, but without success; though indeed they were the means of laying a

foundation of *knowledge*, of which I only became aware when it was illuminated and fertilized by the Holy Spirit.

"One evening I received a letter from my brother R—. I read it hurriedly, and folded it again, to read it more carefully when alone. When I retired to my room I read carefully and thoughtfully; the finished work of Jesus was again unfolded before me, and I was assured that it was all for me, if I took my place as a sinner. One remark especially struck me; he said, 'If I assured you of the truth of a certain statement, and you refused to believe it, or said you could not believe it, you would not wonder at my thinking you unkind.' I began now to see that I had been taking a wrong view of the case; Jesus had been commending His blessed Gospel to me, and I had been refusing it, by expecting salvation through *my* prayers, *my* tears, *my* repentance. How unkind to Jesus! I would fall on my knees, and ask to be enabled to believe it all. I was almost in the attitude of prayer, when I checked myself. That was just what I had been doing for three weeks, and I had made no progress. 'No,' I said, 'I must believe it *now*, and when I fall on my knees, let it be to thank God for salvation, not to ask for it.' Looking up to heaven I slowly repeated,

'I *do* believe, I *will* believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross he shed his blood,
That *I* might happy be.'

"And whilst I repeated it, and re-repeated it, the light gently, slowly, sweetly, broke in upon my fainting soul. I heard the voice of Jesus; by grace I believed it, and I passed from death unto life! And though ten thousand have been the snares that Satan has since set for my feet, I can still say, 'I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED.' 'For we are not of them who draw back unto perdition, *but of them that believe to the saving of the soul.*' To the God of all grace, to the Lamb that was slain, to the Spirit of quickening, one great Jehovah, be all the praise!"

In the following month these two sons and their youngest brother returned home for the Easter holidays. On the Sunday afternoon some time was delightfully spent in singing hymns from the "Times of Refreshing." In the evening my youngest daughter retired to bed, as usual, earlier than the rest of the family. An hour or two afterwards, her sister on entering the bedroom was surprised to find her not, as she expected, in bed, but still sitting up; and in reply to an expression of surprise at this, her sister threw herself into her arms, and sobbing, exclaimed, "Oh, J—, I believe I am saved!" A few minutes after we were startled to see the two sisters return to the drawing-room and announce to us the joyful intelligence that this lamb was gathered into the fold of Christ; and we then united in ascribing "glory, honour, praise and power," to that blessed Saviour who had graciously revealed himself to her; and in earnest prayer that he would ever "carry her in his bosom."

(*To be concluded next month.*)

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM III.

TITLE.—"A Psalm of David when he fled from Absalom his Son." *You will remember the sad story of David's flight from his own palace, when, in the dead of the night, he forded the brook Kedron, and went with a few faithful followers to hide himself for awhile from the fury of his rebellious son. Remember that David in this was a type of the Lord Jesus Christ. He, too, fled; he, too, passed over the brook Kedron when his own people were in rebellion against him, and with a feeble band of followers he went to the garden of Gethsemane. He, too, drank of the brook by the way, and therefore doth he lift up the head. By very many expositors this is entitled* THE MORNING HYMN. *May we ever wake with holy confidence in our hearts, and a song upon our lips!*

DIVISION.—*This Psalm may be divided into four parts of two verses each. Indeed, many of the Psalms cannot be well understood unless we attentively regard the parts into which they should be divided. They are not continuous descriptions of one scene, but a set of pictures of many kindred subjects. As in our modern sermons, we divide our discourse into different heads, so is it in these Psalms. There is always unity, but it is the unity of a bundle of arrows, and not of a single solitary shaft. Let us now look at the Psalm before us. In the first two verses you have David making a complaint to God concerning his enemies; he then declares his confidence in the Lord* (3, 4), *sings of his safety in sleep* (5, 6), *and strengthens himself for future conflict* (7, 8).

EXPOSITION.

LORD, how are they increased that trouble me! many *are* they that rise up against me.

2 Many *there be* which say of my soul, *There is* no help for him in God. Selah.

The poor broken-hearted father complains of the multitude of his enemies: and if you turn to 2 Samuel xv. 12, you will find it written that "the conspiracy was strong; for the people increased continually with Absalom," while the troops of David constantly diminished! "*Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!*" Here is a note of exclamation to express the wonder of woe which amazed and perplexed the fugitive father. Alas! I see no limit to my misery, for my troubles are enlarged! There was enough at first to sink me very low; but lo! my enemies multiply. When Absalom, my darling, is in rebellion against me, it is enough to break my heart; but, lo! Ahithophel hath forsaken me, my faithful councellors have turned their backs on me; lo! my generals and soldiers have deserted my standard. "How are they increased that trouble me!" Troubles always come in flocks. Sorrow hath a numerous family.

"*Many are they that rise up against me.*" Their hosts are far superior to mine! Their numbers are too great for my reckoning!

Let us here recall to our memory the innumerable hosts which beset our Divine Redeemer. The legions of our sins, the armies of fiends, the crowd of bodily pains, the host of spiritual sorrows, and all the allies of death and hell, set themselves in battle against the Son of Man. O how precious to know and believe that he has routed their hosts, and trodden them down in his anger! They who would have troubled us he has removed into captivity, and those who would have risen up against us he has laid low. The dragon lost his sting when he dashed it into the soul of Jesus.

David complains before his loving God of the worst weapon of his enemies' attacks, and the bitterest drop of his distresses. "Oh!" saith David, "*many there be that say of my soul, There is no help for him in God.*" Some of his dis-

trustful friends said this sorrowfully, but his enemies exultingly boasted of it, and longed to see their words proved by his total destruction. This was the unkindest cut of all, when they declared that his God had forsaken him. Yet David knew in his own conscience that he had given them some ground for this exclamation, for he had committed sin against God in the very light of day. Then they flung his crime with Bathsheba into his face, and they said, "Go up, thou bloody man; God hath forsaken thee and left thee." Shimei cursed him, and swore at him to his very face, for he was bold because of his backers, since multitudes of the men of Belial thought of David in like fashion. Doubtless, David felt this infernal suggestion to be staggering to his faith. If all the trials which come from heaven, all the temptations which ascend from hell, and all the crosses which arise from earth, could be mixed and pressed together, they would not make a trial so terrible as that which is contained in this verse. It is the most bitter of all afflictions to be lead to fear that there is no help for us in God. And yet remember our most blessed Saviour had to endure this in the deepest degree when he cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He knew full well what it was to walk in darkness and to see no light. This was the curse of the curse. This was the wormwood mingled with the gall. To be deserted of his Father was worse than to be the despised of men. Surely we should love him who suffered this bitterest of temptations and trials for our sake. It will be a delightful and instructive exercise for the loving heart to mark the Lord in his agonies as here pourtrayed, for there is here, and in very many other Psalms, far more of David's Lord than of David himself.

"*Selah.*" This is a musical pause; the precise meaning of which is not known. Some think it simply a rest, a pause in the music; others say it means, "Lift up the strain—sing more loudly—pitch the tune upon a higher key—there is nobler matter to come, therefore retune your harps." Harp-strings soon get out of order and need to be screwed up again to their proper tightness, and certainly our heart-strings are evermore getting out of tune. Let "Selah" teach us to pray

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

At least, we may learn that wherever we see "Selah," we should look upon it as a note of observation. Let us read the passage which precedes and succeeds it with greater earnestness, for surely there is always something excellent where we are required to rest and pause and meditate, or when we are required to lift up our hearts in grateful song. "SELAH."

3 But thou, O LORD, *art* a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head.

4 I cried unto the LORD with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill. Selah.

Here David avows his confidence in God. "*Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me.*" The word in the original signifies more than a shield; it means a buckler round about, a protection which shall surround a man entirely, a shield above, beneath, around, without and within. Oh! what a shield is God for his people! He wards off the fiery darts of Satan from beneath, and the storms of trials from above, while, at the same instant, he speaks peace to the tempest within the breast. Thou art "*my glory.*" David knew that though he was driven from his capital in contempt and scorn, he should yet return in triumph, and by faith he looks upon God as honouring and glorifying him. O for grace to see our future glory amid present shame! Indeed, there is a present glory in our afflictions, if we could but discern it; for it is no mean thing to have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings. David was honoured when he made the ascent of Olivet, weeping, with his head covered; for he was in all this made like unto his Lord. May we learn, in this respect, to glory in tribulations also! "*And the lifter up of mine head*"—thou shalt yet exalt me. Though I hang my head in

sorrow, I shall very soon lift it up in joy and thanksgiving. What a divine trio of mercies is contained in this verse!—defence for the defenceless, glory for the despised, and joy for the comfortless. Verily we may well say, "There is none like the God of Jeshurun."

"*I cried unto the Lord with my voice.*" Why doth he say, "with my voice?" Surely, silent prayers are heard. Yes, but good men often find that, even in secret, they pray better aloud than they do when they utter no vocal sound. Perhaps, moreover, David would think thus:—"My cruel enemies clamour against me; *they* lift up their voices, and, behold, *I* lift up mine, and my cry outsoars them all. They clamour, but the cry of my voice in great distress pierces the very skies, and is louder and stronger than all their tumult; for there is one in the sanctuary who hearkens to me from the seventh heaven, and he hath '*heard me out of his holy hill.*'" Answers to prayers are sweet cordials for the soul. We need not fear a frowning world while we rejoice in a prayer-hearing God.

Here stands another *Selah.* Rest awhile, O tried believer, and change the strain to a softer air.

5 I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the LORD sustained me.

6 I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set *themselves* against me round about.

David's faith enabled him to *lie down;* anxiety would certainly have kept him on tiptoe, watching for an enemy. Yea, he was able to sleep, *to sleep* in the midst of trouble, surrounded by foes. "So he giveth his beloved sleep." There is a sleep of presumption; God deliver us from it! There is a sleep of holy confidence; God help us so to close our eyes! But David says he *awaked* also. Some sleep the sleep of death; but he, though exposed to many enemies, reclined his head on the bosom of his God, slept happily beneath the wing of Providence in sweet security, and then awoke in safety. "*For the Lord sustained me.*" The sweet influence of the Pleiades of promise shone upon the sleeper, and he awoke conscious that the Lord had preserved him. An excellent divine has well remarked—"This quietude of a man's heart by faith in God, is a higher sort of work than the natural resolution of manly courage, for it is the gracious operation of God's Holy Spirit upholding a man above nature, and therefore the Lord must have all the glory of it."

Buckling on his harness for the day's battle, our hero sings, "*I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about.*" Observe that he does not attempt to under-estimate the number or wisdom of his enemies. He reckons them at tens of thousands, and he views them as cunning huntsmen chasing him with cruel skill. Yet he trembles not, but looking his foeman in the face he is ready for the battle. There may be no way of escape; they may hem me in as the deer are surrounded by a circle of hunters; they may surround me on every side, but in the name of God I will dash through them; or, if I remain in the midst of them, yet shall they not hurt me; I shall be free in my very prison.

But David is too wise to venture to the battle without prayer; he therefore betakes himself to his knees, and cries aloud to Jehovah.

7 Arise, O LORD; save me, O my God: for thou hast smitten all mine enemies *upon* the cheek bone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.

His only hope is in his God, but that is so strong a confidence, that he feels the Lord hath but to *arise* and he is saved. It is enough for the Lord to stand up, and all is well. He compares his enemies to wild beasts, and he declares that God hath broken their jaws, so that they could not injure him; "*Thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.*" Or else he alludes to the peculiar temptations

to which he was then exposed. They had spoken against him: God, therefore, has smitten them upon the cheek bone. They seemed as if they would devour him with their mouths; God hath broken their teeth, and let them say what they will, their toothless jaws shall not be able to devour him. Rejoice, O believer! thou hast to do with a dragon whose head is broken, and with enemies whose teeth are dashed from their jaws.

8 Salvation *belongeth* unto the LORD: thy blessing *is* upon thy people. Selah.

This verse contains the sum and substance of Calvinistic doctrine. Search Scripture through, and you must, if you read it with a candid mind, be persuaded that the doctrine of salvation by grace alone is the great doctrine of the Word of God. "*Salvation belongeth unto the Lord.*" This is a point concerning which we are daily fighting. Our opponents say, "Salvation belongeth to the free will of man; if not to man's merit, yet at least to man's will;" but we hold and teach that salvation from first to last, in every iota of it, belongs to the Most High God. It is God that chooses his people. *He* calls them by his grace; *he* quickens them by his Spirit and keeps them by his power. It is not of man, neither by man; "not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." May we all learn this truth experimentally, for our proud flesh and blood will never permit us to learn it in any other way! In the last sentence the peculiarity and speciality of salvation are plainly stated. "*Thy blessing is upon thy people.*" Neither upon Egypt, nor upon Tyre, nor upon Nineveh; thy blessing is upon thy chosen, thy blood-bought, thine everlastingly-beloved people. "*Selah:*" lift up your hearts and pause, and meditate upon this doctrine. "Thy blessing is upon thy people." Divine, discriminating, distinguishing, eternal, infinite, immutable love is a subject for constant adoration. Pause, my soul, at this *Selah*, and consider thine own interest in the salvation of God; and if by humble faith thou art enabled to see Jesus as thine by his own free gift of himself to thee, if this greatest of all blessings be upon thee, rise up and sing,

"Rise, my soul! adore and wonder!
Ask, 'O why such love to me?'
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family:
Hallelujah!
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee."

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

See title. Here we have the first use of the word *Psalm.* In Hebrew, Mizmor, which hath the signification of pruning, or cutting off superfluous twigs, and is applied to songs made of short sentences, where many superfluous words are put away.—*Ainsworth.*

Let us learn from this, that in times of sore trouble men will not fetch a compass and use fine words in prayer, but will offer a prayer which is pruned of all luxuriance of wordy speeches.

Verse 2.—When the believer questions the power of God, or his interest in it, his joy gusheth out as blood out of a broken vein. This verse is a sore stab indeed.—*Gurnal.*

Verse 3.—*Lifter up of my head.* God will have the body partake with the soul, as in matters of grief, so in matters of joy; the lanthorn shines in the light of the candle within.—*Sibbs.*

Verse 4.—When prayer leads the van, in due time deliverance brings up the rear.—*Watson.*

Verse 5.—Gurnal, who wrote when there were houses on old London Bridge, has quaintly said, "Do you not think that they sleep as soundly who dwell on London Bridge as they who live at Whitehall or Cheapside, for they know that the waves which rush under them cannot hurt them? Even so may the saints rest quietly over the floods of trouble or death and fear no ill.

Verse 7.—When God takes vengeance upon the ungodly, he will smite in such a

manner as to make them feel his almightiness in every stroke. All his power shall be exercised in punishing and none in pitying. O that every obstinate sinner would think of this, and consider his unmeasureable boldness in thinking himself able to grapple with Omnipotence!—*Charnock.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—*The saint telling his griefs to his God.* (1) His right to do so. (2) The proper manner of telling them. (3) The fair results.

Verse 2.—The lie against the saint and the libel upon his God.

Verse 3.—The threefold blessing which God affords to his suffering ones—Defence, Honour, Joy. Show how all these may be enjoyed by faith, even in our worst estate.

Verse 4.—(1) In dangers we should pray. (2) God will graciously hear. (3) We should record his answers of grace. (4) We may strengthen ourselves for the future by remembering the deliverances of the past.

Verse 5.—(1) Describe sweet sleeping. (2) Describe happy waking. (3) Show how both are to be enjoyed, "*for the Lord sustained me.*"

Verse 6.—Faith surrounded by enemies and yet triumphant.

Verse 7.—(1) Describe the Lord's past dealing with his enemies; "thou hast." (2) Shew that the Lord should be our constant resort, "O Lord," "O my God." (3) Enlarge upon the fact that the Lord is to be stirred up: "Arise." (4) Urge believers to use the Lord's past victories as an argument with which to prevail with him.

Verse 8, (*first clause*).—Salvation of God from first to last. See the exposition.

Last clause.—They were blessed *in* Christ, *through* Christ, and shall be blessed *with* Christ. The blessing rests upon their persons, comforts, trials, labours, families, &c. It flows from grace, is enjoyed by faith, and is insured by oath, &c.—*Smith's Portions.*

Christian Chymistry.

XXII.

MARCELLUS, the Roman general, having been forced to retire from the field of battle by Hannibal, summoned his troops together, and told them with indignation, "That he saw the arms and bodies of Romans before him, but not one Roman." In how many Churches may we see the bodies of many who profess to be Christians, but scarcely one Christian; for the most of them lack the zeal and love which belong to true believers in Jesus.

XXIII.

WHEN the lofty spire of Old St. Paul's was destroyed by lightning, there were many superstitious persons who were amazed beyond measure at the calamity, for in the cross there had long been deposited relics of certain saints, which were counted fully sufficient to avert all danger of tempests. With what amazement will ignorant, self-righteous sinners see their own destruction come upon them, notwithstanding all the refuges of lies in which they trusted!

XXIV.

WHEN one was asked whether he did not admire the admirable structure of some stately building; "*No,*" said he, "*for I have been at Rome where better are to be seen every day.*" O believer, if the world tempt thee with its rare sights and curious prospects, thou mayest well scorn them, having been in heaven, and being able by faith to see infinitely better delights every hour of the day. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith."

XXV.

CATO, the censor, as often as he spoke in the Roman senate upon any point whatever, always concluded with these words:—"And my opinion is that Carthage should be destroyed." So great was his hatred of Carthage and his zeal for her destruction, that nothing could make him forget to urge her ruin. Should not every faithful soul have the interests of Christ so near his heart, that whatever may be his business, he may always have an eye to his Lord, and the glorifying of his cross? O my soul! be this thy daily, hourly cry, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

XXVI.

ALEXANDER told his soldiers, "I wake that ye may sleep." He who preserveth Israel doth never slumber nor sleep. He careth for us that we may be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication make known our wants unto him.

XXVII.

A YOUNG man named Jones, the son of a Welsh knight, came to Bishop Farrar a few days before he suffered, and lamented the painfulness of the death prepared for him. The bishop in faith, relying upon the extraordinary support vouchsafed to those who were thus publicly called to seal their testimony with their blood, told the youth to mark him while suffering that painful death, and if he saw him once stir, then to give no credit to the doctrines he had preached. Fox adds, "And as he said so he right well performed the same; for so patiently he stood, that he never moved, but even as he stood holding up his stumps, so still he continued till one Richard Gravell, with a staff dashed him upon the head and struck him down." How well would it be for the Church of God at large, if the older brethren would instruct the younger by setting them an example of holy patience and believing confidence. What murmuring words and hard speeches would be suppressed altogether if we considered the effect they must have upon the weaklings of the flock! Lord, let me not wince lest others weep, let me not flinch lest others run away.

XXVIII.

A CERTAIN man who pretended that he was born blind, and that he had been cured of that defect by visiting the shrine of Saint Alban, was brought before Humphrey, called the Good Duke of Gloucester, who was at that place the very day of the cure. Seeming to desire satisfaction regarding the completeness of the cure, the Duke asked the man what was the colour of his gown. He answered, "Purple," and in that rightly, and just as correctly he named the colour of any other thing of which he was asked. By this he discovered his own hypocrisy, for, said the Duke, "If the saint hath given you your sight, he hath not withal given you the knowledge of colours, which is not attained but by experience." Lord, thou hast wrought a cure upon the eyes of my mind by enlightening them with thy truth, but let me not render thy cure suspected, by undertaking to discern those mysteries which are only to be known by long experience, or learned in heaven.

XXIX.

SIR EDWIN SANDYS asserted, that he had known devout Papists who dared to perjure themselves in judgment, presuming upon the present and easy remedy of confession. Lord, thou hast in thy Word revealed repentance and faith in the blood of thy Son, as the means of blotting out the sins of my soul, and how apt is my heart to take liberty to sin with purpose of applying this remedy against the evil consequences of it! Lord, let me not so trample under my feet the blood of thy covenant as an unholy thing, but keep me that such presumption may not prevail over me!

XXX.

PEDLEY, who was a well-known natural simpleton, was wont to say continually, "God help the fool." None are more ready to pity the folly of others than those who have but a small measure of wit themselves. "There is no love among Christians," cries the man who is destitute of true charity. "Zeal has vanished," exclaims the idle talker. "O, for more consistency," groans out the hypocrite. "We want more vital godliness," protests the false pretender. As in the old legend, the wolf preached against sheep-stealing, so very many hunt down those sins in others which they badly shelter in themselves.

XXXI.

ONE Palmer, of Reading, being condemned to die, in Queen Mary's time, was much persuaded to recant, and among other things a friend said to him, "Take pity on thy golden years and pleasant flowers of youth, before it be too late." His reply was as beautiful as it was conclusive,—"Sir, I long for those springing flowers which shall never fade away." When he was in the midst of the flames he exhorted his companions to constancy, saying, "We shall not end our lives in the fire, but make a change for a better life; yea, for coals we shall receive pearls." Thus do we clearly see that, although "if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable," yet the prospect of a better and enduring substance enables us to meet all the trials and temptations of this present life with holy boldness and joy.

XXXII.

THE old proverb hath it, "Here's talk of the Turk and the Pope, but 'tis my next neighbour does me the most harm." It is neither Popery nor infidelity that we have one half so much cause to dread as our own besetting sins. We want more Protestants against sin, more Dissenters from carnal maxims, and more Nonconformists to the world. Our own besetting sins require far more of our watchfulness than state blunders or ecclesiastical abuses.

(*To be continued.*)



MANY a man may see his portrait here! The spendthrift hacks away his estate and falls into destitution and disgrace. The drunkard cuts at his health and strength, his family comfort and household peace, and when he has finished his mad work, he drops into ruin, through his own folly. The man of low, debauched habits, is chopping, with fearful effect, at his own body and soul, and will, ere long, rue the lusts which hurl him into disease, agony, and death. There are other fools beside the man in the woodcut, who are lopping off the branch which holds them up. It is base ingratitude when men are malicious and cruel to those who are their best friends. Wives and parents often have to feel sharp cuts from those whom they lovingly support and are anxious to preserve from ruin. Shame that it should be so!

Self-righteous reader, you are ready to join with us in any censure which we may pass upon the madness of the sins we have just hinted at; but permit us to ask you, whether you yourself are not photographed in our picture? You are resting upon the bough of good works, and yet, every day, your faults, imperfections, and sins are rendering it less and less able to bear your weight. It never was a firm support, and if you know yourself, and are candid enough to confess your shortcomings, you will at once perceive that it has become, in the judgment of conscience, a very frail dependence, quite unworthy of your confidence. Had you never sinned, and, consequently, never made one gash in the bough, we might tolerate your trusting to it; but since you have cut at it again and again, and it is ready even now to snap beneath you, we pray you leave it for a surer resting-place. All reliance on self in any form or shape is gross folly. Feelings, works, prayers, almsgivings, religious observances, are all too feeble to support a sinful soul. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid—Jesus Christ the righteous." "Whosoever believeth in him is not condemned." "He is able also to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Trust Jesus and he will never fail you.

5.—Sword and Trowel Tracts—6d per 100. Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.



ROWLAND HILL illustrated the folly of sinners by the story of a butcher who was followed by the swine right into the slaughter-house. As pigs are not usually in the mind to go where they are wanted, it seemed a mystery how these animals were so eager to follow their executioner; but when it was seen that *he* wisely carried a bag of pease and beans with which he enticed the creatures onward, the riddle was solved at once. Unsuspicious of impending death the hogs cared only for the passing gratification of their appetites, and hastened to the slaughter —and in the same manner ungodly men follow the great enemy of souls down through the jaws of hell, merely because their depraved passions are pleased with the lusts of the flesh and the pleasures of sin which the devil gives them by handfuls on the road. Alas, that there should be such likeness between men and swine!

The joys of sin are so short and so unsatisfactory, that they can never be thought of for a moment as a fitting inducement for a rational being to lose his immortal soul. Will a few hours' foolery, gambling, drinking, or wantoning, compensate for eternal fire? Is the momentary indulgence of a base passion worth the endurance of flames which never can be quenched? To moan in vain for a drop of water! to be tormented by the never dying worm! to be shut out from hope for ever! to be eternally cursed of God! Is any sin worth all this? Can any gain make up for this? O ye who delight in the poisonous sweets of sin, remember that though pleasant in the mouth for the moment, sin will be as wormwood and gall in your bowels for ever. Why will ye swallow the bait when you know that the hook is there? Why will ye be lured by the Satanic fowler? Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird; but you are more foolish than the birds and fly into the snare when you know it to be there. O that ye were wise, and would consider your latter end. Let that one word *Eternity* ring in your ears and drive out the giddy laughter of worldlings who prefer the present joys of sense. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life by Jesus Christ." Jesus receiveth sinners. Go to him and he will in no wise cast you out.

6.—Sword and Trowel Tracts.—6d. per 100. Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Spurgeon and the Church of England in 1861.

SEVERAL of the writers who have endeavoured to reply to our strictures upon the enormities of the Church of England, have, in tones of mimic sorrow worthy of the first tragedians, lamented our sad fall from our former liberal and catholic spirit. If their griefs were not something worse than hypocritical, we would let them open the safety-valves of their hearts, and weep over us till their paroxysm of brotherly lamentation had subsided: but they know right well, and the world knows too, that love for themselves and chagrin at the exposure of their falsehoods have far more to do with their pretended regrets than any love for us. We know the difference between real tears of sorrow and the drops which glisten in the eyes of crocodiles. Nothing would give the most of our opponents greater joy than to hear that we had been left of God to disgrace our profession: whenever they can find some little blunder they magnify it and report it far and wide; and falsehoods they manufacture against us by the gross; and yet all the while they wet their cheeks with artificial tears and drivel out regrets as if we were the dearest darling of their love. For their sakes, that they may have a good excuse for changing their tune, and attacking us from another quarter, we reproduce certain of our utterances in the "Baptist Magazine" for the year 1861, which may possibly convince them that their tears will be better spent upon themselves than upon us; for we are not so changeable and fickle as they dream.

We commend our words of four years ago to certain honourable men among our opponents who have through ignorance brought the same accusation against us, and we hope that they will not again call us a "masked battery." If we *had* changed, we do not see that it would be to our disgrace to have grown wiser or bolder. A man may do at one period of his life what he did not feel called upon to do at another, and yet he may not be guilty of vacillation. There is a time for gathering stones and a time for casting them abroad, a time for war and a time for peace. We preach the gospel as much and as earnestly as ever, and if we give more frequent warnings against the equivocations of religious teachers, it is only because we feel more deeply than ever the need of truth *in* the life, as well as *on* the lip, of the minister.

It has been affirmed, without the slightest foundation, that Churchmen assisted very materially in building the Tabernacle, and that we have in a manner broken faith with them. Church people may have given as others did to our public collections, but these must have been few and far between; and, although one or two conforming friends subscribed distinct sums, the amount was inconsiderable, and was given unconditionally and without pressure. Certain laymen who attend episcopalian places of worship have been, and are still, our warm friends, and rejoice greatly that we have stirred the waters of Baptismal Regeneration; but we never made, nor were expected to make, any compact with them as to what we should preach or not preach. No sane person ever subscribed a farthing to our cause under the idea that we were to be bought or bribed. We never asked help on such a condition, and should have scorned to take it. This is only one among many calumnies, and we rejoice that we can so easily refute it. Had any Christians, belonging to any community, offered us assistance in our work, we should gladly have received it, and should never have dreamed that they meant thereby to fetter our future course, or to taunt us with accepting their proferred kindness. To all who helped us we are deeply grateful, whether Dissenters, or Church people; but our gratitude to men shall not make us unfaithful to God. We have laboured for chapels, schools, societies, and charities belonging to all denominations, and still delight to do so, as we have it in our power; it was therefore no humiliation to us to accept any man's help; but, since the little received from Anglicans is making so loud a cry, it is a matter of congratulation to us that there is quite as little wool as in the case recorded in the fable. May the Lord whom we

serve convince all true believers connected with the State Church of their inconsistency in remaining in it. May the godly clergy receive the gift of an awakened conscience, and then they will not be wrathful with those who rebuke them for their great sins, in remaining in the fellowship of a semi-popish Church, but will join with us in seeking to obey the commands of Jesus, as he has himself delivered them.

The passages quoted are from our article on the "Nonconformists' Burial Bill," June, 1861. They show clearly that we have long felt what we have of late expressed, and that our heaviness of soul, when at last we were constrained to speak out, was no result of hasty passion or caprice. Our love to the good men in the Church is not less now than it was then, but we cannot longer spare them, for their equivocation, not to say falsehood, is ruining souls, and turning this nation to Popery and infidelity.

"The political leaders of the Established Church have evidently lost their reason. Proven by the public census to be but a minority of the nation, the Episcopalian sect can only retain its favoured position by the affection or the forbearance of the majority. *Affection* has become almost impossible. The notorious heresies within her bosom are going very far towards the ejection of the Episcopalian body from the list of Churches of Christ; and were it not for the noble few who maintain inviolate the holy faith of the Reformers, this fearful consummation would long ago have been reached. Towards the Evangelicals of the Establishment we cherish the most loving feelings; we blush for their inconsistency in remaining in communion with Papists and Infidels (these are plain names for Puseyites and Essayists), but we heartily rejoice in their vigorous protests and earnest testimonies against the errors of their denomination. In our very hearts we feel the sincerest affection for our brethren in Christ, who are the salt of Episcopacy and the lights of their dark Church. It is for their sake that many of us have handled too gently a sinful and corrupt corporation. We have feared to offend against the congregation of God's people, and therefore we have kept back our hand from the axe, which we fear it was our duty to have laid to the root of the tree. The earnest ministry and eminent piety of many of our Episcopalian brethren have been a wall of fire around their camp; and many a Dissenting Christian has concealed his detestation of abuses lest he should provoke his brother to anger, or grieve one of the Lord's anointed. Let not the wantonly perverse and cruel Church-fanatic long expect to find water in this well; the day is near when our affection for the good shall prove itself, *not by a womanly sparing of the evil, but by a manly declaration of war against error, its adherents, and all who give it fellowship.*

"As to *forbearance*, this, from the force of Christian charity, will endure many and serious trials; while the natural conservatism of the English people will aid their patience, until long-suffering expires under repeated injuries. This is not the age in which godly men fight for the wording of a sentence, or dispute concerning mere forms of ecclesiastical government. We are disposed to be lenient to all; and the *prestige* of the dominant church ensures especial immunity for its mistakes. Among those who mourn over the solemn iniquities of the Establishment, there are a large number who would not see her despoiled. "She is our sister," say they, "let us not see her shame; we, too, have our own failings, let us not be too severe." The day of judgment shall declare how often the Dissenters of England have silently endured supercilious behaviour in a clergyman when we would have resented it in another; how frequently we have winked at priestly assumption and sacerdotal impudence, because we would not seem to be uncharitable; and how constantly we have borne, in humble patience, the oppression of parish popes and priest-loving squires, rather than disturb the quiet of Christian spirits.

"What other Protestant Church has been so lordly among the poor, so exclusive in her educational charities, so systematic in her denial of all

ministry beside her own, so stubborn in the fast closing of her pulpits to all other believers? It is a miracle, indeed, that the grace of God has enabled her sister Churches to acknowledge her as one of the family, despite her domineering character. This high and haughty carriage is not to be excused, and it is not blindness to the sin, but love to the cause of Christ, which has constrained other Protestants to tolerate the impertinent wickedness.

"To Churchmen who are not so obtusely exclusive as to have become irrationally bigoted, we would say in honest remonstrance, What *right* has your sect to be patronised by the State in preference to all others? Do you not perceive that the power which has made you the State-Church can unmake you, and withdraw its golden sanctions? Your Church was originally fashioned by despotic will, and elected to supremacy by an arbitrary power; but there are no despots now to whom you can look, no irresponsible conclaves on whom you can rely. The people of England are free to cast you off to-morrow if they see fit. Shake off the delusion that you are never to be moved. Monarchical institutions are endeared to Englishmen by the wise concessions which the throne has so cheerfully made; do you not perceive that *your* strength also must be sought, not in a haughty rejection of all our demands, but in generous conciliations which shall ensure our esteem? When the throne presumed upon a fancied right divine, it reeled beneath the weight of its own folly, but since it has conceded the claims of justice, it has become firm as the ancient mountains, and like some mighty vessel it rides the waves in peace, having grappled for its anchorage the heart-love of every Brition. Will you follow another course, because you imagine you are strong enough to play the despot? In the name of reason and religion, be not so foolish. For your own sakes be wise in time, and bethink you of the maxim of him whom you profess to serve, and do unto others as ye would that they should do to you. Treat your brethren as you would wish them to deal with you, if they were supreme in the State, and you were unfavoured and unendowed. Remember that *your position* requires the free Churches to exercise great forbearance towards you; do not increase the tax upon their patience by supercilious behaviour. They consider that your alliance with the State is a spiritual fornication, wholly unworthy of the honourable virgins who wait in the Lord's palace. They lament your unchastity to the only Head of the Church, but they would not cast you out of the family; they weep over your sin, and hope that you may yet repent and forsake it. It ill becomes you to boast over your poorer sisters because you are richly adorned with the jewels and rings which your earthly alliance has procured you, ornaments, let us remind you, which your sisters would scorn to wear, if offered them to-morrow, for they regard them as loathsome badges of degradation, and shameful tokens of apostacy from the simplicity of Christ. Do not let that unhallowed union, which is both your weakness and your shame, excite you to a proud and boastful spirit. Walk humbly with your God, and kindly towards your neighbour. Or, mark the word (for it is a true and kind heart which writes it, not in bitterness and wrath, but in full and fervent charity), if you will, as a Church, lord it over us, and make our yoke heavy, your end is near to come, and your judgment will not tarry. Justice may in her magnanimity endure much insult, but repeated wrongs shall awake the lion spirit, and woe unto the oppressor in that day. We have been silent, and are willing to be silent still, but do not provoke the whole body of Dissenters to rise upon you; do not compel the spiritual Nonconformist to become political; do not extort our cries; do not wring lamentation from our patient hearts, or you shall know that we can cry aloud, and spare not. You shall rue the day in which oppression unloosed our tongues. We will expose your abuses to the very children in the street; we will teach the peasant at the plough to loathe the inconsistencies of your prayer-book, and the pauper on the road shall know the history of your ferocious persecutions in days of yore. We will collect statistics of your ministers, and let our citizens know how many or how few are Evangelicals; we will demand scriptural

proof for Confirmation and for Priestly Absolution; and we will never again permit the nation to subside into the apathy so favourable to proud pretensions. We court not the struggle, but we are ready for it if you are ambitious for the combat. We know your unhealed and unmollified wounds, and our blows will tell upon your putrefying sores. Our armoury is filled with arrows feathered with your follies and barbed with your backslidings. Provoke not the fray. Let other counsels sway you; be content sorrowfully to reform within your own borders, and cheerfully to make concessions wherever a Christian spirit would suggest them; so shall a true evangelical alliance cover the land, and, unmolested, your Church may increase in influence, and advance in purity, to the heart's joy of those who are now compelled by stern duty solemnly to upbraid you."

Who are the Priests?

BY LEONARD STRONG.

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." Rev. i. 5, 6.

THUS doth the apostle John preface the word of exhortation, warning, and prophecy, which his and our Lord commissioned him to write to us his fellow-servants, gathered to the name of Jesus out of this evil world, though for the present sojourning in it; and represented by the seven assemblies in the seven cities of Asia Minor as addressed by him in the Book of the Revelation of Jesus Christ. The grand subject of this Book being, according to its title, the future and approaching revelation of Jesus Christ from heaven with the angels of his power to assume the everlasting dominion assigned to him in heaven and earth; John might well open it with this ascription of glory and dominion to him, who having loved us, hath not only washed us from our sins in his own blood, but associated us with himself in that royal priesthood wherewith God the Father had anointed him, "Not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life;" for he testifieth, "Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec."

I would, therefore, that we note well—First, How the apostle associates *us all* whom he addresses *with himself* in the blessings that he so thankfully and adoringly declares we have received at the heart and hands of our dear Lord Jesus Christ; secondly, What is the peculiar standing, and what the blessing into which his love and justifying blood have so wonderfully brought us with present privileges and services?

First then:—Nothing can be clearer than this: that the ministration of the gospel or glad tidings of Christ was the ministration of Christ himself as the gift of God to man for righteousness and spiritual life; and that the apostles first received him for themselves, and then called their fellow-sinners to partake *with them* of the same perfect salvation.

They were themselves first reconciled to God, and then had committed to them the ministration of the same reconciliation to others.

All the apostles agree in this declaration, that we are called into the fellowship or partnership of Christ, and heirs together of the coming glory. Peter writes to *those*, who had *like* precious faith with himself and others in the righteousness of our God and Saviour. Jude speaks of the common salvation, and of the faith once delivered to the saints; exhorting *us* in the days of apostacy to build up *ourselves* in our most holy faith, keeping ourselves in the love of God. John writes, that seeing they, the apostles, had beheld with their eyes and handled with their hands, the Word of Life, who,—that is the eternal life,—was with the Father in the beginning but now became manifested to them; they declared him to us, in order that *we also* might have fellowship *with them*, and truly their fellowship was with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ; and these things, he adds, write we unto you, that your joy may be full.

None of them arrogate to themselves

any superior place or privilege. They invited, in the name of Christ, all poor sinners of the Jews, or Gentiles, to receive the blessings freely; to come and stand with them on the same foundation, receive the same anointings, walk in the same light, and enjoy the same hope with themselves. There is but one common salvation for all. The one blood of Christ cleanses from all sin. The one Christ, the Son of God, risen from the dead, justified all who believe. The one spirit of Christ quickened all together with him.

The apostles were most faithful to their trust in this matter. They showed how, through the cross of Christ, they were able to reckon themselves dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God in Christ; though their peculiar temperament *had been* ambitious, and the question might sometimes be raised among them, "which of them should be greatest?" Yet, they carried out in their Christian life the warnings of their Lord against the leaven of the Scribes and Pharisees, and obeyed the command, "Be not ye called Rabbi, for One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are Brethren;" and "let him who would be greatest, be the servant of all."

While faithfully carrying out their service to Christ and their fellow saints, they made themselves *servants* of all: "Not as Lords over God's heritage, but as examples to the flock:" "Not as having dominion over the faith of others, but as helpers of their joy." They were members in the body for the general good of their fellow-members; all *equally* precious to Christ the Head.

They never arrogated to themselves any peculiar privileges, such as baptizing, or consecrating bread and wine, or as if their presence was necessary to the worship of assembled brethren and the administration of ordinances. Neither did they arrogate to themselves the distribution of spiritual gifts; for, though they appointed some to minister in the churches, they taught the brethren not to wait upon man for their powers of service, seeing that the Holy Ghost distributed such severally as he willed. They generally contented themselves with stating to the saints the gifts and the moral character that must be manifested in those whom they recognised as overseers or teachers of others. Peter writes, "as every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God. If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, as of the ability which God giveth: that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ." The Apostle Paul exhorts all as his brethren in the Lord, to present their bodies as living sacrifices; and shows that while all were one body, each had his several qualifications for service to God, to one another, and to the world without.

As, therefore, there was no difference in our state as sinners, so now there is no difference in our calling and standing in Christ; for "*as many* as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name!" Yes! We are all one in Christ Jesus.

Let us now, secondly, consider what is that calling, that standing we have all received who are in Christ?

We are *all* sons of God as raised from the dead in him, the first begotten of the dead, the first-born among his many brethren. We are all of one life. His Father is our Father, and as such he calls us brethren. We are of the assembly of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven. We are the first fruits unto God and to the Lamb. In this we answer to the Priests and Levites, whom God chose in the place of his first-born from among the children of Israel. We are separated by the blood of Christ as his purchased ones, of whom he says, "they are mine." We are the house of God in which he dwells by his Spirit, and where the Lord Jesus is as a Son over his own house. We are also Priests to minister in his holy things, and offer up spiritual sacrifices. We *all* have access into the holiest, as being one with Christ. Justified by his blood, we have access by one Spirit unto the Father. Yea, *our place* is in the Sanctuary, *the holy of holies!* There "our life is hid with Christ in God." We "go in and out, and find pasture." Yes! into this place of blessing, as sons of God, and priests in the true sanctuary, we are now brought, and there kept, until the Lord comes again.

Who, then, are the worshippers in

spirit and truth, whom the Father thus honours during the present dispensation? Those who, by union with Christ, are made sons, whom he brings to his glory. They are the royal priesthood, who will draw nigh to God in the sanctuary above. There is the mercy seat sprinkled with the blood of Christ. *There* is *our* worship-place. *There* we shall offer up our spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. Having the privilege of entrance by the blood of Jesus, we draw near as true accepted worshippers in the holiest of all.

There, in union with Christ, we shall minister in holy things before God, whether it be at the golden altar of incense, or at the golden table of the shew bread, or before the seven-lamped golden candlestick.

This, dear brethren, is our proper place and service in the sanctuary above as worshippers in our priestly service. What, then, are we down here, in our priestly and Levite service, as God's first born in the world? Surely it is our blessed service, to bear the holy things, and the sanctuary itself, in our persons, through the wilderness to its resting place; to bear before men the *sanctuary*, which is Christ, the holy one of God; to bear him in all his personal excellency, his perfect work and character, both as he once suffered here, and as he is now glorified above in the presence of God for us, where he has entered with his own blood, having obtained for us eternal redemption.

Yes! this is our most blessed service before the world. As Kohathites, to bear *in our persons* the ark with the holy furniture of the sanctuary, also the brazen altar with its implements, emblem of our Lord's cross and humiliation, and obedience unto death. As Gershonites to bear *in our persons* his holy, heavenly character, represented by the curtains and hangings of the court and sanctuary. As Merarites, to carry *in our persons* the *sanctuary itself*, or God-tabernacling in flesh. This is the mystery which hath been hidden before in symbols and shadows, but the substance of which God has now made known by his apostles, namely, "Christ in you the hope of glory!"

This is the dispensation of God given to the apostle to make known unto us; and as long as the Lord is hidden from the world, it is given to us, who are his brethren by manifestation of the truth as it is in Jesus, to commend ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

Thus, while as sons and priests of God, we shall dwell in Christ by faith as ministers in the sanctuary above; we also as priests bear Christ our Lord on the shoulders of our faith through this wilderness below. Is not this our calling in Christ Jesus? Moreover, dear brethren, if, as Christ-bearing priests, we come to the brink of Jordan, we may cry with the Psalmist, "What aileth thee, thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?" for, the moment our priestly feet are dipped in the brink of the waters, they are staid from their flowing, and we stand as Christ-bearers on firm, dry ground, in the midst of death, or the floods of divine judgment upon others. "Surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him."

But there is another important office for us as priests of God, connected also with our hope of glory.

Babylon must fall, the cities of the Gentiles also, in God's own time. The walls of Jericho fell down after they had been compassed about seven days. Compassed about by whom? By *the priests* bearing the *ark of God* and blowing with the jubilee trumpets;—the trumpets of Jubilee, heralding the coming day, when the sons and heirs of God must possess their inheritance, and Satan's dominion shall cease. Thus, in patient obedience, as the bearers of Christ, with the gospel trumpet at our mouths, we are unceasingly to sound forth the truth that, "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God and his Christ."

Babylon is doomed. Come out of her my people! Let the Rahabs hear the sound, and shelter themselves in the grace of Christ. Then, when the last trump has sounded, and the shout of Christ and the archangel's voice have been heard, they shall "receive not of her plagues." Who then are the kings and priests unto God the Father? Even they whom Jesus loveth, and hath washed from their sins in his own blood.

If this be the apostles' doctrine, this their fellowship, this our calling in Christ Jesus, Why have we not continued in it?

If we had, would there have been occasion for all this strife and contention, whether a man is born again through faith in Christ, or by the sprinkling of water?

If the Church had been true to its heavenly calling, its heavenly priesthood, should we witness any perplexity of choice between the crown and its councillors, or the bishop whom that crown creates? Should we have contentions for the right of buying and selling pastorships and cures of souls? Could it be possible for any holding the Head, from whom alone the whole body of believers are nourished and built up in truth and love, to receive appointments as members of Christ's body, from the princes of this age, who crucified the Lord of glory, and whose wisdom must come to nought? Could we, as crucified with Christ to this world, consent to receive dignities and honours as Christian ministers, from the princes of that world, whose very knell our priestly trumpets should sound! It must be with us—God or Cæsar; Christ or the world! The two can never be amalgamated any more than iron and clay.

O what a flood of evil has long since come by departing from the divine simplicity of the apostles' doctrine! It is the flood cast out of the mouth of the dragon. "An enemy hath done this." Oh! what evils have come from reviving an earthly priesthood in the flesh, partly Jewish and partly Pagan. Men setting up temples on earth, sanctuaries on earth of human structure and device, in order to blind the eyes of others and their own, and shut them out from the sanctuary above, which Jesus shed his blood to open for them! "We have an altar in heaven whereof they have no right to eat, which serve" an earthly "tabernacle."

True Christianity is a heavenly, not an earthly calling. It is a heavenly priesthood composed of sons of God, begotten by God the Father, through the resurrection of Christ from the dead. "Therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not." While sojourning on earth as Christ-bearing witnesses in the world, we, in obedience to our Lord, *submit ourselves* "to the powers that be" in their proper places, giving honour to whom it is due, &c., but *as God's sons* and *priests*, we can never be lorded over by any earthly potentate, whether Pope or Cæsar. We cannot put ourselves under any hierarchy on earth, and be at the same time faithful to our own great Priest in heaven.

O, my brethren in Christ, why are we so tossed to and fro by the sleight of men, beguiled on the one hand by philosophy and vain deceit, and on the other by carnal ordinances and rudiments of the world? If we were all holding the Head, we should all be nourished and *knit together in love*, and increase with the increase of God. The testimony lately given to the destructive evil of the sad abuse of gospel ordinances, would not have aroused such indignation in the hearts of God's children, *if* they had been walking in the simplicity of Christ.

By the grace of God we should have submitted to the correction, saying, though the words seem harsh, are they not true? Oh, Christian brethren! Let us go out from the tents of the sensual religionists, who have not the Spirit of Christ. "We are the circumcision which worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." We have an unction from the Holy One, and by the anointing of the Spirit of Truth we know all things. The intrusion of fleshly wisdom defileth the temple of God. Let that, therefore, remain in us which we have heard from the beginning, and then *we also* shall remain in the Son, and in the Father, and in *the apostles' doctrine and fellowship!*

Yes, beloved, we are now the Sons of God. We are the royal priesthood, and if any should enquire, "Who are the priests?" we reply, None but those, who like our great priest, are called of God after the order of Melchisedec, in whom we claim also to be sons of God, priests of God, and unite our hearts and voices with the beloved apostle in singing, "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Receive this word, beloved brethren, for the truth's sake, which dwelleth in us, and shall be with us for ever.

The Design for which the Moral Law was given from Mount Sinai.

MORAL law is necessary to moral government; without it, a moral world would be a scene of anarchy and confusion. Moral law is also necessary to the responsibility of moral beings; otherwise they would become a law unto themselves. But it is not essential, in order to secure moral government or moral responsibility, that such a law should be in writing. We have no doubt of the moral government and moral responsibility of angels, yet we have no reason to think that they have any written code of laws; and the moral government, and corresponding moral responsibility of Adam in his original state, will, we presume, be at once admitted, without supposing for a moment that the command to abstain from eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge was given to him in writing. In both these instances, the laws were in the moral beings themselves; and therefore were not needed outwardly in the letter.

The peculiarity of the law, as given from Sinai, was that it was *written*. It was not, as we have seen, the first revelation of moral law from God to man, though it was the first *written* revelation of such law. We have not to discuss the design of moral law, abstractedly considered, but the design for which this written law was given from Sinai. We shall show first why it was not given.

I. *It was not given that man might keep it.* In itself it was doubtless adapted to secure life to those who should perfectly obey it. Yet it was not given from Sinai with that view. As given to Adam in his unfallen state, the very fact of its being given implied that he had the power to keep it. God could not, as a moral governor, give to him a law which he had not constituted him able to obey. But no such power is to be inferred from the giving of the law from Sinai. Man had, by his own sin, lost the power to obey. He was now a fallen being; but his fall had not lessened God's right to demand his obedience, nor in any way relaxed God's requirements; so that no law which God might give after the fall could be less rigorous than that which he had originally given. He could not give other than a perfect law. He could not, it is true, require more of man than he had originally given him power to perform. Nor did he. There is nothing in the law, as given from Sinai, which Adam, when in Paradise, had not the power to fulfil. It was not a new law. The ten commandments were but a development of the law which was given to Adam in his original state. The mere fact, therefore, of the giving of the law, must not be quoted as any evidence that man has the power to obey it. This principle holds true of every command which God has given to man since the fall. It has often been urged by those who hold the doctrine of moral ability, that if God gives a command, it implies that man has the power to obey; and that since all men are commanded to repent and believe the gospel, it follows that they have the power to do so. We demur to this reasoning. The principle we have proved above, viz., that man's fall has not relaxed God's requirements, strikes at the root of such a theory.

The law from Sinai was given in such a form as proves that man had not the power to keep it. The very fact that it was written, is an evidence that it was given to fallen beings. Had man remained unfallen, there had been no need of the written law, since it was written in his heart. It was because it was effaced from the fleshy tablets of the heart, that it became necessary to write it upon tablets of stone. If, then, it was given to beings who had not the power to obey it, it could not have been with the design that they should obey it. If man had failed to keep it as a perfect being, much more would he fail to do so as a fallen being.

II. *The Law was not given to prove the fact of man's guilt* It was not necessary for this purpose. Men's own consciences would have condemned them,

without the written law. The Apostle Paul argues this in Romans v. 13, 14, "Until the law, sin was in the world; but sin is not imputed when there is no law. Nevertheless, death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, who is the figure of him that was to come."

The fact that a period of two thousand five hundred years elapsed between the revelation of the law to Adam, and the giving of the written law from Sinai, and that, during that time, men died who had not sinned as Adam had done with the revealed law of God before them, proves that they were treated as guilty; and the fact that they were treated as guilty, proves that there was a sufficient law to bring them in guilty, since sin is not imputed when there is no law. The same apostle argues the guilt of those who have never heard the law, on similar grounds in Romans ii. 12—"As many as have sinned without Law, shall also perish without law; and as many as have sinned in the law shall be judged by the law." The law of conscience, the remnant of the unwritten Law in the heart, is sufficient to prove men guilty, so that the written Law was not needed to vindicate the justice of God in their condemnation. And not being needed for this purpose, we cannot conceive of its being given to the guilty, apart from some gracious end. To give the law to those who are already condemned, is only an aggravation of their condemnation. The effect of the Law on the heart of an unregenerate man, is not to restrain him from sin, but the contrary. Opposed as it is to all his evil propensities, it only excites them to greater activity. "When we were in the flesh," says Paul (Rom. vii. 5), "the motions of sins which were by the law, did work in our members to bring forth fruit unto death." This is not the fault of the Law, which is holy, just, and good, but the fault of man's corrupt nature.

Yet, apart from some gracious design, we cannot conceive that the law would have been revealed to the guilty, since it works only their greater sin, and thus their greater condemnation.

The law was given for gracious, not for judicial, purposes. It was not as an experiment, in order that its efficacy as a method of justification might be tested: this had already been done in the person of Adam in Eden, and it had been found to fail. *It was part of God's whole plan of redemption, and was made known for the sake of the gospel which was afterwards to be revealed.* That gospel had been promised to Adam immediately after the fall, it had been confirmed by a further promise to Abraham and to his seed; and the Law, which was subsequently revealed, was subject to those promises which it could not disannul. "Wherefore, then, serveth the law? It was added, because of transgressions, till the seed should come to whom the promise was made; and it was ordained by angels in the hand of a mediator." (Gal. iii. 19). The law, then, was revealed for the sake of the gospel, and not the gospel for the sake of the law.

I. It was given, *To convince man of the nature and extent of his sin.* Without it, man could never have known the full extent of his guilt, until its consequences had overtaken him. Without it, there had been no standard whereby he could possibly judge of the morality of his actions. Every man would make a standard for himself—such a standard, too, as would lead him to be satisfied with his own deeds, however greatly he might, by that standard, condemn the deeds of others. The sins which he did not commit might be accounted criminal, but those in which he himself indulged would be passed over as harmless.

It is only when actions are weighed in the balances of the law, that their true weight can be ascertained. Paul, speaking of himself, says, "I was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." "I had not known sin, but by the law; for I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet."

Every unawakened sinner is self-confident and secure, until struck down by the hand of the law. It is by the commandment that sin is shown to be exceeding sinful. Like a letter written with sympathetic ink, which remains invisible till heat is brought to bear upon it, when it may easily be read; so is the heart of man full of sin: yet till

the law is brought to bear upon him, he sees not the extent of his guilt, nor of the condemnation which that guilt has involved.

II. *The Law was given in order to show man how he must be justified.* There were two ways in which man might have been justified in the sight of God; the one by the works of the law, the other by the righteousness of faith. Every man by nature seeks to be justified by the works of the law. In propounding to him a scheme of grace, it was therefore necessary to show him the impossibility of his being saved in any other way. For this purpose, the law was given from Sinai. Ye that desire to be under the Law, do ye not hear the law? Ye that seek to be justified by works come to Moses, and he will show you what is required of you! Perfect obedience to every precept, in its broadest and most spiritual meaning, and that continually, the law demands of you! It makes no promises, except to the man that doeth these things; he shall live in them; but he who fails in the least particular, the law pronounces cursed, without any liberty to repent, or any possibility of forgiveness. It is thus, by revealing the law, that man is taught what is required for his justification, and the utter impossibility of his being justified by his own works. This was needed in order to make the other plan, viz., justification by faith, understood. The manifestation of the righteousness of God, without the law (that is, other than by man's personal obedience to the law), in the obedience and sufferings of Christ, would otherwise have been unintelligible. To have revealed a scheme of salvation by grace, without showing the impossibility of salvation by works; to have called upon men to trust for justifying righteousness in the obedience and sufferings of another, without showing how that obedience was due from them, and those sufferings were deserved by them, would have been altogether in vain. The gospel, as a remedy, would have appeared so greatly disproportionate to the utmost that man could have known of his disease, that he would entirely have failed to see that it was adapted to him, or intended for him. But let the law be revealed, let it be applied to the sinner's conscience, let him be made to feel the enormity of his guilt—his utter ruin, both legally and morally—he will then see in the gospel plan of justification a scheme exactly suited to his necessities, one that commends itself to his acceptance, and one worthy of his confidence.

Listening to the triumphant shout of "It is finished," from the Cross, the believer can calmly listen to the awful thunders of the law, gazing into the face of the Lord Jesus, whose visage was so marred, more than any man, as he toils up the steeps of Calvary, he can afford to look with undimmed eye, and steadfast gaze, into the face of Moses as he descends from Sinai, although his face so shines that the children of Israel cannot look upon him. Never had that voice sounded half so sweet had he not first heard those thunders—never had he seen such a glory in the face of Jesus, had he not first beheld the face of Moses. The ministration of righteousness could never have been seen to exceed in glory, had not the ministration of death been first revealed.

III. *The Law was given as a rule of life to believers.* Believers are not under the law as to their justification. The moment a sinner believes he becomes dead to the law that he may be married to Christ. Christ has sustained the relation to the law which *he* formerly did, and by virtue of union to Christ he has suffered the penalty which his sins demanded, and rendered the obedience which the law required, and is therefore free from it. Yet he is under the Law to Christ. Freed from legal, he is now bound by gospel obligations to keep the law as embodied in the life of Christ. He is no longer moved by fear but by love. The law of love is written in his heart, the substance of that law being love to God and love to his neighbour. This love, further developed, works itself out in exact harmony with the Law of the ten commandments revealed from Sinai. That law is again transferred from the tables of stone to the tablets of the heart. But since believers while yet in the flesh are not made perfect in love, the law is to them a rule of life, a guide to shew how love should be manifested. When, however,

they shall have become perfect in love, there shall be no need of the written law. As there was no necessity for it in Paradise, so there shall be no necessity for it in heaven. Meanwhile, the believer hath in the assurance that Christ has redeemed him from the curse of the law by being made a curse for him, a far more powerful motive to holy obedience than in the dread of coming wrath. With the knowledge that he is no longer under the Law but under grace, he yet delights in the law of God after the inward man, and rejoices in the assurance that sin shall not have dominion over him.

"Seeing the Law by Christ fulfilled,
Hearing his pardoning voice,
The slave is changed into a child,
And duty into choice."

JOHN CROUCH,

A Student at the Metropolitan Tabernacle College.

New Plan of Usefulness.

A FRIEND whom we very highly esteem has issued a little book called "The Pleasant Catechism concerning Christ, with Pleasant Stories, Illustrations, and Hymns;" and in the Preface, he proposes a plan of Pleasant Parties, which well deserves to be universally adopted. It would be a noble extension of the Sunday-school system, and if it were taken up with spirit and conducted properly, in dependance upon the Spirit of God, would confer unnumbered blessings upon the rising race. If it led to the regular teaching of a good sound catechism, so that in England our young people should be as well taught as the Scotch, it would be one of the surest means of driving false doctrine out of our land. We cannot estimate too highly the importance of teaching the doctrines and the words of the Bible to the young. The agents of evil are on the alert to poison the youthful mind; Romanists are labouring assiduously to gain over our children and growing lads: let Christians arouse themselves to action, and teach the young the Word of God. Here is our friend's method:—

THE "PLEASANT PARTY" PLAN.

WILLING WORKERS WANTED!

"It is proposed that 'Pleasant Parties' should be formed for teaching the 'Pleasant Catechism.' For example, a MOTHER, who teaches the 'Pleasant Catechism' to her children, may, on a week-day evening, once a-week, invite their young relatives, and their little friends and neighbours, to learn it with them; this little group will form the 'Pleasant Party.' If one or two of the hymns are sung to *pretty tunes, short* prayer offered, and the whole service concluded within an hour, it will be both 'pleasant' and profitable.

"Ladies might have 'Pleasant Parties' in their drawing rooms.

"Cottagers might have 'Pleasant Parties' in their kitchens.

"Bible-women might have 'Pleasant Parties.'

"Young men in towns might have 'Pleasant Parties' of boys, at their lodgings.

"Young Men in the country might have 'Pleasant Parties' of lads in the fields, before or after their work.

"Young women in town or country might have 'Pleasant Parties' in the houses of parents or neighbours.

"Some, who have leisure, might have two or more 'Pleasant Parties' weekly, in the houses of friends, in different localities.

"Sunday School teachers might have 'Pleasant Parties' for the young—especially for those who *do not attend any Sunday School.*

"All who see the importance of teaching the 'Pleasant Catechism' are invited to induce as many friends as they possibly can to commence 'Pleasant Parties;' or in some way to teach it.

"Those who have friends abroad might send out copies of the 'Pleasant Catechism,' and suggest the formation of 'Pleasant Parties.'

"Ministers of the Gospel, and all who love Christ, are earnestly and affectionately entreated to countenance and recommend the formation of 'Pleasant Parties.'

"Conductors of schools have excellent opportunities of teaching the 'Pleasant Parties.'

"Those who have the care of children might obtain permission from their employers to teach the 'Pleasant Catechism' to their young charges.

"Christians holding 'Pleasant Parties,' are invited to inform the author; so that their labours may be specially commended to God in prayer, at the weekly meeting held for that purpose. Direct letters, 'T. M., Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London.'

The Catechism itself is all about the Saviour, it is divided into five parts. Chapter I., is about the Person of Christ; Chapter II., the Character of Christ; Chapter III., the Work of Christ; Chapter IV., the Commands of Christ; and Chapter V., is about the People of Christ.

There are sixteen hymns in it, and a goodly number of stories, all illustrating the points in the Catechism, and all for fourpence, or three shillings per dozen. Of course a good teacher would want much more by way of illustration than this small book could give him, but for the use of the young folk themselves it is all we could wish.

Success to the Pleasant Party Plan. We recommend it heartily, and intend to say more about it next month: at present let us make one practical suggestion. A little while ago a friend desired to induce others to attend our good Mrs. Bartlett's class, she therefore had a few tickets printed, of which this is a copy,

> **Dear Friend,**
>
> **You are most affectionately invited to attend a Service held on Sunday Afternoon at a quarter to Three o'clock, in the Lecture Hall of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.**

and on the other side

> **My Dear Friend,**
>
> **IS YOUR SOUL SAVED?**
>
> **IF NOT,**
>
> **"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."**

This invitation soon filled the room. We should think that a little card, nicely got up, would be just the thing to invite young friends to the Pleasant Parties. We have persuaded our publishers to print one; there is a copy of it below. You can get the Catechisms for 4d., and the cards at 2d. per dozen, of Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster-row.



Begin at once, and may the Lord, who said, "feed my lambs," aid you in your work.

Proposed Bazaar.

IN pity for the spiritual needs of the vast city of London, it has been upon our heart to endeavour to erect four places of worship in or near the metropolis. We desire while waiting upon God by faith, at the same time to use all legitimate means. It seems to us that a bazaar, if properly conducted, is not an objectionable way of raising funds. Our friend, Mr. Müller, of Bristol, has a sort of perpetual bazaar for the sale of articles sent to him for the Orphan House; and if care be taken, there is no reason why the making and sale of goods for the Lord's cause should not be rather a help than a hindrance to spirituality. We invite the aid of all our friends everywhere to help in erecting if possible four plain substantial houses for God's worship. The season for the bazaar, as far as we can now fix it, will be early in the month of September, so as to allow time for friends to work. Goods can be sent to Pastor Spurgeon, Tabernacle, Newington, London.

A Voice from the Walls.

So Master Spurgeon, you're about to gird on
Armour, and tools;—fighting and working too!
Well, as you grasp your "Trowel," gird your "Sword" on,
Allow a hod-man to bring bricks to you.

Long time I've dwelt within this "glorious" city,
And sometimes sorrow'd at its broken walls,
Have seen some noble deeds; alas, 'tis pity,
I've seen, too, many very grievous falls!

Sometimes, I've felt *my* ladder rudely shaken,
And thought my sword was often in my way;
Yet has my Master never me forsaken,
But kept me safely even to this day.

For he, with whom I serve, doth keep me busy,
And sometimes calls me up to such a height,
Were he to lose his hold, I should grow dizzy,
And break my neck through folly, or affright.

Sometimes, untempered mortar I have carried;
My Master look'd, refused the useless stuff;
My self, and works, have both alike miscarried;
And then my empty hod was load enough.

Some precious stones I had, to him I brought them,
They were so fair, and seem'd so hard withal,
He with the hammer touch'd wherewith he wrought them,
And in a moment threw them from the wall.

At work, you may suppose, I am no beauty,
But this I've learn'd—I'm always safest there:
No earthly weapons hurt me when on duty,
Or missiles flying thickly through the air.

Why, Sir, my hod has many a blow prevented,
And saved my head when both my hands were full,
My avocation yet I've not repented.
My hod is strong, my sword is not yet dull.

The enemy without doth oft-time frighten,
With cruel deeds as well as angry words,
His engines huge, our fears do greatly heighten;
And then our *trowels* are exchanged for *swords*.

My head has oft been target for their rifles,
Their "Expositions," "Essays and Reviews,"
But I esteem them now as merest trifles,
And mind them not, fling forth whate'er they choose.

Their battering-rams have little men to wield them;
Much noise they make, but little mischief do;
Yet Feeble-faith asserts we must not slight them,
And Faintheart says—They are a desperate crew.

Old Wischead has a list of all their leaders,
Whose names are fairly written *in extenso*,
From Newman, Dr. Pusey, to the readers
Of Paine, Joe Smith, or Bishop, hight Colenso.

A howl has lately risen, Oh, most dismal!
Without, within the camp, 'tis plainly heard.
Some darts have fallen on the "Birth Baptismal,"
And so the water has again been stirr'd.

Meantime the wounded men are vainly trying
To find a cure for wounds that seem most fatal.
The doctors disagree while men are dying,
Vain is the *Oxford Salve*, or *Balm of Natal*.

Then sound th' alarm! and blow a blast, thou warder,
That shall ring out so true, so loud, so thrilling,
And reach to every soul within our border!
Our Captain's Word and purpose thus fulfilling.

Give forth a certain sound; we have it surely;
Call up the army, man the walls around!
We want our Captain's mandates, simply, purely,
All else we know will only more confound.

Then at our stations be we ever ready,
With "Sword" girt on, and "Trowel" in our hand.
Be for the fight most willing, yet be steady,
And wait the signal of our Lord's command.

And you, the leaders of the hosts most mighty,
Mark well the words our Royal Captain gives;
Let it be known through all this peopled city,
Who lose them DIE, and *he who keeps them* LIVES.

AN 'OD-MAN.

Gleanings from Nature.

A PEBBLE.

ON a bright evening toward the close of autumn, while walking along the sandy beach skirting one of the beautiful bays on the south-western side of the Isle of Wight, absorbed with the beauty of the scene, the richly-tinted browns of the cliffs relieved with patches of the purest green, the ever-heaving sea breaking in tiny ripples with a gentle murmur on the sands, while the full orb of day was gradually dropping behind the waters in the western horizon, lighting up the masses of clouds, floating lazily aloft, with gorgeous tints which defy alike the poet's pen, or artist's pencil, to render with justice; and sending long streams of ruddy glare along the surface of water; producing a picture which tropical climes may emulate but cannot surpass, while here and there a shore bird, or seagull, with its chirp or scream, enlivened the scene with its presence;—the foot struck against a pebble, and at once the mind was called off from the gentle and beauteous scene to those of the far-off past.

Archdeacon Paley commences his famous Argument on Natural Theology by observing, "In crossing a heath, suppose I pitched my foot against a stone, and were asked how the stone came to be there. I might possibly answer, that for anything I knew to the contrary, it had lain there for ever; nor would it perhaps be very easy to show the absurdity of this answer." On picking up the pebble, I could not come to the conclusion that it had lain there for ever: its form told me that it had been long subject to the action of water: it had been rolled over and over many times by the waves when they were being impelled with a far greater force than at this time. I have it now before me—it is no longer angular, with sharp edges as when it was first broken from its parent rock; the angles and edges have all been worn off by attrition with other stones under water; the fragments have doubtless gone to make up those sands of the sea-shore which are countless.

Pebbles water-worn and rounded are certainly not uncommon objects on our shores, nor in the gravels around London; but every one is vocal with records of the dim past, carrying the mind into remote regions when these pebbly gravels formed parts of continents or islands—nay, further still, to a period when the rock, of which they formed a portion, was deposited as a muddy sediment, or when the flint, of which many of them consist, existed as free silica in an unknown ocean of bygone times. Some of the rocks of our island contain great masses of pebbly conglomerate which convey a still more astounding lesson. Standing recently in a quarry, where many men were engaged in removing blocks of stone for building and other purposes, and observing that the mass consisted of pebbles of every size, from that of a hazel-nut up to a large cannon-ball, one could not help reverting in imagination to the history of these pebbles. Upon being fractured, their mineral characteristics proved they were fragments of an ancient rock which was originally soft oozy mud that had hardened, and being upheaved stood erect, receiving the dashing of the waves which, in the course of long ages, tore off large fragments; these, falling on the shore, were broken into smaller pieces; these, dashing one against another, were further broken, and rolling over and over, rubbing and grinding, were gradually brought into the well-known rounded or oval forms of pebbles and sand; again a change came, this pebbly beach of a now unknown sea went down beneath the waters, and becoming cemented together by some chemical means, and under great pressure, was formed into a rocky mass so hard that the stones will rather split than separate one from another. It then became covered by vast deposits of stony material which underwent another change; and was again upheaved far above the level of the sea; and in times long succeeding those of its formation, the hills became clothed with verdure; and now, sheep and cattle graze upon the slopes which once were a sea bottom. How wonderful are the operations of nature! or rather, how grand are the works of God!—they invite the attention and exercise the powers of the keenest in-

tellect, which, while it may be able to peep as it were into the Arcana of natural operations, has yet an ocean of truth stretching before it, and waiting for its further investigation.

As pebbles are so common, what was there in the one upon which the foot trod, in the Isle of Wight, so peculiar as not only to attract attention, but to induce the finder to put it into his pocket, and carry it to London? The reason was, that it contained a tale, and offered suggestions in regard to some of the changes which the earth's crust has undergone.

Many pebbles are of exquisite beauty, and none more so than those to be found on this island. Agates, quartz, carnelian, chalcedony, and many others, rewarding the patient search of the explorer; many of the pebbles, when split, reveal exquisitely preserved forms of sponges, corals, and other polyps, the beauty of which is only to be appreciated after the stone has been polished by the lapidary. However, the pebble that attracted our attention was none of these: it was a most ordinary-looking, dull, grey stone, with a few white markings on its surface; but, upon examination, it was found to be part of a rock, differing entirely from the cliffs under which it was found. The mineral nature of the stone, therefore, told me that it had not "lain there for ever," and that to ascertain whence it came, search must be made for rocks of a similar character to itself. There are no rocks in the island like this pebble, but they are found on the Dorsetshire coast, many miles from the spot where the fragment was picked up: it is a pebble of stone, which is well developed in the Isle of Purbeck, and hence known as Purbeck stone; or, sometimes, as Purbeck marble; and had therefore, in some way, made a long journey. It is a well-known but curious fact, that the pebbles on the Southern coast progress by the force of the currents, more or less constantly, from west to east; thus, stones broken from rocks on one part of the sea-board may be found as water-worn pebbles far to the east of their source.

The pebble, water-worn as it is, contains the remains of some shells which afford an insight into the circumstances under which the rock, of which this is a portion, was formed. The shells are those of a species of snail finding its congenial habitat in rivers or lakes of fresh water, where they lived and died in great numbers—their shells dropping to the bottom, and becoming covered with muddy sediment, layer above layer, and sinking down beneath the surface, they became consolidated into a stone, which has, for many years past, been extensively quarried.

The remark of Sir J. Herschel, "that the situation of a pebble may afford a man evidence of the state of the globe he inhabits myriads of years ago, before his species became its denizens," is recalled to the memory, and the busy imagination, on that calm autumn eve, amid the stillness of that glorious scene endeavoured to picture to the mind the state of the earth's surface when these shells were tenanted, and their owners formed part of the earth's inhabitants. We see depicted before the mental vision a large river, debouching upon the ocean by a wide-spread estuary; down which the river rolls, bearing in its embrace a large quantity of muddy sediment, washed from the lands it has traversed, and mingled with numerous shells, fragments of trees and lesser plants, as well as bones of animals that have perished on the land; on the banks of the stream are numerous trees, in character similar to those which now adorn the banks of rivers in tropical climes; amid their branches, and in the smaller shrubs below, numerous insects flit in their mazy chases and joyous dances; reptiles of many kinds lurk amid the underwood of the river's bank; and in the open sea may be descried the gigantic forms of great fish-like reptiles, with large eyes and terrific jaws, pursuing their prey, and being in their turn pursued; overhead, are reptiles with immense outspreading wings, darting through the air with great velocity, and snapping up with their numerous teeth and long beak-like jaws, smaller animals which may chance to be within their reach. Vast lizard-formed creatures—some thirty feet or more in length—are basking in the sun, now and again lazily cropping the young branches, or pulpy leaves, to fill their capacious maw, but whose serenity is sadly interrupted by the approach, with a great crashing footstep which bears down all before it, of a

terrible monster armed with teeth combining the properties of a knife, a saw, and a sickle, which rushes with terrific force on the browsing vegetarian who, after a short but severe combat, succumbs to be the prey of its powerful flesh-eating antagonist.

It is truly a world of reptiles, they are almost everywhere, and of every size; but other and higher forms of life are to be discovered running among the shrubs, and the sea is, as now, full of life, though the forms are not like those our fishermen are familiar with. A fierce sun blazes over head, and everywhere are indications of a climate such as now only pertains to the equatorial belt of our globe. The sea rises and falls as now in tidal waves in obedience to the moon's attractive power; occasionally great storms blow over its surface, driving the fresh waters far back in the river bed, and silting over with marine sands and shells the estuarine mud, to be in its turn, in calmer weather, again covered with fresh water remains; and so change succeeds change, and creatures live, feed, do battle, and die; while all is under the controlling and guiding power of him who out of chaos educes order, and from seeming evils good, until all is prepared for the introduction of that being who alone has the capacity to investigate the works of the great designer, and who, of all his works, is alone fitted to celebrate his praise, and adore with loving heart the God who has not only wondrously fashioned this beauteous world for his temporary dwelling-place, but has prepared for those who love him a house eternal in the heavens.

W. R. SELWAY.

Reviews.

Peter Parley's Tales. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

A CONSIDERABLE series of small and beautifully-decorated volumes, under this title, is published by the above spirited and popular Firm. They consist of good moral and practical sentiments, explained in simple and lively words, enforced by appropriate narratives, and illustrated by suitable engravings. They are mainly instructions for youth, but, though expressly designed for the young, may afford, in leisure moments, entertainment and edification to all classes. There is no romance of what never can be, but alluring descriptions of what may be. The subjects are numerous and diversified, and the whole series form a nursery encyclopædia, which may occasionally be introduced with advantage into the kitchen and parlour.

The Pentateuch and the Gospels. By the Rev. J. L. PORTER, A.M. T. Nelson and Sons.

ONE principal argument for the Divine authenticity of the sacred volume is its agreement in every part with itself, notwithstanding the different periods and circumstances in which it was written. The agreement of the New Testament with the Old, in those revelations of the latter which have recently been wounded in the house of its friends, is here ably and strenuously maintained. The confirmation of the inspiration of the Pentateuch, which our Lord gave in his teaching, in its being implicitly received by him as inspired without alteration or corrections, is here logically and scripturally defended. If *He* found no fault with it, what credit is due to those who pretend to have discovered great inaccuracies in it in modern times? Christ and his apostles are committed to the authenticity and historic reality of the whole Mosaic narrative. This is the proposition, in support of which this treatise has been written. It is professedly aimed against the theories of the Bishop of Natal; and of Dr. Davidson, in his introduction to the Old Testament. It is written in a temperate and Christian spirit, and is, we think, an unanswerable defence of the "faith once delivered to the saints."

Merchant Enterprise. By J. HAMILTON FYFE. T. Nelson and Sons.

THE stream of commerce is here traced from its first rise to its present wide,

and ever-widening, influence in the world. It is an epitome of "The Wealth of Nations." India, Phœnicia, Egypt, Carthage, Venice, Holland, our own country, and America, are exhibited in their full spirit of commercial enterprise, and in the causes and effects of their prosperity and decline. The influence of commerce upon literature, morality, and religion, as well as upon social comforts, is highly, but not, we think, too highly, estimated. All who are anxious to improve and enlarge their views upon a subject of such general interest, will do well to give this volume a careful perusal.

About in the World. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston, 14, Ludgate Hill.

THIS book is well named. The author has gone about in the world with his eyes open. He has not only seen for himself, but thought for himself. One Essay in the volume is upon "Looking about us," which was doubtless suggested by the author's own experience. His whole essays may be characterized by looking below the surface. He does not profess to investigate motives, or to trace events to their ultimate results. His object is purely the social and moral improvement of the world; and to this his observations are well adapted. Independence of thought gives an individual and independent style of writing, which is both powerful and pleasing. It is an excellent book for general reading. We look into the political world and the fashionable world, into the busy world and the idle world, into the gay world and the sorrowing world, into the coming world and the retiring world, and, in fact, all about the world; and become wiser for all we have seen. We are accompanied by a cheerful and instructive companion; and the tendency on the whole is to elevate, rather than to gratify, existing tastes and habits.

Tell Jesus. By ANNA SHIPTON. Morgan and Chase, 40, Ludgate-street.

THE sentiment of this book is illustrated in a pleasing narrative, in which its influence upon the experience of an eminently pious friend of the author's, and of her own, is admirably pourtrayed. It is calculated to produce a certain impression upon the hearts of true Christians that will be greatly beneficial to them throughout the whole of their future course. We sincerely commend the author, whether in poetry or prose, both for her composition and her theme.

Baptist Reporter, 3d.; and *The Church*, 1d. Heaton and Son.

WELL-CONDUCTED magazines, deservedly holding a high place among Baptist periodicals.

Stones crying out, and Rock witness to the Narrative of the Bible, concerning the times of the Jews. By L. N. R., author of "The Book and its Story," and "The Missionary Link." Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row.

A POPULAR, learned, interesting, scholarly, readable, charming volume, which every bible-student should procure at once. We have given a string of adjectives which can seldom be applied to any one book; but we emphasize them all when we speak of the work before us. The wonderful way in which our esteemed friend accomplishes so much, and does all so well, would astound us if we did not know where her great strength lieth. She has served her Lord well by bidding us hear the voice of the Rocks, for those voices rebuke infidelity and strengthen our confidence in the faithfulness of Jehovah. God speed thee, honoured sister, in thy many works of faith and love.

A Handbook of Christian Baptism. By R. INGHAM. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THIS is no mere handbook, but in our judgment, a standard work of immense value. Henceforth, whenever we have to contend for immersion, *versus* sprinkling, pouring, &c., we shall turn to this armoury for our weapons. Every student for our ministry should be drilled in this book, and every pastor should have it near his hand to lend to inquiring minds. Mr. Ingham has immortalized himself. So long as there shall exist a body of believers, who practise the ordinances as they were delivered of the Lord, his name will be had in esteem for his work's sake. May his volume obtain a large circulation.

Lays of the Pious Minstrels, 3s. Houlston and Wright.

An elegant volume of well-selected poetry, with a neat exterior, fitting it to be an acceptable gift-book. We wish the authors' names had been appended to each lay; beyond this we have no fault to find, but much to say in commendation. In the choir of minstrels we recognize many of the old familiar faces, but there are a goodly number who are quite new to us, and will be to our readers.

Two Years After and Onwards. By the author of "The Coming Struggle." Houlston and Wright.

The author of this attempt at explanation of prophecy is evidently suffering from "supposition on the brain." We have read enough of the work to learn that Britain is not a "toe-kingdom," and therefore not to be trodden upon—a fact which we extract for the comfort of our readers. Should any desire to follow us in the perusal of this treatise we can only repeat the advice of Mr. Punch to young people who are thinking of being married—"Don't."

Joe Witless. Morgan and Chase, 40, Ludgate Street.

An excellent book for children! The tale has strong points in it, without being unnatural. The object is decidedly religious. The style is appropriate to its design. We can cordially recommend it as calculated to arrest the attention and impress the conscience of the most daring and thoughtless of our youth.

The Brook in the Way. By Anna Skipton. Morgan and Chase, 40, Ludgate-street.

"The Songs of Zion," have been more rich and more highly poetic under the Old Testament dispensation than under the new. Every attempt to raise the latter to an equality even with the former has failed. If revelation has not done it, where shall we look for it, now that the special inspiration has ceased? The next degree of spiritual psalmody is in the songs of heaven. David is still "the sweet Psalmist of Israel." He is the leader and model of holy song under both Testaments. We say not that he is left alone in his glory, and is without worthy imitators. The New Testament songsters have the advantage in subject; the Old, in inspiration. The Church could not do without its psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; and as none were composed for it by inspiration, it was left to compose them for itself. This it has done with great and good effect. Some have poetised for their own profit alone, and others for the benefit of many. "The Brook in the Way," is a collection of sacred songs, which, as ripling murmurs, are intended to guide the pilgrim to refreshing streams. The sound of a murmuring rivulet is so soft, so gentle, so melodious, so sweet, that it defies imitation, and claims to have a music of its own. The poetry before us, however, is not an unworthy attempt to chime in harmony with that sound. It is tuneful, smooth, and unaffected, The waters to which it allures us, are evangelically sweet and pure. Whoever listens to these murmurs and tastes these waters cannot fail to be refreshed. "He shall drink of the brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up the head."

The Bible Picture Story Books, Old and New Testament, 3s. 6d. each. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Mamma cannot do better than order these wonderful books at once! They will certainly make the youngsters happy; they are likely, by God's grace, to make them good.

Ripe for the Sickle. James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners-street.

This is a brief account of a young lady, who, from her own convictions, through the study of the Word of God and by prayer, renounced the faith of Rome, was sent out to India by the Society for Promoting Female Education in that country, and who, after commencing a course of great usefulness, was suddenly removed by death. Her piety and zeal appear to have been of the purest kind, and well deserving this public tribute of esteem. We are reminded by it of Fanny Woodbury and Harriet Newell in earlier times. Many such flowers have bloomed and faded on the plains of India, whose fragrance has been wafted to our shores.

Notices.

The second proposed special prayer meeting, mentioned in our last number, was held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle on the evening of the 6th February. Long before the time of commencement the building was crowded in every part. Between six and seven thousand persons assembled—not to witness a theatrical exhibition—not to hear an eloquent preacher—not to witness a select and diversified display of platform oratory—but for a prayer meeting! This was a sight that could not fail to gladden the hearts of good men, and prepare them for the higher enjoyments that followed. It was evident that the impression of the former meeting had not passed away, but its influence had become more widely extended, as the attendance was not only more numerous, but some hundreds were unable to gain admission. No extraordinary efforts were made to provide for the meeting; no sensational speakers were engaged; no novelty was either sought or desired. The ministers of the new fraternity, as on the former occasion, in the spirit of prayer, and confident reliance upon the Spirit of God, quietly and solemnly came upon the platform. Several of the ministers who took part in the proceedings were young, and two of them were students yet in the college; but all were of one mind and of one heart. Mr. Spurgeon, after a few words of gratitude and joy for the return of such an occasion, gave out some verses of the 100th Psalm, that all might join in a song of praise. He then suggested that their next duty was to give thanks for the blessing which had attended the former meeting of the same kind, the effect of which, upon his own people, was that ninety-three had set down on the previous evening, for the first time at the table of the Lord. Mr. Marshall and Mr. Barnard presented the incense of praise. Mr. Spurgeon then gave out the hymn, commencing with "Just as I am, without one plea." This was a prelude to confession of sin, which, after a silent confession of two or three minutes of each for himself, was offered in the name of all by Mr. Clark. Some verses of the hymn beginning with, "I will praise thee every day," were then sung, after which petitions for the revival of the Churches were presented by Mr. Warren and Mr. Offord: those of the latter were preceded by a touching and powerful appeal to the hearts of believers. Now came the direct reference to the unsaved. This was introduced by a most earnest and awakening address by Mr. Spurgeon, and was responded to in prayer by Mr. Stott and Mr. Varley. A hymn followed, commencing thus, "Once a sinner near despair." Mr. Teal and Mr. Burton thon prayed, and Mr. Spurgeon closed with prayer. Inquirers were then encouraged to retire to the lecture hall, where ministers and elders would be glad to converse with them; and many responded to the invitation.

This was one of the most sober, the most impressive, and, we should judge, the most effective meetings we have ever witnessed. The prayers and addresses were all short, plain, fervent, and suited to the occasion. There was nothing artificial, nothing at which the most scrupulous of true Christians could take offence, nothing but what the wisest and best of men must approve. All was simplicity and godly sincerity. There was fervour without enthusiasm, pleading without presumption, familiarity without irreverence, sincerity without guile. If ever there was prayer, there was prayer then; if ever there was faith in atoning blood, there was faith then; if ever there was praise for salvation, there was praise then; if ever there was longing for the recovery of lost souls, there was longing then; if ever the expectation of some great spiritual good, there was an expectation then. The hearts of the people were moved as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind; gently at first, then with a suppressed rustling sound, and, at last, with a deep and heavenly strength without violence, and solemnity without fear; such as David and his followers well knew, when it was said unto them, "When thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, then shalt thou bestir thyself; for then shall the Lord thy God go out before thee."

The annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church was held on the evening of the last Wednesday of January. About 1,500 of the members assembled at five o'clock to tea. At seven o'clock the chair was taken by the Pastor. When praise had been offered for past, and prayer for future blessings, the various accounts of the Church were read. These shed a clear light upon the wise direction and intense zeal of this vast body of Christians, and shewed that its vitality had not been diminished in its growth, nor its order or discipline endangered by its size. Beside the support of the ministry of the word among themselves, and defraying the expenses of the Tabernacle, with its numerous officers and miscellaneous requirements, the Church had given to its poor members £581 6s. 3d. For Ragged and Sunday Schools, for Benevolent, Tract and Bible Societies, for the City, the Home, the Irish, the Hamburgh and Foreign Misssions, the amount raised in general collections was £875 14s. 5d. The Pastor's College received £1,466 1s. 5d., by weekly offerings, and the Loan fund for erecting new places of worship had received about £2,000 during the year. The treasurer, Mr. T. Olney, was heartily thanked in the name of the Church by Mr. G. Moore for his kind services, and invited to remain in office during the ensuing year, which he consented to do.

Brother William Olney congratulated the Pastor on the great prosperity of the Church, and the marvellous success of the College. He reminded the Church that the College was not separate from the Church, and that the Church was not separate from the College: they were one. As one, they shared the affection, the prayers, and the labours of the Pastor. Well might the Church rejoice to have such an institution connected with it, through whose students, it might publish the truths of salvation: and well might the College be glad that it had such a people, on whose prayers, sympathies, and support it could confidently rely. Instead of the College having been a clog to the Church, it had been a means of increasing its zeal and strengthening its faith. This great work, undertaken by the Pastor, in simple faith in God, without the promise of help from man, and even against the advice of friends, had proved itself consistent with his doctrinal and practical teaching. "Let us," said this earnest brother, "as a Church, show our gratitude to God for our high privileges in having such a Pastor and such an institution, and our devotion to the cause of Christ, by still more systematically contributing, as the Lord has prospered us, to the support of the College. Let us not forget the exhortation, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open to you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." He then called upon the Church to record their gratitude to God for the abundant measure of success which had attended the Pastor's College during the past year.

This was responded to by Deacon Brown, in an emphatic manner, accompanied by a donation of ten guineas to the College.

The pastor remembered how quixotical the College at first appeared to many. His own ministry had begun in a storm of opposition, but he had been enabled to outlive it, and to obtain a position of comparative quiet in the denomination to which his Church belonged. He looked forward to the day as not far distant when the College should be hailed universally by the Baptist Churches of the land as an institution by which God has done great things, and intends to do still greater. He had to remind the Church how greatly God had blessed the preaching of the Gospel in their midst during the past year. Conversions had been frequent in the Sunday-schools, in the Bible and Catechumen Classes; and never had the Word come with greater power to the great congregation. The Church had received by Baptism 381 members; 102 by dismission from other Churches, and had restored 3: death had taken away 29; 35 had been dismissed to other Churches; 10 were removed by exclusion, and 30 for non-attendance, or having joined other Churches without applying for regular dismission, leaving a clear increase of 382, and the present number of members on the Church books, 2,881. Over the excluded ones they had to mourn; but

still to be grateful that, in such a large company, there were not more who made shipwreck of their faith.

Mr. Ness, assistant minister, having visited many of the members, bore testimony to the vital godliness which discovered itself in their joy in affliction, and hope in death. Brothers Hackett and Dransfield also spoke lovingly and to the purpose.

The Annual Election of Elders then took place, and when the Pastor had pronounced a blessing, the people separated, glad as the disciples of old, when 'the Word of God increased, and the number of the disciples multiplied greatly."

A new Baptist cause has recently been established in Bromley, Kent. It was commenced by Timothy Harley, a student of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, who began preaching in the old Market House, which has since been pulled down. In the month of November, 1862, he was removed to another sphere, and was succeeded by Archibald G. Brown, a student from the same College. The services were now carried on in the White Hart Assembly Room, in which the congregation, which averaged at first about thirty, continued steadily to increase, and now numbers about 200. In the month of June, 1863, a Church was formed, consisting of twenty members, which now numbers fifty. A large chapel is in course of erection, the memorial-stone of which was laid by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, July 4th, 1864. One of the most pleasing features in relation to this young cause is the formation of a mission at Buxhall, Suffolk. The pastor being there on a visit, was struck with the spiritual destitution of the place, and the great longing of the people to hear the simple gospel. He related the circumstances to his people, and asked them to subscribe small weekly sums, so as to enable him to send a fellow-student amongst them. The result has been that he is now enabled to guarantee support to a minister to that people; and Mr. Charles Hewitt and Mr. Boulcher have been labouring there with great success. The services are conducted in a farm-house, kindly lent for the purpose, which is quite inadequate for the purpose. It is now in contemplation to erect a small chapel, towards which Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has kindly promised £10; other donations will be thankfully received by Mr. Brown.

Within a few minutes' walk of the Bank of England may be found a maze of courts and alleys, circumscribed by Old-street, Bunhill-row, Barbican, and Goswell-street, and intersected by the notorious Golden-lane and Whitecross-street. These parts are inhabited by many thousands of the poorest and most wretched of our great city — a large majority of whom appear as ignorant of the way of salvation as the benighted heathen in the backwoods of America or the wilds of Australia. During the last few months, some of our evangelists have been making special efforts to carry the gospel into the hearts and homes of these outcasts of society. One of our young evangelists, W. J. Orsman, has been so far successful as to be the means of raising a small Church in a building known as the Evangelists' Tabernacle, which is situated in the centre of the courts, uniting Whitecross-street and Golden-lane. Messrs. T. Cook, Hackett, and Olney, formed a Church, in connection with the Tabernacle, on Sunday, January 8th, which now numbers 28 baptized believers. We have reason to hope that this is the dawn of brighter days for that dark and hitherto neglected neighbourhood.

In conformity with one of the suggestions in the letter of one of the elders of the Church contained in our first number, Mr. Spurgeon met the children of the elders and deacons on the evening of Tuesday, the 24th of January. After tea, addresses were given by Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. William Olney, Mr. Dransfield, Mr. Croker, Mr. Stiff, Mr. Brown, Mr. Cook, and a young student, Mr. Walker. The addresses were simple, earnest, and appropriate. The way of salvation was clearly described, and the invitations of the gospel were lovingly enforced; accompanied with solemn and tender warnings against delay. Towards the close of the meeting many of the young people were deeply affected; and it is confidently hoped that such a public testimony of their own parents and of others of their concern for their spiritual welfare, will not be in vain. It is intended that similar efforts shall be made in behalf of the rest of the children of the

Church members and congregation. This is an example which other ministers and Churches will do well to follow.

Mr. R. Lennie, a student in the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, after supplying the Church at Downham Market, in Norfolk, for three months, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate, and entered upon his duties on Sabbath, January the 22nd. Five have already been added to the Church during his ministry. His public recognition took place on the second Sabbath of last month, and the following day. Mr. Ness, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, preached twice on the Sabbath. On the Monday afternoon, a sermon was preached by Mr. Wigner, of Lynn; a tea-meeting and public meeting followed.

G. Rogers.

Letters.

Sir,—In pity to some of your subscribers, will you kindly attempt to throw a little light upon the history and mystery of the term—Reverend. On what chapter and verse, in the volume of inspiration, is it founded? It cannot surely be, that men who boast that the Bible, and the Bible only, is their religion, will not make an effort to squeeze it out of some remote text. In the Anglican hierarchy, it has degrees,—a clergyman is reverend; a bishop is right reverend; and an archbishop most reverend. Can such language as *right* reverend imply *wrong* reverend? And *most* reverend imply *least* reverend? Certainly Dissenters should look to it; for those who profess to follow the Divine Exemplar most fully, are the men upon whom any inconsistency will fasten most. What did the great Teacher mean by saying, "Be ye not called Rabbi?" When any titular evil spirit or devil gets into the body ecclesiastic, it will not depart thence but with struggles and foaming, and violent convulsions; aye, and then only by special fasting and prayer. Once this language of Ashdod is overthrown, and a pure language is turned upon God's people, there is ground to look forward for the finest buds and fruits of piety; just as the sweetest flowers and richest vineyards grow on the soil fertilized by fiery volcanoes.

Should you have a corner in your magazine for queries, mine would run to this effect:—

1. When did the term *reverend* first come into usage?
2. By whom was it originated or patronized?
3. What was its special object?
4. What effect followed?

The writer hopes he may not be deemed unchristian for honestly confessing, that in reading the Acts of the successors of the Apostles, and their humble titular imitators, the effect upon his digestive organs is distressing—the feast to which he is invited being akin to that of the doctor mentioned by Smollett in some of his works, where it was so classical and in such strict accordance with the ancients, that it turned the stomachs of modern guests. Affectation is not the only emetic in religion. These little titular foxes spoil tender grapes and divine plants, besides taking up room, and wasting time, breath, and paper. Lay the sword, Mr. Editor, at antichristian rootlets as well as ecclesiastical tap-roots. "Cry aloud—spare not—lift up thy voice like a trumpet," and let the spirit of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah be *felt* in town and country.

Your sincere well-wisher,

James Holmes.

Streatly, Dec., 1864.

Short Summary of General Intelligence.

A conference of the tutors and principal supporters of the colleges connected with the Independents, has recently been held in the metropolis. The only result which has hitherto been announced is the proposal for future consideration of the formation of a *Senatus Academicus*, or central court of examination, and determination of the qualifications of students for the ministry. Such a court of appeal may well accord with the conscientious opinions and zeal of some, but "we have no such custom, neither the Churches of God." In our humble opinion, best public examination of students is in the acceptableness and usefulness of their ministrations.

A memorial having recently been addressed, by the friends of Christian missions in this country to the Emperor of the French, in relation to certain arbitrary proceedings of the French governor in New Caledonia, towards the Protestant missionaries in the Loyalty Islands of the Pacific, we are glad to find that a respectful reply was returned, with full assurance that any measures which might impede the free exercise of their benevolent exertions should be speedily rectified.

The death of Cardinal Wiseman is one of the chief events of the past month, and a historic fact in connection with the Church to which he belonged. He was a staunch Romanist, but he was something more; he was a Romanist upon principle; and, therefore, though less arrogant and intolerant than others of the same order, he did far more for his peculiar faith than those who rest simply upon the foregone conclusion of its infallibility. He had too much learning, too much acquaintance with the liberal institutions of the day, and too much honesty and reverence for truth, to sympathise with the ignorance and delusion with which he was encompassed on every side. We hold him, of course, to have been mistaken in his views, but we believe him to have been sincere. Rome could not have had a better representative in this country. His loss is but another signal of its approaching doom. Never did Rome more need the wisdom and urbanity, and mild counsels of such a man, now that she is likely to be thrown upon her own political resources, and by insulting her best supporters is madly precipitating her own ruin.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 91.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from January 19th to February 18th, 1865.

	£	s.	d.
Moiety of Collections at Oxford after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	21	15	6
Mrs Bousfield	2	2	0
Mr. Dalton	1	0	0
Mrs. Salmon, per Mr. Blythe	20	0	0
Mr. J. W. Brown	10	10	0
Mr. J. Melen	1	0	0
Collection at Paradise Chapel, Chelsea	3	0	0
An Independent	0	3	0
Mrs. Fielding	0	5	0
Mr. G. L. Miller	0	15	0
A Wellwisher, per Mr. Blythe	50	0	0
Mr. Rogers	1	0	0
A Friend	0	4	0
A Friend	0	2	0
Mr. Fergusson's Class	12	10	0
Mr. R. Churchward	10	0	0
Mr. Fairclough	2	0	0
Mr. Dransfield	1	1	0
Mr. J. Breed, per Mr. W. A. Blake ...	0	10	0
Proceeds of Lecture at St. John's Wood, by C. H. Spurgeon	15	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Dransfield	1	1	0
Miss S. Hadland	0	10	6
Miss Moren	1	1	0
Young Friends	1	1	0
A Little Girl	0	5	0
Mrs. Stracey	0	5	0
Mrs. Tiffin	0	5	0
Q. D.	5	0	0
Mrs. Brewer	1	0	0
Mr. A. Angus Croll	5	0	0
A Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	1	0	0
Mrs. Goldston	1	1	0
Mr. B. Shayer	1	1	0
Mr. G. Anderson	0	10	0
Dr. Burns	1	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Jan. 23	24	9	0
,, ,, ,, ,, 30	34	9	2
,, ,, ,, Feb. 7	35	0	9
,, ,, ,, ,, 14	34	9	2
	£301	7	1

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

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1865.

Sermons in Candles.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FRIENDS at a distance who have heard of our lecture, entitled, "Sermons in Candles," have asked us to give an outline of it in the "Sword and Trowel." This is an easy task, since we cannot attempt to present more than the fleshless inanimate skeleton, for to convey the form and soul of the lecture is impossible. With the candles lit before the eye to act as illustrations, and with plenty of time to enlarge upon each point, and to give interesting anecdotes, it is far from difficult with a little preparation and animation, at once to edify and amuse an audience; but the same thing coolly written, calmly read, without the emblems, must, we fear, necessarily weary the most patient. However we comply with many requests and offer a digest of the matter. As a hymn to begin with, we give out one verse of a Scotch Psalm—

"The Lord will light my candle so
That it shall shine full bright;
The Lord for me shall also turn
My darkness into light."

The candle among illustrations is one of the most shining, and beams of truth dart from it on every side. In Scripture, the putting out of a candle is the chosen figure for the ruin of the wicked. (Job xviii. 6; xxi. 7.) The Patriarch in remembrance of his past prosperity sighs, "O that it were with me as in months past, when his candle shined about my head;" and the Psalmist sings in jubilant notes, "Thou Lord wilt light my candle." Solomon compares conscience to a candle in Prov. xx. 27; we rather think that in some men it can hardly be more than a farthing rushlight. Of the virtuous woman it is said (Prov. xxxi. 18), to shew that her industry never ceases, "her candle goeth not out by night." One sign of utter destruction given in the denunciations of the prophets is the absence of the light of a candle (Jer. xxv. 10); and, searching Jerusalem with candles is the Lord's

chosen image for his work of judgment when he comes to try the children of men. (Zeph. i. 12.) Our Saviour declares, "Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house." He speaks of the single eye as having light like the bright shining of a candle (Luke xi. 36); and tells us (Luke xv. 8) of a woman who lit a candle and swept her house to find her lost piece of money. Even with descriptions of heaven itself this household comfort has a connection, for in the New Jerusalem "they need no candle, neither light of the sun." (Rev. xxii. 5.) The golden candlestick of the old Tabernacle, and the seven golden candlesticks of the apocalypse, hardly come into the list, since they were candelabra in which oil was burned, and so had no connection with candles except in the name given to them by the translators.

We then proceed to give our emblems, having first honestly stated that we are much in debt to Robert Farlie, whose emblems, together with those of Jacob Cats, the Dutchman, are published by the Messrs. Longmans, and make up a most sumptuous volume.

Emblem 1. Seven candles of different lengths to illustrate seven periods of human life. The child of ten with great capabilities of usefulness in years to come is like a candle newly lit; the other stages like candles more and more burnt away come to a close at seventy with but a small remnant of existence left. Thus at a glance we learn our own mortality and hear the voice which cries, "Work while it is called to-day."

2. Candle-box full of candles. The box well japanned, and of the best quality, representing a most respectable church containing many talented and influential members, but as the audience is not enlightened by either the box or its contents because none of the candles are lighted, so some churches are of no service to their age and neighbourhood for want of heavenly fire to light them up.

3. A number of fine wax candles in candlesticks of different degrees of elevation and beauty, none of them alight, and a poor rushlight in a common stick doing more service than all its fine neighbours put together, because it has felt the flame, and has therefore power to diffuse light. The fine gentry look down upon the common plebeian rush with great disdain, but its only answer to all their sneers is its continuing to shine.

4. An unlit candle which is placed in candlesticks of all sorts, but gives no light in any one of them; showing how graceless men often lay the blame of their uselessness upon their position in life, or on the churches where they happen to be placed, whereas if they had grace they would be useful everywhere, and having none they are of no service anywhere. Men who run from denomination to denomination, and complain that their want of success in the spiritual life is all owing to the people with whom they have been brought into association, must be strangely ignorant of their own hearts. The lighted candle shines in any candlestick.

5. Trying to light a candle with an extinguisher upon it well sets forth the ill effect of prejudice in preventing a reception of the truth. When Dr. Taylor declared that he had read the Bible through thirteen

times and could not find the Deity of Christ in it; Newton replied that a man might try to light a candle thirteen times with an extinguisher on it and fail in his design every time.

6. A dark lantern is no inapt representation of certain professors with ability, and we would fain hope with grace too, who do not benefit others, but keep their light to themselves. Trying to turn on the bull's eye we burn our fingers and get an illustration of the bad temper with which these idle people generally resent the rebukes of those who would make them of use in the world.

7. A candle protected from the wind in a lantern clear and bright may picture the believer preserved in Christ Jesus, and surrounded by the care of a watchful providence. The lecturer lingers on this tempting theme to tell of God's perpetual care over his people, and the consequent safety of the saints.

8. This emblem consists of a lantern much like that in No. 7, but one of the panes is broken, and therefore the wind enters and blows the light out; thus teaching that nothing but the perfect work of Jesus can protect us, for if we rely upon our own strength and righteousness, even if we have but one flaw, the wind of temptation will find it out, and we shall be ruined for ever.



9. A dirty, battered lantern, its filthiness rendered conspicuous by the light within. The faults, falls, and inconsistencies of Christians are all the more noticed because of their being professed followers of Jesus. The need of a clean lantern, or rather of a holy character, is hence insisted upon with earnestness.

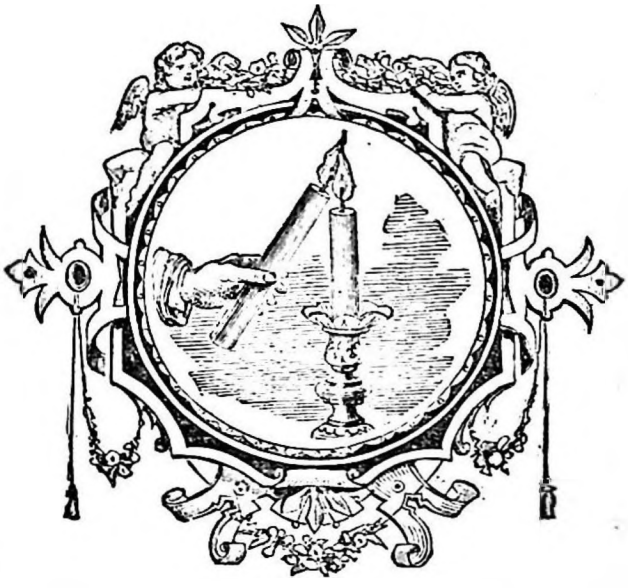
10. Candle in a lantern with cracks in it through which the light gleams brightly, illustrating the effect of physical weakness and bodily suffering, in allowing the light of grace to shine through the rifts of our clay tenements. Many ministers preach far more evangelically and sweetly after periods of sickness; for through the working of the Holy Spirit, the inner man grows strong while the outer man decayeth. When the pitcher shall be dashed to pieces by the rough hand of death then

will the lamp shine forth in its true glory; till then, happy is the frailty which reveals the divine light.

11. Candle under a bushel: this needs no explanation. Putting the candle on the top of the bushel suggests the propriety of making our difficulties and trials a means of spreading rather than concealing the light.

12. Candle covered with a bandbox through which the flame burns its way, and makes a blaze, teaching that opposition and persecution cannot hide the true believer's grace, but are made the unwilling means of enabling him to produce a greater effect. Grace will not be hidden, but must shine forth.

13. God's method of instrumentality illustrated by one candle lighting another, and that one a third, and so on. Thus travels on the holy flame, till the whole world is girdled with its glory.



14. A small taper lights a large candle, and thus poor simple-minded Christians have been the means of bringing talented and useful ministers and missionaries to a knowledge of the truth. Witness Owen blessed under an unknown country preacher, and John Bunyan cheered and comforted by the holy women of Bedford as they sat talking in the sun.

15. Acts of indiscreet zeal are checked by the emblem of a candle in a lantern blown out while trying to light another. Some, with much zeal and little real grace, have made sad work of their profession through entering upon paths of usefulness surrounded with peculiar perils to the young and inexperienced.

16. The night-light beautifully pourtrays those kind, attentive, generous women who do good at the bedsides of the sick, and in the homes of the poor. The night-light burns a certain number of hours, and our sisters are immortal till their work is done. Even in this

humble employment the water around the light hints at caution and godly fear.

17. A noble wax candle appears to be yielding nothing but light, but when a sheet of bright tin is held over it, a jet blackness is very soon deposited, shewing that those men who in the Bible sense are perfect, are yet not absolutely so, but God's matchless holiness soon detects the invisible sinfulness which is mixed with every action which they perform. It is not, however, our part to be constantly spying out our brethren's faults, but rather to act as bright reflectors to increase their splendour.

18. The audience is not a little amused at the sight of a candle of very great thickness with a most insignificant wick, setting forth the minister of great ability but little zeal whose ministry is a very feeble ray; and the professor who is very rich but has no heart to use his means for the Lord's cause.

19. A thief in the candle is like some besetting sin. The sin runs away with much of our power for usefulness, just as the thief makes the candle gutter and go to waste.

20. A sputtering candle—no inapt representation of the ill-tempered crotchetty man who is for ever railing, muttering, and disagreeing.

21. A candle in a common guard shews the need of watchfulness, for one unguarded word like a spark may lead to the very worst consequences.

22. Need of the snuffers to take away our "superfluity of naughtiness." In the temple there were golden snuffers, but no extinguishers. Rebukes, exhortations, and afflictions trim the lamps in God's temple.

23. Small piece of candle on that economical little instrument, "the save-all." We should use the last relics of talent and life in the Redeemer's cause. Gathering up the fragments is the duty of all imitators of the Lord Jesus.

24. An hourglass and a candle are a picture of life's use. The sand runs, the candle burns, so we are not meant to spare ourselves, but to spend and be spent. He fulfills his destiny best who lives with all his might, making no provision for the flesh.

25. Burning the candle at both ends well sets forth the profligate's folly. Body and soul he ruins; principle and interest he spends; and time and eternity he treats with equal carelessness.

26. Steel filings dropped upon the flame of a candle produce sparklets and little stars; yet the filings seem the most likely things to put it out. Afflictions which appear as if they would destroy the Christian, are made the means of a grander display of the power of divine grace.

27. By placing two candles of different heights upon the table, with the short one behind the longer one, you have a shadow cast upon your book, and can scarcely see to read it; but by putting the shorter candle in front you get the light of both: so if the brother of high degree will but give honourable preference to the brother of low degree, the result will be most profitable to the Church at large, but if the poor and lowly be put in the background, all will suffer loss.

28. Light inside a lantern inscribed with the words TAKE A LIGHT, hinting at the way in which we ought to communicate all that we know to those who unhappily are groping in darkness.

29. We conclude with a chandelier holding a great assemblage of lights of various colours and sizes, which is a feeble remembrancer of

the One Church, with its unity of lustre, and its variety of beauty. All the lights melt into one illumination,—individuals and parties are forgotten in the one blaze of light; so shall it be in heaven.

As we could scarcely carry out the rest of our metaphors in actual emblems we have secured in dissolving-views the following illustrations among others, they are all taken from Robert Farley's book.

1. A rushlight and the sun rising, to compare great things with small, and set forth our own nothingness in the presence of the great Sun of Righteousness.

2. A candle hanging on the wall till it has grown mouldy and covered with cobwebs, to show that if we do not burn out in diligence we shall rot away in our place of idleness.

3. Blind man for whom the candle shines in vain, a true picture of carnal minds which see not the light of God, and cannot therefore be expected to appreciate our feebler beams.

4. Candle painted on black ground, with the motto, "Darkness addeth glory to me." The sinfulness of the times will be a foil to the Christian's virtues.

5. Mice eating an unlit candle, to show how graceless professors perish, being eaten up with their sins of covetousness, worldliness, and the like.



6. A maid putting a candle into the hot socket of a candlestick where another has just burned out, to illustrate the need of patience, and the mischief of hastiness.

7. A candle held by a hand before the fire with the intent to light it between the bars; it is melting rapidly, and the motto suitably runs, "Quickly, or I am consumed." This metaphor has a loud call to those who are slack in winning souls, while men are perishing on every hand.

8. A candle dying out while the morning star is shining outside the window. Motto, "O morning star, bring the day." This expresses the earnest longing of our soul towards the coming of the Lord in his glory.

9. The last is a snuff which has just died out as a sign that all is over, giving us a hint that it is time to say, "FAREWELL."

Calvinism Defended.

BY G. ROGERS, TUTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLLEGE.

THE publication of the sermons of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher in this country cannot fail to attract considerable attention on account both of the literary peculiarities, and of the general celebrity of the author. It becomes us, therefore, to consider how far it is calculated to affect the English pulpit, and to advance the best interests of Christianity amongst us. As an importation of new beauties of speech, of apt illustration, of moral discrimination and of practical piety, we confess to a positive gain; but in a theological point of view, we are bound to regard it as a considerable item on the other side. In the first volume, we have not proceeded far before we meet with a professed attack upon the Calvinistic creed. This would seem to demand some distinct notice by us, seeing that we are set for the defence of this gospel, and that we may not be supposed to bear "the Sword and the Trowel" in vain. We allude to the fifth sermon of the series, entitled, "God our Father," in which the universal Fatherhood of God, in a certain theological sense well known as a modern innovation amongst us, is fully and strenuously maintained.

Let us hear his own words: "The New Testament teaches us that the aspect of God, in which he is Father and we are children, is the one that is to be most familiarly used. Of all the aspects of God in the Bible, those which present him as a Governor and as a Father, are the two which predominate over all the others. And it will be my object to show you that the aspect of God as a Father is the one on which you ought to base your instructions in the family, and the one on which you ought to build Christian life. You are to keep before your mind, not God as your governor, not God as your king, not God as your judge, but God as your *Father*. . . . It is a peculiarity of Calvinism to present God in universal relations. It does not include the paternity of God, but it has presented with such ability and intensity, and in such proportions, the magisterial character of God, that this is the view which it has most strongly impressed upon men; and those who have been brought up under New England teaching, are apt to think of God in his relations to government. What is called God's moral government is the texture out of which the sermons of Calvinistic preachers are largely made. But to think of God as a governor, is to make him an abstract being. Even upon earth the governor of a state is an abstraction. . . . The governor stands without any regard to who is in it. It has no personality. It is not allowed to have any. It is as nearly as possible the abstract administration of certain laws. . . . Now you may love a man that is governor; but no man can love the *governor*. *Governor* is an official title and not a personal one; and if you train yourself to think of God as an official personage, the soul does not go out after him. The heart does not twine around abstractions. . . . . It makes a great deal of difference whether you draw your rules for measuring sin, and the desert of sin, from a government administered over a state, or from a government administered over a household, from

a government administered by a father, or from a government administered by a ruler. The family then, and not the state, is the fittest model for contemplation."

Much more might be quoted to the same effect. You have in these citations the substance of the whole discourse, and to these, or the principles involved in them, our observations will be entirely confined. We admit that the doctrines of Calvinism are founded upon the moral government of God; that it knows nothing of the universal fatherhood of God in its evangelical signification; that its creed is based upon the governmental, rather than upon the paternal, aspect of the Divine Being; and that in these respects, Mr. Beecher's views are essentially different from our own. The question now rises, which is more accordant with the Scriptures of truth?

1. We maintain that *subjects of the highest moment are not left in Scripture to be determined by any single figurative representation of the relation of God to man; nor by all the analogies between human and divine agencies; but by plain and direct propositions and reasonings.* God is not to be viewed, either as a governor or a father, strictly after the human model. "His thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither are his ways as our ways." Mr. Beecher's argument is founded upon a precise similarity. Abstractedly considered, the contrast far exceeds the resemblance; and the contrast may be just where the argument of analogy is supposed to receive its greatest force. We are not left to gather our first principles from Scripture by analogical reasoning, but from plainly recorded facts. The character of God both as a governor and a father is to be interpreted by his own descriptions of those figures as applicable to him, and not as they are generally known to us. To rest a whole system of theology upon a fancied relationship of God to man, similar to that which his creatures sustain to each other, is to build upon drifting sand. Yet says Mr. Beecher, "The aspect of God as a Father is the one on which you ought to build Christian life." *On* which; not *with* which, after the foundation has been laid. The fatherly character of God is to be the foundation of your hopes. This we hold not to be the direct teaching of the Word of God.

2. *We are not disposed to accept the metaphysical distinction between a governor and a father, for which Mr. Beecher contends:* he says that "A governor is an abstract being"—"it is an official title and not a personal one," and when you consider God as the governor of the universe, you must make him impersonal; implying of course that considered as a father, he is not an abstraction, but of necessity, a personality. This notion is derived from the fact that the laws govern independently of the consideration of who the governor may be. The parental rule is concentrated in the parent; the civil law is not concentrated in the king or judge. With the parent, the parental authority ceases; with the governor, the governmental authority does not cease. Then is there not more of personality in one than in the other? This is the argument in its full force; but what does it really amount to? It is partly true in theory, but as a basis of theological truth it is utterly worthless. It is just where the analogy between human offices and the Divine fails, that the argument is made to rest. It is not always true that the governor is an abstraction in the govern-

ment, and seldom if ever completely so. In popular forms of government it may be so to a great extent; but it is to absolute, rather than to dependent governors that God is compared in the scriptures, such as prevailed in the East, in which the governor and the government were the same. Neither the Pharaohs nor the Artaxerxes of old Testament, nor the Cæsars of New Testament times, were considered as impersonalities or abstractions. Why may not a parent be considered as an abstraction too, since the parental government is, or ought to be, the same, whoever the parent may be, and should have an influence upon the child, whether the parent be present or absent, and even after his decease? This distinction does not therefore hold good amongst men. Does Mr. Beecher really consider Mr. Abraham Lincoln a mere abstraction or impersonality whom he can neither reverence nor love? Does he really consider the parent, and the parental laws to be identically the same? Supposing, however, the distinction he makes between a governor and a father to exist among men, it could not apply to God whose laws are an emanation from himself, and an expression of his own nature and will. It may be poetic and rhetorical to speak of God as an impersonal Governor and a personal Father, but most assuredly it cannot be according to truth.

3. *We deny that the character of God as a Father is the one that is predominant in scripture, and is the principal aspect in which he should be looked upon by sinful men.* This is the first principle upon which the whole reasoning in this new system of theology is built; and which ought not to have been taken for granted. In fact, to sustain the whole theory it ought to be shown that the paternal is the *only* relation in which God stands to the race of man; instead of which we find it to be but one of numerous titles given to the Divine Being, neither more frequently nor emphatically than many others. If this one had sufficed, why so many others? And why some as king and judge of an opposite kind.

We have no hesitation in affirming that the character of God as a moral governor is that in which he is most prominently exhibited throughout the whole scriptures; it is his chief aspect both in the law and the gospel; it is the form in which he demands our faith and obedience; it is the source both of his promises and threatenings; and it is the aspect under which all creatures must chiefly contemplate him. Let it be remembered, however, that the moral government of God embraces both equity and sovereignty. The character of God as a Governor is not confined to law. The gospel is as much a part of the moral government of God as the law; and if Calvinists are deemed rigorous and austere, because they demand grace and all the tender mercies of God to be exercised in conformity with strict justice, they glory in the consistency of their views with the whole character and the whole word of God. Mr. Beecher's view of God as a governor is as a lawgiver and a judge only, ours is as a gracious sovereign as well as a just ruler. The parental relation with us is part of the moral government, and not separated from it. We see no reason why governors should not be parental as well as judicial, and particularly why God as a universal governor should be more a God of justice than of love.

4. *We do not find any encouragement to men to seek pardon from God on the ground of any parental relation he sustains to them, to be the teaching of the Bible.* The thought that he is their creator only aggravates their guilt. His goodness, which should lead them to repentance, is general and not paternal. In the law, God speaks to them as a judge; in the gospel as a sovereign. So far from being addressed as children of God, they are styled "Children of wrath," "Children of disobedience," and "Children of the devil." The parable of the prodigal son has been supposed to represent the relation in which God stands to men in general, but a little examination will suffice to prove that it admits of a different interpretation. Nowhere does God say to sinners "Oh my rebellious children! my wandering, my deluded sons and daughters! Return to your Father's bosom, and your Father's house! Ease his disconsolate heart. Return at once, and all shall be forgiven. The past shall no more be remembered. Only return, and henceforth we shall live in love and happiness for ever!" What it does say is, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters saith the Lord Almighty." It says not come because I *am*, but because *I will be*, a Father unto you; not because ye *are*, but because *ye shall be* my sons and daughters. What it does say is, "As many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God," implying they had not that power before. Observe in what that power consists! "which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." They who are born of man, therefore, are not in new Testament language the children of God. Again what the scripture does say is, "Beloved now are we the sons of God." This *now* implies that they were not sons before. What it does say is, "As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." The teaching of these words is, that by the renewing and guiding influence of the Spirit of God we become the sons of God; implying of course that we had not that privilege before; and further, that the Spirit gives us an inward consciousness of our relation to God as our Father; and further still, that we are brought into this new relation by adoption. Yet this is the passage upon which Mr. Beecher grounds his views of the universal Fatherhood of God. He speaks at times, as though we became the children of God in conversion; and yet the drift of his whole discourse is to show the duty of all men to look upon God as their Father, and to merge all other considerations of the relations of God to them in this one. It is remarkable, did we not know that preachers of this order are carried away by natural and sympathetic feeling with the multitude, that the fact of believers being the children of God by adoption should not have suggested that they are not so by nature, since men invariably adopt the children of strangers and not their own. It might further be shown that the filial relation of fallen man to God is restored in no other way than by actual union to Christ, according to the apostolic declaration, "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." But sufficient has been said, we trust, to

prove that the aspect of God as a Father to men in general, instead of being the one most appropriate to them and most just, is erroneous both in principle and practice. It is the mercy of a forgiving Lord, more merciful even than an injured parent, that they are invited to seek.

5. *The distinguishing peculiarities of the gospel harmonize more with the character of God as a moral governor than as a universal father.* The paternal relation considered by itself, precludes indeed the necessity of reconciliation by mediation, and pardon by vicarious sacrifice. Nothing more would be required than the declaration, "Father, I have sinned," as with the prodigal son; and hence the strongest points of the evangelical system are reduced to almost nothing by theologians of this school. A father does not require an innocent son to stand in the place of one that has sinned; a father does not need an atoning sacrifice to be offered as the ground of reconciliation to his own son; a father does not require the service of another in the place of that which he lost by the disobedience of a child before he forgives him; a father does not demand the payment of the portion of goods wasted by the prodigal son of another before he embraces him. If that therefore be the chief aspect of God to men, then is the offence of the cross ceased, and Christ has died in vain. If such had been the principal relation of God to man, how easy it would have been for inspiration to have so stated it! Instead of this, we read, "Christ is all and in all;" "That in all things he might have the pre-eminence;" "He of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;" "The life which I live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me;" and numerous passages of the same kind. In vain shall we try to reconcile such declarations with the character of God as a Father; in vain seek for analogies with them in the parental relations of men. Look, on the other hand, upon the character of God as a moral governor, and the plan of redemption is in beautiful harmony with all the great principles of his government, and illustrative of the highest glories of his nature. Here are the loftiest displays both of justice and of grace, and of the union of both in a God who is love. This is the Calvinism, not of John Calvin merely, but of the New Testament.

6. *We have a strong persuasion that the results of the preaching adopted by Mr. Beecher are far less hopeful than of that which he condemns.* The New England teaching from which he professes to have departed, will not suffer from a comparison in this respect with his own. Of this same New England, we would ask, Received ye the Spirit by the Calvinistic teaching of Jonathan Edwards, of David Brainerd, of Dr. Payson, of Nathaniel Nettleton, or by the preaching of Henry Ward Beecher? In every country and in every age, we maintain, it has been received, not by the works of the law, but by the hearing of faith. The genuine effects of preaching have ever depended more upon the doctrines than the men. Whitfield's oratory, without his Calvinism, would not have had such great and permanent results, and Wesley's usefulness was the fruit of the measure of Calvinism he retained. It is not by the preaching of those doctrines merely that good effects are secured, but by the prayerful dependence upon the grace of God which necessarily

accompanies them. These are the truths, we hesitate not to affirm, that the Spirit of God employs for the conversion of sinners, for the consolation of believers, and for the joy of the redeemed amidst the terrors of the last day. Are the sentiments derived from the universal Fatherhood of God equally powerful? Will the hopes founded upon them abide the same test? We confidently answer, No! It is true of doctrines as well as of men, that "By their fruits ye shall know them."

How to Deal with Enquirers.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A PAPER READ AT A MEETING OF MINISTERS BY PASTOR VARLEY OF NOTTING HILL.

FOR this work our souls must be in health, and there must be evermore an intense appreciation of the condition of those who seek our aid. Skilled in the divine art of all consolations, comprehensive in our knowledge of character, men to fulness in counsel, comfort, and sympathy; well accustomed to mix the cup of blessing; wholesale dealers in the Gilead physician's balm, let us stand watchers for souls, having fellowship with Him who said, "I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you."

The possession of these characteristics will do much to produce the results we desire: but then *we must desire and pant for such results*, for there is a sense in which every real result is cradled by *desire, determination, design.* A ministry cannot be soul-winning (save in a very limited sense), if it be not so in the preacher's purpose. Verily, in this respect, "according to your faith so be it unto you."

In dealing with enquirers *we must see to it that our Lord is dealing with us;* we must be ourselves enquirers, still enquiring before him, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" So that by his teaching we may, as he did, make our ministry tell upon every soul. *We are in his stead:* through us he still pleads, let it be ours to realize this; for his companionship, his famous influences shall quicken our discernment, and greatly intensify our sympathy with himself in this blessed work. Has he not declared, "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." With such a promise, brethren, let us go forth to the enquirer's camp, bearing the torch of truth.

Permit me to remark that great discernment is needed by us. We have all heard the story of "Eyes and no Eyes:" the principle taught therein is this,—that the reality or otherwise of a scene or subject will appear in proportion to our perception of it. Is it too much to say that we are very slow to discern the awakened soul? Two causes among others underlie this condition:—First, We are not watching, we are not burdened about souls; the second, slowness of perception; the agitated countenance, the tear is unobserved; these signs so welcome in the courts of heaven, are frequently unrecognised in the house of God below. Men are allowed to pass without a word from the hour of conviction back to the world's deadly carelessness.

I feel that the minister should as much as possible look after his own awakened ones. The mother should nurse her own child, and the pastor his own spiritual offspring. By the spiritually wounded, the man who fired the shot is identified with it, and they cannot help thinking of the minister. Some minds could not bear another voice than ours. Brother, thou wast honoured to begin the work. Be it thy *glory* to finish it. I must not be understood to lay down any rule; it would be impossible for some ministers to speak to all their enquirers, and it would be a very painful condition if the members and elders of our Churches took no part in this gracious work. Let us all labour to our utmost. Keenly alive to these facts, I now pass to notice some methods by which we may deal with enquirers.

As farmers test the quality of soils, and thus select the fittest seed, so we must estimate character, age, temperament, education, associations, early prejudices, long-standing habits, for these are all influences either for or against the truth. To compete wisely and well with adverse influences needs both divine guidance and sanctified intelligence—in a word, it behoves us to be "*Wise to win.*" We cannot but realize that it is Satan's vast experience and knowledge of human character which gives him such great power over men: in this matter let us copy him, with how different an object!

The great instrument ever to be used by us, and wielded with power is *the sword of the Spirit.* Adapted for all ages, times and experiences, the grand old Bible retains its freshness and its welcome. Let us deal with enquirers from the *written word.* Our own faith in it deepened continually, the Alpha and Omega of the enquirer's need, the unfailing guide, God's hand-book *to the cross, to the blood, to peace*; let its holy teaching be intertwined with the awakening affections of the enquirer, and like the clinging clambering moss, it shall be greenest when decay falls upon the earthly house of clay.

No one who has watched enquirers can have failed to discern their doting dependance upon outer reformation; the crude and erroneous notions they have concerning spiritual things, the desire to pay a price in some form or other for the needed salvation. Let us be very careful here, nor dull the fine edge of an awakened conscience, nor obscure the fact that it is the blood and righteousness of Christ alone, which must be the foundation of the enquirer's hope. *Jesus only*—the enquirer's Saviour; Jesus only—the enquirer's righteousness; Jesus only—the enquirer's peace; Jesus only—the enquirer's fulness.

It would be apart from our purpose to attempt to lay down any stereotyped form or method. The ceaseless diversity in the Lord's working forbids this; conviction comes in ten thousand ways, it fastens in ten thousand others. On some minds it produces terror, the whirlwind, the fire, in others it is the resistless power of the "still small voice." From conviction to conversion may define the enquirer, and bound our discussion; but how varied is the experience contained within those narrow limits. In some cases it is literally *travail;* the soul is filled with mental anguish, intense, overwhelming, and continued; in others the work is gentle as the dropping of the dew from heaven; the change is sudden, perceived, unmistakable in many, but you will find some in whom the work of life is so gradual,—the incorruptible seed

produces the change so silently—that like the breath of flowers, our coarser senses discern it not. Without observation the kingdom cometh, but these are born again.

Let us show especial care in setting the Holy Spirit fully before enquirers, as the prime cause of all true convictions, the testifier for Jesus, the enlightener, the comforter.

Let us be careful of undue haste. We are apt to say to enquirers, "only believe," forgetful how the poor frightened heart, viewing *faith* as an abstraction, trembles and recoils from the thought. Faith is not only a principle in an abstract sense, it is susceptible of growth, and it works by love. It always possesses the principle of life, though not the characteristics of manhood. As a child is a man undeveloped, these are babes in Christ, with more safety than they are aware of. I will explain my position by an illustration. An enquirer sat weeping, this had been her condition for two years. I took my seat beside her, saying, "My sister, are you weeping on account of sin?" "Oh sir," she replied, "*I do not believe in Jesus.*" I rejoined, "Are you sure of this, you tell me you do not believe. Have you any hope in Jesus?" "A little sir, very little." "Well now," I answered, "will you take £500 for your hope in Christ?" "Oh, no sir," she quickly responded. "What, I said, do you value your little hope more than £500, then I'll double it, say £1000? "I won't take it sir," she replied with much fervor. "My sister," I added, "could I lay the whole world at your feet, would you give me for it your *little* hope in Jesus?" "Oh, no sir, no." "Be of good cheer, all is well, your faith is bearing the precious fruit of hope in Jesus, of love to Jesus." Life abstractedly may puzzle to define, its effects are tangible enough. She lifted her head, dashed the tears away, heaven fairly beamed from her face as she joyously said, "I see it, *I see it!*" *She went home rejoicing.* Again, touching depth of conviction; I remember when quite a boy losing a valuable parcel, it grieved me very much that I should feel so indifferent about its loss. I mentioned the matter to a Christian brother. He said little, scarcely chided me; a few days after it was found; I ran rejoicing to my friend saying the parcel is found. "Oh," he said, "then you were sorry it was lost after all." I answered, "How so?" "Why, your joy at its being found proves it beyond question." Even thus —joy at finding Christ may prove the truth of sorrow for sin. It is conviction struck at another point. When conviction faces the cross, let her go for very joy, Christ hath borne the judgment, and there is, therefore, now no condemnation.

Prayer with enquirers is an effective way of dealing with them. Let our petitions bespeak intense earnestness. In such a suit "'twere impious to be calm." Much tenderness of spirit before God, will show to the *enquirer* our position, and at the same time aid *us* to be as gentle as a nurse towards her children. Let us *lead in a plain path*, teaching them truth, in plain, simple, and well defined forms. Keep them looking to Jesus as the light, the life, the joy, the every need of their soul; do not make the truth plainer than God has put it, and offer no encouragement where God hath offered none. Salvation cometh at that point *when the enquirer trusts Jesus alone*, and till then, we dare not comfort the sinner by any commendation of his state or feelings.

I will mention, in conclusion, some features which all of us must have noticed among anxious enquirers and young converts.

Among many these four stand in chaste prominence.

First. Tenderness of conscience.

Second. Attachment to the means of grace.

Third. Desire to come out from the world.

Fourth. Deep interest in the unconverted.

Be it ours to show our deep regard for these precious tokens of the divine presence, let us labour to cultivate these virtues, rather than teach that they are incidental to awakening, and may properly pass away with the first love. Melancholy mistake, lamentably felt by us this day! Would that our members were back to the warmth and generous instincts of their first love! What would not our Churches have accomplished if their growths had not been stunted by the fatal error which regards conversion as a consummation rather than simply the joyous beginning of a glorious future! Let our teachings unmistakably show that at the very point where the sinner's responsibility to God as a rebel ceases, his responsibility as a servant begins, constantly increasing in proportion to his opportunities, privileges, and talents.

We need to develop the working powers of our Church members, and not to tolerate and increase the annoyance of that unceasing twaddle, about "lying passive in the dear Lord's hands," "not working till the Lord opens a door," and such-like nonsense. O that we were no longer pained to our heart's centre by the frightful trespass upon the love of our gracious Advocate acted out by some, who seem to regard the Saviour as a kind of heavenly bankruptcy court, by which to escape from the responsibilities which they have entailed upon themselves by neglect of service. Far be it from me to unchristianize these; the reach of God's mercy, the unchanging love of Jesus, last, not least, his mercy to me, forbid me to deny them all hope. Yes, these may be saved, yet so as by fire. Nevertheless, may God prevent each of us from enduring such a narrow escape, and vouchsafe to us and our people an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, laden with treasure to pour at the Master's feet, to break in all its costliness over the glorified body of Jesus life's box of precious ointment diligently compounded. My brethren, let us take this matter before our gracious Master, let *Him* deal with our hearts, we shall then be qualified to deal with enquirers: without this aid we shall do nothing; with it, wisdom shall be ours, we shall unite the intelligence of the wise master builder, with the simplicity, tenderness, and care of the under-shepherd.

Wise as *serpents*, yet harmless as *doves*, we shall not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, nor be planters whose work shall in that awful day be eternally rooted up.

Grace Abounding:

OR, PRAYER ANSWERED IN THE CONVERSION OF SIX CHILDREN.

BY A FATHER.

(*Continued from page* 100.)

THE fifth case is that of my eldest son. I have already stated that after hearing Mr. Smith on the Sunday only, he returned to London apparently altogether unaffected by what he had heard. Mr. Smith informed me that, in a conversation which he had with him after the evening service, he asked him if he believed in the Lord Jesus Christ. His reply was, "Yes, certainly I do. We all believe in him." "Well, and what do you believe about Him." "I believe that he is the Saviour of sinners." "Very good. You are a sinner, are you not?" "Yes, I know I am." "Then you believe he has saved you, do you not?" "No, I do *not* believe that." "What, then, is the value of your belief? It is of no avail to you to believe for others—to believe for all the world; you must believe *for yourself;* and I now tell you in his name, that if you believe in him for yourself, as your own Saviour, you are saved—you have everlasting life." This blessed truth startled him, and was fastened upon his mind by the Spirit of God; and ultimately led him, by his grace, to believe and rejoice in Jesus as his Saviour.

Quoting from his own relation of the circumstances attending his conversion, he says, "The mere fact of your asking me to come home that I might have the advantage of hearing a dear minister of the Gospel then staying in ——— made me think much at the time on religious matters, but not in a way likely to be profitable to me. In fact, I came down determined not to hear him, or rather determined that what I did hear should not make any impression on me. On the next day—Sunday—I heard him twice; and was startled by hearing him declare the fact that, in order to be saved, one had only to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. I heard this, and as I heard it hung down my head, thinking and wondering, but still determined that I would not hear, and that I would not think on what I heard; though his preaching shook me in my determination. That evening he preached from the ninth verse of the thirty-second Psalm, and I wondered would God put the bit in my mouth; and though I could not shake off these thoughts, I determined I would not hear him. After the evening prayer-meeting, which partook somewhat of the character of a revival meeting—many people being moved to tears, many acknowledging their sins, and many praying for the unconverted—some, I thought praying specially for me—Mr. Smith came to the pew door, as I was standing, hat in hand, ready to go."

Reference is then made to the conversation which ensued, and which has already been referred to. He continues, "Our conversation came to an end by his wishing, as I was leaving next day, that if we did not meet again on earth we might meet in heaven. With all my devilish determination not to believe, I felt a respect, an admiration, I can scarcely express for him. The next day I left as I came—my heart full only of cold contemptuous feeling; and these words do not express what I felt—it was something so diabolically cold, that I can think of no words which would

convey all its intensity: still I was shaken. I left—heard that D—, then B—, then A— had been converted. Conversed with D— on the subject, and declined to hear Mr. Smith again, when he asked me to go and hear him with him. I heard from the others—each of their letters telling me something of the fact that, to be saved, I had only to believe; and in answering them I carefully avoided alluding to it. And yet for *eight months* his words, '*believe, believe,*' were every now and again ringing in my ears; sometimes with such distinctness that I could almost have declared I heard them. One Saturday afternoon, standing on the steps of the operating theatre, talking to D—, I thought I would ask him what was the subject of his conversation with Mr. Smith on that Sunday evening—whether he told him that *simple belief* was all that was needed. He said that he could scarcely remember what he had heard that evening, but he certainly had heard that simple belief was the only essential. We walked to his rooms, and there we knelt down, and he prayed for me, and afterwards told me that he was sure I should 'come' too. About a fortnight afterwards he wrote to me in Essex, telling me that Mr. Smith was in town, and asking me to meet him at the Hanover Square Rooms on the following Monday evening, to hear an address from Mr. Smith to young men. I went, and after the meeting, which made me *think* still more, I spoke to Mr. Smith, and again he told me, 'Believe, and thou shalt be saved,' and, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* BELIEVETH in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' '*Whosoever; whosoever,*' said he; 'are not you one of the *whosoever?*' I went away, thinking deeply. On the following Thursday afternoon I heard Mr. Smith again at Freemasons' Hall, and after the meeting spoke to him again. I had been feeling for some time that I wanted the assurance that I was certainly saved. I believed, and yet I only *half* believed. He said to me again, 'Believe, and thou shalt be *saved;* do you see this?' The moment before he said this—while he was saying it—I did not see it; but as he uttered the last words, the belief—faith—seemed to flash across my soul, and with it the assurance of salvation, because I believed; and from that moment I know I was saved; and though I have been tempted to doubt many times since, I know with a wonderful certainty that if I were to die this moment, it would be to enter on an eternal life. And as, by God's grace, I have 'come,' F—* will come too. I remember each day to pray for him. And to ask boldly, because I remember this too: 'All things, *whatsoever* ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive.' I have, indeed, wonderfully great reason to be thankful, and to praise God for His grace in bringing me to see this. 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

Here, as I supposed, I had completed this narrative of the wonderful and gracious dealings of God with my dear family; but, by a remarkable intervention of His will, it was not to be so. I was about to refer to the only one of our circle yet remaining out of "the bundle of life;" to express, as his dear brother does, my perfect confidence that in the abounding mercy of God he too would soon be brought in; and to conclude my tale with an ascription of praise and gratitude to God.

* The only remaining one then left out.

But my hand is stayed—at the very moment. The grace bestowed upon us was yet too little in the estimation of Him who has said, "Prove me now herewith, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Reverting for a moment to that point of my narrative when my youngest child was brought—the fourth—into the fold of Christ, I may state that prayer was not only made without ceasing for the salvation of the remaining two unsaved ones; but we also met together on each Sunday afternoon to offer *special* prayer for their speedy conversion; and it pleased God to give us all strong faith that He would graciously answer us. In a few months, as just related, the most unlikely one was saved; and this blessed event, after calling forth our hearfelt thanksgiving to Him who had heard us, rather stimulated us to more earnest wrestlings with Him on behalf of the last and *only* lost sheep.

Time passed on; and at length the period was approaching when he would again return home for the Easter holidays. Dear Mr. Smith, on leaving us a year before, had promised that he would embrace an early opportunity when passing near our neighbourhood of paying us a second visit; but hitherto, through a whole year, his numerous engagements had prevented his doing so. At length, however, we received an intimation from him of his intention to fulfil his promise. Our great desire now was that it might be the will of God that this visit should take place during the short sojourn of this son, who had not yet met Mr. Smith at home. It pleased God graciously so to order it. A second letter was received from Mr. Smith—no intimation of our desire in this respect having been conveyed to him—appointing Friday in the Easter week as the day of his arrival. Meetings were held on Friday, Saturday, Sunday—three. I need hardly say that much special prayer was now made that this might be the set time of God to favour our dear boy, to emancipate his soul from the bondage of sin and death. During the progress of the services, I thought he was very much affected, and I learned that he had been privately in conversation with Mr. Smith.

On Sunday evening I retired alone again to wrestle with God for his salvation; but I was at once restrained—it was clearly laid upon my mind that I had no longer to *ask* this blessing, but rather at once to *render thanksgiving and praise* to God for having already granted it; and I could not hesitate immediately to do so; and on the following morning I found indeed that his hitherto proud spirit was humbled, and his heart softened by the power of Christ's love. It was the same day, before Mr. Smith left, he said to him, "When I heard you were coming, my mortification was extreme, I hated the thought of it, and I hated you before I saw you; but now my heart is changed—I do not hate you now, I love you more than I can express," and he requested our dear friend to accept of a little drawing of his own, as a trifling token of his affection!

In a letter he wrote to Mr. Smith a few days afterwards, he said, "Oh, how much I have to thank you for; but for you I should never have found my Saviour, and such a Saviour too—one for whom I have never done anything but to laugh at and scorn Him; and now I feel as if I never could pay the debt of love which I owe Him. He bore *all* my sins, and now I feel it; feel it as if I were beside myself with happiness

at having escaped such a doom. On Sunday I prayed my first prayer for *five or six years*. I never felt so happy in all my life before. This verse has been in my mind ever since, it seems so adapted to my case,—

'Oh, what a glorious thing,
Sin's weary load to bring,
And lose it while we sing,
Jesus is here.'

"It is, indeed, a glorious thing! Only to think that if I were to die *now*, with my pen in my hand, I should join my darling mother in heaven! Oh, would that she could have seen this day!—her *whole family a family in Christ Jesus!*"

In compliance with my desire he has drawn up an account of the way in which God brought him to himself, in which he says,—

"My first serious thoughts of religion were awakened by a friend in a letter thanking me for a present I had sent. Before this I used to think that to be religious was to be a dull sanctimonious person; but after receiving this letter, I thought it could not be so, as the person who sent it was as lively and kind as anybody I knew. Still I would not think much over it. I used to avoid the subject of religion; it always made me feel miserable; thoughts of death were horrible to me. Sometimes I would ask myself this question, If I died where should I go to—heaven or hell? The answer was always '*Hell.*' But, notwithstanding, I put it off; I thought there was lots of time; I could become religious when I became older. Some little time after I went home, for I was living in London, and found that two of my brothers and one sister had been converted. One Sunday they were singing a hymn—I believe it was 'Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away.' My brother B— asked me to join, but I could not; the thought that *I* had known no such happy day, made me burst into tears, and I left the room. My father followed me and prayed with me. Something within me said, 'Why make such a fool of yourself; this will soon pass away.' I struggled against my feelings, and apparently successfully. That same evening my youngest sister was brought to see the truth. A day or two afterwards I left home again, and soon forgot all about it. My father wrote to me on the subject, but I always passed it over. My eldest brother was soon after converted at one of the Rev. Denham Smith's meetings. He wrote to me entreating me 'to believe and be saved;' but the only notice I took of it was to tell him I did not see things in the same light as he, and hinted that he had much better leave me alone on the subject. He afterwards had a conversation with me about my soul. He persisted that all our sins were borne by Christ on the cross, and if I could only believe in Christ I should be saved. I said, 'Oh! then if my sins are forgiven I have nothing to repent of.' He answered, 'The repentance will follow your belief.' I, however, could not see it, and paid very little attention to him. On parting he begged of me to think of what he had said; and although I endeavoured to forget it, what he had said continually recurred to me, and harassed me.

"I again went home.

"I then found that Mr. Smith was coming to hold some meetings in

the town, and that he was to be our guest. I at once determined that he should have nothing to do with *me*. I concocted plans by which to escape being drawn to his meetings, and resolved to give him the cold shoulder. When I saw his happy face I began to feel my dislike fast disappearing; but I was still determined I would not listen to him. I, however, could not resist—he engaged all my attention; so that I could not avoid hearing what he said. In the evening I went to his first meeting and drank in every word he uttered, and by the end of the evening all my dislike to him had left me. In the afternoon of the next day he found me alone, and began to speak about my salvation, and put before me very plainly the fact of sin having been put away by Christ, and that if I would only believe in Him, I was saved. He showed me how I might see that my sins had been buried with Christ, and that *He* and not *they* had risen again; that it was not by my works or by my repentance that I was to be saved, but simply by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. The blessed light then dawned upon me; it was so simple to believe that, and yet to be saved by that from eternal damnation, that at first it seemed too good to be true. By the end of that conversation I firmly believed that *all* my sins had been blotted out and forgiven. I prayed God to strengthen me and give me grace to withstand temptation, and poured out my thanks unto him for his mercy to me; and when I arose I felt a joy and happiness to which I had been a stranger. I could then say with all my heart—

"'I do believe, I *will* believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross he shed his blood,
That *I* might happy be.'"

Thus hath the faithful God, in his own mysterious way, fulfilled his gracious promise to her who is departed—"See if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour thee down a blessing:" and thus has he answered her last known prayer—"Convert my unconverted, and make room for thyself in this house!"

I have now completed the task I entered upon, of recording the marvellous grace of God in calling my *six* children "from the power of Satan unto himself." But even this is not all he has been pleased to accomplish in our midst; for it is right that I should further state the fact that during the two visits, and under the ministrations of the same eminent servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, three domestic servants in our family were, by his grace, led to believe and rejoice in him as their Lord and Saviour. To his great name be all the praise!

It is possible that some who read this narrative may say, "But is not this mere excitement of the moment, which is likely soon to produce its natural reaction in a return to indifference and the world?" I can reply, to the praise and glory of God, that a whole year has now passed away since the first four cases here recorded took place; and that the fruits which have followed have by no means indicated such a conclusion. If a faithful and steadfast confession of Christ before former worldly companions, a love of his ordinances, and zealous efforts to bring others to him, be indications of passing excitement, then it may be so; but I cannot doubt that they are evidences of the quickening,

saving power of the Holy Ghost in their hearts, the same omnipotent power which led thousands on the day of Pentecost to cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Neither can I doubt that in the great work here recorded it has pleased God in a remarkable manner to manifest his gracious faithfulness in answering believing prayer—the prayers of their departed mother and of him who yet survives; and who once was, doubtless, the great hindrance in the way of the realization of this blessing. Often have I heard her express her perfect confidence in God that all her children would be saved; and since her departure, I became acquainted with the remarkable fact that on some occasions during my absence from home she sat up whole nights to offer prayer to God for their salvation; and though she was called away from them before the faithful answer was sent down, doubtless her song of praise has since resounded louder than the loudest amidst the throng before the throne of God who rejoice over repenting sinners, on witnessing, from her heavenly mansion, the abundant shower of blessing and grace bestowed upon her offspring by a faithful God, in answer to her wrestlings with him on their behalf while yet below in this vale of tears! Oh, Christian parents, "have faith in God." "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." (Mark xi. 24.)

As furnishing some indication that this work has not been mere passing excitement, I am tempted to transcribe a letter which fell into my hands accidentally, from one of the brothers first brought to believe in Jesus, to the one last led to exercise like precious faith. On hearing of his conversion, he says, "I always loved you, but somehow I love you differently now that we are, by God's infinite grace, travelling the same road, and that to heaven. Dear F—, now that you have come to believe simply in the finished work of Jesus, and are saved, do not think that you have done with the devil. Oh no! Just as you do not see dirt and dust until light shines into the scene, so you never saw the depravity of your old nature, and never felt it as you do now, and as you will do more and more in proportion as you are enlightened by divine truth; and you only come to the light of truth as you come near to Jesus. Do not therefore be discouraged at the sin which will now be constantly revealed in you. You only know one sin in ten thousand; but God knows them every one, and yet loves you, because he has punished them in Jesus; and now 'all that *believe* are justified from all things.' Endeavour to keep your garments unspotted from the dirt of sin; fight with the 'old man,' keep him down, hate him, and mortify him; and remember that you are in the sunshine of God's love and approbation, because of your standing as a new creature complete in Jesus; and you are invited to 'come *boldly* to the throne of grace, that you may obtain mercy, and *find grace to help in time of need.*' (Heb. iv. 16.) The devil will do all he can to draw you into some snare or sin, and then will tell you that you are no Christian, and have believed in the wrong way; but then you can always come back as a poor, ruined, helpless sinner, and say, 'I *do* believe, I *will* believe, that Jesus died for me.' No greater snare scarcely will that old devil, your fearful enemy, try to draw you into than that of being ashamed of Jesus. Keep near to Jesus; go to him in prayer; make a clean breast of all you feel, all you fear;

pour out all your sins before him. He sees you full of sin, and loves you still: ask him, consult him, make him your friend, and he *will* help you in every time of need. If you feel afraid to confess Jesus, go and tell him, and ask him to strengthen you. Dear F—, I know what it is, and have gone through it; there is nothing so glorious and happy as making a stand for Christ *at once*. God bless you! God keep you! I continually pray for you."

I have since also received a letter from one who was an eminent minister of the gospel until laid aside by the hand of his Master, in whose family my second son was residing at the time this great work was wrought in him by the Spirit of God; in which he says, "I cannot tell you with what feelings I have read this narrative. God has indeed done great things for you, of which I am glad; and I trust and pray that the joy already felt may be but the foretaste of yet more perfected bliss. The change I saw in R— was most marked. At first I was staggered; but I gradually came to see its reality, and to rejoice in the conviction that it was the work of God. Reflecting on the matter, I saw that the Divine Spirit is not limited, as we are ready to conclude. In any way, or by any agency which he deems right, may God's gracious purposes be effected. I confess that in times past I have been too much disposed to think these things were done in a specific manner: I do not think so now. God is not straitened, however we may be.

"What has passed in your household also gives me a clearer view than I had previously of the facility with which the world may be converted. Whenever the time comes, God has only to speak, and it will be done."

In compiling this statement I have entered somewhat fully into details. It is indeed intended to be a narrative of facts, a recital of the details of the dealings of God with the souls of those on whom he has been pleased so graciously to place his loving hand; in the hope that its perusal may by his grace be the means of conveying a blessing to the soul of the reader, to the Christian, to the unconverted: that the former may be warned against the fearful danger and futility of a half-hearted, world-pleasing Christianity, of the attempt to serve God while in any way living to self and the world; that the latter may be directed into the glorious way of salvation, through simple faith in the blessed Redeemer, by the testimony of those saved ones who have gone before them in the path of life, and to whom this glorious gospel of Christ has been made "the power of God unto salvation." It is not published with the view to seek the commendation of the critic, nor for the purpose of ascribing honour to man, but with a single desire to glorify God.

I am unwilling to conclude without briefly noticing the fact that the one great leading truth which has been especially made use of by the Spirit of God in effecting the conversions here related, has been that truth specially mentioned in the cases of the Ethiopian eunuch and the Philippian jailer—namely, simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. "If thou *believest* with all thy heart thou mayest." "*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." One leading feature in the ministry of that devoted servant of Christ to whom reference has so

often been made, is a clear setting forth of the glorious truth that there is, in the Lord Jesus Christ, a present, full, complete, everlasting salvation: ready *now*—as the free gift of God, for every sinner—even the chief—just as he is—who *believes* in Him;—that *all* that is needed for his pardon and acceptance with a just and holy God has been *already*, wholly, and perfectly accomplished by Christ on his behalf; that no sorrow for sin, no tears, no prayers even—in short, no work, no effort of his own, can, by any possibility, make him more acceptable to God than he now is, nor make the heart of God more favourable towards him:—that he has simply to look on Jesus—believe—and have everlasting life. Is not this *the* gospel which was preached by our Lord himself and his apostles? Does not this, in some degree, account for the remarkable success which has attended the administrations of this servant of Christ? "For the gospel of Christ is *the power of God* unto salvation to every one that *believeth*." (Rom. i. 16.)

It is at the same time perfectly true that except a man be born again, except he repent, except he be converted, he cannot enter the kingdom of God; but is it not also equally true that when a sinner believes in Jesus, he *is* born again—does repent—is converted? Repentance—supposing for the moment that it implies godly sorrow for sin—does not flow from the *un*believing heart. There may be fear—dread of the righteous judgments of God; but when the awakened sinner sees and believes the glorious truth that his sins were all laid on Jesus by that God of love against whom he has rebelled; that he expiated them by his blood, buried them in his sepulchre, and rose again *without* them for his justification; *then, and not till then,* does godly sorrow, hatred of those sins, take possession of his heart.

Yes, *by faith* he is delivered from condemnation, and passes from death unto life (John iii. 18; v. 24); *by faith* he is justified before God (Rom. iii, 26; v. 1); *by faith* he is born again, becomes a child of God (John i. 12; Gal. iii. 26); *by faith* he receives—"is made"—the righteousness of God (Rom. iii. 22; 2 Cor. v. 21; Phil. iii. 9; Heb. xi, 7). Thus *by faith* he is seen and known to be accepted, perfect, complete in Jesus! Blessed be God, faith, which is the work of the Holy Ghost in the heart, is the golden key which unlocks the door, and shows the priceless, infinite treasure of heaven to the lost sinner.

Will you not, therefore, unconverted reader, *believe* on the Son of God, and *have* everlasting life? It is his *free gift*, "without money, without price." Will you cast it away from you, as unworthy of your acceptance? "As though God did beseech you by us, we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." "He that believeth not, is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the only begotten Son of God."

BELIEVE, THEN—"BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED." *And believe NOW!* "Be not afraid; only believe."

This interesting narrative is published in a neat form by Mr. S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9, Paternoster-row, for the small sum of Sixpence. We need not say a word in its commendation, it speaks for itself. We are happy to have had the kind permission of our dear friend, the favoured father, to print it in our columns.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM IV.

TITLE.—*This Psalm is apparently intended to accompany the third, and make a pair with it. If the last may be entitled* THE MORNING PSALM, *this from its matter is equally deserving of the title of* THE EVENING HYMN. *May the choice words of the 8th verse be our sweet song of rest as we retire to our repose!*

"Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep."

The Inspired title runs thus: "To the chief Musician on Neginoth, a Psalm of David." *The chief musician was the master or director of the sacred music of the sanctuary. Concerning this person carefully read* 1 *Chron.* vi. 31, 32; xv. 16—22; xxv. 1, 7. *In these passages will be found much that is interesting to the lover of sacred song, and very much that will throw a light upon the mode of praising God in the temple. Some of the titles of the Psalms are, we doubt not, derived from the names of certain renowned singers, who composed the music to which they were set.*

On Neginoth, *that is, on stringed instruments, or* hand *instruments, which were played on with the hand alone, as harps and cymbals. The joy of the Jewish church was so great that they needed music to set forth the delightful feelings of their souls, our holy mirth is none the less overflowing because we prefer to express it in a more spiritual manner, as becometh a more spiritual dispensation. In allusion to these instruments to be played on with the hand, Nazianzen says, "Lord I am an instrument for thee to touch." Let us lay ourselves open to the Spirits' touch, so shall we make melody. May we be full of faith and love, and we shall be living instruments of music.*

Hawker says "The Septuagint read the word which we have rendered in our translation chief musician Lamenetz, *instead of* Lamenetzoth, *the meaning of which is* unto the end." *From whence the Greek and Latin fathers imagined, that all psalms which bear this inscription refer to the Messiah* the great end. *If so, this Psalm is addressed to Christ; and well it may, for it is all of Christ, and spoken by Christ, and hath respect only to his people as being one with Christ. The Lord the Spirit give the reader to see this, and he will find it most blessed.*

DIVISION.—*In the first verse David pleads with God for help. In the second he expostulates with his enemies, and continues to address them to the end of verse* 5. *Then from verse* 6 *to the close he delightfully contrasts his own satisfaction and safety with the disquietude of the ungodly in their best estate. The Psalm was most probably written upon the same occasion as the preceding, and is another choice flower from the garden of affliction. Happy is it for us that David was tried, or probably we should never have heard these sweet sonnets of faith.*

EXPOSITION.

HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness: thou hast enlarged me *when I was* in distress; have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

This is another instance of David's common habit of pleading past mercies as a ground for present favour. Here he reviews his Ebenezers and takes comfort from them. It is not to be imagined that he who has helped us in six troubles will leave us in the seventh. God does nothing by halves, and he will never cease to help us until we cease to need. The manna shall fall every morning until we cross the Jordan.

Observe, that David speaks first to God and then to men. Surely we should all speak the more boldly to men if we had more constant converse with God. He who dares to face his Maker will not tremble before the sons of men.

The name by which the Lord is here addressed, "*God of my righteousness*," deserves notice, since it is not used in any other part of Scripture. It means,

Thou art the author, the witness, the maintainer, the judge, and the rewarder of my righteousness; to thee I appeal from the calumnies and harsh judgments of men. Herein is wisdom, let us imitate it and always take our suit, not to the petty courts of human opinion, but into the superior court, the King's Bench of heaven.

"*Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress.*" A figure taken from an army enclosed in a defile, and hardly pressed by the surrounding enemy. God hath dashed down the rocks and given me room; he hath broken the barriers and set me in a large place. Or, we may understand it thus:—"God hath enlarged my heart with joy and comfort when I was like a man imprisoned by grief and sorrow." God is a never-failing comforter.

"*Have mercy upon me.*" Though thou mayest justly permit my enemies to destroy me, on account of my many and great sins, yet I flee to thy mercy, and I beseech thee *hear my prayer*, and bring thy servant out of his troubles. The best of men need mercy as truly as the worst of men. All the deliverances of saints, as well as the pardons of sinners, are the free gifts of heavenly grace.

2 O ye sons of men, how long *will ye turn* my glory into shame? *how long* will ye love vanity, *and* seek after leasing? Selah.

In this second division of the Psalm, we are led from the closet of prayer into the field of conflict. Remark the undaunted courage of the man of God. He allows that his enemies are great men (for such is the import of the Hebrew words translated—*sons of men*), but still he believes them to be foolish men, and therefore chides them, as though they were but children. He tells them that they *love vanity, and seek after leasing*, that is, lying, empty fancies, vain conceits, wicked fabrications. He asks them *how long* they mean to make his honour a jest, and his fame a mockery? A little of such mirth is too much, why need they continue to indulge in it? Had they not been long enough upon the watch for his halting? Had not repeated disappointments convinced them that the Lord's anointed was not to be overcome by all their calumnies? Did they mean to jest their souls into hell, and go on with their laughter until swift vengeance should turn their merriment into howling? In the contemplation of their perverse continuance in their vain and lying pursuits, the Psalmist solemnly pauses and inserts a *Selah*. Surely we too may stop awhile, and meditate upon the deep-seated folly of the wicked, their continuance in evil, and their sure destruction; and we may learn to admire that grace which has made us to differ, and taught us to *love* truth, and *seek* after righteousness.

3 But know that the LORD hath set apart him that is godly for himself: the LORD will hear when I call unto him.

"*But know.*" Fools will not learn, and therefore they must again and again be told the same thing, especially when it is such a bitter truth which is to be taught them, viz:—the fact that the godly are the chosen of God, and are, by distinguishing grace, set apart and separated from among men. Election is a doctrine which unrenewed men cannot endure, but nevertheless, it is a glorious and well-attested truth, and one which should comfort the tempted believer. Election is the guarantee of complete salvation, and an argument for success at the throne of grace. HE who chose us for himself will surely hear our prayers. The Lord's elect shall not be condemned, nor shall their cry be unheard. David was king by divine decree, and we are the Lord's people in the same manner; let us tell our enemies to their faces, that they fight against God and destiny, when they strive to overthrow our souls. O beloved, when you are on your knees, the fact of your being *set apart* as God's own peculiar treasure, should give you courage and inspire you with fervency and faith. "Shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him?" Since he chose to love us he cannot but choose to hear us.

4 Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still. Selah.

"*Tremble and sin not.*" How many reverse this counsel and sin but tremble not. O that men would take the advice of this verse and *commune with their own hearts.* Surely a want of thought must be one reason why men are so mad as to despite Christ and hate their own mercies. O that for once their passions would be quiet and let them *be still*, that so in solemn silence they might review the past, and meditate upon their inevitable doom. Surely a thinking man might have enough sense to discover the vanity of sin and the worthlessness of the world. Stay, rash sinner, stay, ere thou take the last leap. Go to *thy bed* and think upon thy ways. Ask counsel of thy pillow, and let the quietude of night instruct thee! Throw not away thy soul for nought! Let reason speak! Let the clamorous world be still awhile, and let thy poor soul plead with thee to bethink thyself before thou seal its fate, and ruin it for ever! *Selah.* O sinner! pause while I question thee awhile in the words of a sacred poet,—

"Sinner, is thy heart at rest?
Is thy bosom void of fear?
Art thou not by guilt oppress'd?
Speaks not conscience in thine ear?

Can this world afford thee bliss?
Can it chase away thy gloom?
Flattering, false, and vain it is;
Tremble at the worldling's doom!

Think, O sinner, on thy end,
See the judgment-day appear,
Thither must thy spirit wend,
There thy righteous sentence hear.

Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul,
To a Saviour's blood apply;
He alone can make thee whole,
Fly to Jesus, sinner, fly!"

5 Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the LORD.

Provided that the rebels had obeyed the voice of the last verse, they would now be crying,—"What shall we do to be saved?" And in the present verse, they are pointed to the *sacrifice*, and exhorted to *trust in the Lord.* When the Jew offered sacrifice righteously, that is, in a spiritual manner, he thereby set forth the Redeemer, the great sin-atoning Lamb; there is, therefore, the full gospel in this exhortation of the Psalmist. O sinners, flee ye to the sacrifice of Calvary, and there put your whole confidence and *trust*, for he who died for men is the LORD JEHOVAH.

6 *There be* many that say, Who will shew us *any* good? LORD, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

We have now entered upon the third division of the Psalm, in which the faith of the afflicted one finds utterance in sweet expressions of contentment and peace.

There were many, even among David's own followers, who wanted to *see* rather than to believe. Alas! this is the tendency of us all! Even the regenerate sometimes groan after the sense and sight of prosperity, and are sad when darkness covers all good from view. As for worldlings, this is their unceasing cry. "*Who will shew us any good?*" Never satisfied, their gaping mouths are turned in every direction, their empty hearts are ready to drink in any fine delusion which impostors may invent; and when these fail, they soon yield to despair, and declare that there is no good thing in either heaven or earth. The true believer is a man of a very different mould. His face is not downward like the beasts', but upward like the angels'. He drinks not from

the muddy pools of Mammon, but from the fountain of life above. The light of God's countenance is enough for him. This is his riches, his honour, his health, his ambition, his ease. Give him this, and he will ask no more. This is joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Oh, for more of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, that our fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ may be constant and abiding!

7 Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time *that* their corn and their wine increased.

"It is better," said one, "to feel God's favour one hour in our repenting souls, than to sit whole ages under the warmest sunshine that this world affordeth." Christ in the heart is better than corn in the barn, or wine in the vat. Corn and wine are but fruits of the world, but the light of God's countenance is the ripe fruit of heaven. "Thou art with me," is a far more blessed cry than "Harvest home." Let my granary be empty, I am yet full of blessings if Jesus Christ smiles upon me; but if I have all the world, I am poor without Him.

We should not fail to remark that this verse is the *saying* of the righteous man, in opposition to the saying of the many. How quickly doth the tongue betray the character! "*Speak*, that I may see thee!" said Socrates to a fair boy. The metal of a bell is best known by its sound. Birds reveal their nature by their song. Owls cannot sing the carol of the lark, nor can the nightingale hoot like the owl. Let us, then, weigh and watch our words, lest our speech should prove us to be foreigners, and aliens from the common wealth of Israel.

8 I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.

Sweet Evening Hymn! I shall not sit up to watch through fear, but I will *lie down;* and then I will not lie awake listening to every rustling sound, but I will lie down *in peace and sleep*, for I have nought to fear. He that hath the wings of God above him needs no other curtain. Better than bolts or bars is the protection of the Lord. Armed men kept the bed of Solomon, but we do not believe that he slept more soundly than his father, whose bed was the hard ground, and who was haunted by blood-thirsty foes. Note the word "*only*," which means that God alone was his keeper, and that though alone, without man's help, he was even then in good keeping, for he was "alone with God." A quiet conscience is a good bedfellow. How many of our sleepless hours might be traced to our untrusting and disordered minds. They slumber sweetly whom faith rocks to sleep. No pillow so soft as a promise; no coverlet so warm as an assured interest in Christ.

O Lord, give us this calm repose on thee, that like David we may lie down in peace, and sleep each night while we live; and joyfully may we lie down in the appointed season, to sleep in death, to rest in God!

Dr. Hawker's reflection upon this Psalm is worthy to be prayed over and fed upon with sacred delight. We cannot help transcribing it.

"Reader! let us never lose sight of the Lord Jesus while reading this psalm. He is the Lord our righteousness; and therefore, in all our approaches to the mercy seat, let us go there in a language corresponding to this which calls Jesus the Lord our righteousness. While men of the world, from the world are seeking their chief good, let us desire his favour which infinitely transcends corn and wine, and all the good things which perish in the using. Yes Lord, *thy favour is better than life itself.* Thou causest them that love thee to inherit substance, and fillest all their treasure.

Oh! thou gracious God and Father, hast thou in such a wonderful manner set apart one in our nature for thyself? Hast thou indeed chosen one out of the people? Hast thou beheld him in the purity of his nature,—as one in every point Godly? Hast thou given him as the covenant of the people?

And hast thou declared thyself well pleased in him? Oh! then, well may my soul be well pleased in him also. Now do I know that my God and Father will hear me when I call upon him in Jesus' name, and when I look up to him for acceptance for Jesus' sake? Yes, my heart is fixed, O Lord, my heart is fixed; Jesus is my hope and righteousness, the Lord will hear me when I call. And henceforth will I both lay me down in peace and sleep securely in Jesus, accepted in the beloved; for *this is the rest wherewith the Lord causeth the weary to rest, and this is the refreshing.*"

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 2.—"*Love Vanity.*" They that love sin, love *vanity,* they chase a bubble, they lean upon a reed, their hope is as a spider's web.

"*Leasing.*" This is an old Saxon word signifying falsehold.

Verse 3.—"*The Lord will hear when I call unto him.*" Let us remember that the experience of one of the saints concerning the verity of God's promises, and of the certainty of the written privileges of the Lord's people, is a sufficient proof of the right which all his children have to the same mercies, and a ground of hope that they also shall partake of them in their times of need.—*Dickson.*

Verse 6.—Where Christ reveals himself there is satisfaction in the slenderest portion, and without Christ there is emptiness in the greatest fulness.—*Grosse.*

Verse 7.—What madness and folly is it that the favourites of heaven should envy the men of the world, who at best do but feed upon the scraps that come from God's table! Temporals are the bones; spirituals are the marrow. Is it below a man to envy the dogs, because of the bones? And is it not much more below a Christian to envy others for temporals, when himself enjoys spirituals?—*Brooks.*

Verse 8.—It is said of the husbandman, that having cast his seed into the ground, he sleeps and riseth day and night, and the seed springs and grows he knoweth not how. (Mark iv. 26, 27.) So a good man having by faith and prayer cast his care upon God, he resteth night and day, and is very easy, leaving it to his God to perform all things for him according to his holy will.—*Matthew Henry.*

Verse 8. Happy is the Christian, who having nightly with this verse, committed himself to his bed as to his grave, shall at last, with the same words, resign himself to his grave as to his bed, from which he expects in due time to arise, and sing a Morning Hymn with the children of the resurrection.—*Horne.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—Is full of matter for a sermon upon *past mercies a plea for present help.* The first sentence shews that believers desire, expect, and believe in a God that heareth prayer. The title—*God of my righteousness,* may furnish a text, (see my exposition above), and the last sentence may suggest a sermon upon "The best of saints must still appeal to God's mercy and sovereign grace."

Verse 2.—*Depravity of man* as evinced (1) by continuance in despising Christ, (2) loving vanity in his heart, and (3) seeking lies in his daily life.

Verse 3.—*Election.*—Its aspects towards God, our enemies, and ourselves.

"*The Lord will hear when I call unto him.*" Answers to prayer certain to special persons. Mark out those who can claim the favour.

Verse 4.—The sinner directed to review himself, that he may be convinced of sin.—*A. Fuller.*

Verse 6.—The cry of the world and the Church contrasted. Vox populi not always Vox Dei.

Verses 6 *and* 7.—An assurance of the Saviour's love, the source of unrivalled joy.

Verse 7.—The believer's joys. (1) Their source, "*thou;*" (2) their season—even now,—"*thou hast;*" (3) their position, "*in my heart;*" (4) their excellence, "*more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.*"

Another excellent theme suggests itself—"The superiority of the joys of grace to the joys of earth;" or "Two sorts of prosperity—which is to be the more desired?"

Verse 8.—The peace and safety of the good man.—*Lathrop.*

A bedchamber for believers, a vesper song to sing in it, and a guard to keep the door.

Verses 2 *to* 8.—The means which a believer should use to win the ungodly to Christ. (1.) Expostulation, verse 2. (2.) Instruction, verse 3. (3.) Exhortation, verses 4, 5. (4.) Testimony to the blessedness of true religion, as in verses 6, 7. (5.) Exemplification of that testimony by the peace of faith, verse 8.

Christian Chymistry.

XXXIII.

THE ancients tell of a certain dry island near to Athens, that the inhabitants bestowed much labour to draw into it a river to water it and make it more fruitful, but when all the passages were opened, and the receptacles prepared, the water came in so plentifully, that it overflowed all, and at the first tide drowned the island and all the people. "They that will be rich," saith the apostle, "fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." It is said of the plain of Sodom that it was well watered everywhere; surely no country ever produced a more rank harvest of sins. Adversity is a blessing in disguise; and prosperity is often a curse in a mask. Lord, thou shalt choose mine inheritance for me.

XXXIV.

THOUGH the Northern people have made many irresistible incursions into the South, bearing all before them like a torrent, yet it is observed that they have never obtained any durable empire, the Southern wit being an overmatch for Northern strength. If concupiscence break forth and hurry into sin exercising some sudden acts of tyranny over us; yet. O Lord, suffer it not to get any stable dominion; let the efficacy of thy grace every day wear out the strength of our sin.

XXXV.

I HAVE read that when Zeuxis, the famous painter, had drawn his masterpiece, the picture of Helena, Nicostratus, the Athenian painter, stood amazed at its excellence, and admired its exquisite beauty. A rich, ignorant man who was near, desired to know what Nicostratus could find in the picture so worthy of wonder? "*O friend,*" said he, "*hadst thou my eyes, thou wouldst not ask such a question, but rather admire it as I do.*" It may be, reader, when thou seest the saints admiring the beauty of holiness and so charmed with the excellence of God's character that they read, hear, watch, pray, mourn, weep, and labour to attain to it, thou art ready to wonder what they see in holiness worthy of such diligent endeavours; but I tell thee, hadst thou their eyes, instead of wondering at them, thou wouldst wonder with them, ay, and work with them too, and that hard, to attain unto holiness.

XXXVI.

A CERTAIN member of that parliament wherein a statute for the relief of the poor was passed, was an ardent promoter of that Act. He asked his steward when he returned to the country what the people said of that statute. The steward answered, that he heard a labouring man say, that whereas formerly he worked six days in the week, now he would work but four, which abuse of that good provision so affected the pious statesman that he could not refrain from weeping. Lord, thou hast made many provisions in thy Word for my support and comfort, and hast promised in my necessities thy supply and protection; but let not my presumption of help from thee cause my neglect of any of those means for my spiritual and temporal preservation which thou hast enjoined.

XXXVII.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, being in a dangerous storm in the Thames, was heard to say, "Must I who have escaped the rage of the ocean, be drowned in a ditch!" Will you, experienced saints, who have passed through a world of tribulation lie down and die of despair or give up your profession because you are at the present moment passing through some light affliction? Let your past preservation inspire you with courage and constrain you to brave all storms for Jesus' sake.

XXXVIII.

QUAINT old Fuller writes, "I have known the city of London almost forty years and their shops have always sung the same tune that TRADING IS DEAD. Even in the reign of King James (when they wanted nothing but thankfulness), this was their complaint." If this be true to this day of traders in the world's great mart, it ought to be very different with those strangers and foreigners who have a better and more enduring city; so far from murmuring, their mouths should be filled with God's praise and with his honour all the day.

XXXIX.

SAID an old author, "I know not what fifth-monarchy-men would have, and wish that they knew themselves." This censure may be well applied to certain disorderly brethren now-a-days who are never happier than when they are railing at our ministry and despoiling our Churches. They have changed so often, and are so ill agreed among themselves as to how matters should be managed, that they are much like to jack-daws which delight in pulling to pieces but can do little else.

XL.

APELLES coming to the house of Protogenes, and not finding him at home, was asked by the servant his name that he might tell his master who it was that had called to speak with him. Apelles asked for a pencil and therewith drew a line on a tablet standing near, and bade the servant show that to his master when he came home. As soon as Protogenes looked upon the line which his friend had drawn, he knew from the art displayed therein that none but Apelles had done it. Lord, the impulses of thy Spirit, of Satan, and my own corruption, make each their way into my heart without a name by which their author may be known; but if the lines drawn on the tablets of my heart be holy, regular, and conformable to the rules of thy Word I know them, 'tis thy hand which drew them; but if they impress other characters, let them be disdained as none of thine, and the door shut against them as those that are desirous to destroy.

XLI.

QUINCTILIAN said of some in his time that they might have become excellent scholars had they not been so persuaded of their scholarship already. Grant, most gracious God, that I may never hold so high an opinion of my own spiritual health as to prevent my being in very deed full of thy grace and fear!

XLII.

THERE being a great mutiny among the soldiers of Alexander the Great, he first spoke to them in a conciliating manner, but perceiving that such language rather exasperated than allayed their fury, he leaped from his throne and ran his sword through some of the most mutinous, upon which the rest relented, and begging his pardon complied with his commands. When my affections prove mutinous and rebel against grace, there is no arguing the case with them for they gather strength by treaty: the right way is to fly in the face of them by an immediate detestation, there being no expedient in this case like a speedy resolution.

XLIII.

A GRECIAN ambassador being at the Persian court where it is expected that reverence be done to the king, by prostrating the body upon the ground (a thing so abhorred by the Greeks that they executed some of their ambassadors at their return for so doing), he purposely let fall his ring at his entrance, that by stooping down to take it up he might seem to do that reverence which they expected, and yet preserve his own character by directing his intention to another purpose. Lord, how many have found out bolder inventions wherewith to cheat their consciences for the accomplishment of their designs, acting though more plausibly yet no less certainly contrary to their principles. But do thou assist me so to act as always to have a conscience void of offence first towards thyself and then towards men.

XLIV.

BRUTUS visiting Ligarius found him ill, and said, "What, sick, Ligarius?" "No, Brutus," said he, "if thou hast any noble enterprize in hand, I am well." So should a soul say of Christ; what might excuse us from other labour shall never prevent our engaging in *his* service.

XLV.

WHEN Dionysius, the tyrant, sent Lysander some rich Sicilian garments for his daughters, he refused them, alleging that "He was afraid these fine clothes would make them look more homely." The truth of God is so comely in itself that the trappings of oratory are far more likely to lessen its glory than to increase it. Paul saith that he preached the gospel "not with wisdom of words lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect."

XLVI.

THE Persians being invaded by the Turks burnt up all that might be of use to sustain man or beast; that those who could not be overcome by force might be weakened by famine. Not to make provision for the flesh is a great assistance towards abating the strength of lust.

XLVII.

JULIUS CÆSAR would never forewarn his soldiers of the set time for any intended removal or attack, in order that they might be always in readiness. "Be ye also ready, for ye know not the time when the Son of Man cometh."

(To be continued.)

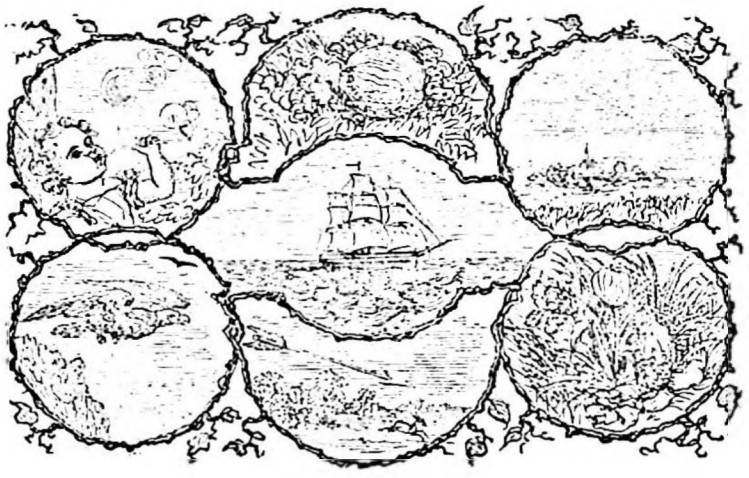


DIONYSIUS the tyrant king of Syracuse, was pronounced by Damocles the flatterer, the happiest man on earth. The king, in order to convince him of his mistake, invited Damocles to a banquet, and caused him to be robed and treated as a sovereign. During the entertainment, a sword hung suspended by a single horse-hair from the ceiling, over the head of Damocles; and thus was typified the happiness of a tyrant.

Unconverted sinner, behold thyself in the above picture. Thou fanciest that thou art happy. Ah! thou art woefully deceiving thyself. Thy pleasures are short in duration! Thou art clothed in borrowed garments of vanity, and art seated at the banquet table of thy pleasures, with the sword of Divine judgment suspended over thine head by a slender thread. (See Ecclesiastes xi. 9, and Luke xii. 16, 21.) Any moment thou mayest be cut down by the hand of death, and be hurried all unprepared before the judgment seat of Christ. Oh! be no longer blinded; but turn thine eyes upward and see thy danger. Know that thou art a sinner: "for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 23.) As a sinner thou art already condemned. The curse of God hangs over thee, and in a moment thou mayest be in hell. Turn off thine eyes from sin and self, and look unto Jesus, who is now both able and willing to save even thee if thou believest on him.

When the sinner believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, he is made by sovereign grace a king and a priest unto God. He is arrayed in "the best robe," the imputed righteousness of Christ. He is enabled by faith to sit down at the King's "banquetting" table, whereon are spread the dantiest dishes, and a feast of wine. Instead of the flaming sword of justice, the "banner" of Jesus' "love" hangs "over" his head. (Canticles ii. 4; Isa. xxv. 6; Luke xv. 22, 23; Rev. i. 6.) Such is the royal provision made by the Jehovah of hosts for every poor and needy sinner, who by simple clinging faith, trusts in his dear Son, whose "precious blood" cleanses the vilest from all sin. May infinite love glorify itself by admitting you to the marriage-feast of glory.

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SUCH IS LIFE. *A bubble,* brilliant with rainbow hues, delighting the eye of youth for a moment and then gone for ever, leaving not a trace behind. Man wilt thou risk thine all upon that bubble? Be wise and seek substantial good, and since this can ne'er be found beneath the skies, cry to the God of Heaven for his gracious aid.

SUCH IS LIFE. *A gourd,* like that of Jonah, which cometh up in a night and dieth in a night. Wilt thou make its leaves thine only shelter? Then what wilt thou do when the gourd is withered and the hot sun of divine wrath scorches thee! O that thou wouldst fly to Jesus who is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

SUCH IS LIFE. *A meteor* blazing its moment and then lost in darkness! If thou be sane thou wilt desire another and more lasting light than this can give thee! The Sun of Righteousness shines on for ever.

SUCH IS LIFE. Like *the swift ship* which skims the deep and soon disappears beneath the horizon's line! Shall thy happiness be as fleeting as this? Dost thou not long for a more enduring joy.

SUCH IS LIFE. As *the eagle* which hasteth to its prey, so passeth away thine earthly existence! Whither art thou flying? Immortal Spirit, to what country art thou bound? Thou canst not pause, but thou mayest think, and it may be the Lord may turn thee heavenwards!

SUCH IS LIFE. *An arrow* speeding from a bow, *a hart* bounding over the plain. Speed is found in its highest degree in our life; none can outrun it. O friend, art thou ready for the grave and the judgment, for in a few days thou must know more of them than now.

SUCH IS LIFE. *A flower* which bloometh for a little season and then withereth away. Ye young, ye gay, ye proud, are ye so silly as to dream that your earthly life will last for ever. Think of your latter end, and seek that friend, who will be with you in life and in death, even Jesus, the sinner's Saviour.

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The Last Days and Death of Luther.

FROM A MOST INTERESTING ARTICLE BY C. E. STOWE, D.D.

LUTHER died on the 18th of February, 1546, at the age of sixty-two. The immense labour he had undergone for thirty years was too much even for his iron constitution; and for more than a year previous to his death, he suffered much from pains in the head, inflammation of one eye, and loss of its sight, swelling of the limbs, the agonising disease of the stone, together with extreme nervous irritability and depression of spirits, His enemies hoped every day he would die, and in the beginning of 1545, a pamphlet was published at Naples to inform the world that Luther was dead, and it professed to give the particulars of his departure. In this veritable publication it was stated that Luther spent his time in gluttony and drunkenness, and blaspheming the Pope; that, perceiving his end to be near, he commanded his attendants to place him upon an altar and worship him as a god; that he received the sacrament and immediately died; but the consecrated wafer leaped out of his stomach and remained suspended in the air, to the astonishment of all beholders; that when he was buried there was such a frightful storm, with thunder and lightning, that people thought the day of judgment had actually come; that in the night the storm returned with still greater violence, and the next morning the tomb was found empty, but such an intolerable smell, and such an odonr of burning brimstone came from it, that it made everybody sick who ventured near it; whereupon many repented and joined the Catholic Church, &c.

The Landgrave of Hesse sent a copy of this pamphlet to Luther, who made himself very merry over it, and published a large edition in Italian and German, adding nothing but the following very characteristic note at the close: "Now I, Martin Luther, Dr., acknowledge and testify by this present writing, that I received the foregoing angry tale respecting my death, on the 21st of March, and that I have read it with great mirth and jollity, except the blasphemy that such lies should be attributed to the high, divine Majesty. For the rest, it tickles me to my right knee-pan and my left heel, that the devil and his crew, the Pope and the Papists, hate me so heartily. May God convert them from the devil. But if it be decreed that my prayer for a sin which is unto death, be not heard —very well—then God grant that they may speedily fill up the measure of their iniquity, and do nothing else for their comfort and joy than write such books as these."

Several circumstances tended to embitter the last days of Luther. The sacramentine controversy, which had nearly produced a breach between him and Melanchthon; the neglect of some congregations to provide suitable support for their ministers; the low state of discipline in some of the churches; the consciousness that he had sometimes been too obstinate and violent in his discussions with his brother reformers—all these things tended to disturb and trouble him. "I was born," said he, "to fight with devils and factions; and hence it is that my writings are so boisterous and stormy. It is my business to remove obstructions, to cut down thorn trees, to fill up quagmires, to open and make straight paths; and if I must have some failing, it is that I speak the truth with too great severity." To his friend Dr. Probst, of Bremen, he writes, under date of January 19, 1546—"I, a worn-out, feeble, wearied, spiritless, and now one-eyed old man, write to you, and desire, what seems to me to be very reasonable, that I, now half dead, may have a little rest and quiet, which I long for; and yet I am still overburdened with writing, and preaching, and talking, and working, just as much as if I had never written, or preached, or talked, or worked. I am weary of the world, and the world is weary of me. The parting will be very like that of the guest leaving the inn. I pray only that God may be gracious to me in my last hour, and I shall quit the world without reluctance."

Certain disorders in Wittenberg, which he found himself unable to control, harrassed and vexed his soul. Secret promises of marriage between young people, without the consent of parents and guardians, which the Romish Church

view to be valid, and which the magistrates of Wittenberg refused to declare null, he held to be exceedingly injurious to the parties concerned, and of mischievous tendency in society. He declared that things had come to such a pass, that a father could scarcely send his boy to a neighbour's house of an errand without the risk of having him return a married man. He exhorted, he prayed, he preached, he appealed to the magistrates and to the elector; but such was the power of old prejudice that his labours were all in vain. Moreover, a fashion was introduced among the ladies of dressing scandalously low in the neck; and he affirmed vehemently that ladies who went to Church with such long necks, ought to be subject to Church discipline. But Luther found, as many others had found before, and have found since, that it is easier to carry a point against any other earthly power, than against the power of a lady's fashion, especially if it be an unreasonable and indefensible fashion. He who had resisted and defeated, single-handed, the most tremendous power which ever existed on earth, was utterly unable to persuade or compel the ladies of his own Church to cover their bosoms, while it was the fashion to leave them open. He considered the reputation and usefulness of the university and theological seminary to be in imminent danger from these and the like causes; and, finally, seeing that all his remonstrances were disregarded, he left the city in disgust, with the determination never to return to it.

As soon as this determination of Luther was known, the whole city was in commotion; the citizens said it would ruin their town for ever; the magistrates begged; the students petitioned; Melancthon and his colleagues entreated; the ladies cried and promised better fashions; and the Elector of Saxony implored and even commanded him to return. Luther at length yielded, and resumed his labours in the university and the city church.

The Council of Trent was now in session, and every effort was made to inveigle the Protestants into some compromise with the Papists. Notwithstanding his growing infirmities, therefore, Luther did not feel that he could relax any of his labours. He still kept up his active correspondence over all Europe, still lectured every day, and preached from four to six times every week, and almost every month published some book, and he wrote large works on the Papacy, with special reference to the Council of Trent.

But the final scene was fast approaching. There had been a difficulty of long standing at Eisleben, Luther's native town, between the count of Mansfeld, his brothers, and the inhabitants, respecting the property in the mines there. The controversy had become exceedingly bitter, and the minds of the parties were very much irritated and alienated. Luther had once spent several days among them to effect reconciliation, but without success. They now thought, however, that if he would visit them again, they would submit all their differences to his judgment, and abide by his decision. The Count of Mansfeld, therefore, besought him to come, if his health would possibly admit.

On the morning of the 23rd he set out for Eisleben, and took with him his two sons Martin and Paul, the eldest of whom was then about twenty. His wife was sick, and on that account obliged to stay at home. There had been a violent storm, the rivers had all overflown their banks, the bridges were carried away, and travelling was most difficult and dangerous. At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 24th, he arrived in Halle, and in the evening preached in St. Mary's Church. He was detained there three days by the state of the river Saale, which was full of floating ice, and running with a furious current. On the 28th he and his two sons, with Dr. Jonas, rowed themselves across the river in a skiff, at the imminent hazard of their lives. While they were struggling with the ice and water, Luther spoke to Dr. Jonas in his dry, pleasant way: "Dear Doctor, would it not be fine sport for the devil to drown Dr. Martin Luther and his two sons, and Dr. Jonas, all together, here in the river!" They gained the shore in safety, and proceeded on their journey. The Count of Mansfeld met them with a company of one hundred and thirteen horses, and escorted them to Eisleben. When they came in sight of the church tower of Eisleben, a rush of tender reminiscences crowded upon the mind of Luther

with such overwhelming force that he fainted entirely away. When he recovered he said: "The devil must needs insult me from the old steeple yonder. But I will give him a pull or two yet before I die." Luther found himself very much exhausted by the fatigues and inconveniences of his journey. After a night's rest, however, he entered on business, and pursued it with unremitting diligence.

On account of the state of his health and the inclemency of the season, his wife felt unusual anxiety for him, and in her letters to him expressed her solicitude with all a woman's tenderness. He answered affectionately, cheerfully, and jocosely, and endeavoured to quiet her apprehensions. The last of his letters to her, written but a few days before his death, we shall here insert, as a specimen of this unique correspondence.

"To the holy, careful lady Catharine Lutheress, the Zulzdorf Doctoress at Wittenberg, my gracious dear housewife.

"Grace and peace in Christ, most holy lady Doctoress; we thank thee most kindly for thy great care of us, whereby thou canst not sleep; for since the time thou hast taken up the care of us, a fire broke out in our hotel, close by our chamber door, and was likely to burn us up; and yesterday, owing no doubt to thy tender care, a great stone came near to falling on my head, and squashing me like a mouse in a trap.

"* * * I have to thank your sacred care of me that the dear holy angels have given over taking care of me. I fear me, if thy anxiety cease not, the earth will open and swallow me up, and all the elements persecute me. Go to thy prayers, and let God take care of me. It is written, *Cast thy cares on the Lord, who careth for thee;* read the 55th Psalm, and many other like passages. Thank God, we are bright and well; but our business plagues us, and Dr. Jones has a lame leg, by reason of his accidentally stumbling into a shop. So great is the envy of people, that he would not let me have a lame leg alone. Herewith I commend thee to God. We will gladly get loose from here and come home, so soon as God pleases. Amen, Amen, Amen.

"On the day Scholastica (Feb. 10), 1546.

"Your Martin Luther."

February 14th, he ordained two preachers, and received the Lord's Supper for the last time.

February 16th, at supper Luther spoke with great cheerfulness on the brevity of human life. Among other remarks, he said, "When an infant of a year old dies, he probably has from one thousand to two thousand of the same age to go into eternity with him; but if I die at the age of sixty-two, I shall scarcely have sixty or a hundred of my age who will die the same day." Being asked if we should know our friends in the other world, he replied: "Adam, when he awoke from his sleep, and found Eve by his side, did not gape and stare, and say, Who are you? Where did you come from? but knew her at once, and exclaimed, 'Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.' Though he had never seen her before, he felt, through marrow and bone, that it must be she and could be no other; and so shall we feel when we awake in eternity, and see our loved ones standing around us."

On the morning of February 17th, he appeared so unwell that the Count of Mansfeld begged him not to attend to business that day, but keep his room. This he consented to do, he saw no company, and his dinner was sent up to his apartment. In the afternoon, however, he said he could not bear to eat his meals alone, it was so gloomy and unsocial, he would go down and take supper with the family. His two sons were with him, his friend Dr. Jonas, and his servant Ambrose. He walked thoughtfully up and down in his chamber, and at length said: "I was born here in Eisleben; what if I should die here?" He complained of pressure for breath; he walked to the window and opened it; his lips moved, and a low murmur was heard, as if he were in earnest prayer. His servent Ambrose, supposing he might want assistance, came softly behind him, and heard him speak to the following purport: "Lord God, Heavenly Father, I call upon thee in the name of thy dear Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, whom I by thy grace have acknowledged and preached, that thou wouldst

according to thy promise and for the glory of thy name, graciously listen to my prayers at this time. Oh, grant, according to thy great mercy and loving-kindness toward me, that the light of the gospel, which now begins to shine on the earth, may every where take the place of the terrible apostacy and darkness and blindness of the pope, before the great day of judgment, which cannot now be far off, but is at the door; and withal preserve thou the church of my dear fatherland pure unto the end in the steadfast profession of the truths of thy holy word, and graciously keep it, that all the world may know that thou didst send me to do this work. Ah, dear Lord God, Amen, Amen."

Not a word was spoken by any of his attendants. They felt as Jacob did in Bethel, "How dreadful is this place!"

At supper time he went down and ate with the family with a good appetite. Observing the company rather desponding, he began to converse with great liveliness, and by two or three sallies of his ever ready wit, threw them into a hearty laugh.

After supper he again complained of a pain in his breast, and asked to be rubbed with warm flannels. They urged him to send for a physician, but he declined. At nine o'clock he went up stairs, in company with his two sons Martin and Paul, Dr. Jonas, Mr. Coelius, and his servant Ambrose. He lay down on a sofa in a little ante-room adjoining his chamber and slept for about an hour and a half. He then awoke and asked Ambrose to warm the bed in his chamber. He arose from the sofa, took off his clothes without assistance, wrapped himself in a dressing gown, walked to his bed and lay down. Seeing his sons and the other friends standing anxiously around him; he requested them to retire to bed; but they earnestly begging permission to sit up with him, he made no further objection, but turned his face towards the wall, and seemed to sleep. His servant Ambrose says he did not really close his eyes, but seemed to be narrowly watching the flickering shadows made upon the wall by the unsteady light of the fire. At half past eleven he told his servant to light a fire in the little room; and soon after exclaimed "O Lord God!" in a tone of distress. His friends were immediately around him, and he said to Dr. Jonas: "I have most distressing pain at my heart, I think I must be dying." They rubbed him again with flannels, and the sad news spread through the family and through the city, that Luther was dying. The two principal physicians of the city were soon by his bed-side, the count of Mansfeld came hurrying in with some salts of ammonia, then newly discovered, and was soon followed by his lady the countess, the count John Henry von Schwartzburg and his lady, and Dr. Aurifaber, the particular friend and biographer of Luther.

Luther soon recovered, rose from the bed without assistance, walked once or twice round the chamber, and then went into the little ante-room and lay down again upon the sofa. It was now one o'clock in the morning. Soon after lying down, he said in Latin: "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." The countess of Mansfield wished him to take some of the medicines she had brought; but he said his poor dear Catey, in her abundant anxiety for him, had put up, just before he came away, a little case of refreshments and medicines, and if he took any thing he would rather have some of that. His son went to his trunk, took out the parcel he spoke of, and handed it to him. He took one or two of the things it contained, just put them to his lips, handed them all back to his son, and told him to put them away, and never to forget the kindness of his mother. Soon after, he said: "Dear God, I am in dreadful pain, I must be going." Mr. Coelius said to him: "Venerated father, call upon our dear Lord Jesus Christ, our great high priest, our only mediator: you have done a great work for Him; God will be gracious to us; you will yet recover." "No (said Luther firmly,) I feel the cold sweat of death—I am breathing my soul out—my distress is increasing." He then prayed in German: "My heavenly Father, eternal, most merciful God, Thou hast revealed to me Thy dear Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ; Him have I professed, Him have I preached, I adore Him as my only Saviour and Redeemer, while the ungodly reproach and revile and persecute Him. O take my poor soul to Thy-

self." He then said in Latin three times in quick succession: "Into thy hands I commit my spirit," and added: "God so loved the world that he sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." After a moment's silence, he again spoke in German: "O, heavenly Father, although this body is breaking away from me, and I am departing from this life, yet I certainly know I shall for ever be with Thee, for no one can pluck me out of thy hand." And then subjoined with a cheerful tone in Latin: "Our God is a God of salvation—our Lord delivereth from death."

He appeared to be fast sinking, and the countess of Mansfeld again administered some cordials, and directed him to be bathed with spirits. Then Dr. Jonas said to him: "Most beloved father, do you still hold on to Christ, the Son of God, our Saviour and Redeemer?" His fading countenance once more brightened, his clear blue eyes sparkled with intelligence, and he replied, in a distinct and thrilling tone: "O yes." He then folded his hands across his bosom, turned his face a little on one side, and began breathing softly and gently as a sleeping infant."

Luther died of cancer in the stomach, or,* *angina pectoris*, at half past two o'clock on Tuesday morning, February 18th, 1546, at the age of sixty-two years, three months, and ten days. As he seemed to anticipate, his native city, by a singular providence, became also the place of his death.

Luther's death, though peaceful, and full of unwavering confidence in Christ and his gospel, was not so joyous and extatic as that of many a Christian in humble life. For this, two reasons may be assigned:

1. His personal hopes were never of the exhilarating kind. Of himself he was often distrustful; it was only in respect to the cause in which he was engaged that he was always undoubtingly confident.

2. He was probably, during the whole time, suffering excruciating bodily pain. Though he said but little about it, it is evident from what he did say that his sufferings were extreme. And it must have been so, for he had a mighty, muscular frame to be shaken down, and such a frame could not, in so short a time, have been brought to dissolution without terrible torture.

An Attempt at Correction.

"At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, 'Sweet Spirit come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way!
'Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below:
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale.'"

This sweet hymn by Toplady is a singular mass of muddled metaphors. Why should mariners at anchor toil? Why should they lie at anchor when wishing for a gale? How can a ship mount? How can it glow? Does the poet wish to perish like the ill-fated Amazon? Here is our attempt at correction; it may not be better rhyme, or better matter of fact, but it does not mar the figure.

"Becalm'd at sea remote from home,
Weary I cry, 'Sweet Spirit come,
Celestial wind no longer stay,
But fill my sails, and speed my way!
Fain would I leave these stagnant seas,
And fly before the heavenly breeze:
But I can only spread the sail,
Thou, thou must grant th' auspicious gale.'"

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* The authorities differ on that point.

Gleanings from Nature.

THE WHEEL ANIMALCULE.

WHAT astonishment fills the mind of him who for the first time looks upon this creature! Common, although it is, so much so indeed as to be termed *Rotifer vulgaris*, yet it is only known to those who have the opportunity of observing by means of the microscope the great works of creation as displayed in minute forms, and such have only been acquainted with it for about one hundred and sixty years. The first human eye that was delighted by the strange beauty of this microscopic being belonged to the painstaking and accurate Leuwenhoeck, who, on the 25th August, 1702 by means of his lenses observed it in some water he then had under examination. The novelty of form and of organs, as well as the varied shape the animal is capable of assuming, and the curious habits of some of the species, speedily led other observers to search for it, and in localities but little likely to afford life specimens. Baker (1753) found it in some water taken from gutters on the roof of Somerset House in the Strand. Adams (1787) says, "This little animal is found in rain water that has stood for some days in leaden gutters, or in the hollows of leads on the tops of houses, they are *sometimes* to be found also in ditches and amongst duckweed;" we should think they are, and suppose that no one out of a lunatic asylum would now look for them anywhere else than in ponds, lakes, or ditches containing running water.

Bring your eye to the microscope, upon a strip of glass beneath is placed a small drop of water. You observe a little globular body of a light brown colour, it slowly moves round and round as it were upon an axis; now and then the form lengthens as if a balloon was being stretched out lengthways; again it recedes! What has become of the globe now? It has altered into that long leech-like creature that appears to be desirous of finding its way into some unknown region, as while one end is fixed the other is thrust toward every point of the compass in turn; having made up its mind it proceeds on its journey by fixing its head; unloosing its foot or tail, the body is looped up and the tail fixed close to the head, the latter is then let go and again fixed at a distance equal to the length of the body, and thus the creature progresses at a considerable speed in a manner like certain caterpillars, termed loopers, or in the same mode that leeches travel. Suddenly, however, there appears from the head a pair of organs which entirely alters the shape of the creature; it is worm or leech-like no longer, but rather wedge shaped, the head being the broadest part where two wheels seem to be in rapid revolution, and the animal speeds through the water swimming with ease. Can you imagine a long one-handed barrow having two wheels trundling itself? if so, you may conceive the odd appearance now presented by our Rotifer. We need scarcely remark that these wheels have given the creature its name, although they are not really wheels, but an optical illusion occasioned by the rapid motion in a particular direction of a large number of minute vibratory hairs, termed cilia, with which these portions of the head are furnished.

The animal is now at rest and we may examine, owing to the transparency of the flexible membrane, the internal arrangement. The opening to the stomach is between the so-called wheels, and is in communication with a pouch, or gizzard in which are several moveable teeth that break down the food previous to its passage into the intestinal canal. Within the body are some two or three eggs, the covering membrane of which is also so thin that the development of the young animal may be watched without difficulty. The head is furnished with a pair of small red spots generally considered to be eyes. Below, in the neck is a small projecting tube, perhaps for the passage of water into, or from the body. The foot tail which is telescopic in its arrangement, and can at pleasure be protruded or withdrawn, is divided at its extremity into two parts.

These beautiful creatures are to be found in every pool, and especially

amidst the decaying vegetation therein; they so rapidly increase where food and other conditions are favourable, that our little pond a few seasons since became filled with them, insomuch that the water was milky in hue, and by the unaided eye they could be seen moving about in masses; however they, like their friends the Cypridæ mentioned in number two of "The Sword and Trowel," induced a famine, not in the land, but in the water, and vast numbers of them perished. They are fond of attaching themselves to fragments of plants in the ponds, and thrusting out their heads putting the wheels into rapid motion, by which means food is brought to their mouth in the currents thus induced in the water. When, as we have sometimes seen, ten or twelve of the animals are arranged in a row on the edge of a small leaf, and all spinning in varying degrees of rapidity, the spectacle is one of the utmost interest and beauty.

It sometimes occurs that a Rotifer is found in what would seem a most unlikely habitat. Some time since while observing the spawn of the common pond snail (Lymnea), which consists of a number of egg-sacs imbedded in a gelatinous mass, and watching the young snails as they moved in their several cells, I discovered to my astonishment a second animal swimming in a cell along with the juvenile Lymnea; the well-known wheels were in rapid action, and as no means of entry could be discovered, I supposed it must be imprisoned *under* the egg, but although turned over and placed in various positions, the rotifer maintained its post and still went swimming on as if it were in the open pond. How did it get in? This question I cannot answer, but there it was apparently in health and vigour. Mr. John Williams and Mr. Gosse have both recorded their observations of Rotifer within the Volvox Globator, a beautiful form of vegetable life. A pellucid globe of delicate membrane within which the little stranger was seen moving with freedom in the same manner as gold fish swim in glass globes. Still more surprising! M. Morren of Liege found one within the cells of Sphagnum, a plant which grows in wet situations.

The Rotifer is very tenacious of life, it has been dried, and on being again wetted activity was assumed, and the functions of life again appeared in operation; the drying, however, must be performed with care, otherwise the membranes are ruptured, and the animal destroyed, when we need hardly say no amount of water will restore it. It is said that animals thus dried have been kept many years, and have even been exposed to a temperature greater than that of boiling water, and yet have revived when placed in favourable circumstances.

The family of the Rotifera has several branches; some members, as in the instance above noted, being naked, others of them are furnished with a carapace, so far resembling that of the tortoise, that the head and the tail are without the shell and are free to move, these are termed Brachionidæ (*Brachion*, an arm), as the body is more or less prolonged into an arm-like tail, some of them being in shape not at all unsuited for use by fairy Naiades as battle-dores if there be such things as fairy shuttlecocks. The head of this species is large, and the cilia continuous around the opening, causing when in operation a strong current impelling into the huge vortex numerous organic forms, which as they approach the gizzard are seized by finger-like and jointed teeth, and thrust downwards, when other and similiar teeth push them further on until they find themselves in the alimentary canal where full digestion takes place. A very large number of Euglenæ are thus disposed of by these hungry Rotifers, although the Euglena is still considered by some to be an animal, and as it is somewhat shocking to see such wholesale slaughter being perpetrated, one is comforted by the assurance of some naturalists that it is one of the many free moving vegetable organisms. We do not object to a sheep devouring turnips, but to see it swallowing heaps of animals, snails for instance, would be too much for our philosophy.

Some of the Brachionidæ have no eye spots, others have two, but those most common are furnished with but one, a somewhat large red spot, and as if to guard the organ from danger, it is placed down in the body below the carapace. This species carries its egg on the *outside* and attached to the covering of its

body. The outer coat is in some species ornamented by flutings, and is a pleasing object for microscopic examination; other species of Rotifera have cylindrical cases in which the animal dwells. Attached at the base to the stalk of duck-weed or other aquatic vegetation, the animal expands its flower-like body and rotating organs which are ever varying in the beautiful forms presented to the eye of the observer; others of them have cases of a far more complex and interesting character which they construct from the materials floating around them. Every one is familiar with the fact that the beaver constructs an elaborate system of chambers under ground, with dams to retain the water of the rivers, the banks of which they frequent. That the wasp forms its nest of a paper which is the produce of its own labour. That certain bees line their dwellings with rose leaves, and that others form cells for their young and as store places for food with wax which is elaborated within their bodies. That some caterpillars contrive coats of cloth in which to wrap themselves. And thus many trades followed by humanity are pursued by the instinctive actions of these lowly creatures; but we should scarcely expect to find that an animalcule so minute that it is with difficulty discovered by the unaided eye, should be a builder inhabiting a dwelling composed of materials which it first makes into form, and then arranges piece by piece. Mr. Gosse says "It is a mason who not only builds up his mansion brick by brick, but makes his bricks as he goes on from substances which he collects around him, shaping them in a mould he carries upon his own body." This creature, Melicerta Ringens, varies in length from one thirty-sixth, to one twenty-fourth of an inch, its head has four rotatory organs, which when expanded resemble a beauteous and actively moving flower with four petals, each surrounded by the usual vibratory cilia maintaining rapid currents in the surrounding water, thus bringing food and building materials to its body; beneath the expanded petals is an apparatus which, receiving the atoms, causes them to rotate within the body of the organ where they become consolidated, after which this flexible building-tool bends forward and deposits the morsel in the shape of a rounded pellet upon the case enclosing the body. Each of these minute dwellings comprises about thirty-four rows of pellets one above another, each row containing about twenty-eight of the tiny bricks, so that the little industrious creature has to make upwards of nine hundred and fifty bricks which are so minute that from ten to eleven hundred of them could be laid side by side in the space of a single inch. It is found that each of these pellets is formed in from two and-a-half to three and-a-half minutes; if, therefore, the animal continues its labours without interruption, it would be engaged about forty-eight hours in erecting its more than lilliputian castle. What an incredible amount of labour is this when the minuteness of the creature is considered! It is when compared with the bulk of a man as if he, should he be compelled to encase himself in a house built with bricks of his own making, were to labour incessantly for ten years!

With what effulgence is the creative glory of God reflected from the lowly beings we have been considering! His power is assuredly displayed herein as much as in the gigantic globes revolving in their courses around the sun. Well may we adoringly exclaim, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou founded them all."

W. R. Selway.

At the Cross.

In life's rough pilgrimage 'tis sweet
To see, my Lord, thy Cross divine;
Where Righteousness and Mercy meet,
And Love and Justice blended shine!
Marshalled in glorious hosts on high,
Unnumbered saints adoring bow,
And praise the Saving Grace, that I
Aspire to sing while here below.

From place to place in search of rest,
My weary soul did wand'ring stray;
Till on a Saviour's gentle breast,
I felt my sorrows melt away!

I came to thee all stained with sin,
World-tired—yet weakly prone to rove—
Thy tender heart received me in,
And blest my spirit with thy love!

And thus, thy name with gladness thrills
The heart thy blood made clean and whole,
Thou art the Sun whose radiance fills
The whole horizon of my soul!
In thee, I pray to live and breathe,
On thee repose—my strength and stay—
By thee to triumph e'en in death,
To thee with joy to soar away.

W. Winsford.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Statistics.

THE Christian Church was designed from the first to be aggressive. It was not intended to remain stationary at any period, but to advance onward until its boundaries became commensurate with those of the world. It was to spread from Jerusalem to all Judea, from Judea to Samaria, and from Samaria unto the uttermost part of the earth. It was not intended to radiate from one central point only; but to form numerous centres from which its influence might spread to the surrounding parts. In this way it was extended in its first and purest times. The plan upon which the apostles proceeded, and the great apostle in particular in his mission to the Gentiles, was to plant Churches in all the great cities and centres of influence in the known world. The theory of one centralization of authority and action in human governments, however extensive the empire may become, is not that which was originally enjoined either by precept or practice in the New-Testament Church. It was the Church theory of the Jewish dispensation which was partly political, and adapted for one nation only; but on that very account could not apply to a form of government designed for the whole world. The new wine would have caused that old bottle to burst. We all know how *that* Church-theory has been tried, and how, through the fermentation of the little gospel truth it retained, it swelled until it burst. So far as the Church has returned to the centralizing influence of separate and independent Churches, it has regained its original prosperity; its first life has returned with its first mode of action; and increasing activities in that direction have generated increase of life. Soon as, after long perseverance and suffering, it was left free to its original action, those numerous institutions arose which are now deemed essential appendages to a vital and flourishing Christian community. The influence of the past had established a deep-rooted conviction that the officials were the only authorized agents for Church extension; but gradually the co-operation of the whole Church was required, and was found to be the appropriate and healthful exercise of all its gifts and graces. A Church, in which each member has something to do towards its increase, is in its proper and normal state. In proportion as it grows, it must seek to grow more, because growth is necessary to the most healthy state of life; and in proportion as it blesses others, it is itself blest. "I will make them," is the promise, "and the places round about my hill a blessing." What follows? "And I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing." There has not only been the shower in its season in the Church of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, there have been showers of blessing. Why? Because it has sought a blessing, not upon itself alone, but upon others. Of the places round about this hill of Zion which have been made a blessing, we are now to speak. Of the rising and fruitfulness of that hill, we spoke in a former number; we propose here to do little more than enumerate the several institutions at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, reserving the description of each for future occasions.

The chapel in New Park-street is still retained in connection with the Church at the Tabernacle, but it is hoped that by its sale another building will be erected in a more eligible locality. Services are regularly held there, and the Sunday-school is ably sustained. The Sunday-school at the Tabernacle numbers about 900 scholars and 75 teachers. Other Sunday-schools, and ragged schools, are sustained and conducted in other districts, in connection with the Tabernacle. The College, at first, was sustained by the pastor only. As it rose in usefulness and promise, the assistance of others was cheerfully rendered. In 1861, it was adopted by the Church as one of its own institutions; and became united with it at the opening of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The number of the students at the present time is 91. Apart from these, there are evening classes for young men for languages, science, and elementary tuition; the attendants at which number on the whole about 230. Popular lectures during the winter months are delivered on Friday evenings in the lecture-hall

to students and the public in general. Many of the students are engaged in preaching on Sabbath days in the metropolis and its suburbs, and in distant parts of the country; others are employed in connection with an Evangelists' Association which has numerous preaching-stations in neglected districts, and sends forth a host of men to proclaim the gospel in the open air. This association is chiefly sustained by the students at the evening classes. There are numerous Bible-classes in connection with the Tabernacle. One is held every Monday evening, after the prayer-meeting, at which Mr. Rogers presides. This class is for discussion on given topics, for the purpose of practice in extemporaneous speaking, as well as instruction in Biblical subjects. It is well attended by all classes, and is particularly beneficial as a test of the oratorical powers of those who are desirous of entering the College. Bible-classes are conducted by Mr. Stiff, Mr. Hanks, and Mr. John Olney. All are efficient and well attended. A ladies' class, conducted by Mrs. Bartlett, is both the most numerous and most remarkable in its immediate results: it numbers nearly 700, and 63 have joined the Church from it during the past year. There is a Bible-society depôt at the Tabernacle, at which Bibles are sold at cost-price. There is a Tract Society in extensive operation. There is a Jews' Society which holds its meetings monthly. A Ladies' Benevolent Society, a Maternal Association, a Missionary Working Society, and a Sunday School Working Society, are also in full operation. A Ministers' Fraternal Association has lately been established, with the view of promoting more union of heart and effort amongst pastors and Churches of the same denomination. Missionary work is not neglected. Two City Missionaries are sustained by the Church and people; two other missionaries on the Continent, in Germany; and considerable aid is given to foreign missions.

We have here the rare instance of a Christian Church containing within itself all the varied appliances of Christian zeal in modern times. These have risen successively, and expanded, as the spontaneous and appropriate expression of that zeal. This may go far to show that it accords with apostolic times. If the principles and motives be the same, the fruits, allowing only for the difference of circumstances, will be the same. Nor is it difficult to see a similar diversity in the methods of aggression in the primitive Churches, according to the circumstances of those times. The Church at Jerusalem had its mission both to the Jews and to the heathen. There it was, says Paul, that "James, Peter, and John gave to me and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship; that we should go unto the heathen, and they unto the circumcision." The Church at Antioch had its foreign mission; for it sent forth Paul and Barnabas on a missionary tour into Asia Minor. "When they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away." They had their Pastor's College; for Paul says to Timothy, "The things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." They had their Home Missions; for of the Church at Thessalonica, it is said, "From you sounded out the word of the Lord in Macedonia and Achaia." They had their Tract Societies, as far as circumstances would allow.—"When this epistle," said Paul to the Church at Colosse, "is read among you, cause that it be read also in the Church of the Laodiceans." They had their Bible Classes. "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." There were Mrs. Bartlett's classes in those times. "Help those women which laboured with me in the Gospel." They had their Benevolent Societies. "It hath pleased them of Macedonia and Achaia to make a certain contribution for the poor saints which are at Jerusalem." They had their working ladies for the poor. Honourable mention is made of one to show how honourable it is in all. "There was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did." We are then informed of what those alms-deeds consisted. We should have supposed they consisted in money only; but no! she

gave her time and her labour. At her death, "all the widows stood by Peter weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." If there were no Sunday-schools in the first Churches, it was simply because they had neither the learning nor the books required, not even the Scriptures. A foundation was laid for them by the Master, when he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Although, therefore, all the institutions connected with our Churches are of recent origin, the germs of them existed in primitive times, and remained for development when that which hindereth should be taken out of the way. New as they may be in practice, they are not new in principle or theory. They are the natural growth of true Church-principles, which struggle for expansion by every legitimate means and on every side. Remove the pressure of outward violence and inward formality, and the Church springs up to this as to its natural state, and breathes its native air. It is by the great variety of aggressive means that the zeal and efforts of each and all the members of our Churches are brought to bear upon the same end. It enables every one to answer the question for himself, "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?"

Such a Church, with its many agencies in incessant operation, becomes a power, not in this country merely, but in the world. Such were the first Churches in Corinth, in Philippi, in Ephesus, and in Rome. Most of these arose, as in the case before us, almost entirely from the labours of one man. Is not this then, we ask, as we appeal to its efficiency, as we appeal to its spirituality, as we appeal to its internal harmony, as we appeal to its development of all Christian gifts and graces, and as we appeal to its freedom from all the evils of secular ecclesiasticism,—Is not this the fashion after which the Gospel was originally designed to spread, and in which it can best be extended in any country and in any age? The combination of many churches in one system of organization for the support of missions, both at home and abroad, may be the best thing when Churches are small and feeble in themselves; but it is second-best only to the primitive plan. It is more costly, and it creates a power unknown to the apostles, and detrimental to the liberty of individual Churches. We admit its great utility in a transition state from false to genuine Christianity, and are thankful for its results, but, at the same time, we are persuaded it has its limits, and is chiefly valuable, as it restores to the Church, and multiplies its own centres of illumination.

Reviews.

Julius Cæsar. By NAPOLEON III. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

ALTHOUGH this volume is not one of a class which we usually notice in these pages, yet as the publishers politely sent us an early copy, we cannot refrain from penning one or two sentences. This great work is beyond doubt a most valuable contribution to history and an honour to the pen of its imperial author. It will not disappoint the high expectations which its announcement excited. It is written with one object, and works towards its intended end most cleverly. Napoleon III. is the preacher, Cæsar is the text to be spiritualized, the excellencies of imperialism are the subject of the homily, and glory be unto my immortal uncle is the conclusion.

Old Truths. Edited by REV. JOHN COX, Ipswich. Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a quarterly periodical, of special interest to the second Advent brethren, and replete with sound instruction to all Christians. The worthy and well-known character of its editor is a guarantee for its Scriptural earnestness and evangelical purity.

Benefits of Christ's Death. By AONIO PALEARIO. The Religious Tract Society.

As the Phœnix was said to rise from the ashes of its predecessors, so has this excellent little book emerged from the apparent death in which its enemies had tried to extinguish its clear shining light.

This work of one of the Italian reformers, will well repay our readers for a careful and prayerful perusal. It is a veritable smooth stone from the brook of truth; in days gone by, it sorely bruised old giant Rome, and will yet again, we hope, help to give victory to the champions of the cross.

The Highest Relationship. By R. A. GRIFFIN. Freeman & Co., Fleet Street.

THIS little treatise is the result of a few sermons by a young preacher, upon the subject of "Adoption," which he was requested to publish by those who heard them. It contains many elevating and comforting suggestions to the children of God. The trace of youth is obvious, both in the order of the thoughts and in the glitter of the style. We understand it is about to pass into a second edition. It merits encouragement for what it is, but still more as a promise for the future.

Sermons. By H. WARD BEECHER. J. Heaton and Son, 42, Paternoster Row.

MR. BEECHER is so well known on both sides of the Atlantic, and is so entirely a man of the times, that the publication of his discourses cannot fail to attract considerable attention in this country. The sacred office is held by him in such close connection with strong partisanship in the principal political and moral questions of the day, that other considerations besides those which are purely religious may reasonably be expected to contribute to the popularity of his discourses. It must be confessed too that Mr. Beecher has an attractive style of eloquence peculiarly his own. He has a rich imagination, deep sympathetic feeling, and a great command of words. It may be hoped that some will be brought under the influence of religious truth by his teaching who would have rejected it under any other form; how far they may be carried on to perfection, or even well grounded in the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, admits of doubt and disputation. He professedly deviates from the old American standard of orthodoxy, and in the same proportion, as we think, departs from the truth. As an improvement upon the theology of the Puritan fathers, his teaching will be rejected by the best of men in this, and in every subsequent age. We have taken the liberty to give our sentiments freely upon this subject elsewhere. Lessons of moral wisdom, of social endearment, and of practical piety, may be gathered from these sermons; but for sound doctrine we must look elsewhere. It is a lawful book if a man use it lawfully.

The Jewish Temple and the Christian Church. By R. W. DALE, M.A. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

THE expository style of preaching is much to be commended; occasionally at least, and especially at different intervals, on one part of the Sabbath-day Mr. Dale appears to have pursued this course with much acceptance. He has presented the Epistle to the Hebrews in a popular form by seizing upon the principal points of discussion, and making them the foundation of discourse. He has escaped by this means the necessity of a critical analysis of the book, and secured for himself the sermonizing method of address. That, however, which most gratifies the hearer is often least interesting to the reader. We can easily conceive of these expository discourses, when accompanied with unction, and filled up with direct application to the conscience and affections, being listened to with profit by a public assembly; but to the reader they present the aspect of hasty and cursory glances at those parts which chiefly required elucidation, and promise more than they fulfil. It were vain, therefore, to attribute to them such accuracy and finish as would entitle them to a place among the most reliable Scripture commentaries; nor is it probable that they were prepared with that design. With some of the interpretations, and of the doctrinal statements we entirely disagree; and while there is much to please those who are in full sympathy with the writer, there is neither the patient research nor the cautious discrimination, nor the tender gracefulness that is likely to win over those of an opposite opinion. From these few remarks it will easily be seen that it is only by using both the sword and the trowel we can turn this book to good account.

Popery tottering to its Fall. By Joseph Fernandez, B. A. Passmore and Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.

A very seasonable and elaborate production. The Pope's recent Encyclical Letter is here submitted to a searching and thorough investigation. It is shown to be characteristic of itself in every age, and that it ought to dispel the delusion from every mind that Popery, with all the improvements in civilization and education that have been going on around it, is precisely the same that it was in the darkest ages. We are naturally reminded here of the singular coincidence between the symptoms of the speedy termination of the temporal authority of the Pope, and the prophetic period of 1866, which has long been associated by the most learned students of prophecy with that event. This agreement well deserves the consideration of those who have not been able, hitherto, to discern the signs of the times.

Merry and Wise. A Magazine for Young People. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

Judging from the January and February numbers, we are inclined to look with much favour upon this periodical. It displays good talent, great sympathy with cheerful and profitable homes, and recognizes Christianity as the source of true wisdom and of real joy. It has the attractions of good style and of pictorial illustrations.

Wholesome Words, or one hundred choice Passages from old Authors. Selected and edited by J. E. Ryland, M.A. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

Quotations from Sibbes, Adams, Leighton, and Taylor: carefully selected and arranged, alphabetically, according to subjects.

A considerable number of books are waiting review and shall be noticed next month if possible.

Notices.

The first week in the last month, was a week long to be remembered in connection with the College at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. All the former students in England, Scotland, and Ireland, had been invited to a conference with the president, vice-president, tutors, and students in the college, with the offer of assistance in their travelling expenses, and all other needful accommodation being provided for them. To this invitation, all, with scarcely a single exception, cheerfully responded. The suggestion proceeded entirely from the president and met with the concurrence of all parties. The objects contemplated, were to bring all the pastors who had gone from the college, into an associated capacity, so as to secure combined action in the maintenance of their distinctive principles, to strengthen their relationship to the president of the college and to each other, and to stimulate one another to more prayerfulness and zeal, in winning souls to Christ. In all these respects, the expectations of the most hopeful were fully answered. We can do little more in this place than record the fact, and leave the account of the order of the proceedings for our next number. Many of the papers read, and the addresses given, we hope to insert in subsequent numbers; and we can assure our readers they will be found of more than ordinary value, and well worthy of a careful perusal.

The former students in attendance, were Mr. Medhurst, from Glasgow; Mr. Silverton, from Chatteris; Mr. Genders, from Wandsworth; Mr. Turner, from Liverpool; Mr. Griffin, from Earls Colne; Mr. F. Cockerton, from Limpsfield; Mr. T. Cockerton, from Castle Donington; Mr. Tessier, from Coleraine; Mr. Malins, from Dublin; Mr. Marchant, from Birmingham; Mr. Thomas, from Birmingham; Mr. Trapp, from Mundesley; Mr. Noble, from Necton; Mr. May, from Buxton; Mr. Harley, from Aylsham; Mr. Compton, from Oakham; Mr. Summerfield, from Cossey; Mr. Webb, from Blakeney; Mr. Shaddick, from Chipping Campden, Mr. Arnold, from Rotherham; Mr. Knight, from Madeley; Mr. Lennie, from Downham; Mr. Hughes, from Woodstock; Mr. Walker, from Fenny

Stratford; Mr. Sole, from Winslow; Mr. Minett, from Stantonbury; Mr. Neal, from Waterbeach; Mr. Bridge, from Aldborough; Mr. Wright, from Brabourne; Mr. Jackson, from Sevenoaks; Mr. Forth, from Bingley; Mr. Gange, from Portsmouth; Mr. Burton, from Kingsgate Street; Mr. Osborne, from Arthur Street, Gray's Inn Road; Mr. Collins, from Southampton; Mr. Chambers, from Romsey; Mr. Cannon, from Newton Abbott; Mr. Hayward, from Redruth; Mr. Tubb, from Leicester; Mr. Field, from Exeter; Mr. Kerr, from Montacute; Mr. Knell, from Bildeston; Mr. Joy, from Hatfield; Mr. Fellowes, from Thaxted; Mr. C. Smith, from Kington; Mr. Smith, from Monmouth; Mr. Grant, from Spaldwick; Mr. Barnard, from Highgate; Mr. Brown, from Bromley; Mr. Davies, from Greenwich; Mr. Evans, from Lambeth; Mr. Harrison, from Stepney; Mr. Patterson, from Kingsland; Mr. Russell, from Edmonton; Mr. Sawdey, from Islington; and Mr. White, from Chelsea.

These, united with more than ninety at present in the College, formed a noble band of holy brethren and faithful labourers in the Lord's vineyard; and yet but the first-fruits, we trust, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College.

In reading through the *Liberator* for 1864 we have been struck with the great service which the Liberation Society is constantly rendering to the cause of religious liberty. Every Christian citizen should do his part in shaking off the horrible incubus of a State Church, and we know of no better machinery for this purpose than that employed by this Society. We would call special attention to the advertisement of the *soirée* at its twenty-first anniversary. We hope the gathering will be a great and successful one.

Many notices of other Meetings have been unavoidably deferred.

General Intelligence.

The death of Mr. W. L. Thornton, M.A., the president of the Wesleyan Conference, is an event which we cannot suffer to pass unnoticed by us. One other only of seventy presidents of that body, we are informed, died during the term of office. Mr. Thornton was only fifty-five years of age. He was distinguished as a preacher, a tutor, and an editor of a magazine; and his brethren showed their appreciation of his abilities by electing him to the highest honor which it was in their power to bestow. We look with sincere sympathy upon this denominational bereavement. Though differing in sentiment upon certain points in Theology of considerable import, we cannot withold our grateful acknowledgment of the extensive usefulness of the Wesleyan Methodists in all parts of this land, and our unqualified admiration of the self-denying zeal of many of their ministers.

If to the long and disastrous struggle on the other side of the Atlantic we are expected to give a passing notice, we have no hesitation in recording our conviction that it is a just judgment from heaven upon a people who continued in the sin of slaveholding, in spite of the national freedom and religious privileges of which they have long boasted, and the reproving and condemnatory glances of nearly all other nations of the earth. We need not speak perhaps of special judgment, but only of the natural and irresistible effect of the violation in great communities of social and moral laws, the effects of which are more slow in their development than in private life, but not less sure. As both parties are implicated in the crime, and that which is least so, prevails, but yet suffers grievous hurt; we think of the conflict of the men of Israel with the children of Benjamin, who in punishing others, were justly punished themselves, because of their participation in their guilt; and we are reminded too of the occasion on which it was said, "Let fire come out from Abimelech, and devour the men of Shechem and the house of Millo; and let fire come out from the men of Shechem and from the house of Millo, and devour Abimelech." May the oppressed go free! May slavery cease for ever, and even this dreadful war will not be too dear a price for so great a mercy.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 91.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from February 19th to March 18th, 1865.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Sherrin	5	0	0
Collection at Sandhurst, per Mr. Cother	5	0	0
Mr. Olding	5	0	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. H. Fuller	1	0	0
Collection at Gosport after Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon	11	5	5
Mrs. Burrows	0	10	0
Mrs. Andrews, per Mr. Rogers	5	0	0
Mrs. Best, Helston	1	0	0
Miss Lucy Best	1	0	0
Mr. Ogden	1	0	0
Mrs. Stevenson	5	0	0
Miss Pettit	0	2	6
P. E. S.	0	5	0
A few Cardiff Friends	3	0	0
Collections at Reading after Sermons by J. A. Spurgeon	16	12	0
Mrs. Boorne, Reading	1	0	0
Mr. Daw	0	10	0
Mr. Page	2	0	0
Mr. Abrahams	5	0	0
Mr. G. Lowe	1	0	0
Mr. Dransfield	1	1	0
Mr. Bacon, Edmonton	2	2	0
Mr. Newton	5	5	0
Mr. James Grant	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Temple	1	0	0
Mr. Payne	3	3	0
Mr. Mason	1	1	0
Mr. Butterworth	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	26	0	0
Mr. F. Warmington	5	0	0
A Friend	10	0	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0
Mr. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mr. W. Olney	5	0	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	0	10	6
Mr. Haddock	0	10	0
Mr. Watkins	0	10	6
Mr. Jenkins	3	0	0
Mr. Pears	1	1	0
Mr. Pewtress	6	0	0
Mr. Howard	3	0	0
Mr. Andrea	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haddock	2	2	0
Mr. Mead	1	0	0
Miss Moren	1	1	0
The Misses Dransfield	1	1	0
Mr. Pickworth	1	0	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. C. Davies	5	0	0
Mr. Carpenter	1	1	0
A Friend at Kington	1	0	0
Mr. O. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. Heighton	1	1	0
Mr. Garratt	0	5	0
Mr. Scott	1	1	0
Mr. Tatnell	5	0	0
Mr. Selway	2	2	0
Mr. W. Edwards	10	10	0
Part of Collections at Dover after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	13	10	0
Mr. Bate	0	5	0
Mr. Davenport	0	5	0
Mr. A. Downing	1	1	0
Mr. Slaymaker	0	10	0
Mr. J. Russell	3	0	0
Mr. John Corderoy	2	2	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Stracey	0	5	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Tiffin	0	2	6
Mr. Silverlock	5	0	0
Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster	10	0	0
Mr. Pope	1	1	0
Mr. J. Rains	10	10	0
Mr. Murrell	10	0	0
Mr. Abbott	1	1	0
Mr. Rowton	5	0	0
Mr. Chew	5	5	0
Mr. C. Taylor	3	3	0
Mr. J. A. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. Whitehead	1	0	0
Mr. C. Waters	0	7	6
Mr. Holder	0	10	0
Mrs. Elwood	1	0	0
Mr. Field	1	0	0
Mr. Chilvers	1	0	0
Mr. Feltham	1	1	0
Mr. W. S. Ashby	0	10	0
Mr. Benndoyo	0	10	0
Mr. Amsden	2	0	0
Mr. W. T. Marsh	2	2	0
Mr. Hellier	1	1	0
A Methodist	0	10	6
Mr. Stringer	1	1	0
Mr. Pullen	0	10	6
Mr. Bousfield	8	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Coles	6	0	0
Mr. E. Gough	3	3	0
S. S. B.	0	5	0
A Friend	1	1	0
Mr. Hackett	1	1	0
Mr. Huntley	10	0	0
Mr. Downing	5	5	0
Mr. Lea	2	2	0
Mr. Mills	5	0	0
Mr. J. W. Mills	1	1	0
Mr. Thorne	2	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture by Mr. Spurgeon at St. Neots	28	3	9
Mr. Holliday's Class	0	5	0
C. B.	1	1	0
L. L.	1	0	0
A. M., Burton-on-Trent	0	7	3
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. T. Pillow	1	1	0
Mr. W. Harrison	2	2	0
Mr. Congreve	2	2	0
J. D., "Jehovah-Jireh."	0	10	0
A Birthday Offering (Mrs. Sabourine)	5	0	0
Mr. Willson	5	5	0
Mr. Walker	5	5	0
Mr. T. Dare	1	1	0
Mr. Ford	1	1	0
Mr. Parton	2	2	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Feb. 21	22	8	3
" " " " 28	23	15	3
" " " " March 6	24	8	0
" " " " 13	75	0	3
	£552	7	7

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

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1865.

Mr. Pepys' Religion.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHO has not heard of Mr. Pepys, whose *Diary* has introduced us to the court of Charles II., to the every-day life of a seventeenth century gentleman, and what is far more interesting, to his own proper self, his foibles, his schemes, and private thoughts. He has left us a chronicle of his daily doings, written as though he thought aloud and then turned reporter to himself; manifesting all the frank unreserve in which one may safely indulge in a book of private memoranda written in short-hand; but which no man would venture upon if he had a presentiment that chiels in after days, would decipher the MS. and send it forth to the world. Lord Braybrooke, in the Life which is prefixed to Bohn's edition of the *Diary*, tells us, that "with respect to the religion of Pepys, these volumes supply conclusive information. He was educated in the pure faith of the Church of England. To that he adhered through life, and in that he died." As we believe him to be a type of thousands now bearing the Christian name in our land, we shall hold up his portrait as drawn by himself, that others may trace the family likeness in themselves, and that all the world may see what are the heights and depths of grace to which the pure faith of the Church of England conducted its adherent two hundred years ago. A writer in *Chambers' Book of Days*, calls Pepys "an average Christian;" we suppose he was; but God grant that our readers may be found far above such an average. We shall confine our attention to his Sundays, for then his religion is in its full bloom. His first Sunday's entry is significant of the manner in which his religion is performed as a matter of duty, and then laid on one side to make room for more congenial occupations.

"Jan. 1st. 1659. (Lord's day.) This morning, I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr. Gunnin's chapel at Exeter House, where he made a very good sermon upon these words:—'That in the fulness of time God sent his Son, made of a woman,' &c.; showing, that by 'made under the law' is meant the circumcision, which is solemnized this day. Dined

at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I staid at home the whole afternoon, looking over my accounts; then went with my wife to my father's."

The same mixture of engagements during the day is evident in other entries:—

"August 5, 1660. After dinner, to St. Margaret's; the first time I ever heard Common Prayer in that church. At Westminster stairs a fray between Mynheer Clinke and a waterman made good sport."

"May 5, 1661. Mr. Creed and I went to the red-faced parson's church, and heard a good sermon of him, better than I looked for. Anon we walked into the garden, and there played the fool a great while, trying who of Mr. Creed or I could go best over the edge of an old fountaine well, and I won a quart of sack of him. Then to supper in the banquet-house, and there my wife and I did talk high, she against and I for Mrs. Pierce till we were both angry."

A part of the Sunday is usually given to make up accounts. We read, "stayed at home the whole afternoon looking over my accounts," or "casting up my accounts, I do find myself to be worth £40 more, which I did not think." His conscience occasionally pricks him for this, as is plain in the following entry:—"All the morning at home, making up my accounts (God forgive me) to give up to my Lord this afternoon." And, again, "Took physic all day and God forgive me, did spend it in reading of some little French romances." But his inward monitor was not very exacting, for, on other occasions without so much as the confession of a single qualm, he records his trading on Sunday with sailors who were probably smugglers or thieves.

"Sept. 24, 1665. Waked, and up, and drank; and then, being about Grayes, and a very calm, curious morning, we took our wherry, and to the fishermen, and bought a great deal of fine fish, and to Gravesend to White's, and had part of it dressed; and, in the mean time, we to walk about a mile from the town, and so back again; and there one of our watermen told us he had heard of a bargain of cloves for us, and we went to a blind alehouse at the further end of the town, to a couple of wretched, dirty seamen, who, poor wretches! had got together about 37lb. of cloves, and 10lb. of nutmegs, and we bought them of them—the first at 5*s.* 6*d.* per lb., and the latter at 4*s.*, and paid them in gold; but, Lord! to see how silly these men are in the selling of it, and easy to be persuaded almost to anything."

What his conscience lacked in force, it possessed in discrimination; for, to most men, the following note would appear to contain a moral distinction without a difference. "Jan. 30, 1667. Fast-day for the King's death. At night, it being a little moonshine and fair weather, into the garden, and, with Mercer, sang till my wife put me in mind of its being a fast-day; and so I was sorry for it, and stopped, and home to cards."

His dress occupied no mean place in his thoughts: "The barber having done with me I went to church." "To church, and with my mourning, very handsome, and new periwig made a great show." "My taylor's man brings my vest home, and coat to wear with it and belt and silver-hilted sword; so I rose and dressed myself, and I like myself mightily in it, and so do my wife." He was greatly agitated at times as

to the manner in which any novelties in his dress might strike others who attended at the same place of public worship. In November, 1663, he began to wear a peruke, and writes, "To church, where I found that my coming in a periwig did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently cast their eyes upon me, but I found no such thing."

Desiring to cut a good figure himself, he is not indifferent to the outward adornment of others; and even goes to churches with the view of seeing the dress and admiring the beauty of the ladies. "April 21, 1667. To Hackney church. Sat with Sir G. Viner and his lady—rich in jewels, but most in beauty—almost the finest woman that ever I saw. That which I went chiefly to see was the young ladies of the schools, whereof there is great store."

"August 11, 1661. To our own church in the forenoon, and in the afternoon to Clerkenwell church, only to see the two fair Botelers; and I happened to be placed in the pew where they afterwards came to sit, but the pew by their coming being too full, I went out into the next, and there sat, and had my full view of them both, but I am out of conceit now with them."

He takes a look at a lady he calls Peggy Pen, and describes her as very fine in her new coloured silk suit, laced with silver lace.

On another occasion he notes, "There was my pretty black girl;" and, on December 11, 1664, he jots down, "To church alone in the morning. In the afternoon to the French church, where much pleased with the three sisters of the parson—very handsome, especially in their noses, and sing prettily. I heard a good sermon of the old man, touching duty to parents. Here was Sir Samuel Morland and his lady very fine, with two footmen, in new liverys, the church taking much notice of them, and going into their coach after sermon with great gazing."

Mr. Pepys was not, at Church, the best behaved man in the world, at least his own report does not accord him a very lofty position. He amuses himself at times with an opera-glass. "May 26th, 1667. After dinner I by water alone to Westminster to the parish church, and there did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done." He even turns the time of worship into a a season for conversation, and treats the pew as if it were a counting-house: "In the pew both Sir William and I had much talk about the death of Sir Robert, which troubles me much." As a man of fashion may look in at a succession of parties during the London season, so he drops into various places for a few minutes; observe this memorandum: "March 16th, 1662. This morning, till churches were done, I spent going from one church to another, and hearing a bit here, and a bit there."

Although one would fancy that his own religious fervour might have been the subject of question, he reserves his suspicions for others, and we find observations of this kind—"The winter coming on, many of the parish ladies are come home, and appear at church again: among others, the three sisters of the Thornburys, very fine, and the most zealous people that ever I saw in my life, even to admiration, *if it were true zeal.*"

The good man frequently sleeps during the sermon, but usually attributes his drowsiness to the dulness of the discourse. Surely sleeping was very excusable in an age when the singing of the psalm occupied an hour, so as to enable the sexton to make a collection from seat to seat on his own account. When wide awake he is not always quite certain as to the subject; hence he writes one Sunday, "Heard a good sermon upon 'Teach us the right way,' *or something like it.*" He criticises the preacher's appearance; in one instance it is the "red-faced parson," in another, "the little doctor." The discourse is "a good sermon," "a poor, dry sermon," "a gracy sermon," "an impertinent sermon," or very frequently "a dull sermon." He tells us in one place, "the same idle fellow preached;" and in another, "a stranger preached like a fool."

Mr. Mills delivers a lazy sermon upon the devil's having no right to anything in this world, which ought to have been a racy discourse, for the subject is suggestive enough. In St. Margaret's, Westminster, heard a young man play the fool about the doctrine of Purgatory; we fear he was not the last young man who has done so. At Christ Church, June 17th, 1666, he writes, "I heard a silly sermon." He must have grown accustomed to hear the same matter repeated, for he notes, "I heard a good sermon of Dr. Bucks, *one I have never heard before.*"

Now and then he enjoys a laugh during service, as for instance, September 23rd, 1660: "Before sermon I laughed at the reader, who in his prayer desires of God that he would imprint his words on the thumbs of our right hands, and on the great toes of our right feet;" but his mirth is suddenly cut short, for some plaster fell from the top of the Abbey, that made him and all in his pew afraid, so that he wished himself out.

The Lord's-day was usually wound up with prayers, at least after the date, July 22nd, 1660, where we read: "Home, and at night had a chapter read; and I read prayers out of the Common Prayer Book, the first time that ever I read prayers in this house. So to bed." There were, however, exceptions to the rule, for one evening the *Diary* has it, "To bed *without prayers*, it being cold, and to-morrow washing-day." During Sunday, Mr. Pepys generally contrived to indulge himself with a tolerable share of good eating, and a sufficiency, at the least, of drinking; on one occasion this last a little interfered with the prayers:—"29th September, 1661. What at dinner and at supper I drink, I know not how, of my own accord, so much wine, that I was even almost foxed, and my head aked all night; so home and to bed without prayers, which I never did yet, since I came to the house, of a Sunday night: I being now so out of order that I durst not read prayers, for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was."

This portrait of one nourished in the pure faith of the Church of England, needs not a touch from our pencil, it is so well drawn in every part; neither will we make further remark upon it, but content ourselves with quoting the Saviour's warning: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." Of Mr. Pepys it is sufficient to say in closing, that we have a certificate of his eternal

security, from the hand of one of *the successors of the apostles*, and therefore are bound to raise no further question. What more is needed? He was buried in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. Can the Church mislead us? There are some who would like to ask, Where was the poor sinner's faith as to the merit and the blood of Jesus? Was the promise of God personally applied with power by the Holy Ghost? Was he a man renewed and sanctified by the Divine power? Of these things we have no information, but the enquirer must content himself with the warrant of an Episcopalian divine. If not satisfied with this, we ask indignantly, What more can be required?

"June 5th, 1703.

"Last night, at 9 o'clock, I did the last office for your and my good friend, Mr. Pepys, at St. Olaves's Church, where he was laid in a vault of his own making, by his wife and brother.

"The greatness of his behaviour, in his long and sharp trial before his death, was in every respect answerable to his great life; and I believe no man ever went out of this world with greater contempt of it, or a more lively faith in every thing that was revealed of the world to come. I administered the Holy Sacrament twice in his illness to him, and had administered it a third time, but for a sudden fit of illness that happened at the appointed time of administering it. Twice I gave him the absolution of the Church, which he desired, and received with all reverence and comfort; and I never attended any sick or dying person that died with so much Christian greatness of mind, or a more lively sense of immortality, or so much fortitude and patience, in so long and sharp a trial, or greater resignation to the will, which he most devoutly acknowledged to be the wisdom of God; and I doubt not but he is now a very blessed spirit, according to his motto, MENS CUJUSQUE IS EST QUISQUE.

"GEORGE HICKES."

Unity in Fundamentals.

A PAPER READ AT OUR FIRST CONFERENCE.

BY F. WHITE, OF CHELSEA.

BEFORE I attempt to show the necessity of union on the fundamentals, I shall be expected to say a few words upon the fundamentals themselves. To define correctly what these are, and what they are not, is, you will allow, a difficult matter. Nearly every section of the Church has its own fundamentals. To the man who is accustomed to study the Scriptures in their connection, and to view the book, not as a mere theological system, but as a perfect and complete revelation of the divine mind, each part of which is indispensable to the whole, every one of its doctrines will appear of such vast import, that he will be at a loss to decide which are fundamentals, and which are not. To him, in a sense, *all* are fundamentals; *all* is essential. We may compare the doctrines of our faith to a bridge, perfect in all its proportions,

in strength, and in architectural beauty—a bridge over which poor sinners may not only cross *safely* to heaven, but *comfortably* and *happily;* for not only do the Scriptures make us wise to salvation, but they make the saved wise, and are profitable not merely for doctrine, but also for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. The longer we survey this divinely-constructed bridge, the more are we struck with the beauty of its design, and its perfect adaption to the purposes for which it was built. It is a perfect bridge; perfect in the quality, quantity, and arrangement of its stones. Every stone is needed, and needed just where it is. All its parts, however minute, are essential. You may set to work, and by aid of hammer and axe greatly deface that bridge, and by so doing spoil its perfect beauty as a piece of architecture; but it is still a bridge, and persons may cross it with safety. You may go further, you may displace many of its stones, knock away its side defences, block up its approaches, put out its lights, make it difficult and dangerous to cross; still it is a bridge, and persons manage to pass over it. But cut away its supports, undermine its piers, remove the key-stones of its arches, and it crumbles to pieces, and ceases to be a bridge at all. No way is found by which poor travellers may reach the land of peace and blessedness, to which it once afforded a safe passage. So long as its foundations remained, the bridge retained its use as a bridge; but these gone, it is useless as such. Men are not content, now-a-days, with mauling and disfiguring God's Word, and thus spoiling its beauty, with putting out its lights, knocking away its defences, but they are actually cutting away the supports, sapping the very foundations of the faith, and so attacking its fundamentals; that, if God were not its preserver as well as Author, and they were let alone, there would not be one stone left upon another of the bridge by which poor sinners may cross from this sin-stricken earth to heaven. Brethren! let us unite to preserve the bridge, as a whole, if possible; but by all means, and at all risks, let us jealously guard its foundations and its key-stones. Let us unite on its fundamentals; for the fundamentals are to the faith what the piles and piers are to the bridge—they form its basis, its foundation, its support.

Let me try one more figure, which may help us to see not only what the fundamentals are, but the importance of earnest men uniting on them. The doctrines of our faith may be compared to the human body. They present a perfect man, in the fullest exercise of all the faculties of mind and body which are necessary to constitute a complete man—a body full of life, vigour, and beauty. You may disfigure the face to almost any extent, and thereby mar its beauty, but the man will still live. You may take off a leg, an arm, or both, by which its usefulness will be seriously impaired, still he may live. But touch a vital part, and he is instantly a dead man. This is what men are doing in our day; they are destroying the very vitals of the doctrines. By attacking the inspiration of Scripture, they are murdering the truth; and, consequently murdering men's souls. They would have a body of divinity without heart or head; they would take away our Lord, and in his stead put a Christ of their own. This done, and what have they left us but a mere carcase—powerless, lifeless, and unsightly; a thing without beauty or life, which can neither save nor sanctify. Surely the

sayings and doings of such men show us the necessity of uniting on the fundamentals; for such are the truths which these rationalists would ignore, and fain expunge, if possible, from the Word of God.

By the fundamentals, then, dear brethren, I mean those truths which support the bridge of salvation, and are essential to the life of the soul. We mean not merely those doctrines which are essential to salvation, but those which we hold in common with evangelical Christians. Can there be any doubt about the necessity of our uniting on such doctrines? not only individually holding fast the form of sound words, but *unitedly* cleaving to the truth of God, and especially to its fundamentals, with a firmer and more tenacious grasp than ever, as a band of men who know in what they have believed, and are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ? "The Thebans in their armies had a body of men they called the 'Holy Band,' consisting of such only as were joined together in the bonds of love, as would live and die together: these they made great account of, and esteemed the strength of their armies." Such a holy band may we be for the defence of God's truth. There is a necessity for this, a *present* and *pressing* necessity, arising—

1st. From the conduct of perverse men, who, by their rationalistic objections, and philosophizings, falsely so called, would overthrow the faith of many.

2nd. From the character, the *peculiar* and *perilous* character of the times in which we live; when the prophets prophesy falsely, and the people love to have it so; when men will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears.

3rd. From the work itself in which we are engaged; its stupendous difficulties and its awful responsibilities, together with our weakness and unworthiness for such an employment. None of us can well say, "I can do without my brother, let me work alone."

This leads me to speak of the kind of union for which there is such a present and pressing necessity. It is not uniformity of thought as to the various aspects in which each of these fundamentals may be viewed; not a union which will be intolerant to shades of opinion, but one which cares only for the substance of the truth. Some have drawn a ring, inside of which all is true, orthodox, scriptural, fundamental; and outside of which all is erroneous, heterodox, *un*-scriptural. It is not union for the mere display or discussion of certain favourite doctrines, by way of pastime, striving about words to no profit. *Earnest* men unite for practical purposes, for mutual instruction; for mutual *correction*, if need be; for mutual encouragement; for mutual assistance in the glorious work of saving souls, and spreading the knowledge of Jesus and his truth. Let ours be a union which shall have for one of its prime elements "co-operation," acting together to promote one object, impelled by one motive, animated by one hope. A union, not merely of heads, but of *hands*, and of hearts too.

When *earnest* men unite, they take fire, they burn, they become red hot, and every stroke of their combined action tells. Yes! there is real strength and true power in the union of *earnest* men. "Separate the atoms which make the hammer, and each would fall on the stone as a snow-flake; but welded into one, and wielded by the firm arm of the quarryman, it will beat the massive rocks asunder!" Remember, it is to

be a union of *earnest* men. I am afraid many of us are not half in earnest yet—I speak for myself. It takes much to make an earnest minister. Many feel earnest in thinking and speaking about the work, but to be earnest in doing is a rare thing.

We read that Charles Simeon kept the picture of Henry Martyn in his study; move where he would it seemed to keep its eyes upon him, and to say, "Be earnest, do not trifle, do not trifle;" and Simeon would bow to the speaking picture with a smile, and reply, "I will, I will be in earnest, I will not trifle, for souls are perishing, and Jesus is to be glorified." I have a picture of Henry Hull, the soul-winner, in my study, which says exactly the same to me: "Be in earnest—do not trifle—watch for souls as one that must give an account." But, oh brethren! what says Martyn's Master and Henry Hull's Saviour? Let us hear *him*. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." What saith the Holy Ghost, by Paul? "Preach the Word, be instant in season and out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all longsuffering. Redeeming the time, because the days are evil." Oh, brethren! let us unite, as earnest men, to preserve and propagate the truth as it is in Jesus. Let us sound forth the fundamentals clearly and constantly. Let us never relax our efforts whilst a single soul remains unevangelized, nor until the whole world shall have heard the good news, and the uttermost parts of the earth shall know the joyful sound.

We may be spared to meet again, or we may not. Meanwhile, let us hold fast the form of sound words, in faith and love, which is in Christ Jesus. Let us keep that which is committed to us by the Holy Ghost; contending earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints; labouring that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of the Lord. Afflictions, revilings, trials of cruel mocking may await us, but let none of these things move us, neither let us count our lives dear unto ourselves, that we may finish our course with joy, and the ministry which we have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. Oh, brethren, seeing we have such a ministry, and such a Master, let us faint not. Let us "Watch;" "Stand fast in the faith;" "Quit ourselves like men," and "Be strong."

At the critical moment, in the battle of Waterloo, when everything depended on the steadiness of the soldiers, courier after courier kept dashing into the presence of the Duke of Wellington, announcing that unless the troops at an important point were immediately relieved or withdrawn, they must soon yield before the impetuous onsets of the enemy. By all of these the Duke sent back the one spirit-stirring message, "Stand firm!" "But we shall perish," remonstrated the officer. "Stand firm!" again answered the iron-hearted chieftain. "You'll find us there!" replied the other, as he fiercely galloped away. The result proved the truth of his reply; for every man of that doomed brigade fell, bravely fighting at his post!

A greater than Wellington is here to-day, and his word to each of us is the same as that which the hero of Waterloo sent to that devoted band of men—"Stand firm! Stand firm!" Oh, that when the Lord cometh, he may find every man of us "at his post." Amen, and amen.

Boldness in Distinctive Points.

BY A. G. BROWN, OF BROMLEY.

THERE are many points in which we differ from a vast mass of God's children; such as refusing to acknowledge the right of the State to interfere in Church matters; preferring the Spirit's guidance in prayer to the dictation of books, and esteeming the ordinance of baptism a public profession of grace received, and not as a means for obtaining it. It is necessary that all Christians, and ministers especially, should bring forth boldly, in public, what they sincerely believe in private.

First, and very briefly, *manhood calls for it.* Shakespeare says, "He is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man," and I take transparency to be an indispensable ingredient in the constitution of a real man; if his heart be of steel, his breast should be of glass, for those around to see its movements. He who firmly believes a truth, but through outward pressure brought to bear upon him, suppresses a public avowal of the same, may save himself much scorn, trouble, and sorrow; but at a price for which the benefits gained are no equivalent. "The staining of the escutcheon of his manhood" is too high a price for a man to pay for ease and favours. If you have thoughts from heaven harboured in your breast, manhood cries, "Bring them forth."

There is a necessity arising from *our duty to society.* "Am I my brother's keeper?" was a question impudently put to God by Cain. In a certain sense we are the keepers of our brethren, at least we are thus far responsible, to do the best for them we can. To illustrate what I mean. There may be a dire plague raging through a city. Men, women, and children are cut down on every hand; the medical men are almost worn out, and nigh despair; they have found at length a medicine which will heal the disease, and the medicine in itself is all that can be desired, but through lack of knowledge in the administration of the same, there are not the results that might have been expected. One in the town has discovered the cause of the comparative failure, and in private has applied the medicine with marked success, and he thinks within himself, "Eureka!" I have found it. Now, I ask you, is he not in duty bound to make his discovery public; although by so doing he may incur the hot displeasure of all the doctors in the town, and of their several cliques? You reply, most certainly he ought. Sin, like a fell disease, is fast filling the sepulchres of hell; God's ministers, feeling their own inability, are crying out, "Who is sufficient for these things?" The medicine they have is the gospel; but, alas! many offer it in an Arminian form, and there is not the result that might be anticipated. Now, if in our experience we have found (I believe most, if not all present have) that God has blessed the preached gospel most when presented in a Calvinistic form, are we not bound, whether we may be thought uncharitable or not, whether we draw on ourselves the dislike of a large part of the community or not, publicly and boldly to bring it forward, and try by all means to spread its influences? A minister, known to me, made the remark in private, "that he should not have the congregation he now has, if he preached as much of the doctrine of election as he believed." I say of such a man, that he should be taken up for obtaining money under false pretences; for, according to his own

confession, a large part of his stipend is realized by causing his hearers to imagine he is different from what he is. And whether it be in relation to our distinguishing points, as Dissenters, Baptists, or Calvinists, it behoves us, as a duty to society, firmly believing that our views, if carried out, would prove blessings to that society, at once, in the plainest language, and with the most unmistakable sincerity, to propagate the same.

Another reason for bringing forward in public our peculiar views is *the injurious effect our withholding them will have on the future.* A poet has written of our leaving footprints in the sands of time. That is true, and it is also true that the impress of this generation will be seen on the succeeding ones; and if but little of our principles are known now, I am sure less will be known then, except God raise up some one to revive them. Children are not born Dissenters, except to good; nor Baptists, if we are to judge by their dislike of the bath; and except as they grow up, the principles that lead to both are fairly explained, and their importance enforced, I doubt if they will withstand the influence of the more attractive service in connection with the Establishment, or be willing to undergo what they consider a very onerous ordinance, and of very trifling importance. It must have been noticed by many that large numbers of young people, children of dissenting parents, no sooner grow up than they leave the chapel they have been in the habit of attending, and go to the more fashionable service of the Church. The reason of which I take to be that the distinctive points of the denomination to which they belonged were never very plainly brought before them, either in the family or from the pulpit. For the benefit, therefore, of those who are to succeed us, we should take our stand, and set up our landmarks.

Another reason, and I take it to be a very important one, is *the intrinsic value of truth.* But some may object:—"Your particular denominational points of truth are very small." I reply, can any truth be small, seeing we value it for its quality, and not for its quantity? A small diamond is yet a diamond, and in its nature as precious as the Koh-i-noor; a small star is a star, and shows forth the Creator's skill and glory as much as Jupiter with its moons. The tiny infant is as perfect and complete in its parts, and perhaps as precious to the father's heart, as its elder brother, the grown-up man. We must beware of neglecting any truth, however apparently unimportant it may seem; for we can scarce slight the child without insulting the parent. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," and every truth contained therein can cry, "My Father which art in heaven." The argument that we may injure our own cause by giving the truth prominence, is a foolish one; for truth fears nothing but concealment, and may be as much outraged by silence as violated by falsehood; and besides all this, truth *will* out, whether *we* be the instruments of its liberty or no; truth, like a cork in water, will at last be sure to ride uppermost. Let us not then be unfaithful in *little* things, remembering the Scripture, "He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." Giving up little truths, as they are called, is like the first dropping of water; there is no knowing where it will end. Let me, in conclusion, on this point, give you Paley's experience:—"I have seldom known anyone who deserted truth in trifles, that could be trusted in matters of importance."

The last reason is that *we are but stewards of the truth committed to us*, and shall have to give an account of our stewardship. It is not for the minister to pick and choose among the doctrines of God's Word, as if they were his own; to exalt this one because it is attractive, and lay the other in the dust, because it is not popular. Granting that one truth is of less value than another affects not the argument, for as nothing belongs to a steward, he has no more right to keep a sixpence back than a pound; but on the other hand, it rather strengthens it, for the aim of the good steward will be to show his Lord he has been honourable even to a penny, and that although there was no great intrinsic value in the coin itself, yet the fact of its being his Lord's, made it so in his esteem. Let us not then dare to make light of any truth found in God's Word; for if *he* thought it worth while to inspire holy men of old to record it, there must be value in it; for there are no useless words in Sacred Writ, put there simply to fill up. The only way which I can see for a minister to show he feels his position as a steward, is by boldly bringing forth in public what God reveals to him in private, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. Should it be insinuated that by bringing forth a certain doctrine, the unity of the Church will be broken, and Christian charity desecrated, we reply, we mourn not over the loss of that unity which rested on suppression of the truth, or the overthrow of that charity which had for its foundation a lie. Should it be further argued that it will lead to much evil, and retard what we most desire, our answer must be—we are not responsible for results, but for doing what God has bidden us, namely, to declare his whole council.

In conclusion, let me not be misunderstood, nor let any imagine I advocate the sinking of the minister's high calling as God's herald of mercy to a dying world, into a mere denominational defender. That be far from any of us. God forbid that we should be so engrossed in the work of hedging and ditching the small plot of ground that has been won, as to forget that there is yet very much land to be possessed. Let us take heed that we be not so taken up with the education of the saint, as to forget the salvation of the sinner, for whose soul the mouth of hell is gaping wide. Let us see that we be not so occupied in describing to our people the stars of distinctive doctrine, as to omit to point them to the Sun of Righteousness from whom they derive all their lustre. It is narrated that when, in the time of the crusades, the lion-hearted Richard I. of England, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of France, were jointly waging war against the valiant heathen, Saladin, a jealousy sprang up in the camp between England and Austria, and one morning the British banner was found lying in the dust on St. George's Mount—a distinguished point on which it had long waved—and the banner of Austria was planted in its stead; impetuous Richard, who was confined to his tent through severe illness, no sooner heard of it than he strode forth alone, and before the assembled hosts hurled Austria's ensign to the ground, and caused the Lion once more to take the prominence, remarking, "Your banners may be arranged around mine, but must never take its place." So may it be in our preaching. Let the Lion of the tribe of Judah alone have the prominence. Round this banner, let the pennons of our distinctive points be set. Dear fellow-soldiers! let Christ be exalted, and our colours shown.

The Religions of India,

A PLEA FOR INDIAN MISSIONS, BY ALEX. FORBES, ESQ., A.M.

LATE EDITOR OF THE "BENGAL HURKARU."

IT will suffice that we divide the religious beliefs of the hundred and fifty millions of the inhabitants of India into three great heads—IDOLATRY, MOHAMMEDANISM, and the PROTESTS against these, arising from the spread of English education and general intelligence among the people.

I. IDOLATRY.—I have often thought, that were the people of this or any other Christian country brought into actual contact with the idols of the heathen, and were they to realize what idol-worship is, there would be much more zeal with regard to missions than is unfortunately the case! I have sat in my house on an evening in September, and felt a strange kind of oppression in breathing the air, laden with the rattling of drums, and the clanging of bells and cymbals, which are so essential a part of the worship of the goddess Doorga. It seemed to me as if the spirit of evil himself had more power on the three days of this great annual festival than at other times, and that while he excited his worshippers to madness and lasciviousness, he put forth an unwonted influence to perplex and depress those who were not subjects of his kingdom. The mind at such times seemed to be filled with a darkness that might be felt, and, whatever might be our theories at other times, one would then be almost as much inclined to impute to Satan personality, and an active interference in the affairs of this world, as was ever Luther, or any of his contemporaries. As we seem to feel the more immediate and all-pervading presence of God on a sunny Sabbath in our native land, when all of man save the tinkling of the bell of the village Church is still; and the rush of the river over its stony bed, the sleepy hum of the bee, and the sighing of the soft breeze among the fir-trees, are the voices in which nature hymns forth her Maker's praise; so in the loud sound of thousands of discordant drums, and the clashing of brass, and the sickening smell of incense, and, most of all, in the obscene shouts and songs of men and children, do we instinctively recognise the worship of him who is the very reverse of God in all his attributes—of him who has been so long the ruler of the kingdoms of this world, but whose power we are bound to attack in the service of our Master, and never to cease in our warfare until those kingdoms which are now his, become the kingdoms of our Lord. I think that if the people of Great Britain could see with their own eyes how large a portion of the earth is still under the dominion of Satan, and how fearful is his rule, they would not be so lukewarm as they are; but that men would be found to go forth to the fight, and contributions would flow into the treasury in mighty streams.

I arrived in India about one-and-twenty years ago, and for the first year of my residence there I lived in the native part of Calcutta, in the house of a wealthy native gentleman, with all the members of whose family I became intimately acquainted. I therefore had opportunities of seeing idolatrous life afforded to few Europeans; for although the heads

of the family, who were remarkably well-educated men, had themselves little faith in Hindoo priests and idols, they still kept up the observances of the ancient faith for the benefit of their numerous dependants, especially the ladies of the household. The large mansion, or hotel as it would be called in France, in which lived twenty or thirty separate families of relatives, was built round an open courtyard, which, when covered with a canvas awning, and lighted up with thousands of wax-lights, formed a very handsome temple for worship. At one end of it was the shrine, in which stood an enormous image of the ten-armed Doorga, made of straw ropes ingeniously rolled round bamboos as a framework, upon which the clay was moulded into a statue of the goddess, with a group at her feet, consisting of a lion and a bull, out of whose wounded side issued the form of a man, intended to represent her victory over a wicked giant. The whole was painted in gaudy colours, and ornamented with jewellery, which, though made of *mica* and *talc*, glittered almost as brightly in the candle-light as if it had been real. The priests arriving at the due time, called down Doorga from the side of her husband Shiva, to inhabit the image, and to be worshipped during three days, on the evening of the last of which, the image being sunk in the sacred Ganges, she would return to her lord. This festival is looked forward to by the millions of Lower Bengal as the great event of the year. All the absent members of the family are re-assembled. All business is suspended for twelve or fourteen days, and but too often the earnings of the whole year are spent on the image, the Brahmins, *and the debauchery*. There is little real worship, such as the Roman Catholic pays to his favourite image of the Virgin. There are no fervent prayers made before the shrine. A rupee for the priest is all that is expected of the most religious Hindoo. But I, having witnessed them, can tell you what are the real occupations of that sacred festival, during which day is turned into night, for day would blush to shine upon the festivities of such a season. We commenced the holy rites by a splendid dinner, in first-rate European style, even to look upon which, in public, would make the Hindoo unclean. Nevertheless I sat next to the officiating priest, who pledged me in so many bumpers of champagne that his eyes were soon twinkling in his head. In great astonishment, I turned to a gentleman who still lives, one of the most respected leaders of native society in Calcutta, and asked him for an explanation of this utter disregard of caste, which at other times exercised over all such iron rule. His reply was that the Poojah came but once a year, and that, however decent and moral a man might feel himself constrained to be during the remainder of it, he was at liberty to do anything during that season. Considering the important place that meats and drinks occupy in Hindooism, this answer signified much the same as if a Christian were to hold that on Christmas and New Year's Day he was released from the obligation to observe the Decalogue, which is binding upon him during the rest of the year. After dinner, we adjourned to a long room where we were ranged round the walls, seated on the ground, each with his hookah and pawn before him. Here I was surprised to find a large number of young and very good-looking females seated along with the gentlemen, and behaving themselves as properly as ladies would do among us. Was this a liberty of the season extended to the

ladies of the family, at all other times so jealously concealed in the Zenana? Alas, no! These women were the mistresses of the respectable idolators, whom I believed up to that time to be so temperate and so moral. And the entertainment provided for them was suited to the company. Dancing girls for hours threw themselves, to the sound of music, into positions as disgusting as they were ungraceful, but the more filthy the gesture the louder the applause. This may give you an idea of some part of the lasciviousness of idolatry, but there are inner mysteries to which none but the worshipper is admitted, which are more filthy still, so that even those who do these things are ashamed to speak of them to one another. This is but a sample taken from one festival, of the depth of degradation to which idolatry carries its votaries, but a larger idea of it may be formed from a consideration of the fact, that the most popular form of Hindoo idolatry is the worship of the *Linga*, which is too disgusting to be here described; and that among the Saktas, a large and influential sect, a living female is worshipped as a manifestation of the active energy which drew Bramah from the self-contemplative repose in which he had remained from eternity. It is easy to conceive to what abominations such worship leads, especially among a people who are kept separate from all females except their own mothers and sisters.

But I have said enough upon the filthiness of idolatry. Let us glance for a few moments at its *cruelty*. It enjoins, as works pleasing to the gods, acts of cruelty both to the body of the worshipper himself, and to his fellow-men. One cannot read the Institutes of Menu, the prophet and lawgiver, the Moses of the Hindoos, without being horrified at the diabolical ingenuity of the punishments which he prescribes for slight offences, such as pouring melted lead into the ears of a Sudra who may have listened to the reading of the Shastres; and this spirit of cruelty has entered into the daily life of the people. When any among us take the law into our own hands, we are contented if we send our adversary away with a good sound thrashing. But this would not satisfy the Hindoo. His victim must feel the torture, and accordingly the records of Indian police courts are filled with accounts of modes of torture manifesting an ingenuity of which devils themselves might boast. A very common way in which mistresses punish their female servants, is to brand them with the earthen head of the hooka made red hot. A man was brought before the magistrate at Chittagong for blowing Cayenne pepper into the eyes of his own son, a child of seven or eight years of age, who had been guilty of some slight disobedience. The Chili or Cayenne pepper figures largely in the accounts of Indian torture. Sometimes the head is enclosed in a bag which has been saturated with its pungent powder. The ingenuity of the Hindoo can make torture even ludicrous. A Hindoo Zemindar, a neighbour of mine, tied the long beards of two of his Mohammedan ryots together, and burning a Chili beneath their nostrils, amused himself by seeing how the violent sneezing produced made them knock their heads together. The report of the Madras Torture Commission is full of horrors inflicted upon the people for the purpose of collecting a few rupees of rent. The body was bent by ropes and bamboos into the most painful positions. Men were compelled to stare at the brightness of a tropical sun until they

were blinded. The body was smeared with honey, and then the wretched creature that was being operated upon was tied up in the vicinity of a nest of red ants, the bite of which insect is excessively painful. Men were suspended to trees by their thumbs, and—horrible to conceive—women by their breasts. It is true that these things were done by the government revenue collectors and the government police, but they were only carrying out in the public service the domestic institutions of the country; institutions animated by the spirit and moulded by the teachings of idolatry. I am surely not wrong in imputing these terrible things to the religion of the country. If it is right in us to ascribe the gentleness and the humanity of modern civilization to the influence of the teaching of Christ, we can hardly be wrong in seeking the source of the spirit actuating the Hindoos in some totally different principle. If it is not the temperature of our climate, nor the form of our government, nor the colour of our skins, nor our geographical position, to which are to be imputed the justice, the truthfulness, and the charity which are so widely diffused over Britain, it is not to any of these causes that we are to look for the terribly different state of things which prevails in Hindostan. We worship the God of heaven, and anything that is good in us we derive directly from him. They worship devils, and are like unto them. Who but devils could suggest to a son that when his father seems to be sinking under the repeated attacks of burning fever, it is his duty to lift him from his bed, and carry him through the dusty streets under the deadly glare of a tropical sun, with harsh discordant music preceding him, and to lay him in the muddy water of the Ganges, there to suffer certain death? for it is also the duty of that son, if his father should show any sign of recovery, to fill his mouth and nostrils with mud, and so to smother him rather than that he should return home again. Who but devils could have persuaded the Hindoo widow that it was her duty to leave the babe she was suckling, and to sacrifice herself on the funeral pile of her dead husband; her own first-born—perhaps yet a child—being led forward by the devil's priest to apply the torch that was to make him doubly-orphaned? It is devils that persuade the pilgrim to throw himself before the car of Juggernath, and poor coolies to torture themselves at the festival of the Churruck. It is the doctrine of devils that men can attain to everlasting happiness by holding their arms above their heads until they become fixed in that useless position, and till their nails have grown through the hand; or by sitting in the heat of an Indian summer between two fires; or by lying for years on a bed full of sharp knobs; or by using the ashes of cow-dung for washing with instead of water. It is the devil who keeps the Hindoo in constant fear of evil demons, who have the power and the will to inflict injury upon him, and who must be propitiated by tiresome and expensive rites and painful fasts. But of all his inventions for tormenting his votaries, Hindoo widowhood is Satan's masterpiece. There is scarcely a family where that hard yoke is not borne, not only by the poor girl herself, but by all her relations. Left a widow while perhaps only still a baby, she has to grow up, knowing that marriage is forbidden to her for ever. Whatever may be the lot of others, it is certain that she is never to know the love of a husband, or to bear the name of *mother*; that name

so honoured in the East, that, as in Bible times, the young parent generally lays aside her own name after the birth of her first son, and is known for the remainder of her life by the name of Mother So-and-So. But, in addition to this, the widow is to have no comfort, no enjoyment whatever. Savoury food is denied to her, and frequent fasts are enjoined upon her. She is to be the servant in the family. Ornaments are forbidden to her for ever, so that a widow is known in the streets among the lower orders—who alone are seen in public—by her want of bracelets. Is it to be wondered at if such a life should drive many to prostitution. I said that the yoke of the widow is to be borne not only by herself but by her relations. She is a constant source of anxiety to them, lest she should disgrace them; and, in families which can afford the room and the jailer, she is generally kept a kind of prisoner. One day one of my native clerks came to me and asked leave of absence, in order that he might attend the funeral of his son-in-law. One of the bystanders remarked to me that the case of the poor man was very hard. The age of the son-in-law was only three years, and of his daughter only two; and he had lately spent a great deal of money—more than he could well afford—in the celebration of this marriage, which, after all, was to result in nothing. Wishing to say something to comfort the poor old man who was standing weeping before me, I remarked that he still had his daughter left. I was startled by the energy with which he exclaimed, "I would a thousand times rather see her lying dead at my feet. The life that is before her is dreadful to think of, both for her and me." Thus spoke an ardent worshipper of the Hindoo idols,—a man who, whenever I mentioned Christ to him, used to listen with a smile, and to say that it might do for the younger men, but that he was too old to change. Little can those who have not seen the yoke which the devil imposes upon his worshippers realize to themselves the full extent of the liberty with which Christ has made us free,—the exceeding truth of his saying, that his yoke is easy and his burden light. Christ freed the Jew from the yoke of washings and purifyings, and other ceremonies of the law, which neither he nor his fathers were able to bear; but that yoke was light in comparison with the bondage in which the Hindoo is held by the hell-invented doctrine of caste. Caste fills nature with men and things which defile by the touch, or even by their shadow falling upon one; so that the high-caste man walks through life, as it were, upon tiptoe, and continually holding up the skirts of his garments lest he should be defiled. Creation is deformed in his sight, for he cannot look forth upon the landscape without mentally separating its various parts into the clean and unclean; and the greater part of it is to him unclean. He is cut off from association with his fellow-men, the greater number of whom he dare not eat or drink with, or even touch. Caste absolutely commands the Priest and Levite to pass by on the other side of the way from the wounded Soodra; but, with an equal-handed cruelty, it forbids the high-caste man, when himself wounded, to accept even a cup of cold water from the hands of one who is not of equal spiritual rank with himself. Cruel, indeed, are the honours and favours of the evil one. If the Brahmin is set on high to be worshipped, he is also condemned to an isolation from his fellow-men which is contrary to the gregarious nature implanted in him by

his Creator, the infringement of which carries with it its own punishment. Were it not that men sin against caste and its laws, they could not bear them for a day.

Idolatry is lascivious and cruel; it is also *false and untruthful.* As in the times of the apostle Paul "Cretian" was a synonyme for Liar, so in the present day is "Bengalee." During the sixteen or seventeen years that I was in intimate and daily intercourse with Bengalees of all ranks, I never expected to hear the truth; and I was not disappointed. During the whole of that time I was obliged to seek after and be contented with the probable. The people themselves justified their use of falsehood in the following ingenious way:—They said that their hearers were so accustomed to set down three-fourths of what they said as false, that they were forced to add at least that proportion of fiction to their statements, in order that the truth might remain. If they embellished less the truth would suffer, for part of it would be taken away in the mental process which had become the custom of society. They were rather inclined to add on a little more, so that the residue might be the truth with improvements. The *bearer* or valet of a friend of mine, a magistrate in Bengal, one day told his master that one of his shirts had been stolen, and that he had discovered the thief. "Well," said his master, "get a petition drawn up and present it to me in Court to-day." When the petition was read, the magistrate was astonished to hear that a whole dozen of shirts were missing. "Holla!" said he to the *bearer*, "you told me this morning that only one shirt had been taken. "Yes, servant of the Lord," said the man, respectfully folding his hands, "but if I had put only one shirt into the petition, the case would have been rejected as false. The officers of the Court would not have believed that a shirt had been stolen at all." The gods of the Hindoos are distinguished, in their histories, as constantly successful by means of lying and theft. Is it to be wondered at that their worshippers are like them? If, in the Gospels, we found our Saviour and his Apostles freeing themselves from difficulties, or attaining their ends by means of falsehood, or even if the slightest encouragement had been held out in those sacred books to Jesuitical prevarication, is it likely that truth would hold so high a place among the virtues as it occupies in the Christian's creed?

Idolatry cuts away the foundations of everything that is good or amiable in humanity. What is the result of changing the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, has been admirably described in the first chapter of the Romans. I have, on more than one occasion, challenged, in the Calcutta newspapers, the orthodox Hindoos to point out in what way this description, even in its most shameful particulars, did not accurately portray the state of society at present existing among them, and no reply was ever made to me. They were too conscious of the terrible truth of the accusation. Read from the 22d verse of the 1st of Romans to the end, and say whether your pure minds are not stirred up to do more than you have as yet done by personal labour, influence, money, and above all, by prayer, to put an end to such a fearful state of things as is there pictured as the fruit of idolatry.

"The Saturday Reviler."

MANY of our readers have heard of a periodical styled "The Saturday Review." Its sphere is remote from our own. As, however, it has occasionally wandered into our orbit, we propose to pay it a short visit in return. Once, and again, and again, it has endeavoured to attract our attention, by its comments on the sayings and doings of Mr. Spurgeon, and recently, by its observations upon his "Lecture on Candles." Having now a sword of our own, as well as a trowel, we shall be expected to show that we bear not the sword in vain. We can hardly be supposed to be so expert in the use of this weapon as those who have no other; but we hope to supply by calmness and confidence in the goodness of our cause what may be wanting in skill. To mere threatenings and intrigues, our reply is, "We are doing a great work so that we cannot come down;" but when openly and directly attacked, we yield not to fear.

Our object here is to exhibit the writers of this periodical from our point of view, as they have often favoured us with our appearance from theirs; and we do not think this could be better expressed than by urging upon them the proposal to change the title from "The Saturday Review," to that of "The Saturday Reviler." We believe that its first name was appropriate at the time. It was general and arbitrary, as names usually are when given before birth. We must wait for a characteristic title until the full character appears. It is because of the full development of its distinguishing peculiarity that we recommend the change of title to which we have adverted. We shall endeavour to make good these two assertions—that "The Saturday Review" was a well chosen title at first, and that "The Saturday Reviler" would be the more appropriate appellation now. Its first title was *indefinite*. It engrossed no opinions, and was committed to none; and in this respect was admirably suited to the design of its projectors. It left them at liberty to say anything and everything, without the violation of a principle or a promise, expressed or understood. It was *deceptive*. It concealed the principal agents, as far as possible, from view. It was no patronymic, by which its parentage could be known. There was none of the pride of those who "call their lands after their own names." Similar titles we have had to periodicals, but the parties represented by them have been known; for the sentiments of "The Saturday Review," the public has no guarantee. Its works are in the dark. It vehemently assails the persons of others, but has no personality of its own. The first title was *pretentious*. This must be affirmed of every periodical which claims to be nothing more than a review. It requires to have no opinions of its own, except upon the opinions of others. It may assume, as in the instance before us, a dictatorship in the whole world of letters. True, the ancient critics yet remain. They have Quintilian, Cicero, and Longinus. Let them hear them? No! They have Bacon, Locke, and Newton. Let them hear them? No! They have "The Athenæum," "The Edinburgh Review," and "The British Quarterly." Let them hear them? No! What then? Let them hear "The Saturday Review." This is its oracular tone; and even this would be more tolerable if it had some fixed principles of its own.

Its first title was *suggestive*. It may be wondered how this can apply to so general a title as "The Saturday Review;" but it is difficult even for the most artful to suppress every glimpse of their design. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." "The Saturday Review," was morally suggestive. It would be replete with all that could elevate the mind above the secular cares of the week, and contribute to its preparation for the Sabbath. Might it not also prove acceptable in the circles to which it aspired on the Sabbath itself? At any rate, there could be no harm in placing such a temptation in their way. Taking this suggestion in connection with the miscellaneous character of the review, as embracing all subjects in the political, fashionable, and sporting world, and all in religion except real religion itself, we are at no loss to perceive its standard of moral excellence and its opinion of the high destiny of man.

We have seen that the title of "The Saturday Review" was as suited to the design of its original promoters, as any our vocabulary could afford. Having now acquired a character of its own, it is due to itself, and to the public, that a more characteristic title should be assumed. That of "The Saturday Reviler" has been suggested. It involves no other alteration in the typography than the change of one letter and the addition of another. It is particularly apposite. It faithfully represents its guardian spirit, and its own. In science and in art, as well as in ordinary life, things are called according to their distinguishing features. We do not wrong a contemporary publication, therefore, by suggesting this title, but act upon a rule by which we ourselves are willing to be tried. None, we presume, would resort to it for scientific information, or literary taste, much less for moral teaching, and least of all for religious training; but if they love scandal and abuse, they will find it to their heart's content. Nothing sells better amongst the half-educated population than abuse, and especially when directed against those who are better than themselves. Upon this principle, without doubt, the calculations of "The Saturday Reviler" have been founded. The art of reviling by no means requires either great talent, or scholarship. A superior order of mind will not descend to it. It will indulge in occasional satire, but not defile itself with abuse. "The Saturday Reviler" revels in it. Here it is most at home. It is natural for writers to select those topics that best lie within the compass of their abilities, and in which they can indulge in their favourite strain. Every animal seeks food most congenial to its taste, and its elevation in the scale of being may in general be determined by that upon which it feeds. Such as love reviling certainly have a moral nature of their own. Do plants send forth their roots to a great distance when they find not the assimilating particles near at hand? Do animals when at liberty wander far in search of the food that is convenient for them? Precisely thus, "The Saturday Reviler" sends forth its tendrils or its foragers, to keep up the needful supply. This accounts for its appearance occasionally at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Look at its recent article upon the "Lecture on Candles." Here was nothing, we should have supposed, which the most consummate practitioner in reviling among men, could have vilified and traduced. There was, as in everything else, much to misrepresent and misapply,

and of this, abundant use is made. What should lead "The Saturday Reviler" to the Metropolitan Tabernacle but its own innate love for reviling? What has Mr. Spurgeon done to excite its hatred and abuse? He has not asked its leave to exist, or to live in the same country and age, or to preach, or to proclaim his own sentiments in his own way. He has not gone to its office to acquire his theology, or authority to make it known. He has dared to act as though no such tribunal had been erected. He has positively ignored it altogether. It has counselled mildly, it has raised its warning voice, it has thundered forth its anathemas, it has calumniated, it has ejected its venom, and still he treats it as a thing of nought. It tries to arrest his progress, and finds that he advances only the more. Now if it really wishes to do him harm, as we believe it does, we will advise it what to do. *Let it say everything in his favour;* for its praise would be far more condemnatory than its blame. It is not from a Metropolitan Tabernacle point of view merely, that the title of "Saturday Reviler" can be justified. Let similar good be done in any other direction, and a similar onslaught is made. Evangelical truth, wherever it may exist, is the professed object of its hatred and scorn; and civil law, as its own history testifies, is the only restraint upon its defamation of the persons who are most prominent in its diffusion. Let us hear no more then of "The Saturday Review;" let it be everywhere known to be what it really is—"The Saturday Reviler."

G. ROGERS.

"The Pleasant Catechism."

WE had much pleasure in introducing the *Pleasant Party Plan* to our readers a short time since, and we then promised to say something more upon the subject. It is our growing conviction that the general teaching of a good compendium of gospel truth, such as the PLEASANT CATECHISM,* would confer immense advantages upon the rising race. Dr. Donne, in a sermon at Paul's Cross, asserted that it was the honest confession of Papists, that the Protestants owed their advantage over them to the work of catechising. It is a great folly to have given up a practice so useful and successful. Of course merely parroting answers to questions by rote is of very little use, and is a drudgery both to scholar and teacher; but to use the words of the book as a text, and then to enlarge and expound, is at once an easy and impressive mode of teaching. To check the incoming tide of error, to train up a race of holy men and women, to keep alive the good seed in the land, we cannot recommend a more likely method than a great system of catechising youth in the doctrines of truth, to be carried on not only in the Sunday School, but during the week, in all our schools and families. "The fairest flower in the garden of creation is a young mind, offering and unfolding itself to the influence of divine wisdom, as the heliotrope turns its sweet blossoms to the sun." Friends, take care to plant these young seedlings where the sun-light of truth can reach them, that they may bloom unto perfection.

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* "The Pleasant Catechism concerning Christ," with an Introduction by C. H. SPURGEON. Price 4d. Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster-row.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM V.

TITLE.—"To the Chief Musician upon Nehiloth, a Psalm of David." *The Hebrew word Nehiloth is taken from another word, signifying "to perforate," "to bore through," whence it comes to mean a pipe or a flute; so that this song was probably intended to be sung with an accompaniment of wind instruments, such as the horn, the trumpet, flute, or cornet. However, it is proper to remark that we are not sure of the interpretation of these ancient titles, for the Septuagint translates it, "For him who shall obtain inheritance," and Aben Ezra thinks it denotes some old and well known melody to which this Psalm was to be played. The best scholars confess that great darkness hangs over the precise interpretation of the titles; nor is this much to be regretted, for it furnishes an internal evidence of the great antiquity of the Book. Throughout the first, second, third, and fourth Psalms, you will have noticed that the subject is a contrast between the position, the character, and the prospects of the righteous and of the wicked. In this Psalm you will note the same. The Psalmist carries out a contrast between himself made righteous by God's grace, and the wicked who opposed him. To the devout mind there is here presented a precious view of the Lord Jesus, of whom it is said that in the days of his flesh, he offered up prayers and supplication with strong crying and tears.*

DIVISION.—*The Psalm should be divided into two parts, from the first to the seventh verse, and then from the eighth to the twelfth. In the first part of the Psalm David most vehemently beseeches the Lord to hearken to his prayer, and in the second part he retraces the same ground.*

EXPOSITION.

GIVE ear to my words, O LORD, consider my meditation.

There are two sorts of prayers—those expressed in words, and the unuttered longings which abide as silent meditations. Words are not the essence but the garments of prayer. Moses at the Red Sea cried to God, though he said nothing. Yet the use of language may prevent distraction of mind, may assist the powers of the soul, and may excite devotion. David, we observe, uses both modes of prayer, and craves for the one a hearing, and for the other a *consideration.* What an expressive word! "*Consider my meditation.*" If I have asked that which is right, give it to me; if I have omitted to ask that which I most needed, fill up the vacancy in my prayer. "Consider my meditation." Let thy holy soul *consider* it as presented through my all-glorious Mediator: then regard thou it in thy wisdom, weigh it in the scales, judge thou of my sincerity, and of the true state of my necessities, and answer me in due time for thy mercy's sake! There may be prevailing intercession where there are no words; and alas! there may be words where there is no true supplication. Let us cultivate the *spirit* of prayer which is even better than the *habit* of prayer. There may be seeming prayer where there is little devotion. We should begin to pray before we kneel down, and we should not cease when we rise up.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto thee will I pray.

"*The voice of my cry.*" In another Psalm we find the expression, "The voice of my weeping." Weeping has a voice—a melting, plaintive tone, an ear-piercing shrillness, which reaches the very heart of God: and *crying* hath a voice—a soul-moving eloquence; coming from *our* heart it reaches *God's* heart. Ah! my brothers and sisters, sometimes we cannot put our prayers into words: they are nothing but a *cry:* but the Lord can comprehend the meaning, for he hears a voice in our cry. To a loving father his children's cries are music, and they have a magic influence which his heart cannot resist. "*My*

King, and my God." Observe carefully these little pronouns, "*my* King, and *my* God." They are the pith and marrow of the plea. Here is a grand argument why God should answer prayer—because he is *our* King and *our* God. We are not aliens to him: he is the King of our country. Kings are expected to hear the appeals of their own people. We are not strangers to him; we are his worshippers, and he is our God: ours by covenant, by promise, by oath, by blood.

"*For unto thee will I pray.*" Here David expresses his declaration that he will seek to God, and to God alone. God is to be the only object of worship: the only resource of our soul in times of need. Leave broken cisterns to the godless, and let the godly drink from the Divine fountain alone. "Unto thee *will I* pray." He makes a resolution, that as long as he lived he would pray. He would never cease to supplicate, even though the answer should not come.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O LORD; in the morning will I direct *my prayer* unto thee, and will look up.

Observe, this is not so much a prayer as a resolution, "'*My voice shalt thou hear;*' I will not be dumb, I will not be silent, I will not withhold my speech, I *will* cry to thee, for the fire that dwells within compels me to pray." We can sooner die than live without prayer. None of God's children are possessed with a dumb devil.

"*In the morning.*" This is the fittest time for intercourse with God. An hour in the morning is worth two in the evening. While the dew is on the grass, let grace drop upon the soul. Let us give to God the mornings of our days and the morning of our lives. Prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night. Devotion should be both the morning star and the evening star.

If we merely read our English version, and want an explanation of these two sentences, we find it in the figure of an archer, "*I will direct my prayer unto thee*," I will put my prayer upon the bow, I will direct it towards heaven, and then when I have shot up my arrow, *I will look up* to see where it has gone. But the Hebrew has a still fuller meaning than this—"I will *direct* my prayer." It is the word that is used for the laying in order of the wood and the pieces of the victim upon the altar, and it is used also for the putting of the shewbread upon the table. It means just this: "I will arrange my prayer before thee;" I will lay it out upon the altar in the morning, just as the priest lays out the morning sacrifice. I will *arrange* my prayer; or, as old Master Trapp has it, "I will marshal up my prayers," I will put them in order, call up all my powers, and bid them stand in their proper places, that I may pray with all my might, and pray acceptably.

"*And will look up,*" or, as the Hebrew might better be translated, "'I will look out,' I will look out for the answer; after I have prayed, I will expect that the blessing shall come." It is a word that is used in another place where we read of those who watched for the morning. So will I watch for thine answer, O my Lord! I will spread out my prayer like the victim on the altar, and I will look up, and expect to receive the answer by fire from heaven to consume the sacrifice.

Two questions are suggested by the last part of this verse. Do we not miss very much of the sweetness and efficacy of prayer by a want of careful meditation before it, and of hopeful expectation after it? We too often rush into the presence of God without forethought or humility. We are like men who present themselves before a king without a petition, and what wonder is it that we often miss the end of prayer? We should be careful to keep the stream of meditation always running; for this is the water to drive the mill of prayer. It is idle to pull up the flood-gates of a dry brook, and then hope to see the wheel revolve. Prayer without fervency is like hunting with a dead dog, and prayer without preparation is hawking with a blind falcon. Prayer is the work of the

Holy Spirit, but he works by means. God made man, but he used the dust of the earth as a material: the Holy Ghost is the author of prayer, but he employs the thoughts of a fervent soul as the gold with which to fashion the vessel. Let not our prayers and praises be the flashes of a hot and hasty brain, but the steady burning of a well-kindled fire.

But, furthermore, do we not forget to watch the result of our supplications? We are like the ostrich, which lays her eggs and looks not for her young. We sow the seed, and are too idle to seek a harvest. How can we expect the Lord to open the windows of his grace, and pour us out a blessing, if we will not open the windows of expectation and look up for the promised favour? Let holy preparation link hands with patient expectation, and we shall have far larger answers to our prayers.

4 For thou *art* not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the LORD will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

And now the Psalmist having thus expressed his resolution to pray, you hear him putting up his prayer. He is pleading against his cruel and wicked enemies. He uses a most mighty argument. He begs of God to put them away from him, because they were displeasing to God himself. "*For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.*" "When I pray against my tempters," says David, "I pray against the very things which thou thyself abhorrest." *Thou* hatest evil: Lord, I beseech thee, deliver *me* from it!

Let us learn here the solemn truth of the hatred which a righteous God must bear towards sin. *He has no pleasure in wickedness*, however wittily, grandly, and proudly it may array itself. Its glitter has no charm for him. Men may bow before successful villany, and forget the wickedness of the battle in the gaudiness of the triumph, but the Lord of Holiness is not such-an-one as we are. "*Neither shall evil dwell with thee.*" He will not afford it the meanest shelter. Neither on earth nor in heaven shall evil share the mansion of God. Oh, how foolish are we if we attempt to entertain two guests so hostile to one another as Christ Jesus and the devil! Rest assured, Christ will not live in the parlour of our hearts if we entertain the devil in the cellar of our thoughts. "*The foolish shall not stand in thy sight.*" Sinners are fools written large. A little sin is a great folly, and the greatest of all folly is great sin. Such sinful fools as these must be banished from the court of heaven. Earthly kings were wont to have fools in their trains, but the only wise God will have no fools in his palace above. "*Thou hatest all workers of iniquity.*" It is not a little dislike, but a thorough hatred which God bears to workers of iniquity. To be hated of God is an awful thing. O let us be very faithful in warning the wicked around us, for it will be a terrible thing for them to fall into the hands of an angry God! Observe, that evil speakers must be punished as well as evil workers, for "*thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing.*" All liars shall have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. A man may lie without danger of the law of man, but he will not escape the law of God. Liars have short wings, their flight shall soon be over, and they shall fall into the fiery floods of destruction. "*The Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.*" Bloody men shall be made drunk with their own blood, and they who began by deceiving others shall end with being deceived themselves. Our old proverb saith, "Bloody and deceitful men dig their own graves." The voice of the people is in this instance the voice of God. How forcible is the word *abhor!* Does it not show us how powerful and deep-seated is the hatred of the Lord against the workers of iniquity?

7 But as for me, I will come *into* thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: *and* in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

With this verse the first part of the Psalm ends. The Psalmist has bent his knee in prayer: he has described before God, as an argument for his deliverance, the character and the fate of the wicked; and now he contrasts this with the condition of the righteous. "*But as for me, I will come into thy house.*" I will not stand at a distance, I will come into thy sanctuary, just as a child comes into his father's house. But I will not come there by my own merits; no, I have a multitude of sins, and therefore I will come *in the multitude of thy mercy.* I will approach thee with confidence because of thy immeasurable grace. God's judgments are all numbered, but his mercies are innumerable; he gives his wrath by weight, but without weight his mercy. "*And in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple,*"—towards the temple of thy holiness. The temple was not built on earth at that time; it was but a tabernacle; but David was wont to turn his eyes spiritually to that temple of God's holiness where between the wings of the Cherubim Jehovah dwells in light ineffable. Daniel opened his window towards Jerusalem, but we open our hearts towards heaven.

8 Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

Now we come to the second part, in which the Psalmist repeats his arguments, and goes over the same ground again.

"*Lead me, O Lord,*" as a little child is led by its father, as a blind man is guided by his friend. It is safe and pleasant walking when God leads the way. "*In thy righteousness,*" not in *my* righteousness, for that is imperfect, but in *thine*, for thou art righteousness itself. "*Make thy way,*" not *my* way, "*straight before my face.*" Brethren, when we have learned to give up our own way, and long to walk in God's way, it is a happy sign of grace; and it is no small mercy to see the way of God with clear vision straight before our face. Errors about duty may lead us into a sea of sins, before we know where we are.

9 For *there is* no faithfulness in their mouth; their inward part *is* very wickedness; their throat *is* an open sepulchre; they flatter with their tongue.

This description of depraved man has been copied by the Apostle Paul, and, together with some other quotations, he has placed it in the second chapter of Romans, as being an accurate description of the whole human race, not of David's enemies only, but of all men by nature. Note that remarkable figure, "*Their throat is an open sepulchre,*" a *sepulchre* full of loathsomeness, of miasma, of pestilence and death. But, worse than that, it is an *open* sepulchre, with all its evil gases issuing forth, to spread death and destruction all around. So, with the throat of the wicked, it would be a great mercy if it could always be closed. If we could seal in continual silence the mouth of the wicked it would be like a sepulchre shut up, and would not produce much mischief. But "their throat is an *open* sepulchre," consequently all the wickedness of their heart exhales, and comes forth. How dangerous is an open sepulchre; men in their journies might easily stumble therein, and find themselves among the dead. Ah! take heed of the wicked man, for there is nothing that he will not say to ruin you; he will long to destroy your character, and bury you in the hideous sepulchre of his own wicked throat. One sweet thought here, however. At the resurrection there will be a resurrection not only of bodies, but characters. This should be a great comfort to a man who has been abused and slandered. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun." The world may think you vile, and bury your character; but if you have been upright, in the day when the graves shall give up their dead, this open sepulchre of the sinner's throat shall be compelled to give up your heavenly character, and you shall come forth and be honoured in the sight of

men. "*They flatter with their tongue.* Or, as we might read it, "They have an oily tongue, a smooth tongue." A smooth tongue is a great evil; many have been bewitched by it. There be many human ant-eaters that with their long tongues covered with oily words entice and entrap the unwary and make their gain thereby. When the wolf licks the lamb, he is preparing to wet his teeth in its blood.

10 Destroy thou them, O God; let them fall by their own counsels; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions; for they have rebelled against thee.

"*Against thee:*" not against *me.* If they were *my* enemies I would forgive them, but I cannot forgive *thine.* We are to forgive *our* enemies, but God's enemies it is not in our power to forgive. These expressions have often been noticed by men of over refinement as being harsh, and grating on the ear. "Oh!" say they, "they are vindictive and revengeful." Let us remember that they might be translated as prophecies, not as wishes; but we do not care to avail ourselves of this method of escape. We have never heard of a reader of the Bible who, after perusing these passages, was made revengeful by reading them, and it is but fair to test the nature of a writing by its effects. When we hear a judge condemning a murderer, however severe his sentence, we do not feel that we should be justified in condemning others for any private injury done to us. The Psalmist here speaks as a judge, *ex officio;* he speaks as God's mouth, and in condemning the wicked he gives us no excuse whatever for uttering anything in the way of malediction upon those who have caused us personal offence. The most shameful way of cursing another is by pretending to bless him. We were all somewhat amused by noticing the toothless malice of that wretched old priest of Rome when he foolishly cursed the Emperor of France with his blessing. He was blessing him in form and cursing him in reality. Now, in direct contrast we put this healthy commination of David, which is intended to be a blessing by warning the sinner of the impending curse. O impenitent man, be it known unto thee that all thy godly friends will give their solemn assent to the awful sentence of the Lord, which he shall pronounce upon thee in the day of doom! Our verdict shall applaud the condemning curse which the Judge of all the earth shall thunder against the godless.

In the following verse we once more find the contrast which has marked the preceding Psalms.

11 But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them: let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.

Joy is the privilege of the believer. When sinners are destroyed our rejoicing shall be full. They laugh first and weep ever after; we weep now, but shall rejoice eternally. When they howl we shall *shout,* and as they must groan for ever, so shall we *ever shout* for joy. This holy bliss of ours has a firm foundation, for O Lord, we are *joyful in thee.* The eternal God is the well-spring of our bliss. We love God, and therefore we delight in him. Our heart is at ease in our God. We fare sumptuously every day because we feed on him. We have music in the house, music in the heart, and music in heaven, for the Lord Jehovah is our strength and our song; he also is become our salvation.

12 For thou, LORD, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as *with* a shield.

Jehovah has ordained his people the heirs of blessedness, and nothing shall rob them of their inheritance. With all the fulness of his power he will bless them, and all his attributes shall unite to satiate them with divine contentment. Nor is this merely for the present, but the blessing reaches into the long and

unknown future. "*Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous.*" This is a promise of infinite length, of unbounded breadth, and of unutterable preciousness.

As for the defence which the believer needs in this land of battles, it is here promised to him in the fullest measure. There were vast shields used by the ancients as extensive as a man's whole person, which would surround him entirely. So says David, "*With favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield.*" According to Ainsworth there is here also the idea of being crowned, so that we wear a royal helmet, which is at once our glory and defence. O Lord, ever give to us this gracious coronation!

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 3.—"*In the morning.*" "In the days of our fathers," says Bishop Burnet, "when a person came early to the door of his neighbour, and desired to speak with the master of the house, it was as common a thing for the servants to tell him with freedom —'My master is at prayer,' as it now is to say, 'My master is not up.'"

Verse 5.—What an astonishing thing is sin, which maketh the God of love and Father of mercies an enemy to his creatures, and which could only be purged by the blood of the Son of God! Though all must believe this who believe the Bible, yet the exceeding sinfulness of sin is but weakly apprehended by those who have the deepest sense of it, and will never be fully known in this world.—*Adam's Private Thoughts.*

Verse 6.—"*Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing,*" whether in jest or earnest. Those that lie in jest will (without repentance) go to hell in earnest.—*Trapp.*

Verse 9.—"*Their inward part,*" &c. Their hearts are storehouses for the devil.—*Trapp.*

"*Their throat is an open sepulchre.*" This doth admonish us, (1) that the speeches of natural unregenerate men are unsavory, rotten, and hurtful to others; for, as a sepulchre doth send out noisome savours and filthy smells, so evil men do utter rotten and filthy words. (2) As a sepulchre doth consume and devour bodies cast into it, so wicked men do with their cruel words destroy others; they are like a gulf to destroy others. (3) As a sepulchre, having devoured many corpses, is still ready to consume more, being never satisfied, so wicked men, having overthrown many with their words, do proceed in their outrage, seeking whom they may devour.—*Wilson.*

Verse 12.—"*As with a shield.*" Luther, when making his way into the presence of Cardinal Cajetan, who had summoned him to answer for his heretical opinions at Augustburg, was asked by one of the Cardinal's minions, where he should find a shelter, if his patron, the Elector of Saxony, should desert him? "Under the shield of heaven!" was the reply. The silenced minion turned round, and went his way.

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verses 1, 2.—Prayer in its threefold form. "*Words, meditation, cry.*" Showing how utterance is of no avail without heart, but that fervent longings and silent desires are accepted, even when unexpressed.

Verse 3.—The excellence of morning devotion.

Last two clauses.—1. Prayer directed. 2. Answers expected.

Verse 4.—God's hatred of sin an example to his people.

Verse 5.—"*The foolish.*" Shew why sinners are justly called fools.

Verse 7.—"*Multitude of thy mercy.*" Dwell upon the varied grace and goodness of God.

Verse 7.—The devout resolution.—*Jay.*

Verse 8.—God's guidance needed always, and especially when enemies are watching us.

Verse 10.—Viewed as a threatening. The sentence, "Cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions," is specially fitted to be the groundwork of a very solemn discourse.

Verse 11.—I. The character of the righteous: *faith and love.* II. The privileges of the righteous. (1) *Joy*—great, pure, satisfying, triumphant, *(shout)* constant *(ever).* (2) *Defence*—by power, providence, angels, grace, &c.

Verse 11.—Joy in the Lord both a duty and a privilege.

Verse 12 *(first clause).—The Divine blessing upon the righteous.* It is ancient effectual, constant, extensive, irreversible, surpassing, eternal, infinite.

Verse 12 *(second clause).*—A sense of divine favour a defence to the soul.

Christian Chymistry.

XLVIII.

Carbo is reported to have said that in Sylla he had to contend both with a fox and a lion, but the fox gave him the most trouble. We have to resist the devil as a roaring lion; this needs care, but to watch against his devices is harder work by far.

XLIX.

During that memorable battle between the Carthaginians and Romans at the Thrasimene Lake, a violent earthquake occurred, but so eager was the combat, that it was not noticed by either army. The most important and shaking considerations, although never so earnestly pressed, seldom obtain audience from hearts taken up with immoderate cares regarding the things of this life.

L.

On the first of May, in the olden times, according to annual custom, many inhabitants of London went into the fields to bathe their faces with the early dew upon the grass under the idea that it would render them beautiful. Some writers call the custom superstitious, it may have been so, but this we know, that to bathe one's face every morning in the dew of heaven by prayer and communion, is the sure way to obtain true beauty of life and character.

LI.

Michael Angelo, when painting an altar-piece in the conventual Church, in Florence, in order that the figures might be as deathlike as possible, obtained permission of the prior to have the coffins of the newly-buried opened and placed beside him during the night;—an appalling expedient, but enabling him to reproduce with terrible effect, not the mortal pallor only, but the very anatomy of death. If we would preach well to the souls of men we must acquaint ourselves with their ruined state, must have their case always on our hearts both by night and day, must know the terrors of the Lord and the value of the soul, and feel a sacred sympathy with perishing sinners. There is no masterly prevailing preaching without this.

LII.

Sir Walter Raleigh, enjoying some gleams of Elizabeth's royal favour, wrote on a glass window which was sure to meet her eye—

"Fain would I climb and yet I fear to fall."

Upon which the queen espying it, underwrote:—

"If thy heart fail thee do not climb at all."

Not thus doth our loving Lord, King Jesus, underwrite the trembling hopes of his people, but with the promise that he will uphold them with the right hand of his righteousness, he encourages them to climb the ladder which reacheth from earth to heaven.

LIII.

Mr. John Foxe, the author of "The Book of Martyrs," was once met by a woman who showed him a book she was carrying, and said, "See you not that I am going to a sermon?" The good man replied, "If you will be ruled by me, go home, for you will do little good at Church to-day." "When then," asked she, "would you counsel me to go?" His reply was, "When you tell no one beforehand." To boast of what we are going to do for Christ is not only vain in itself, but will make all our worship vain. "Come see my zeal for the Lord!" was the language of Jehu, but a sincere child of God lets not his right hand know what his left hand doeth.

LIV.

In a skirmish between the Protestants and Papists in the civil wars of France, a soldier of the Protestant party gained a horse highly valued by the enemy, for which they offered to exchange three prisoners who had been captured that day. The offer being rejected, the enraged Papists slew the men immediately before his eyes. A few days after, the same soldier being engaged on that very horse was by his fiery headstrongness, carried so far into the enemy's troops that he could not be brought off, but was there slain and the horse recovered. Lord, in that value which my heart sets upon things here let me observe moderation, lest while I too much prize the things I love much, those very things procure the loss of those things I love more.

LV.

How shamefully was Michael Angelo treated by that volatile debauchee, Pietro de Medici, when he employed the art of that great master in modelling statues of snow; but how much more degrading is it to the immortal soul of man when Satan and the world occupy it with earthly pleasures and pursuits which shall so soon come to an end.

LVI.

The Germans, though inferior to the Italians in craft and subtlety, made amends for the want by a peremptory sticking to those resolutions which they had before considerately taken up. I find myself quite unable to deal with that old serpent who hath so many methods of deceit; but let him say what he will or can, Lord do thou fix me irremovably in this resolution: "I have said I will keep thy commandments always, even to the end."

LVII.

The ancient inns of Poland gave no entertainment to the traveller but bare walls, without bed or board or other accommodation whatever. Alas! how oft is my heart such a guest-chamber to good thoughts and pious designs, where they often find only such welcome as decayed persons have from their wealthier friends, and not such good cheer as we give to dear and respected guests.

LVIII.

When Cyrus besieged the city of Babylon, the river Euphrates was the greatest obstruction to his designs till he cut out many channels and

diverted the stream into them, thus making the river easily fordable which, when united, had been deep enough to carry great ships. The diffusions of the mind into variety of thoughts and subjects, render it incapable of deep research; but he is likely to be profound who fixes his mind upon one object till it is attained. "Unite my heart to fear thy name."

LIX.

MILTON excuses Oliver Cromwell's want of bookish application in his youth thus: "It did not become that hand to wax soft in literary ease which was to be inured to the use of arms and hardened with asperity; that right arm to be softly wrapped up amongst the birds of Athens, by which thunderbolts were soon afterwards to be hurled among the eagles which emulate the sun." Carnal ease and worldly wisdom are not becoming in the soldier of Jesus Christ. He has to wrestle against principalities and powers, and has need of sterner qualities than those which sparkle in the eyes of fashion or adorn the neck of elegance.

LX.

IN the early times when land was sold the owner cut a turf from the green sward and cast it into the cap of the purchaser as a token that it was his; or he tore off the branch of a tree and put it into the new owner's hand to shew that he was entitled to all the products of the soil; and when the purchaser of a house received seizin or possession, the key of the door, or a bundle of thatch plucked from the roof, signified that the building was yielded up to him. The God of all grace has given to his people all the perfections of heaven to be their heritage for ever, and the earnest of his Spirit is to them the blessed token that all things are theirs. The Spirit's work of comfort and sanctification is a part of heaven's covenant blessings, a turf from the soil of Canaan, a twig from the tree of life, the key to mansions in the skies. Possessing the earnest of the Spirit we have received *seizin* of heaven.

LXI.

As Peter Waldo, a rich merchant of Lyons, was walking the streets with some of his friends, one of them suddenly fell down dead. With this spectacle he was so much affected, that he immediately reformed his life and became the beginner of the Waldenses, who for so many ages have stood forth courageous confessors of the truth. Lord, how suddenly and unexpectedly mayest thou call for this breath that is in these nostrils, and time to me shall be no more; let me, therefore, improve the present time to do thee service, and secure my soul, seeing the time to come is so uncertain.

LXII.

WILLETT, in his exposition upon Leviticus, writes, "A swine is good for nothing while he is alive, not good to bear or carry as the horse; nor to draw, as the ox; nor to clothe as the sheep; nor to give milk, as the cow; nor to keep the house, as a dog; but fed only for the slaughter. So a covetous rich man, just like a hog, doth no good with his riches whilst he lives; but when he is dead his riches come to be disposed of; and it turns out that the riches of a sinner are laid up for the just."

(*To be continued.*)



A CHURCH OF ENGLAND MONK in the costume worn by Father Ignatius, and his crew! Has it come to this, that monkery is to be revived in a professedly Protestant Church? Who would have believed it had it been foretold ten years ago? Can it be true that altars are consecrated by these monks to the Virgin and to the saints, and that they are still tolerated in the Establishment? Yes, it is even so. Ignatius was introduced to a congress of clergy as a minister of the Church, and all his doings are strictly within her pale. Monkery is therefore re-established in the Anglican body. We are not at all surprised at this, nor should we be much astonished if high-mass were publicly celebrated in our parish Churches, and shrines set up to the Virgin, and the saints, within the communion-rails. These would be only legitimate displays of the festering corruption of that part of Antichrist which dominates over this country. But what we are astounded at above measure is, the way in which believers in the Lord Jesus and evangelical Christians continue to countenance all this Popery by remaining in communion with it! The Popish party sneer at them, the Dissenters denounce their dishonesty, and many of them feel uneasy in the organs which once were their consciences, but still they "abide by the stuff" without complaining of it! Verily some persons can eat a large amount of dirt! We wish we could say a word kindly but forcibly in the ear of our brethren, who are still in fellowship with the works of darkness practised in the Anglican denomination of Romanists. When will you come out? How far is the corrupt element to prevail before you will separate from it. *You* are mainly responsible for the growth of all this Popery, for your piety is the mainstay and salt of what would otherwise soon become too foul to be endured, and would then most readily be swept from the earth. You hinder reformation! You protect these growing upas trees which drip with death to the souls of men! You foster these vipers beneath your goodly garments! You will be used as a shield to protect the agents of the devil, until they need you no longer, and then they will cast you away! For the love you bear to your Redeemer, be duped no longer, and by your own hatred of monkery and priestcraft, *come ye out from among them, be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing.*

No. 9.—Sword and Trowel Tracts, by C. H. Spurgeon.—6d. per 100. Post free 8 stamps.
Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.



MANY a time the shepherd called the sheep, but it would not obey his voice; at last taking up the lamb he carried it away, and the mother followed him at once. Full many a woman has been deaf to the Lord's gracious Word until the angel of mercy has been sent to bear away her darling babe, that it might tempt her to the skies. Then, under the divine leading of the Holy Spirit, the sorrowful parent has looked up to the God of heaven, and desired that through Jesus Christ she might be taken up to see her child again in the better land.

Perhaps this little tract may fall into the hand of a bereaved mother. "The shadow is on the cradle—the little chair is vacant—the child's dress is no more to be worked on. Alas, alas! the cooing, chirping voices, and the pattering feet, and the eyes of wondering, and the finger-clasping 'wee' hands—gone, all gone. Home is very empty, very, very lonely, very still." Dear friend, will you not learn God's lesson? Will you not learn it *now?* Is he not evidently beckoning you to the skies by the tiny finger of your own sweet babe? Why should you be smitten any more? Is not this enough? Does not this touch you in a tender place and move you to hearken to your God? Can you not hear your child-angel as it whispers, "Mother follow me to glory!" Can you bear to be divided from your babe for ever? Have you no desires after heaven and the dear ones who are gathering there? Will you make your bed in hell far off from those who are now in the Saviour's bosom? Jesus crucified must be your hope; turn now your weeping eyes to him. He is able *now* to save you, and if now you trust him, you are saved, and shall meet in glory with those who have gone before.

THE FOLDED LAMBS ARE ALL SAFE—ARE YOU SAVED?

No. 10.—Sword and Trowel Tracts, by C. H. SPURGEON.—6d per 100. Post free 8 stamps.
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"The last Fight in the Coliseum."

CHRISTIANITY worked its way upwards, and at last was professed by the Emperor on his throne. Persecution came to an end, and no more martyrs fed the beasts in the Colisæum. The Christian emperors endeavoured to prevent any more shows where cruelty and death formed the chief interest and no truly religious person could endure the spectacle; but custom and love of excitement prevailed even against the Emperor. Mere tricks of beasts, horse and chariot races, or bloodless contests, were tame and dull, according to the diseased taste of Rome; it was thought weak and sentimental to object to looking on at a death-scene; the Emperors were generally absent at Constantinople, and no one could get elected to any office unless he treated the citizens to such a show as they best liked, with a little bloodshed and death to stir their feelings; and thus it went on for full a hundred years after Rome had, in name, become a Christian city, and the same customs prevailed wherever there was an amphitheatre and pleasure-loving people.

Meantime the enemies of Rome were coming nearer and nearer, and Alaric, the great chief of the Goths, led his forces into Italy, and threatened the city itself. Honorious, the Emperor, was a cowardly, almost idiotical, boy; but his brave general, Stilicho, assembled his forces, met the Goths at Pollentia, (about twenty-five miles from where Turin now stands), and gave them a complete defeat on the Easter-day of the year 403. He pursued them into the mountains, and for that time saved Rome. In the joy of the victory the Roman senate invited the conqueror and his ward Honorious to enter the city in triumph, at the opening of the new year, with the white steeds, purple robes, and vermilion cheeks with which, of old, victorious generals were welcomed at Rome. The churches were visited instead of the Temple of Jupiter, and there was no murder of the captives; but Roman bloodthirstiness was not yet allayed, and, after all the procession had been completed, the Colisæum shows commenced, innocently at first, with races on foot, on horseback, and in chariots; then followed a grand hunting of beasts turned loose in the arena; and next a sword-dance. But after the sword-dance came the arraying of swordsmen, with no blunted weapons, but with sharp spears and swords—a gladiator combat in full earnest. The people, enchanted, applauded with shouts of ecstasy this gratification of their savage tastes. Suddenly, however, there was an interruption. A rude, roughly-robed man, bareheaded and barefooted, had sprung into the arena, and, signing back the gladiators, began to call aloud upon the people to cease from the shedding of innocent blood, and not to requite God's mercy in turning away the sword of the enemy by encouraging murder. Shouts, howls, cries, broke in upon his words; this was no place for preachings—the old customs of Rome should be observed—"Back, old man!"—"On, gladiators!" The gladiators thrust aside the meddler, and rushed to the attack. He still stood between them, holding them apart, striving in vain to be heard. "Sedition! sedition!"—"Down with him!"—was the cry; and the man in authority, Alypius, the præfect, himself added his voice. The gladiators, enraged at interference with their vocation, cut him down. Stones, or whatever came to hand, rained down upon him from the furious people, and he perished in the midst of the arena! He lay dead, and then came the feeling of what had been done.

His dress shewed that he was one of the hermits who vowed themselves to a holy life of prayer and self-denial, and who were greatly reverenced, even by the most thoughtless. The few who had previously seen him, told that he had come from the wilds of Asia on pilgrimage, to visit the shrines and keep his Christmas at Rome—they knew he was a holy man—no more, and it is not even certain whether his name was Alymachus or Telemachus. His spirit had been stirred by the sight of thousands flocking to see men slaughter one another, and in his simple-hearted zeal he had resolved to stop the cruelty or die. He had died,

but not in vain. His work was done. The shock of such a death before their eyes turned the hearts of the people; they saw the wickedness and cruelty to which they had blindly surrendered themselves; and from the day when the hermit died in the Colisæum there was never another fight of gladiators. Not merely at Rome, but in every province of the Empire, the custom was utterly abolished; and one habitual crime at least was wiped from the earth by the self-devotion of one humble, obscure, almost nameless man.

From the Book of Golden Deeds.

ÆNIGMATA SACRA: OR, SACRED RIDDLES.

OUR readers were many of them much pleased with the "Paradoxes" with which our February number was enriched; it is therefore our intention to give fresh selections at intervals, as we are persuaded that they not only please the fancy, but really edify the mind. We lately met with a quaint little book by Thomas Walkington, entitled, Ænigmata Sacra, containing four or five hundred scriptural riddles, from which we gather a few for our friends. We have printed the answers on the next page, that the diligent student may be able to obey the good author's instruction: "First read, consider, and make your own answer, before ye look upon mine."

ÆNIGMAS.

1.

Who was he that had neither father nor mother, being but a mere man, and was a man ere he was a child, and how may that be?

2.

What is that which at once is both sin, the cause of sin, and the punishment of sin, and how may this be?

3.

What things are they which God never made?

4.

What is that that hath a name, yet may not be named?
What is that which hath lost his sting, yet hath a sting?

5.

What bitter things are they which have a sweet fruit?

6.

How may one at once both overcome and be conquered?

7.

What stone is that which is both the rising and falling of many, and how may this be?

8.

How may one person at once be most blessed, and yet be made a curse?

9.

How may we pray to one who himself did pray to another?

10.

What weakness is that that is stronger than all strength?
What foolishness is that that is wiser than all wisdom?

11.

What is that which being known is still a secret to them that know it, and how may this be?

12.

What is that which kills before it makes alive, and how may this be?

ANSWERS.

1.

This man was Adam, who came into the world not by natural generation as other men, but by supernatural creation, wherein he was made every way perfect in graces, members, proportion, stature, and so without parents, was never a child.

2.

It is original sin, which is properly sin, being a transgression of that Law, which saith, "Thou shalt not covet," (Rom. vii. 7,) and fighting against the government of the Spirit in a renewed soul, (Rom. vii. 21, 22.) Also it is the punishment of Adam's disobedience, and the cause of all other sins, which do arise out of that bitter root. (James i. 15.)

3.

Sin and death which be the effects of Satan's malice, and Adam's fall, (Gen. iii. 1,) and not the works of God's hand, who suffereth and ruleth them, but created them not; *For all was good which he made, very good.* (Gen. i. 31.)

4.

Generally it is all sin, which is so filthy a thing that it ought not to be named but with detestation: particularly it is Idolatry, Fornication and Covetousness; these may not be named without dislike. (Psalm xvi. 4; Eph. v. 3.)

It is sin and death which have lost their sting towards the faithful, for whom Christ died, but still keep a sting to bite and kill the ungodly withal, (1 Cor. xv.; Rom. vi. 23.)

5.

Outward afflictions, and inward conflict of conscience for sin; also the severe threatenings of the law, they all are grievous and bitter to the flesh; but to the inward man, they bring forth in the end the sweet fruits of righteousness and peace, even of a good life, and a quiet conscience. (Heb. xii. 11.)

6.

Christ when he yielded to death, and went into the grave, was for a time as one conquered according to the infirmity of his flesh: yet even then his divine power triumphed over sin, death, and the grave, which was manifested at his resurrection from the dead. (Col. ii.)

Also the saints being conquered by violence of persecutors, yet overcame by patience.

7.

That stone is Christ, who to them that by faith stay on him, is a precious Stone, everlastingly to support and save them: yet to the disobedient he is a stone of offence, and an occasion of their ruin and fall, because through unbelief they refuse him being offered. (1 Pet. ii. 6, 7.)

8.

Christ in himself as he was perfectly righteous, so he was most blessed, and the fountain of blessedness, (Luke i.) Yet as he sustained the person of offenders, he became a curse, which was signified by his manner of death being on the tree. (Gal. iii. 13.)

9.

We may pray to Christ, as he is God equal with his Father, and as he is Mediator, who yet himself (as man and as a creature) did pray to his Father in the days of his flesh. (Heb. v.)

10.

The weakness of God's ordinance in preaching his word, and the foolishness thereof (as the wicked worldlings judge and speak of it) being the wisdom and power of God, to make the elect believe unto salvation, is far stronger and much wiser, than all the wisdom and strength of this world, which cannot effect so much as the conversion of one sinner. (1 Cor. i. 25.)

11.

The word of the gospel is still a secret, not only to the ignorant, but even to him that knoweth it because it is but in part revealed unto him. (1 Cor. xiii. 12.)

12.

It is the word of God which kills by the ministry of the law, (Rom. vii. 8, 9,) ere it make alive by the ministry of the gospel; for, first it deeply wounds our souls, with fear and sorrow in the feeling of sin and death through the knowledge of the law: and afterwards it comforts and heals us by the feeling of mercies, to the forgiveness of our sin, and life eternal through the knowledge of Christ. (Isa. lxi. 2, 3, 4.)

Gleanings from Nature.

A DIP INTO A POND.—THE BELL ANIMALCULE.

WE have just taken a small mass of apparent rubbish, fragments of decaying and living vegetation in a drop of water from our pond. With the aid of the microscope we discover therein numerous forms of vegetable existences, which, although very minute, are many of them strikingly beautiful. Even in death the beauty of the simple cell is retained, although the elegance of the compacted form be gone; here are some long slender threads, apparently tubes composed of the clearest crystal, having spots of brilliant green disposed in a spiral manner throughout them; a natural riband, which, although it is so small, that from four to five hundred would lay side by side in the space of a single inch, yet affords a pattern that our Coventry riband makers might well adopt. A few simple cells also occupy the field of vision, and as they move gracefully across it we may well hesitate, from thus regarding them, whether to class them as vegetables or animals. Entangled with the debris is a cast covering of a young, but fully transformed "Cyclops Vulgaris," an animal whose acquaintance our readers have previously made. (See the February number of "The Sword and Trowel.") There lies the transparent horny shell, with all the several joints of the hinder part beautifully displayed, and exhibiting the integument of every foot with its numerous bristles of the antennæ, and indeed of every part of the animal; being so far as regards the form, a perfect resemblance of the animal from whom it came, a thing of beauty, though it be now a thing of death! If the casting-off of the covering of these minute creatures had not been a well established fact, the possibility of this wonderful phenomenon might be doubted, although it is difficult to conceive how a creature having a covering as unyielding as the steel armour of knights of old could enlarge in size, unless it had power to remove its coat when it had become an inconveniently tight fit.

Moving rapidly through the drop, as a whale might desport in mid ocean, are many minute forms of life which attract by the oddity of their motions, while the eye travels from one to the other, these may on another occasion tempt us to say a word or two; there are some tiny specimens of Entomostraca, one of which is adorned or disfigured, as you may please to term it, by a number of animals which it carries about as it flits through the water. Although one of the most common forms of microscopic life, the eye never beholds without gratification the creatures in this instance parasitic on the young cyclops. In order to observe them with the greater ease, let us select from the mass a fragment of water weed having many of the same animals attached to it, they are the "*Bell-shaped Polype*" of the older observers; the "*Vorticella*" of modern writers, who define the genus as having a "body campanulate, with an anterior ring of cilia, stalked; stalk simple, spirally contractile."

George Adams in his essay on the microscope, published 1787, writes, "We often find in divers places, upon water plants and other bodies in the water, a whitish substance that looks like mould; plants, pieces of wood, snail shells, &c., are often entirely covered over with this substance. If we examine any of these by the microscope, we shall find such motions as shall induce us to think them an assemblage of living animals; minute bodies severally fixed to the extremities of small stems or pedicles, many of which are often so united as to form together a sort of branches or clusters from whence they have been termed clustering polypes, or des polypes en bouquet." He afterwards exclaims, "What unforeseen, varied, and interesting scenes are presented within so small a compass! what a theatre is exhibited to a thinking mind!" Baker in his "Employment for the microscope" 1753, is eloquent in his description of the delicately frosted silver bells appended to long flexible stalks—animated lilies of the valley; the stalks, however, being longer in the animal than in the flower. Reading many years since the works of these old worthies,

induced in the mind of the writer an earnest longing to be able some day to look upon the natural wonders they describe; and one could wish that every reader of this magazine had the opportunity of beholding the scene of delicate beauty which now meets my eye as I look from off the paper into the tube of the microscope: they would I am sure feel that here were displays of creative skill and loveliness calculated to awaken most profound admiration and gratitude, not only that such beings exist, but that man is endowed with skill to enable him to pierce thus into the obscure of his maker's works. Here is, indeed, a working with and for the Creator; *with* him in bringing to light the otherwise hidden treasures of his handy work; and *for* him, inasmuch as every fresh revelation which man receives of the glory of his God, shall awaken in his soul a new note of adoration and of praise.

The animal, "Vorticella" (from the Latin, *vortex*,) is white and semi-transparent, in the form of a cup or bell, surrounded by a number of the minute hairs termed cilia, which when in action, sweeping round, maintain a constant whirling motion in the water, thus bringing to the vortex of the body fresh supplies of fluid and particles of food. The body is attached to a stalk many times longer than itself; when stretched to its full extent the latter may be about the eightieth or hundredth part of an inch in length, some having longer and others shorter stalks; they are apparently simple, but it must at least be inferred that they are pierced throughout their length with some contractile tissue, as they are constantly being coiled up in a spiral fashion and again uncoiled; so that while the microscopic field may be at one time nearly covered with the creatures, the point of attachment not being in view, they so suddenly collapse as to vanish from the sight, to again, however, reappear one after the other stretching out their footstalks, and turning their cup-like bodies in a variety of directions, while the cilia maintain a perpetual series of mimic whirlpools in their tiny ocean. Any sudden alarm, such as a jar upon the piece of glass on which they are laid, will usually induce not only the stalks to be coiled up, but the cilia to be folded within the mouth, which partially closes over, and all is patient stillness for a short time, until confidence is regained; when now one and then another opens its stalk, and presently the whole scene is one of rich and animated beauty.

Although usually attached to some other and larger body, and in such great numbers that the little Cyclops which was awhile since under view is covered with great tufts of them, making its bulk nearly twice that which it would be without them: and the root of this piece of duck-weed is completely covered with these lovely silver bells, yet they are sometimes free, and then may be seen swimming either without a stalk, or with it coiled up, or more commonly stretched behind as a long tail.

These creatures must very frequently become food for their brethren somewhat higher, as we term it, in the scale of creation, and doubtless large numbers of them thus perish; they do not very long survive in the water in the pond on my table, but whether this be from scarcity of proper food, or from the quality of the water, or whether they are naturally but short-lived, I cannot say; certainly the water is pure, but they are found in pure slowly-running water as well as in that which is stagnant and impure; however, while their enemies are many, their Heavenly Maker has taken care to provide for the perpetuation of the family, and the modes in which they increase are not the least interesting part of their history.

Let us look carefully over the mass under review; see, there is one somewhat broader than its fellows, with a slight indication of a line or mark running from the mouth down toward the stalk; if your patience is not exhausted continue to observe it; the line becomes more distinct, the animal is evidently becoming broader, now the line has extended quite to the stalk; why, there is not merely a line, but a positive division through the creature; true, that which was *one* has become *two*, by the very simple process of splitting from top to bottom, though not quite to the toe, as the stalk is not divided. Observe still further; a few cilia are speedily developed around the base of the half not attached to the

stalk; these cilia are used not as in those around the margin of the mouth, to procure food, but for the purposes of locomotion; now, about an hour having been occupied in the process, being fully equipped, it is detached from its—shall we say parent? perhaps better say fellow; and now see, it moves freely through the water, and in due time will become furnished with a long foot-stalk, when its lower ring of cilia will disappear.

Not only do these creatures multiply by division, but also by the process termed gemmation, that is, by offshoots growing from the parent body just as buds sprouting from a branch of a plant may give origin to other branches; these buds or shoots gradually develop at the base of the little cup-like body, and when fully grown they have the usual cilia surrounding the orifice, they then liberate themselves, and swim by means of the lower ring of cilia in the same manner as those produced by division.

What the motive cause may be, leading these minute animals sometimes to one form of increase and then to another, it is impossible to say. Are they led by an instinct which impels them always to take the correct mode of propagation, whichever that may be? or are they guided by some subtle law which rules the particles of matter entering into the composition of their tiny bodies? who shall answer! Here is one amongst myriads of Nature's mysteries which man has not been able to penetrate. Although God has been pleased to permit us to gratify our sense of the beautiful by beholding their forms, he has not yet allowed us to solve the problems their lives present; it is an instance in the realm of nature of that which prevails in the kingdom of grace; "He hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty."

These, however, are not the only marvels revealed in the history of the Vorticella. At certain periods their form is somewhat altered, they become rounder than before, the orifice or mouth closes, the cilia are either thrown off or entirely withdrawn inside the orifice; from the surface of the creature a gelatinous matter is poured out, by which it is completely enveloped as with a coat. This is known as the *encysting process*. The animal is now, so far as regards outward appearance, quite dormant, but within the cyst or coating a work is going on; the parent body, as it may be called, is dividing not into one, two, or three parts merely, but into many portions, is literally being itself broken up to afford future existences, for by-and-by, the closed sac or cyst bursts, and numerous germs issue from it, not resembling the parent but destined to become metamorphosed, if their lives are spared, into bell-shaped bodies with long foot-stalks, and will in their turn take up their abode on some cyclop's or snail's back, and be made to travel at the will of their host, or becoming attached to the root of duckweed will live a peaceful, if not a contemplative life, unless some microscopic rifler of the ponds should disturb their equanimity.

Beautiful as are the isolated individuals of this tribe of beings, there are others still more lovely; arborescent forms in which a large number of bell-shaped bodies, each attached to a stalk, all unite in one group; living flowers with graceful movements, a poor conception of the elegance of which may be attained by imagining the blue cup-like flowers of the ordinary "Canterbury Bell" of our gardens, to be the most delicate white, with the stalks more elongated than in the flower, every bell being surrounded by an apparatus in a constant whirl inducing rapid vortices in the water, and ever and anon the whole mass gently waving to and fro. The first example of this species that I met with was obtained in what may appear rather an odd manner. A female friend of mine that I had for some time tenderly nourished with delicate pieces of choice beef, or mutton, was observed to have a small patch of a white substance adhering to her body, she was gently removed, and her back carefully scraped—do not be alarmed, gentle reader, my friend was but an aquatic beetle, which amused and interested me by its habits while dwelling in a vessel of water; the matter thus obtained being placed under the microscope, proved to be an assemblage of this compound Vorticella, the beauty of which was so great that the eye seemed not to tire of gazing, or the mind of admiring. How it is that the division of this species should extend

not only through the body, but also partly through the foot-stalk, and why only so far through the stalk as to produce the appearance of a bunch of flowers emerging from a common stalk and not into separate animals, we cannot say. Is it simply another instance of the Creator's beneficence in providing variety as well as beauty to adorn this most beautiful earth?

"Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative wisdom, as if aught was formed
In vain, or not for admirable ends."

W. R. SELWAY.

Work of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

THE College has now become the most important of all the Institutions connected with the Church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The place which it once held in the heart of the pastor alone, it now holds in the hearts of the elders and deacons with him. It is indeed a part of the whole Church. It is not only sustained by it, but its students are chiefly from its own members, or have subsequently become united with it. The influence of this one Church upon this and other countries by this means is incalculable. The effects of its piety, and prayerfulness, and zeal upon the College, united with the wisdom, and example, and familiar friendship of the pastor, comprise one principal part of the educational process, and supply that practical knowledge of Church discipline and of the whole compass of pastoral duties which similar institutions have failed to impart. The interest which the Church takes in its Pastor's College, could not be better evinced than in the following address to the students by Mr. John Olney, after a tea meeting to which they had been invited by the deacons and elders.

Gentlemen—It gives the deacons and elders of the Church great pleasure to meet you in this friendly manner. We are by no means unmindful of you, or indifferent to your welfare. Rather are you like a noble vessel, chartered and freighted with our hopes and expectations, for which we desire a fair wind and a prosperous voyage. Called to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, we are anxious for your success. Nothing less than this will satisfy our heart's desire. The burden of life has been removed from you that you may bear the burden of souls and the gospel. May this retirement fit you for service in the Lord's vineyard. As by keeping the flocks of Jethro for forty years, Moses was prepared and qualified to bring forth out of Egypt the chosen people like sheep, so may your studies qualify you as good pastors, to lead and feed the sheep of Christ May this College prove to you as Arabia did to Paul, wherein you may more perfectly learn the doctrines of grace, and be enabled to plant Churches in many cities. We pray this may prove as Patmos did to the beloved disciple, wherein you may have glimpses of glory and visions of God, the revelation of which may be for the comfort and establishment of the people of your charge.

That you may be successful, "Take heed to yourselves." The Church expects much from you. While all are to witness for Christ, ye are to be our witnesses. Bravery is expected from every soldier, much more from generals. Christ is willing that you should share with him the honour of being examples to the flock.

"Be ye holy, who bear the vessels of the Lord." An unholy minister, neither the world nor the Church will approve. Emphatically, "for you to live is Christ." Yours be it to imbibe his spirit, copy his example as well as preach his truth. The fish was regarded as an emblem of Christ; among other reasons, because living in the sea, it contracted none of its saltness. So Jesus contracted none of the sin of this evil world, but remained in heart and life, as pure as if he had never left the paradise of God. Like the master, you must be unearthly, heavenly. Leaving the pleasures of the world to the worldly, yours must be the joy of communion with God. Like Patience in The Pilgrim's Progress, you must be content to wait, to have your pleasures last, becausethen you will have them everlastingly. As fishes die in foul and muddy waters, but thrive well in the pellucid stream, so, to be carnally

minded, will be death to your piety and usefulness; while to be spiritually minded, will prove life to your labours and peace to your souls. Sin will weaken your powers, grieve the Holy Spirit, mar your communion, and disappoint your hope. To be holy, then, will prove your highest philosophy, your truest interest, and your most solemn duty.

"Take heed to your Ministry." "Aim to become good preachers." You serve the best master, advocate the best cause; do so in the best manner. Be orators. The better speech, like the better wine, is the more preferred. Let your chief aim and study be the Christian Ministry.

"Do not read your Sermons." Though some ministers may have decided in their wisdom that reading is preaching, the people in their simplicity have decided otherwise. But one instance occurs of large success attending the reading of a written sermon. The exception in the case of President Edwards, only proves the rule. It is the extemporary oration, the speaking from the heart, that God blesses. Written sermons and written prayers, lie open to the same objection. Both practically ignore, confine, and partially supersede the free, independent, yet most necessary operations of God the Holy Spirit. One can hardly imagine Whitfield confining himself within the bounds of a written discourse. God worked wonders by him. The Spirit was there and spoke through him. It was rather the Spirit preaching, doing his own work in calling and converting souls. So be you on the watch for the Holy Spirit, expect his aid, yield to his influence.

"Be energetic." Buxton has described energy as constituting the chief point of difference between one man and another. Energy will make a giant of a man. Almost anything is possible to a determined will. Demosthenes has described energy to be the chief part of oratory. Preach with energy. Put on strength. Let your hearers see that you are in earnest, that you fully believe yourself, and wish they should believe the truth. As an electric battery when charged will send a shock through a whole assembly, so, if you have this spark of energy, you will awaken the interest and secure the attention of your audience. Pray also that the Spirit may make your words the depository and conductor of that vital spark of grace, by which alone the spiritually dead are quickened, souls new born, and sinners saved.

"Be original." Imitate the spider, who spins her web from herself. Use no man's talent as the ladder whereon you may climb. Trust only in the Spirit and in yourselves. The noblest thoughts of others, will be apt to fall powerless from your lips. If oft detected in borrowing, your hearers will give way to criticising and appropriating. Thus Henry, Gill, and Scott, will recover their own, and the works of Baxter and Bunyan be rendered "complete" by the restoration of borrowed paragraphs. Depend on your own powers. Men may read like you the same books, but will hardly think the same thoughts. Original and independent thought will become easy when the habit is fully formed.

"Be experimental." After the example of the Apostles, preach what you have tasted, handled, and felt of the Word of life. Hahnemann first tested upon himself the medicine he prescribed for others. What you have fed upon and experienced in your own soul during the week, that give to your people on the Sabbath. Thus you will preach less from the head than from the heart, and be more likely to reach the heart. As the bread that has nourished you, will nourish others; so, spiritually, what has blessed and nourished your souls, will benefit your hearers. What has conduced to your growth in grace, may do so in the experience of your fellow Christians.

To our Readers.

WE hope to be able to find interesting matter for a few letters upon our travels, and if we should succeed, our friends may hope for the first letter next month. We take the liberty of adding that the circulation of "The Sword and Trowel" is exceedingly encouraging, but by a little effort on the part of our friends, it might be doubled. We do our best to make it interesting and practically useful. Will friends aid us by increasing the company of our readers?

A Lesson in Missionary Enterprise

IN CONNECTION WITH OUR CHURCHES.

ON Monday evening, March 13, 1865, the Church worshipping at Bryanston Hall, Orchard-street, W., held a meeting to take leave of a young missionary, Stephen Paul Barchet, who is going out from their midst to preach the glorious gospel of Christ in China.

Mr. J. H. Taylor, a medical missionary, who has laboured for several years in Ningpo, and in connection with whose mission Mr. Barchet will work, first gave an account of the extent of the Chinese mission field. He stated that every third man on the face of the globe is a China-man, that the territory is so vast, and the population so dense, that if the people could be joined hand in hand, they would form a line long enough to reach from the earth to the moon. He said that the providence of God had now opened to the step of the missionary the whole of the Empire, containing nearly four hundred millions of inhabitants. His prayer was that the hearts of Christians might be stirred up, and that many might be disposed to devote themselves and their means to the Lord's work in that land. He could not but rejoice that a small and uninfluential Church of not more than 120 members, none of whom were rich, and the majority very poor, should have been led to say "We will send out our brother, we will sustain him with our prayers, and we will support him with our money." They were a poor Church, but they were rich; rich in that they had determined to send their brother out; rich in having such a brother to send out, and he could not but hope that the example of what that small newly-planted Church was doing would lead many other Churches, whose numbers were much larger, and whose wealth was much greater, to do a great deal more.

Mr. Barchet then gave a simple and touching account of his conversion and call to the work. A native of Germany, he came to England in 1861, desiring to escape the restraints of his father's roof, and to enjoy the world. At the house of a friend he met Mr. Hall, a deacon of the Church of which he subsequently became a member, who lent him a copy of "The Lord's dealings with George Müller." About this time, on going to visit a friend, he found that he had died suddenly, carried off by typhus fever. Mr. Barchet returned home crushed with sorrow, and asked himself "Where should I be if I died?" he prayed, read the scripture, and also the account of the conversion of Mr. George Müller (of Bristol) in the book that had been lent him, and argued thus with himself, "Mr. Müller was a wicked young man, Christ Jesus has pardoned him—He can pardon me—the blood that cleansed him can cleanse me." He afterwards attended the ministry of Mr. T. D. Marshall, at Bryanston Hall, and soon found assured rest in Christ, was baptized, and offered himself as a missionary.

Mr. T. D. Marshall, the pastor, after a few words on the need of missions, and the duty of Christians, said he himself felt deeply the parting, for he had for Mr. Barchet the affection of a father, and the love of a brother. Since the day Mr. Barchet had known the Saviour he had not wrung from his pastor one tear, or caused him one sigh; his conversation had been an example, and a comfort to the Church. The pastor and the Church gladly gave him, as they would their most precious gift, to the Saviour's service. It was a source of much comfort that Mr. Barchet would have the great advantage of the care, guidance, and help of so experienced a servant of God as Mr. Taylor. Mr. Marshall then solemnly charged him to take heed to himself and to his doctrine, saying that it would give him less pain to know that he had been slain by the enemies of the gospel, than to learn that he had fallen into sin or error. He added that the Church in sending him forth was animated by a conviction that God had called him to the work, and had qualified him for it; having given him not only a heart to serve Christ, but many natural and spiritual gifts to be devoted to his service. With mingled gladness and sorrow he bade him farewell in the name of the Church, who hoped with unmixed joy to meet him with many converts as his crown at the appearing of the Saviour.

The Deacons, Messrs. Hall and Chellice, then most affectionately and earnestly commended the missionary to God in prayer.

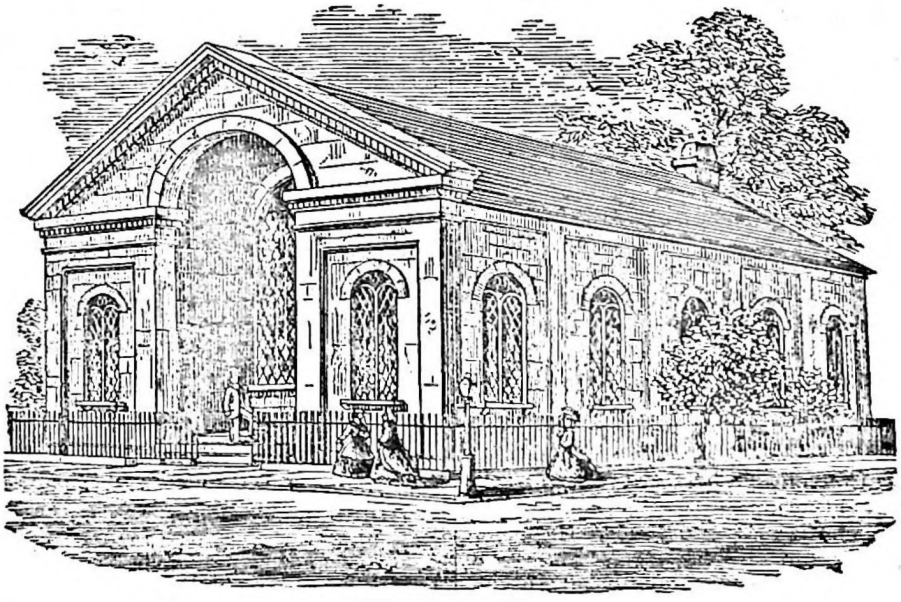
Mr. Taylor wished to add that the Lord's hand had been most graciously put out to assist the work. A gentleman, a perfect stranger, had, through a friend, most kindly offered a free passage to China to Mr. Barchet and another missionary who is going out with him. He begged the friends' prayers that the Lord would abundantly bless their kind helper.

The Four Chapels.

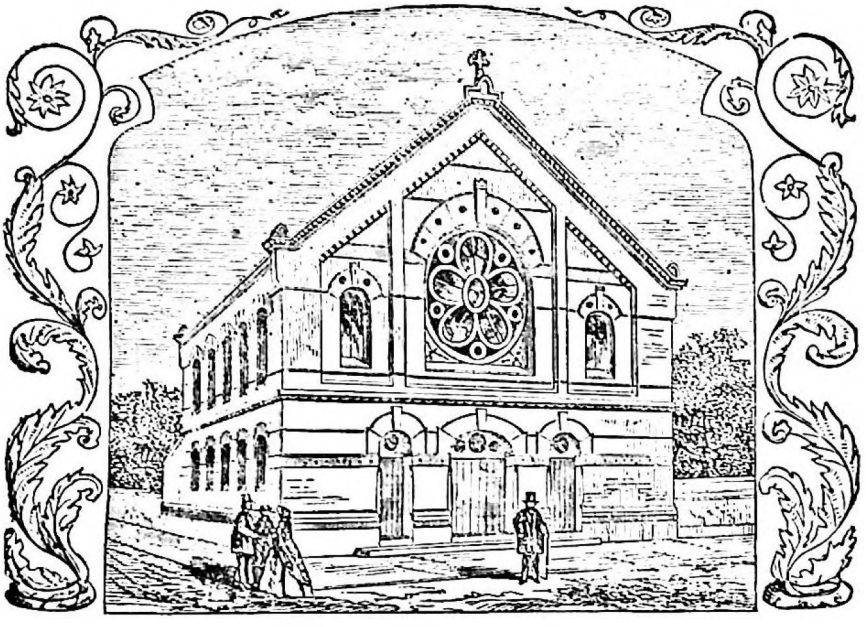
I PROPOSED in our March number that by the aid of all our friends, we should endeavour to erect four places of worship in or near London, that we might be doing some little to meet the direful spiritual destitution of our great metropolis. The work is to be carried on in real earnest, and I beg my readers to come at once to my aid. The foundation stone of *the first* chapel, to be erected in the town of Ealing, was laid by our friend, John Olney, Esq., who has pushed on this project with vigour, on Wednesday, April 26th. The building will not cost more than £800, and with the contributions of friends on the spot, Mr. Olney's liberal assistance, and the aid we shall render ourselves and expect from others, we hope to open Ealing chapel free of debt.

The second meeting-house is to be built on a piece of ground which we have taken in the Drummond Road, Bermondsey, in the midst of an immense and growing neighbourhood. This will be a larger building, but we hope by strict economy to complete it for £1,500, of which we hope to raise £1,000, and leave the congregation with the easy burden of £500 to be paid off in future years. I am compelled to cease from labour for a few weeks, and to seek repose for my jaded mind in foreign travel. I am enabled by the noble generosity of a friend, to offer £250 towards this Bermondsey Chapel, and I think I see my way to another £250. This leaves £500 to be raised, and if my friends will all work together to raise this sum to put on the foundation stone on my return, I shall be indeed grateful. I leave England hoping and praying that this may be done.

C. H. SPURGEON.



EALING CHAPEL.



BERMONDSEY CHAPEL.

Reviews.

The Play Grammar. Every Child's History of England. By Miss Corner. Dean and Son, 11, Ludgate Hill.

In the first of these little volumes, the elements of grammar are adapted by familiar illustration to an early period of the youthful mind. In the second, the principal facts in English history are accommodated to the capacities of children of a larger growth. In both there is a praiseworthy attempt to diminish the task of acquiring what is not very attractive in itself, and the attempt has not, we think, been made in vain.

Conventicle of Rolle. By Cæsar Malan, D.D. James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

The Conventicle here referred to was a social gathering for religious intercourse, in which Cæsar Malan took the principal part, and during which he gave a clear and full statement and defence of his doctrinal sentiments. The principal subjects of his address were the love which should exist among all true believers of Christ's gospel—the nature of gospel-faith—the peace and confidence with which it should always be attended—and its practical effects. On these topics he dwells with his usual sweetness and simplicity. The principal charm of the book, to many, will be the definition and description of saving faith. Honourable mention is made of Mr. R. Haldane, to whom Mr. Malan was indebted, instrumentally, for his evangelical clearness. To his Commentary upon the Epistle to the Romans he acknowledges himself to be indebted more than to any other book, next to the Bible, for his theological sentiments. We cordially unite in recommending that Commentary to all students who aspire to be sound in the faith.

The Junior Clerk. By Edwin Hodder. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

Was the parable of the Prodigal Son, as uttered by the great Teacher, a fable

or a fact? In either case it might become a parable, and in the latter better than the former; as realities are more like realities than fictions can be. It is by no means impossible that this parable should have been founded upon fact. It is more probable than otherwise that such a series of incidents might have happened in the course of the world's history; and if so, it must have been known to our Lord. It is so true to nature, that it can hardly fail to have been a reality. This is precisely what may be affirmed of this narrative before us. To the author and its readers it assumes the aspect of the parable of the Junior Clerk; but it is too unlike fiction not to have had its foundation in fact. The writer will have no need to say, with Ezekiel, "Ah, Lord God! they say of me, doth he not speak parables?" All who know anything of the subject upon which he writes, will say that "He speaks that which he knows, and testifies that which he has seen." He has placed before us a type of a large class of the young men who officiate as clerks in the mercantile and other establishments in large cities; and who fail to realize the hopes which their parents and friends had cherished respecting them. The gradual stages by which the innocent and unsuspecting are drawn into the vortex of dissipation are faithfully pourtrayed. Amongst these some may be surprised to find literary institutions, not in themselves indeed, but in the frequent abuse of them, in the formation of injurious friendships and the effects of long absence from home. To those of our youth, who are far from home, these institutions have provided both instruction and an asylum from more perilous places of resort; but to others they have too often proved temptations to violate the rules, and destroy the comforts of their families and friends. In proportion as moral and religious influences are brought to bear upon the exhibitions of science and art, the less of course these evils are to be apprehended; but the general tendency, we fear, is to substitute amusement for instruction, and to gratify, rather than to refine, the taste. We are thankful to the author for pointing out these rules. It must not be supposed, however, that temptation palliates the prevailing follies of our young men; or that the bitter repentance and reformation to which, in some instances, it leads, renders a course of dissipation less appalling. These are but the few saved from the wreck in which thousands are lost. With these precautions, we know of no better book to be put into the hands of young men when first entering upon city life.

Central Truths. By CHARLES STANFORD. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 18, St. Paul's Churchyard.

MR. STANFORD is well known, both as a preacher and a writer. All his productions are characterized by elegant language, and by refinement and originality of thought. They are not less remarkable for piety and Scripture truth. There is an appearance of a laborious attention to the beauties of composition; but what might be so elsewhere is, we believe, natural here; it has become the natural result of a highly cultivated mind. The book before us contains the substance of a series of well-prepared discourses upon Scripture doctrines, and privileges, and duties. They are well worthy of the attention and imitation of every one who aspires, not to be a sharp sword merely in the hand of the Lord, but a polished shaft in his quiver.

The Divine Footsteps in Human History. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

THIS book is more attractive in its subject than in its style. Its object is to trace the over-ruling hand of God in all the revolutions in the history of the human race for the developement of great principles, and the accomplishment of certain great and definite ulterior designs. This lofty aim is pursued with a vast amount of diligent and patient research. Great attention is paid to that portion of Church history of which we have no inspired record, and the reason why we have no clear revelation upon many questions of Church policy well known to us is properly affirmed to be because the circumstances from which they arose

had not then existed. We are indebted to the errors and irregularities of the early Churches for much of the information received from the writings of the Apostles, both upon Christian doctrine and discipline. No patronage of Christianity by civil powers had then occurred, but the very opposite state of things, and, consequently, no direct and special revelation is given upon the subject. Inferentially, it is granted, sufficient may be gathered for our guidance, and great principles are laid down for this purpose. Our author says, "In the Primitive Church the question of state connection was not mooted. And when that alliance was ultimately entered into, the Church had become so degenerate as to make its act a most unsafe precedent to follow. What does history say as to this question of state Churchism? Why it proclaims with a trumpet tongue that the principle of a state adopting a religion, whether true or false, and giving its ecclesiastics a privileged political status, has in its practical working been uniformly productive of individual injustice and civil wrong. The principle may be innocent, and the fault may rest with its administrators; but true it is, beyond all controversy, that history pronounces it to be the prolific parent of persecution and intolerance. It has been tried and tested under every conceivable form of government, and in connection with all kinds of religion, false and true, with a wonderful uniformity of result." This quotation may suffice to show that this volume is founded upon wide and liberal views.

Our Eternal Homes. By A BIBLE STUDENT. Frederick Pitman, 20, Paternoster-row.

A "BIBLE READER" would have been a better title for the author of this book than a "Bible Student." It has peculiar notions respecting the trueness of the invisible to the visible world, which may, or may not be true; but the application he makes of them to the subjects of redemption, leads him far away from their real character and design. That angels have human forms, that there is real music in heaven, that we are now in the midst of heaven and need only an additional sense to discern it, that physical death is not the consequence of sin, that there is no other resurrection than at the moment of death, and that there is no other judgment than the decision of man's own conscience, are the principal revelations which this "Bible Student" finds in his Bible. If he has discovered the leading principles of evangelical truth there, it must have been in a few scattered grains, or in such an infinitesimal proportion to the rest as to be unworthy of distinct notice. We do not wonder that this book should have reached a third edition, since it accommodates the things of the Spirit of God to the natural man.

Philosophy of Religion. By HUGH DOHERTY, M.D. Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster-row.

HERE, too, we have a misnomer. Instead of "Philosophy of Religion," it should have been "Religion Philosophized." We object not to the principles maintained, but to the scientific and mystic terms and reasoning in which they are presented. They are beclouded with such a fog of words and ideas that we should hardly have known them. Oh how unlike "the simplicity which is in Christ!"

Davy's School Days. By D. D. Dean and Son, 11, Ludgate Hill.

THIS is a good and useful tale for schoolboys. It shows how a tender conscience cherished and strengthened by maternal solicitude, and if not hardened by evil companions, may be deceived by false colouring, and led into dangerous paths. We can cordially recommend it both for its sentiments and its design.

Joyful Sunday Stories. By FRANCES UPCHER COUSENS. Dean and Son, 11, Ludgate Hill.

EACH part of the Lord's prayer is here illustrated by short narratives well calculated to profit and please little children. The principle upon which this little work is founded, of instructing children in the meaning of a form of prayer before it is uttered by them, has our hearty concurrence.

Rays of Light. By the Rev. T. W. MEDHURST. Halifax: Milner & Sowerby.

MR. MEDHURST'S aim, both in preaching

and writing, is not to amuse but to teach; not to please the imagination, or give vigorous exercise to the mental powers, but to gain the heart. In this he has succeeded, and we believe will continue to succeed. With all his zeal and the honour that has attended him, he can say, "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me;" and in this he is an example to many others. He knows wherein his own power by the grace of God lies, and diligently and undeviatingly cultivates it to the utmost. All that he writes is worth reading, because it has in it the sweet savour of Christ, and seeks an entrance for him into the soul.

Christian Poems. By TIMOTHY HARLEY. Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster-row; and Passmore and Alabaster, 23, Paternoster-row.

THESE Poems have considerable merit, and give promise of more. We should not have advised our young friend to rush so early into print; but confess that his productions, to say the least, have allayed our fears. Amidst the great inequality usually apparent in first efforts, there are marks of real poetic genius, such as deserve the encouragement which a large sale of this little work is calculated to give.

Nablous and the Modern Samaritans. By Rev. JOHN MILLS, F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S. John Murray, Albermarle Street.

WE naturally take up a book of this kind with great expectations, and if we feel at its close a degree of disappointment, we are apt to forget that it is not owing to the writer so much as to ourselves. We have felt, in common with all biblical students, that whilst we have numerous and voluminous sources of information respecting the Jews, properly so called, we have been kept in the dark respecting the kindred race of the Samaritans. We have known little of their origin beyond the bare facts incidentally recorded in Scripture—little of the proportion of Jew and Gentile in their pedigree—little of the eventualities of the tribes supplanted by them—little of their national peculiarities in New Testament times — and little of their revolutions through the Middle Ages unto the present period. This has partly risen from the little attention that has been paid to the subject; but still more, as it now appears, from the extremely limited sources of information. Mr. Mills has not been wanting in ability, or perseverance, or enthusiasm, to supply the deficiency. We realize under his guidance the city of the ancient Shechem, and the mountains of Ebal and Gerizim in its locality, and our sympathies are with him in the hallowed associations that cluster round the spot; but the present of those scenes reveals little of the past. The interest is given to it, rather than derived from it. The monumental remains are suggestive of former solemnities, but, with some few exceptions, are shrouded in uncertainty. The claim of Mount Gerizim to be the scene of the offering of Isaac by his father Abraham, for instance, we judge to be not yet satisfactorily determined. The Samaritans themselves, even at head quarters, are reduced to so small a part of their ancient metropolis, and have been so much oppressed by their Mahommetan rulers, that little resemblance to their ancient forefathers remains. Their priesthood is but the shadow of what it once was. Sacrifices, as with the Jews, are virtually abolished. The smallness of the community has produced irregularities so as to combine several offices and customs into one, and to preclude others altogether. What little may be learned of this people is nevertheless of great value; and biblical science owes much to Mr. Mills for his careful and patient researches.

The Immortal Theme. By J. ASHWORTH. R. Davies, Sutton Street, Commercial Road, East; and W. Pentney, Peterborough.

WELL-KNOWN truths are here presented in a clear and impressive light. The one great theme of revelation is placed in due prominence, and in proper order, with the exception of the example of Christ preceding the sacrificial character of his death. The subject of this little volume must commend it to all Christians, and its simple and earnest form of address to all who are interested in the best welfare of the young.

Notices.

ALLUSION has already been made to a Conference held in March, in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, consisting of the President, Vice-President, Tutors, and both present and former students. As its proceedings had a deep and lasting interest, not to those immediately engaged in them merely, but through them to many others, they are deserving of special notice in this Periodical. The usual prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle on the Monday evening was made special for the occasion. Most of the former students were present. On Tuesday afternoon the brethren held a prayer-meeting, at which Mr. Medhurst presided.

On Wednesday morning, at ten o'clock, a meeting was held at the Tabernacle, and afterwards by adjournment at Upton Chapel, on account of some alterations going on at the Tabernacle. Mr. Spurgeon presided. After prayer had been offered by Mr. Genders and Mr. Marchant, the president introduced the subject of the formation of some definite and permanent bond of union between the ministers who had gone forth, and might hereafter go forth from the Pastor's College. He desired that it should be a union of heart, of aim, of faith, and of spirit. The three principal grounds of union were defined to be, agreement first, upon the doctrines of grace; secondly, upon believer's baptism; and thirdly, upon earnest endeavours to win souls to Christ. After several suggestions from others in reference to the benefits of such a union, it was moved by Mr. James Spurgeon, and seconded by Mr. Medhurst: "That they should form themselves into an association upon the principles announced." It was moved by Mr. Gange, and seconded by Mr. Field: "That members be admitted on the nomination of a standing committee, subject to confirmation by vote of the annual meeting; that the nomination be sustained by at least three-fourths of the members present; and that students who have been in the College six months, be received upon the recommendation of the Tutors." C. H. Spurgeon was elected the President of the Association for the present year, and Mr. James Spurgeon the Secretary. It was also agreed that the London Pastors do form the Standing Committee; that they be convened monthly when needed; and that all matters of discipline demanding immediate attention be determined by them, but be held subject to confirmation, or otherwise, at the annual meeting." All these resolutions were unanimously adopted.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, at Upton Chapel, the Conference was resumed. Mr. Chambers read a paper upon "The Eldership of the New Testament; or, Primitive Presbyterianism." A brief discussion followed, in which Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. James Spurgeon, Mr. Trapp, Mr. Arnold, Mr. May, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Tessier, took part. Mr. White read a paper upon "The necessity for earnest men to maintain fundamental truths, and to seek the salvation of souls." Mr. Brown, upon "The desirableness of bringing out our distinctive doctrines as Dissenters and as a Denomination." Mr. Hayward, upon "The spirit with which distinctive principles should be maintained." On this occasion 137 members were present.

A public meeting was held in the upper rooms of the Tabernacle, which was followed by a public meeting in the school-room. A. Angus Croll, Esq., presided. Mr. White prayed. After a short address by the Chairman, Mr. Spurgeon gave a full account of the origin, progress, and present position of the College; of the great need there was for its institution; of the good that had already resulted from it; and of the providential manner in which it had been supported. Addresses were then given by Mr. Rogers, Mr. Medhurst, and Mr Gange. Mr. Selway read a paper upon, "The Importance of Scientific Studies." Mr. James Spurgeon next spoke, and was followed by short addresses from Mr. Grant, and Mr. John Corderoy. The company then adjourned to the lecture-hall, where a supper was

provided by Mr. Phillips, with his usual splendid liberality. About 250 guests were present. A. Angus Croll, Esq., presided. There was less speechifying than usual, but much practical goodwill was expressed towards the College by donations amounting to about £350.

On Thursday morning, at Upton Chapel, the Conference again assembled at ten o'clock. Mr. Spurgeon presided. Mr. Evans prayed. Mr. Tubb then spoke upon "The desirableness of Mission-work to the Poor;" Mr. Barnard upon "London as a Sphere of Christian Labour;" Mr. Griffin upon "The difficulties to be encountered by Dissenting Ministers in Country Villages;" Mr. Silverton upon "The Scandal with which Baptist Ministers have to contend in the Country;" Mr. Gange upon "How Prayer-meetings should be conducted;" and, Mr. Evans upon "How to use the Press in the Master's Service." It was suggested by Mr. Medhurst and urged by Mr. Neale, that yearly collections be made, as far as practicable by the students when settled, on behalf of the College. This suggestion was generally adopted, and Mr. White was requested to refresh the memories of his brethren upon the subject, as often as may be required. A dinner was provided in the school-room of Upton Chapel, and the Conference was resumed in a large class-room at the Tabernacle. Mr. Rogers presided, Mr. Ness offered prayer. Mr. Rogers gave an address upon "The Studies required for the discharge of the regular duties of the Christian Ministry." Mr. Gracey read a paper upon "The utility of the Study of the Classics to the Christian Minister;" Mr. James Spurgeon read a paper upon "An Educated Ministry."

On Friday, the Conference again met at ten o'clock, at Upton Chapel; Mr. Tessier prayed. Mr. Medhurst gave an address upon "The present State and the Prospects of the Baptist Denomination in Scotland;" Mr. Tessier spoke upon "The State of Ireland;" Mr. Davies read a paper upon "The liberality of Churches and Congregations to their Ministers, with special reference to the Weekly Offering;" Mr. May and Mr. Field addressed the assembly upon "The position which Nonconformist Churches should take in reference to the Established Church." A short discussion ensued upon each subject. In the afternoon, all united in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and thus concluded the Conference with a heartfelt recognition of their oneness in Christ, and dedication of themselves more unreservedly than ever to his service.

In the evening, a public tea-meeting was held, which was followed by a large meeting in the Tabernacle, at which addresses were given by Mr. Medhurst, Mr. Silverton, Mr. Griffin, Mr. Field, Mr. Davies, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Gange. The President, in an opening address, gave a brief account of the proceedings of the Conference, and closed with a most fervent prayer; then taking Mr. Silverton's hand, the next senior student to Mr. Medhurst who had been compelled to leave the meeting early, he expressed the great gratification he had felt in the ability and zeal which all his former students had displayed on the occasion of their visit, and took an affectionate farewell of them in the name of the Lord.

On Wednesday evening, the 15th of last month, a tea-meeting, and a public meeting were held in connection with "The Evangelistic Association," at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The chair was taken by Mr. Spurgeon who prayed and gave an opening address. Mr. Orsman gave a report of the Evangelists' Association. About forty young men belonging to it were engaged in preaching in the public streets, and in rooms. Mr. Stringer spoke of the Tract Society, and of the fruits of the recent introduction of a Bible Society department into the Tabernacle. The visitors of the Tract Society make upwards of 100,000 visits, and distribute about 2066 Tracts every month. Of the Scriptures or parts of the Scriptures, 1100 copies had been sold. Mr. Shipton, the Secretary of "The Young Men's Christian Asssociation," gave an appropriate address upon the qualifications for open-air preaching, and in commendation of the great benefits resulting, both directly and indirectly from Mr. Spurgeon's talents and zeal. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Rogers, Judge Payne, Mr. Kirkham; the editor of the "Revival;" and Mr. Fergusson. During the evening the Choral Society con-

nected with the Tabernacle performed several sacred pieces.

We are glad to find that the Church and congregation at Southampton, under the pastoral care of Mr. John Collins from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, have decided to erect a chapel at once for their accommodation. Their prosperity requires it, and their readiness to contribute to their utmost, and their confidence in the sympathetic aid of others justifies it. At their anniversary services on the first and second of this month, some vigorous efforts will be made for this purpose. On the first of those days, Mr. James A. Spurgeon will preach twice, and on the next day, a bazaar will be held, and a tea-meeting in the evening. Contributions will be gratefully received by Mr. Collins, 1, Henstead Place, Southampton, and by Mr. Blackshaw, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. Burton from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, at Kingsgate Chapel, Holborn, were held on April the 5th. Mr. Spurgeon preached in the afternoon. A public meeting was held in the evening, at which Mr. Spurgeon presided. Addresses were given by Mr. James Spurgeon, Mr. Offord, Mr. Woolacott, Mr. Stott, and Mr. Rogers. During the evening, one of the deacons gave a history of the circumstances that led the Church to invite Mr. Burton to become its pastor, and Mr. Burton gave the reasons which had induced him to accept the call. This is an important sphere, and yet it is one for which we think Mr. Burton is specially adapted.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 91.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from March 18th to April 19th, 1865.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Jephs	0	15	9
Mr. J. E. Tresidder	3	3	0
Miss E. Marsh	0	4	0
Mr. E. Watson	0	2	6
Mr. J. Bannatyne	5	0	6
Miss Johnson	3	0	0
Major General Booth	21	3	0
Mr. J. R. Collins	1	1	0
A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. G. Gould	5	0	0
Mr. Flood	1	0	0
Mr. W. P. Balfern	2	2	0
Moiety of Collections at Rotherham, after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	30	5	5
Moiety of Collections at Sheffield, after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	40	0	0
Mr. Sherrin	5	0	0
A Thankoffering per Mr. Moore	5	0	0
Mrs. Almond	0	10	0
Mr. Croker	1	1	0
Mr. Boot	2	2	0
Mr. Simpson	2	2	0
Profit of Tea Meeting	16	11	8
Mrs. Wood	1	0	0
A Friend at Sheffield	0	5	0
Mr. Haldane	10	0	0
Mrs. Tyson	12	10	0
Legacy of the late Mr. J. Barrow	100	0	0
Mrs. Matthews	1	0	0
Mr. Ricketts	2	2	0
Mr. Dunn	2	2	0
Mr. Haynes	5	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Stacey	0	5	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Tiffin	0	2	6
Mr. T. Gregory	0	10	0
Mr. R. Worsley	0	5	0
Mr. C. Bentall	1	1	0
Mr. P. Gutheridge	1	0	0
Mr. Hearn	0	10	0
Part Proceeds of Lecture at Arundel Square	15	15	0
A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. Tapscott	2	2	0
Mr. J. Lawrence	0	10	0
Collection at Galhampton, per Mr. H. Gifford	1	0	0
Mrs. Broad, per Mr. P. Ballhache	5	0	0
Collected in Mr. Stiff's Class	6	6	0
Two Little Girls in Miss Marshall's Class	1	1	0
Mr. Stiff	10	0	0
Mr. Cook	5	0	0
Mr. H. Cook	0	10	6
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Mar. 21	24	8	0
" " " " 28	23	9	11
" " " April 3	30	9	10
" " " " 10	30	9	10
" " " " 17	25	0	5
	£471	10	10

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

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1865.

Fragrant Spices from the Mountains of Myrrh.

THE FIRST BUNDLE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee."—Solomon's Song iv. 7.

HOW marvellous are these words! The glorious bridegroom is charmed with his spouse, and sings soft canticles of admiration. When the bride extols her Lord there is no wonder, for he deserves it well, and in him there is room for praise without possibility of flattery. But does he who is wiser than Solomon condescend to praise this sunburnt Shulamite? 'Tis even so, for these are his own words, and were uttered by his own sweet lips. Nay, doubt not, O young believer, for we have more wonders to reveal. There are greater depths in heavenly things than thou hast at present dared to hope. The Church not only *is* all fair in the eyes of her beloved, but in one sense she always was so. He delighted in her before she had either a natural or a spiritual being, and from the beginning could he say, "My delights were with the sons of men." (Prov. viii. 31.) Having covenanted to be the surety of the elect, and having determined to fulfil every stipulation of that covenant, he from all eternity delighted to survey the purchase of his blood, and rejoiced to view his Church in the purpose and decree, as already by him delivered from sin and exalted to glory and happiness.

"In God's decree, her form he view'd;
All beauteous in his eyes she stood,
Presented by th' eternal name,
Betroth'd in love and free from blame.

Not as she stood in Adam's fall,
When guilt and ruin cover'd all;
But as she'll stand another day,
Fairer than sun's meridian ray.

Oh glorious grace, mysterious plan
Too great for angel-mind to scan,
Our thoughts are lost, our numbers fail
All hail, redeeming love, all hail!"

(KENT.)

Now with joy and gladness let us approach the subject of Christ's delight in his Church, as manifested in the text, believing in him whom the Spirit has sealed in our hearts as the faithful and true witness.

Our first bundle of myrrh lies in the open hand of the text.

I. *Christ has a high esteem for his Church.* He does not blindly admire her faults, or even conceal them from himself. He is acquainted with her sin, in all its heinousness of guilt, and desert of punishment. That sin he does not shun to reprove. His own words are, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." (Rev. iii. 19.) He abhors sin in her as much as in the ungodly world, nay even more, for he sees in her an evil which is not to be found in the transgressions of others—sin against love and grace. She is black in her own sight, how much more so in the eyes of her Omniscient Lord. Yet there it stands, written by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and flowing from the lips of the bridegroom, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." How then is this? Is it a mere exaggeration of love, an enthusiastic canticle which the sober hand of truth must strip of its glowing fables? Oh, no! The king is full of love, but he is not so overcome with it as to forget his reason. The words are true, and he means us to understand them as the honest expression of his unbiassed judgment, after having patiently examined her in every part. He would not have us diminish aught, but estimate the gold of his opinions by the bright glittering of his expressions; and therefore in order that there may be no mistake, he states it positively, "Thou art all fair, my love," and confirms it by a negative, "there is no spot in thee."

When he speaks positively, how complete is his admiration! She is "fair," but that is not a full description; he styles her "all fair." He views her in himself, washed in his sin-atoning blood and clothed in his meritorious righteousness, and he considers her to be full of comeliness and beauty. No wonder that such is the case, since it is but his own perfect excellencies that he admires, seeing that the holiness, glory, and perfection of his Church are his own garments on the back of his own well-beloved spouse, and she is "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh." She is not simply pure, or well-proportioned; she is positively lovely and fair! She has actual merit! Her deformities of sin are removed; but more, she has through her Lord obtained a meritorious righteousness by which an actual beauty is conferred upon her. Believers have a positive righteousness given to them when they become "accepted in the beloved." (Eph. i. 6.) Nor is the Church barely lovely, she is *superlatively so.* Her Lord styles her, "Thou fairest among women." (Sol. Song i. 8.) She has a real worth and excellence which cannot be rivalled by all the nobility and royalty of the world. If Jesus could exchange his elect bride for all the queens and empresses of earth, or even for the angels in heaven, he would not, for he puts her first and foremost—"fairest among women." Nor is this an opinion which he is ashamed of, for he invites all men to hear it. He puts a "behold" before it, a special note of exclamation, inviting and arresting attention. "*Behold,* thou art fair, my love; *behold,* thou art fair." (Sol. Song iv. 1.) His opinion he publishes abroad even now, and one day from the throne of his glory he will avow the truth of it before the assembled universe.

"Come, ye blessed of my Father" (Matt. xxv. 34), will be his solemn affirmation of the loveliness of his elect.

Let us mark well the repeated sentences of his approbation. He turns again to the subject, a second time looks into those dove's eyes, and listens to her honey-dropping lips. It is not enough to say, "Behold, thou art fair, my love;" he rings that golden bell again, and sings again, and again, "Behold, thou art fair."

"Lo thou art fair! lo thou art fair!
Twice fair thou art I say;
My righteousness and graces are
Thy double bright array.

But since thy faith can hardly own
My beauty put on thee;
Behold! behold! twice be it known
Thou art all fair to me!" (ERSKINE.)

After having surveyed her whole person with rapturous delight, he cannot be satisfied until he takes a second gaze and afresh recounts her beauties. Making but little difference between his first description and the last, he adds extraordinary expressions of love to manifest his increased delight. "Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners. Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead. Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them. As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks. My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her." (Sol. Song vi. 4—9.)

The beauty which he admires is universal, he is as much enchanted with her temples as with her breasts. All her offices, all her pure devotions, all her earnest labours, all her constant sufferings are precious to his heart. She is "all fair." Her ministry, her psalmody, her intercessions, her alms, her watching, all are admirable to him, when performed in the Spirit. Her faith, her love, her patience, her zeal, are alike in his esteem as "rows of jewels," and "chains of gold." (Sol. Song i. 10.) He loves and admires her everywhere. In the house of bondage, or in the land of Canaan, she is ever fair. On the top of Lebanon his heart is ravished with one of her eyes, and in the fields and villages he joyfully receives her loves. He values her above gold and silver in the days of his gracious manifestations, but he has an equal appreciation of her when he withdraws himself, for it is immediately after he had said, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountains of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense," (Sol. Song iv. 6,) that he exclaims in the words of our text, "Thou art all fair, my love." At all seasons the believer is very near the heart of the Lord Jesus, he is always as the apple of his eye, and the jewel of his crown. Our name is still on the breastplate, and our persons are still in his gracious remembrance. He never thinks lightly of his people; and certainly in all the compass of his Word there is not one syllable which looks like contempt of them. They are the

choice treasure and peculiar portion of the Lord of hosts; and what King will undervalue his own inheritance? what loving husband will despise his own wife? Let others call the Church what they may, Jesus abides in his love, and does not differ in his judgment of her, for he still exclaims, "How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!" (Sol. Song vii. 6.)

Let us remember that he who pronounces the Church and each individual believer to be "all fair," is none other than the glorious Son of God, who is "very God of very God." Hence his declaration is decisive, since infallibility has uttered it. There can be no mistake where the all-seeing Jehovah is the judge. If he has pronounced her to be incomparably fair, she is so, beyond a doubt; and though hard for our poor puny faith to receive, it is nevertheless as divine a verity as any of the undoubted doctrines of revelation.

Having thus pronounced her *positively* full of beauty, he now confirms his praise by a precious negative, "There is no spot in thee." As if the thought occurred to the Bridegroom that the carping world would insinuate that he had only mentioned her comely parts, and had purposely omitted those features which were deformed or defiled, he sums all up by declaring her universally and entirely fair, and utterly devoid of stain. A spot may soon be removed, and is the very least thing that can disfigure beauty, but even from this little blemish the believer is delivered in his Lord's sight. If he had said there is no hideous scar, no horrible deformity, no filthy ulcer, we might even then have marvelled; but when he testifies that she is free from the slightest spot, all these things are included, and the depth of wonder is increased. If he had but promised to remove all spots, we should have had eternal reason for joy; but when he speaks of it as already done, who can restrain the most intense emotions of satisfaction and delight? O my soul, here is marrow and fatness for thee; eat thy full, and be abundantly glad therein!

Christ Jesus has no quarrel with his spouse. She often wanders from him, and grieves his Holy Spirit, but he does not allow her faults to affect his love. He sometimes chides, but it is always in the tenderest manner, with the kindest intentions;—it is "my love" even then. There is no remembrance of our follies, he does not cherish ill thoughts of us, but he pardons, and loves as well after the offence as before it. It is well for us it is so, for if Jesus were as mindful of injuries as we are, how could he commune with us? Many a time a believer will put himself out of humour with the Lord for some slight turn in providence, but our precious Husband knows our silly hearts too well to take any offence at our ill manners.

If he were as easily provoked as we are, who among us could hope for a comfortable look, or a kind salutation? but he is "ready to pardon, and slow to anger." (Neh. ix. 17.) He is like Noah's sons, he goes backward and throws a cloak over our nakedness; or we may compare him to Apelles, who when he painted Alexander, put his finger over the scar on the cheek, that it might not be seen in the picture. "He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel" (Num. xxiii. 21;) and hence he is able to commune with the erring sons of men.

But the question returns. How is this? Can it be explained, so as not to clash with the most evident fact that sin remaineth even in the hearts of the regenerate? Can our own daily bewailings of sin allow of anything like perfection as a present attainment? The Lord Jesus saith it, and therefore it must be true; but in what sense is it to be understood? How are we "all fair?" though we ourselves feel that we are "black, because the sun hath looked upon us." (Sol. Song i. 6.) The answer is ready, if we consider the analogy of faith.

1. In the matter of justification the saint is complete and without sin. As Durham says, these words are spoken "in respect of the imputation of Christ's righteousness wherewith they are adorned, and which they have put on, which makes them very glorious and lovely, so that they are beautiful beyond all others, through his comeliness put upon them."

And Dr. Gill excellently expresses the same idea, when he writes, "though all sin is seen by God, *in articulo providentiæ, in the matter of providence*, wherein nothing escapes his all-seeing eye; yet *in articulo justificationis, in the matter of justification*, he sees no sin in his people, so as to reckon it to them, or condemn them for it; for they all stand 'holy and unblameable and unreproveable in his sight.'" (Col. i. 22.) The blood of Jesus removes all stain, and his righteousness confers perfect beauty; and, therefore, in the Beloved, the true believer is at this hour as much accepted and approved, in the sight of God, as he will be when he stands before the throne in heaven. The beauty of justification is at its fulness the moment a soul is by faith received into the Lord Jesus. This is righteousness so transcendent that no one can exaggerate its glorious merit. Since this righteousness is that of Jesus, the Son of God, it is therefore divine, and like the holiness of God; and, hence, Kent was not too daring when, in a bold flight of rapture, he sang—

"In thy surety thou art free,
His dear hands were pierc'd for thee;
With his spotless vesture on,
Holy as the Holy One.

O the heights and depths of grace,
Shining with meridian blaze;
Here the sacred records shew
Sinners black, but comely too!"

2. But perhaps it is best to understand this as relating to the design of Christ concerning them. It is his purpose to present them without "spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." (Eph. v. 27.) They shall be holy and unblameable and unreproveable in the sight of the Omniscient God. In prospect of this, the Church is viewed as being virtually what she is soon to be actually. Nor is this a frivolous antedating of her excellency; for be it ever remembered that the representative, in whom she is accepted, is actually complete in all perfections and glories at this very moment. As the head of the body is already without sin, being none other than the Lord from heaven, it is but in keeping that the whole body should be pronounced comely and fair through the glory of the head. The fact of her future perfection is so certain that it is spoken of

as if it were already accomplished, and indeed it is so in the mind of him, to whom a thousand years are but as one day. "Christ often expounds an honest believer, from his own heart-purpose and design; in which respect they get many titles, otherwise unsuitable to their present condition." (Durham.) Let us magnify the name of our Jesus, who loves us so well that he will overleap the dividing years of our pilgrimage, that he may give us even now the praise, which seems to be only fitted for the perfection of Paradise.

"My love, thou seem'st a loathsome worm:
Yet such thy beauties be,
I spoke but half thy comely form;
Thou 'rt wholly fair to me.

Whole justified, in perfect dress;
Nor justice, nor the law
Can in thy robe of righteousness
Discern the smallest flaw.

Yea, sanctified in ev'ry part,
Thou'rt perfect in design:
And I judge thee by what thou art
In thy intent and mine.

Fair love, by grace complete in me,
Beyond all beauteous brides;
Each spot that ever sullied thee
My purple vesture hides." (Erskine.)

Weekly Offerings.

A PAPER READ AT THE CONFERENCE,

BY PASTOR B. DAVIES, OF GREENWICH.

SOLOMON informs us that the horse-leech hath two daughters, crying, "Give! give!" Are not ministers her sons, for they are constantly using the same cry, and I fear will have to do so for many a day to come, till God shall pour out upon his Church a greater spirit of liberality?

My brethren will bear witness with me, that this is one of the most unpleasant of the duties which devolve upon us. For my own part, I would as soon get up at five in the morning to milk the cows, as stand up in the pulpit to milk the congregation by making an appeal for funds. Dr. Ferguson says, "What a descent is it to come down from expatiating on the grandest theme of revealed truth, to plead with the people for that material thing called money! What a desecration of the pulpit and of the Sabbath! Why should we convert the sanctuary into an almshouse, and every religious institution into a pauper inmate, and every preacher of Christ's holy gospel into a begging friar?" These periodical appeals diminish our congregation, spoil the effects of our sermons, put the people into a bad humour, and are a kind of monthly

crucifixion to which all who enter the ministry must become inured. Why is it that these appeals are necessary, and that every minister is expected to be *a good hand at begging?* O tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, our Churches are some of them mean, shabby, ungenerous; and if the screw is not put on pretty tight, and the appeal brought home most forcibly, the collection will be exceedingly small! Let me remind you of a few things which go to prove this lamentable fact. How do many Churches treat their *dear* pastor, their *beloved* minister? I will give you a sample, which I can vouch for as true. A young man respectably brought up, became the pastor of a Church in Somerset. He would have been "passing rich on £40 a year," but they only gave him £35, or 13s. 6d. per week. Having existed with a wife and child for twelve months, on this paltry pittance, he ventured to hint to his lordship, the deacon, that a slight advance would be very acceptable, for he could hardly live on so small an amount. His lordship put on one of his most unanswerable looks of astonishment, and replied, "Why, sir, there is Thomas Richards the ploughman, lives on 8s. 6d. a week, and so might you!" "Yes," said the poor humble pastor, "but *he* lives on barley bread, and I fear *I* could not eat it."

An anonymous author thus writes:—"No class is so ill remunerated as the ministerial." A gentleman in a provincial town requested the attendance of a London physician at the bed-side of an afflicted child; the physician proceeded to the scene of illness, and having examined the patient, pronounced the case incurable; on being asked the amount of his fee, he replied, "One hundred guineas," and was instantly paid. Now, had a minister been called in, no reference in all probability would have been made to remuneration; the supposition being, that a minister is public property, and that his only source of revenue is pew-rents. You can hardly *look* at a lawyer without having 6s. 8d. to pay; but you may tax a minister's time, and avail yourself of his talent and influence, and should he not reach your standard of excellence, you may *pray at* him, or soundly abuse him in a Church-meeting, without having a farthing to pay. Popular ministers are implored to attend anniversary or other special services;—from five hundred to two thousand persons may be convened to hear from their lips the word of life, and when they have exhausted every energy, they are modestly asked, what their *travelling expences* come to! Ay, and not only so, but if the said ministers have travelled in a first-class carriage, the fact is not seldom referred to with a humph of dissatisfaction at the tea-tables of "leading men." What would be thought of a man who sent for a physician, asking the Æsculapian what his *travelling expences* amounted to? Such a man would be laughed to scorn, and more than that, he would be taught that whatever *sermons* cost, blisters and boluses are not gratuitously distributed.

Oh, the meanness of some Churches! Will not some genius of the brush paint the following picture? It might be made most graphic. *There* stands a minister, wearied with his pulpit exercises; he has just been entrancing a multitude by his eloquence, and is now in the vestry. *Here* stands a deacon, asking "What are your travelling expences, sir?" Let me see—6d. for 'bus, 3s. 2d. for railway, and a

shilling for cab at this end—the double of that is nine and fourpence—ah! say nine shillings." If the deacon be rather liberally disposed, he may possibly slip half-a-sovereign into the minister's hand, with the air of one who has done something above common natures; or with a very charitable expression of countenance he may say—as one did to a student from one of our colleges—"Here is your fare, and *three pence for yourself!*" Surely such meanness would be scouted among cheesemongers, drapers, butchers, and business-men in general, and yet it is accounted a usual thing in certain of the Churches of Christ.

Now, if Churches treat ministers whom they love so well in so mean and shabby a way, we cannot expect that they will be more liberal when money is required for other purposes. If you lay the blame of these things upon the deacons, they will tell you that their Church is so poor, that they are compelled to economise their funds, and to be less liberal than they are disposed to be. I cheerfully acknowledge that there are some noble exceptions to this state of things; but the wonder these excite, and the pride with which we speak of them, prove that they are very rare, and like Gulliver in the land of Lilliput, cause universal astonishment, because we, little dwarfs, have never seen their like before. But we hope the day is coming, when the giants of the present age will be but the dwarfs of the more liberal future. At the present time, in almost all the Churches of our land, there is a great want of "the sinews of war." The golden stream which in ancient times flowed into the treasury of our Lord, has long since dried up; and now we have to search with labour and toil for the few grains which may be found in the river's bed. Debts, like black thunder-clouds, hang over most of our chapels; and I have heard numbers say that it was a good thing to be in debt, as it gave the people something to do, and thus prevented them from falling out. I would, however, enter my protest against chapel debts. They are unmitigated evils. "Owe no man anything," should be the Christian's motto and the Church's motto. But if the Churches are poor, what are they to do? I answer—live according to their means, and contribute according to their ability. The poverty of the Churches is not the reason that Zion's treasury is nearly empty. The poor are her best contributors. They give cheerfully—they give liberally. All honour to the Christian poor; they are our best friends. If Alexander, the coppersmith, did Paul much evil, I know not what we should do without him; for the coins which came from his mint are very useful, and often amount to more than the silver and the gold. The lack of funds in the exchequer of the Church is not owing to poverty, but to worldliness. The gold fever has become epidemic among the saints, and many of them are run mad after money. The demon of respectability has also done his share of the mischief: the wealth, which was the Lord's, has been spent in "keeping up appearances." The money which should have paid chapel debts, and sent missionaries to the heathen, has been spent in gorgeous furniture and splendid apparel. Have not we ministers been too much afraid to speak of these things, lest we should give offence? I fear, we have as carefully avoided the subject in the presence of those whom it concerned, as we should of speaking about the gallows to a man whose father had been hanged. It is time we trod upon the corns of the

covetous; it may promote their cure. The Mammonites amongst us are the Achans in our camp; and driving them out, will in the end promote its peace.

Now, brethren, I must come a little closer to my subject. I want to show you how you may double the income of the Church, pay off your chapel debts, and send every year a good round sum for the support of the College. I have no new plan for the collection of pew rents, the getting up of bazaars, lectures, anniversaries, and the like; but I have to commend to you the simple plan, suggested by the pen of inspiration, and approved by the Master whom we serve; I mean the plan of weekly storing, and weekly giving to the cause of God.

When this plan was adopted in ancient times, the Churches had no lack; but since this simple plan has been set aside, the Church has been a poor, half-starved, trembling beggar, who holds out her hand to receive an alms from every graceless passer-by.

The inspired suggestion of the apostle to the Corinthians, if carried out by all Christians, would fill the Lord's treasury to overflowing, and give us the means to evangelize the world. "*Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.*"

I. Notice first THE PERSONS; you Christians, *every one of you.* There is not one exempt. The rich man should give because *he hath* wherewith to give. The poor man should give *that he may have* the means of giving; for "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." And this I say, "He which soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully."

"Is thy cruise of comfort wasting?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine,
It shall serve thee and thy brother:
Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew:
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving:
All its wealth is living grain.
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scatter'd fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains
Would'st thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan:
Lavish on their wounds thy balsam,
And that balm shall heal thy own."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." "Bring an offering, and come before him; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." "None

shall appear before me empty." But some say, "I cannot afford to give." Say, rather, "I cannot afford *not to give*," for, "the only money saved is that which we give to God." All God's works set us the example of giving. The sun gives its light, the clouds their rain, the earth its fruits, the flowers their fragrance, and even the little birds give their share, and pour forth floods of melody to cheer the heart of man; yea, the poor little sparrow, because he can do no more, picks up with gratitude his crumb, and says, "Cheer up, cheer up."

II. THE DUTY—Let every one of you *lay by him in store.* Storing for God is the only plan which will enable a man to give in a right spirit. The man who has one common fund for all purposes, pauses to think whether he can afford to give or not; but the man who has set the Lord's portion by, *knows* that he can give, and gives cheerfully, for he has first of all given to the Lord, and feels that it is his own no longer.

III. THE RULE—*As God hath prospered him. Now*, Christians give as their neighbours give, or according to the persuasive powers of the preacher or collector. Instead of giving as God hath prospered them, many the more they prosper the less they give, until at last they are ready to say, as one of whom we have heard, "What I give is nothing to nobody."

The apostle names no sum, but makes every man his own assessor, thus giving to the Christian a gauge by which he may measure his love to Christ. I sometimes ask my little girl, "How much do you love me?" She generally answers "twenty hundred." And does not Christ say to his children, "How much do you love me?" And there goes one who, covering the coin with his hand, as he drops it into the plate, whispers into his Lord's ear *sixpence.*

Still I rejoice to know that there are many who do show their love to Christ by the liberality with which they support his cause, and many have recognised the principle of giving as God hath prospered them. The biography of eminently pious and useful men shows that great numbers of them have recognised their obligation to God in this respect. Lord Chief Justice Hale, Drs. Hammond, Baxter, Doddridge, and others, regularly gave a tenth; Dr. Watts, a fifth; Mr. Rowe, one-half. John Wesley, when his income was thirty pounds, lived on twenty-eight, and gave two; and when his income rose to sixty pounds, and afterwards to one hundred and twenty, he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave all the remainder. Mr. Nathaniel R. Cobb, a merchant connected with the Baptist Church in Boston, in 1821, at the age of twenty-three, drew up and subscribed the following covenant, to which he faithfully adhered, till on his death-bed, he praised God that by acting according to it, he had given in charity 40,000 dollars. "By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than 50,000 dollars. By the grace of God, I will give one-fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses. If I am ever worth 20,000 dollars, I will give one-half of my net profits; and if I am ever worth 30,000 dollars, I will give three-fourths; and the whole, after 50,000 dollars. So help me God, or give to a more faithful steward, and set me aside."

IV. THE TIME—"Upon the first day of the week." This is to be done weekly. Our annual subscriptions and quarterly gifts, what are

they? A mere trifle. But weekly gifts make up little by little an important sum. It has been well remarked that "God refreshes the earth with frequent drops rather than with occasional floods." Weekly coppers and silver will more easily and amply fill God's treasury, than ever did quarterly or annual gold. Our congregations require to be educated in giving. Their responsibilities as stewards must be set before them, together with the blessedness of liberality. But few comparatively have any idea what strange precedents of giving the Scriptures set before us. See what God required of the Jews; John Ross says, "When Jehovah established the institution of worship in Israel, he made due provision for its ministry or priesthood, by demanding the presentation as to himself, for their personal and family maintenance, of a tenth of the nation's produce (Num. xviii. 21—24, Deut. xii. 11—19,) and forty-eight cities of residence, with each its three-quarter-mile belt of pasturage, (Num. xxxv. 1—8,) this tribe only containing one twenty-eighth part of Israel. (Num. i., ii., iii.) Beyond this, a second tithe was demanded, to furnish sacrifices and necessary appurtenances of the temple service, and for extra gifts to the Levite, the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow. (Deut. xvi. 22—29.) Further, all male firstlings were devoted to God, (Deut. xv. 19, 20,) the annual half-shekel of ransom of all males, (Exod. xxx. 11—16,) the offerings of the first-fruits, of passover, and of ingathering. (Exod. xxiii. 14—17, Lev. xxiii. 3—21.) Offerings of trespass, (Lev. x. 2—10,) voluntary peace-offerings, (Lev. xix. 5,) and the gleanings of the vines and fields, (Lev. xix. 9, 10,) with any amount of freewill offerings they chose to bring."

How strange the prevalent error that the dedication of a Jew was a tithe, when it is evident from these items that it must have been nearly a fourth or a third of his annual income!

These offerings were demanded by God as his due, as homage paid to his sovereignty, and their detention was so resented. "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me in tithes and offerings," Mal. iii. 8.

Surely we who have privileges far greater than ever the Jews possessed, ought not to come behind them in our liberality. The loving followers of Jesus, should do more than the trembling disciples of Moses; but this we cannot venture to hope for *now;* yet we do ask that Christians may learn to be as liberal as were the Jews of old.

Let all who love Jesus, begin at once to carry out the Apostle's advice, and they will find that the portion "laid by in store" for the Lord, will bring a blessing upon the remainder, and they will have wherewith to give, when the poor beggar knocks at their door, or when the servant of God asks for help in the name of his King. Let this plan be adopted, and Christians will give both liberally and cheerfully; the collector will find it a pleasure to ask, and the giver a pleasure to give.

Oliver Cromwell's Wife.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

WHETHER Oliver Cromwell's visit and residence in London was for the express purpose of acquiring a knowledge of legal matters, is debateable. He appears, however, to have spent a sufficient portion of his time at the town house of Sir James Bourchier, to make love to that knight's daughter. They were married in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, August, 1620, and pronounced Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell. That Elizabeth Cromwell was an amiable woman may be presumed from the fact, that she lived happily with her husband's mother for many years! That she was a Christian, it is our business to show. History, that records nothing of the first ten years of Oliver's life, could hardly be expected to say much of his unobtrusive domesticated lady. Sundry fruits which shine resplendently in her simple history, reveal to us the usefulness of her piety. Both husband and wife seemed well to understand each other's inner life. Few women have been more ridiculed than this dignified one. At a time when party passions raged in motley disorder, it was not reckoned cowardly to blast the reputation or satirise the virtues of the wife of a man, whose abilities saved the nation from ruin and Papistry. We are thankful therefore to read the trustworthy evidences that exist, of the life and character of an undoubtedly gracious woman.

Cromwell himself—best judge—has immortalised the virtues of his wife. The care of his children was left solely in her hands, while he was putting to the rout the Cavalier forces. Under her good management all her children became virtuous, and many, we know, were by God's grace converted, and led holy lives. In his letters to her, Cromwell unbosoms his soul, writes of those inner conflicts which God's people only feel, and begs her prayers on his behalf. "My dearest,—I praise the Lord I am increased in strength in my outward man; but that will not satisfy me except I get a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better, and get more of the light of his countenance, which is better than life, and more power over my corruptions—in these hopes I wait, and am not without expectation of a gracious return. Pray for me, truly I do for thee and the dear family." Whilst engaged in his military duties, Cromwell found little time or disposition to write many letters. Writing was hardly his *forte*, although he has left some smart rough specimens, indicative of the strong common sense and earnest spirituality that absorbed his nature. The poor wife, weary with his long absence, gently complained of his unsatisfactory letters, which made her think her writing was slighted. "I should rejoice," continued she, "to hear your desire in seeing me, but I desire to submit to the providence of God, hoping the Lord, who hath separated us, and hath often brought us together again, will in His good time bring us again, to the praise of His name. Truly, my life is but half a life in your absence, did not the Lord make it up in himself, which I must acknowledge to the praise of His grace." It is a pity that the whole of her correspondence is out of our power of reading, as we find from certain allusions in Cromwell's epistles, that she was enabled to express

her soul's prosperity so as to greatly delight his heart. Therein she also communicated to him what had been her counsels and precepts to both sons and daughters, so that Cromwell might rest satisfied as to the spiritual care she exercised over them. This was all the more necessary as there were tendencies in some members of the family to worldliness, about which the noble father was sometimes grieved. "I am in fear," said he, "lest Satan should deceive them—knowing how weak our hearts are, and how subtle the adversary is, and what way, the deceitfulness of our hearts and the vain world make for his temptations." So easy is it to be cozened with worldly vanities! so much harder to maintain a consistent life of walking with God!

Thus far we have seen a quiet, godly, domesticated woman. Loving the Saviour herself, she was anxious to bring up her offspring in the same fear and love. There was a sweet community of interests in herself and husband. The preciousness of that dear old "covenant," ordered in all things and sure, was the hope of both. Amidst the convulsions of society, the mutability of friendships, and the dangers of high position, this good woman closely followed her Lord. It is said she strongly dissented from the policy of those statesmen, who brought to the block the head of the lying despot, Charles I. It is also said,—(how many untrue things have been said of this epoch, and those who played prominently in it,)—that she was grieved that her husband assumed the protectorate. Both which rumours may be credited but little. If true, the iron-minded Cromwell took no notice of this talk. She, good soul, was no politician; if she had been, adieu all thoughts of her having been a good wife and mother. In her elevated position, as Lady Protectress, she was humble, cheerful, and charitable. There are many slanderous stories told of her. She has been accused of shameless crimes. These, no sensible man ever believed. But, like her husband, she was the victim of even good men's misrepresentation. I remember what a curious effect the heraldic glass windows gave, when the sun shone through them, upon Maclise's grand picture in the House of Parliament. The picture—"The Interview of Wellington and Blucher"—was at such times a field for the gambols of red lions, which made it look a despicable production. The glass has since been changed for that of *grisaille* character, and of course the scene looks radiant with intelligence, pure and lovely. So have even good men unintentionally been the means of throwing the sunlight of their influence, through the distorted media of misrepresentations, until what was really a fair and beautiful life has been rendered grievously ugly. Happily, these scurrilities have been replaced by good sound testimony. So shall it be with everyone that trusteth in the Lord.

The Protectress bore up under the heavy stroke that separated her from her heart's love, about as well as her attendants. Dr. Goodwin and others consoled her and those also whose true hearts were beating with anguish at the nation's great loss. She left London for the country, upon the accession of Charles II. In the midst of her grief, she received the intelligence of the exhuming of her husband's and son-in-law's (Ireton) bodies, which were hung up at Tyburn. All this, "on the word of a *Christian* king!" However it is doubtful whether poor Charles's soul was in as happy a state at his death as was this Cromwell's, while

his body was hanging gallows-high at Tyburn. After a while, Mrs. Cromwell left her retreat in Wales, and spent the remainder of her days among her children. She survived her husband fourteen years, and was buried in September, 1672.

So much for a useful quiet life; given to God, it was taken by him out of a world of sin and persecution. In her seventy-four years this good lady had seen remarkable changes in the condition of this country. Anglican tomfooleries had become serious entities. Archbishop Laud, reckoned a martyr just now amongst High Church people, but in his time, condemned upon clear evidence as a traitor to the people, had been riding the high horse in the Star-chamber. To him were brought honest ministers and godly men, whose shoe-latchets he was unworthy to unloose. No Baal, no four surplices at All-hallowtide, no bowing to the Virgin Mary, no superstitious signing of the cross, would these good men have. The prison, the pillory, excommunication, were no terrors to men with consciences. Then occurred the fearful outbreak, the savage civil war, the fair field for everybody but papists, the securing of a godly ministry. Afterwards came a reaction. Oliver, the great soul of puritanism, died. The nation went mad. The second Charles was made king without any conditions. "Only honour us with your commands, and whatever they be, they shall be done." Thus, in heart, spoke the body politic. Strange scenes followed, which must have shocked the mind of the Protector's survivor. The Act of Uniformity, so craftily got up, so hurriedly carried in both houses,—how odious to the first principles of Christianity! If earth-thoughts engross at any time the attention of the redeemed, what a pitiable tale had Oliver to hear when his "dear heart" ascended to heaven: but we hope that these miserable superfluities are above the care of glorified spirits.

The Religions of India,

A PLEA FOR INDIAN MISSIONS, BY ALEX. FORBES, ESQ., A.M.
LATE EDITOR OF THE "BENGAL HURKARU."

(Continued from page 197.)

MOHAMMEDANISM.—Though there is no such thing as an accurate census of any district in India, still I think we are not far wrong when we assume that one-half of the population of Lower Bengal are idolaters, and the other half nominally Mohammedans. I say *nominally* Mohammedans, for Islamism, like Roman Catholicism, has a sacred language in which it shuts up its sacred books. Whoever would acquaint himself with the Koran must learn Arabic. Even the prayers which form so large a portion of Mussulman religion, to be efficacious, must be repeated in that language, so that very few among the Bengalee peasantry take the trouble of learning to pray, and those who do, do not understand the meaning of the words they use. All that seems to be necessary in Bengal to the profession of Mohammedanism is the rite of circumcision, and the repetition of the formula,

"*La elahah ul illah, Mahumud Roosool illah*"—There is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet. Mohammedanism in India is, in fact, a kind of Atheism, and is of no use to its professors, except when all is going on well with them. When cholera breaks out in the village, or misfortunes happen to their crops, we find the Mussulman peasant showing the necessity he feels for a personal God, by his immediately borrowing one from his Hindoo neighbours, which he worships with much fervency till the calamity is past. They also worship the tombs of saints, and sometimes set up, like Jacob, a stone for a pillar, which they anoint with offerings of oil and milk, under the shade of some fine old Peepul or Banian tree. Bengal, as well as Palestine of old, worships under every green tree, for scarcely is there one tree in the country distinguished above its fellows by its size, under which we do not find a small idol, or the *tazzeah* of a Mussulman saint, or at any rate a few rags hung up to show that a worshipper has lately been there. Mohammedanism, as I have said, is, among the peasantry of Bengal, a fair-weather religion; but even in fair weather it has borrowed much from its idolatrous neighbours. It has a good deal of caste in it, but this is not to be wondered at, when we remember that even Christian missionaries have been led away by this institution of the devil, so artfully addressed to the pride which lies deeply rooted in every, even the most regenerate heart. But Mohammedanism, addressing itself to the lusts of men rather than to the ascetic principle, which is that seized hold upon by Hindooism, has set free its votaries from the trammels of caste as to things. There is nothing which the Mohammedan desires, of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, or the pride of life, which is forbidden to him, with the exception of swine's flesh and wine. Hence we find that most of their wealthy men are given up to all kinds of debauchery. If they do not drink—which many do in secret—they eat or smoke opium, the almost invariable consequence of which is, that no sooner does a Mohammedan family attain to riches than its decay commences; and there are few rich Mohammedans in Bengal that can trace back their pedigree above one or two generations. The tendency of Mohammedanism is to develop the animal nature, and hence we find the professors of that creed, though sprung from the same stock as the Hindoo, much less intelligent, and much more bigoted and brutal. No rewards will lead them to give their children that education which in India is the certain high-road to advancement and to wealth, and which the Hindoo so highly appreciates that he will starve himself for years in order that he may be able to afford it to his son. I have often offered to pay the whole cost of a Mohammedan boy's education, but could not prevail upon the father to permit his son to go even to the Government College, where all religious education is as carefully excluded as if the Empress of India were a disciple of Hume or Voltaire. It is true that Mohammed acknowledges *Issoo ben Mariam* (Jesus, the son of Mary) to be a prophet sent from God, inferior only to himself; but his Indian followers would rather that their children should join in the worship of their idolatrous neighbours, than that they should imbibe any of the dangerous learning of the Christian. I have not statistics by me to refer to, but I believe myself to be much within the mark when I say that not ten per cent. of the students of our colleges are Mohammedans.

I am happy to say that this state of things is likely soon to come to an end, or at least that the inducements to study the laws and religion of the Koran are passing away. Up to a year or two ago, the law administered in our Courts was the Mohammedan, and a Mohammedan law-officer sat with the English judge in all criminal cases, who declared what degree of punishment the criminal had subjected himself to. This officer has now become unnecessary, in consequence of the enactment of a penal code for all India, by which all are to be tried, whatever their creed or caste; and the last mail announces that a bill has been introduced into the Legislative Council to abolish the office of Kazee. The Mohammedans now will have either to give up the profession of the law, or to study English jurisprudence. There is also a movement among the higher classes towards English education; but so long as the religion itself remains, it seems hopeless to expect that a desire for improvement will permeate the masses. And we must remember that the Mohammedan is, in consequence of his religion, an enemy of the British power and of Englishmen. The murder of a Kaffir (or unbeliever) he is taught to believe, secures to him at once a place in Mohammed's voluptuous paradise. Patriotism, then, as well as a desire to fulfil our Saviour's last command on earth, to preach the Gospel to all people, should lead us to direct an earnest attention to our Mohammedan subjects. The Hindoo may be led, by the secular education he receives from us, to despise the fables of his own creed, and, the Spirit of God helping him, to embrace ours; but the Mohammedan shuts his eyes and closes his ears to our schoolmasters and professors. The only way to reach him is by the living voice of the missionary. The only way to make him a good subject to the English Government is to lead him to the knowledge of the King of kings. When he worships with us, then will he in his heart be loyal to our rule; but not till then. However we may proceed, whatever plans we may devise to lead our idolatrous fellow-subjects to loyalty and civilisation, there is but one which can be successful with the Mussulman, and that one is to convert him. To speak of worldly motives only, a feeling of compassion and a desire to deliver him from the cruelties to which his religion subjects him, ought to lead us to desire the conversion of the idolater; motives of policy would impel us to Christianize the Mohammedan. But when we think that these poor creatures have immortal souls,—that in addition to the life of slavery and penance endured by the one, and that of brutal sensuality which is the lot of the other in this world, they are to suffer to eternity the pains of the worm that dieth not in the next,—how can we, to whom the oracles of God are committed, continue so lukewarm with regard to our duty to publish them abroad? If, during the Indian mutinies, we had been commissioned by the Governor-General to proclaim a free pardon to all rebels who should come in and lay down their arms, how would the world have cried out against us, if, instead of delivering our message, we had remained at ease in our houses, suffering poor wretches to be daily shot down by our troops? But how much more guilty are we if we are careless about missions! We have a promise of a free pardon from our King to all who will come in; but we say nothing about it, and see myriads of our fellow-men perishing in ignorance that the King has ever deigned to think

upon them. If men might well cry shame upon those who neglected to deliver a message of salvation from earthly death, what shall be said of those who will not give half an hour of their time, or a shilling from their pockets, to assist in telling of the glorious pardon proclaimed by the Lord God Almighty, which remits the never-ending penalty of sin? I saw two Sepoys hanged one morning in the terrible year of 1857, upon the same gallows. The one was a Hindoo, and the other a Mussulman; and as they both were calm and collected, and both spoke to the assembled multitude, I had an opportunity of seeing on what, in their several religions, they relied in the last dread hour. The Hindoo, after a speech in which he asserted his innocence of the crime for which he was to suffer, died as he had lived, supported by the Satanic pride of the Brahmin. Taking the noose in his own hands, in order that he might not be defiled by the touch of the hangman, and adjusting it about his neck, he turned to the crowd, and said with a loud voice, "And now you shall see how a Brahmin can die!" The Mohammedan was much more quiet, but kept repeating incessantly the formula, "There is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." Neither prayed to any being who might receive them in that unknown world they were so shortly to enter. The one thought only of himself, as the only God he had ever known; for among his fellow-men he had been worshipped as a God. He trusted in his own strength. His pride upheld him even in death. He, like the ancient Roman, thought more of how to die decently than of what came after death. The other trusted his salvation to a form of words. Allah was a mere abstraction to him, and his Prophet was but a man. As his God was an unknown God, he rested all his hopes in words: he trusted he might be heard for his much speaking.

We now come to the third division of our subject, namely, THE PROTESTS AGAINST IDOLATRY AND MOHAMMEDANISM, arising from the spread of English education and general intelligence among the people.

It is the custom to speak of the unchangeableness of the East; and men who ought to know better write and talk of the religion and civilisation of the Hindoos having been stereotyped or petrified some three thousand years ago, and of all things remaining as they then were to the present day. As for the civilisation, the remains of ancient poetry and art show it to have attained a much higher point than anything it can boast of now. It has deteriorated; and this was to be expected, seeing that the Hindoo has for the last eight hundred years been a conquered race, ruled over by rude and war-loving soldiers, but few of whom thought of encouraging the arts of peace, and, when they did so, preferring foreign to native talent. The beautiful Taj at Agra was built by Italians.

But far from the religion of the Hindoos remaining stereotyped, the very contrary has been the case. It may be said to have given birth to new children every year. There is nothing easier than for a man to become the prophet of a new religion in India. It only requires a little hypocrisy and a little impudence; and any one who will forswear water, and take to cow-dung and vermillion instead, will refrain to cut or comb his hair or beard for a year or two, and will swing himself backwards and forwards on his hams for a couple of hours each day, reciting

muntras and *slokes*, will soon find himself with disciples, whose offerings will keep him in idleness and plenty during the remainder of his life. Of course, his particular religion dies with him. But not unfrequently a real reformer arises,—one whose mind revolts against some particular doctrine, or cruelty, or abuse, of the prevailing religion of the district. He preaches against it, and if that particular hardship presses upon the people, such an one—especially if his life is virtuous, or seemingly so—often numbers disciples by tens of thousands, and his sect may last for generations after his death. But I do not intend to speak of such religions or sects at present. What I have to do with is those forms of belief which have sprung up in consequence of the presence of the English in India, and which are the more especially hostile to Christianity, because they admit the falsehood and untenability of the ancient creeds, but substitute themselves as a *reform*, instead of the entire conversion which the Christian wishes to bring about. I shall, however, touch this subject very briefly.

Within the last five-and-twenty or thirty years several reformers have arisen among the Mohammedans of Lower Bengal, whose aim has been to purify the religion of the Mussulmans, by casting out the idolatrous practices which had crept into it, and by restoring to the people a knowledge of the precepts of the Koran. Three or four of these men have been very successful, at least in so far as they have made numerous nominal converts. The disciples of one of them—Doodoo Mecah—were said to number three millions, and he was thought sufficiently dangerous to cause the Government to detain him in Calcutta during the year of the mutinies. I am, however, inclined to attribute his success more to political causes than to his religious teaching. He showed his disciples how to combine against their landlords, and to pay them only such rents as they considered to be just and reasonable; and I am confirmed in this idea by the fact, that on a schism taking place among his followers, a Hindoo was chosen as the leader of the Dissenters, and for many years maintained his position as head of a sect of reformed Mohammedans.

But among the Hindoos, the awakening of their intelligence has been the cause of a movement, especially among those who have received an English education, which has for its object to seek after religious truth, if haply they may find it. I scarcely think that this movement would have attained to anything like its present size and importance, if the government of the East India Company had not, from the very first, set itself in violent opposition to the Christian religion, and persecuted it, as if it were a system hurtful to the people, and dangerous to the state. If Carey, Marshman, and Ward had been allowed to teach the Hindoos the life and doctrines of Jesus Christ, as they were not only allowed but encouraged to teach English literature and science, it may be that the Hindoos would have accepted our religion, as they have our system of astronomy, which is in direct opposition to their own. But the people saw that the religion of the missionaries was hateful to their rulers, and all mention of it was carefully guarded against in government educational institutions, where the sacred book of the Christians was not allowed a place upon the shelves of the library, and a professor who should teach Christianity to his class was instantly

dismissed from his office. They saw too that there was no chance for a Christian convert to get on in the public service, or even be allowed to enter it; nay, more than this, they saw a Sepoy, who had become a Christian, dismissed from the service for this fault and no other, notwithstanding that his heathen comrades petitioned that he might be allowed to remain among them. The young men of our colleges were thus shut out from Christianity, and the English education they received drove them from the absurdities of Hindooism. But the human mind craves for religion. They have turned to Vedaism or Vedantism, the oldest form of Hindoo-worship, revived by Rammohun Roy, who had been compelled by the pure light emanating from Serampore to abandon idolatry, but had not the grace given to him to embrace Christianity. Vedaism is said to be a pure Deism. It certainly believes in the existence of a God; but as he is an abstraction, having no personal qualities, never interfering by his Providence with either men or things, and known to his worshippers only by his name Om, which none of them profess to understand, the Vedantists, you will be inclined to say, might as well have no religion at all. And, indeed, this is what they say themselves. In a remarkable document, which they styled an appeal to the people of England, and which they issued about three years ago, while they acknowledged that the government schools and colleges had opened up to them the whole of the learning and science of modern Europe, and expressed their gratitude for the instruction in these subjects they had received, they made it a subject of complaint that that very instruction had destroyed their belief in the absurdities (geographical, mathematical, and astronomical) of their own religion, but that it had left the void thus created unfilled. They asked England, in fact—though they themselves did not know what they were asking—to communicate to them her religion as well as her literature and science. I hope that the time has arrived when their prayer will be answered. Since the mutinies, the government has been rapidly abandoning its connexion with the false religions of the country. Teachers in the government schools are now allowed to impart religious instruction to their pupils, if they ask for it. There are Bibles in the libraries of the colleges, and native converts are no longer ineligible for employment in the public service. We may be sure that the movement thus begun will suffer nothing in the hands of the great man into whose hands God has at this time committed the government of India. All know Sir John Lawrence to be brave, but in nothing has he shown greater courage than in the decided manner in which he has confessed his religion and his God, and at no time more decidedly and courageously than during that terrible struggle when the heathen had "given the dead bodies of the servants of Jehovah to be meat unto the fowls of heaven, the flesh of his saints to the beasts of the earth;" when Christians had "become a reproach to their neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that were round about them;" and when the repeated and scornful question of the heathen was, "Where is your God?"

I would beg your attention for a minute or two longer, while I say a few words upon the means which are to be employed to overthrow the superstitions we have been considering. One too often hears in this country, and especially from University men, of the special training that

is necessary for a missionary to the Hindoos—of the immense amount of learning that is required to be able to confute their learned pundits, and to meet their theologians with any chance of success; and from the days of Sidney Smith to our own, we hear sneers at the idea of anything being attempted by a "fanatical cobbler," as he called Carey. Now, I say that the missionary has nothing to do with the pundit, for he will never be his convert. As in the days of our Saviour and his apostles, it is to the poor that the gospel is preached, and it is among publicans and sinners that the greatest success is to be hoped for. It is in India, as it was in Corinth, "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called." The work of conversion is God's work and not man's; and in order that he may have all the glory, "He hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." If the gospel were a work of man's device, and were to be spread abroad by the means he generally finds most efficacious, then we might allow that it would be proper to sit down to study all that our opponents have to say, and to strain our reasoning powers to the utmost to confute them. But God has chosen the "foolishness of preaching" as the means by which his Holy Spirit is to work in bringing many souls to Christ; and therefore we would say to all missionaries, as Paul did to Titus, "Avoid foolish questions and genealogies, and contentions, and strivings about the law, for they are unprofitable and vain;" and again to Timothy, "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science, falsely so called, which some professing have erred concerning the faith." Let *us* proclaim the glad tidings that Jesus Christ is come into the world to save sinners, and not trouble ourselves to point out that Krishna's life is immoral and sinful, or that Mohammed was an impostor. If we cause the light to shine, it requires no effort on our part to sweep darkness out of the house. With prayer and preaching, a missionary who knows nothing but his Bible and the native languages, will make many more converts than the most learned philosopher who shall endeavour to bring others to his belief by pointing out the absurdities of theirs.

Christian Chymistry.

LXIII.

In the Southern Ocean there abounds a species of fish which, when pursued by other fishes in the sea flies into the air, but is then made a prey to a sea-bird which continually watcheth for that opportunity. Lord, if I am in private, my own unruly passions disquiet me; if in public, temptations from without assault me; but oh, let thy grace be sufficient for me, that though I be on every side and at every season assailed, I may never be overcome.

LXIV.

In the East Indies, there is a story told of an idol, which, in a vision commanded a priest to signify to the king, that one of the two must

abide alone in the royal palace. The monarch, unwilling that there should be any competition between him and his idol, immediately resigned his splendid residence to it. How is it that we are less complying with our God, not expelling that worst part of ourselves, our lusts, that our Lord may be entempled in our hearts?

LXV.

A CERTAIN nobleman of France was wont, while his armour was being buckled on and when going into battle, to be seized with great trembling, yet in the face of the enemy, he was valorous, and at last he died in conflict, fighting with much courage. Lord, the very thought of what persecutions may befal me because of thy truth makes my heart tremble; but if thou engage me in that combat, supply me with thy assisting grace that my present weakness may be succeeded by a most stout and unquailing valour against thy most inveterate enemies.

LXVI.

THE Egyptians were wont with great cost and inquiry to search out a bull to be their Apis, which having worshipped for a time, they drowned in a fountain, and then with great lamentation for his loss, they employed the like cost and quest for the finding of another. Oh, the hazards and hardships wherewith the things of this world are sought by us, which, when obtained, we as foolishly spend; like the hawk, we leave the quarry and pursue that which flies away.

LXVII.

IT is said that the people of Numidia leave their hands unwashed for years together. This is an excusable fault, for they have no water to spare in those deserts wherewith to cleanse themselves. If the poor Indian be an unreligious, profane, unmortified sinner, he will be in some respects excusable, the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness being set so far off from him, that he does not even know of its existence; but what apology will be found for such in our western world where the fountain is as near as it is open.

LXVIII.

THERE is a pool in Camogena which sends forth a mud that burneth and is not to be quenched but with earth. Lord, my heart emits burning desires after worldly things which will be quenched in the grave at last. Oh, that the considerations of my latter end might do it now!

LXIX.

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON entertained King Henry V. at the Guildhall with unparalleled magnificence. The braziers in the hall were supplied with logs of rare, sweet-scented wood for fuel; but they burned with a far more delicious fragrance when the noble citizen bringing forth the king's bonds for the repayment of the large sum of £60,000 (equal to £900,000 now), thrust them all into the blazing fire, saying, that he was too happy thus to discharge the king's obligations. When the handwriting which was against us is put away, we receive a choice mercy indeed. That blessed fire of Christ's most fragrant sufferings hath consumed all my sins: this is royal bounty with an emphasis.

LXX.

When Agesilaus, the Spartan, was about to attack the king of Persia, he sent a message to the king of Macedon, to enquire whether he would have him pass through his territories as a friend or an enemy. The answer sent was, "I will consider of it." "Let him consider," said the Spartan, "*in the meantime we march.*" In these days, the king's business requireth haste, and while too many are hesitating whether they will serve the Lord Jesus, or aid us in our warfare, let us be striving with might and main to honour our Lord. Consider of it ye idle professors, but in the meantime *we march.*

LXXI.

You may behold the Egyptian temples on the outside glorious with all possible magnificence, but within no other deity than some vile cat or such other contemptible creature. So is it with the outward pomp of Papistical devotion; yea, and with the hypocritical formalities of a merely outside religion, wherein nothing is more solemn than the furniture of the ceremonies, nothing less manifest than the devotion of the hearts.

LXXII.

At Segelmess, a city of Numidia, they are free from troublesome insects (a privilege of which they boast much), but are miserably infested with scorpions. Wicked men think they are happy in being free from the preciseness and troublesome limitations which the godly comply with. This is a poor privilege if compared with those scorpions, assured guilt and terror of conscience, which every act of sin brings along with it.

LXXIII.

Burckhardt states, that although the Arabs are strict predestinarians, yet when the plague visited Medina many of the townsmen fled to the desert; alleging as an excuse that although the distemper was a messenger from heaven sent to call them to a better world, yet being conscious of their own unworthiness, and that they did not merit this special mark of grace, they thought it more advisable to decline it for the present, and make their escape from the town. If it really came to the point with those of us who talk of longing for death as a great deliverance, should we not cling to life? It is a question perhaps more easily asked than answered.

LXXIV.

A certain merchant travelling through the Lybian deserts being oppressed with thirst, gave ten thousand ducats for a cup of water. How sensible are men of their bodily wants, and how expensive in supplying them; but how many die eternally through the spiritual thirst of the water of life, before they would be at the thousandth part of that cost for supply.

(To be continued.)

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM VI.

TITLE.—*This Psalm is commonly known as the first of* THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS,* *and certainly its language well becomes the lip of a penitent, for it expresses at once the sorrow, (verses* 3, 6, 7*), the humiliation (verses* 2 *and* 4*), and the hatred of sin (verse* 8*), which are the unfailing marks of the contrite spirit when it turns to God. O Holy Spirit, beget in us the true repentance which needeth not to be repented of. The title of this Psalm is,* "To the chief Musician on Neginoth upon Sheminith,‡ A Psalm of David," *that is, to the chief musician with stringed instruments, upon the eighth, probably the octave. Some think it refers to the bass or tenor key, which would certainly be well adapted to this mournful ode. But we are not able to understand these old musical terms, and even the term "Selah," still remains untranslated. This, however, should be no difficulty in our way. We probably lose but very little by our ignorance, and it may serve to confirm our faith. It is a proof of the high antiquity of these Psalms that they contain words, the meaning of which is lost even to the best scholars of the Hebrew language. Surely these are but incidental (accidental I might almost say, if I did not believe them to be designed by God), proofs of their being, what they profess to be, the ancient writings of King David of olden times.*

DIVISION.—*You will observe that the Psalm is readily divided into two parts. First, there is the Psalmist's plea in his great distress, reaching from the first to the end of the seventh verse. Then you have, from the eighth to the end, quite a different theme. The Psalmist has changed his note. He leaves the minor key, and betakes himself to sublimer strains. He tunes his note to the high key of confidence, and declares that God hath heard his prayer, and hath delivered him out of all his troubles.*

EXPOSITION.

O LORD, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

2 Have mercy upon me, O LORD; for I *am* weak: O LORD, heal me; for my bones are vexed.

3 My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O LORD, how long?

4 Return, O LORD, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake.

5 For in death *there is* no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give thee thanks?

6 I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears.

7 Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.

Having read through the first division, in order to see it as a whole, we will now look at it verse by verse. "*O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger.*" The Psalmist is very conscious that he deserves to be rebuked, and he feels, moreover, that the rebuke in some form or other must come upon him, if not for condemnation, yet for conviction and sanctification. "Corn is cleaned with wind, and the soul with chastenings." It were folly to pray against the golden hand which enriches us by its blows. He does not ask that the rebuke may be totally withheld, for he might thus lose a blessing in disguise; but, "Lord, rebuke me not *in thine anger*." If thou remindest me of my sin, it is good; but, oh, remind me not of it as one incensed against me, lest thy servant's heart should sink in

* The other six are, xxxii., xxxviii., li., cii., cxxx., cxliii. ‡ 1 Chron. xv. 21.

despair. Thus saith Jeremiah, "O Lord, correct me, but with judgment; not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing." I know that I must be chastened, and though I shrink from the rod yet do I feel that it will be for my benefit; but, oh, my God, "*chasten me not in thy hot displeasure,*" lest the rod become a sword, and lest in smiting, thou shouldest also kill. So may we pray that the chastisements of our gracious God, if they may not be entirely removed, may at least be sweetened by the consciousness that they are "not in anger, but in his dear covenant love."

2, 3. "*Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak.*" Though I deserve destruction, yet let thy mercy pity my frailty. This is the right way to plead with God if we would prevail. Urge not your goodness or your greatness, but plead your sin and your littleness. Cry, "*I am weak,*" therefore O Lord, give me strength and crush me not. Send not forth the fury of thy tempest against so weak a vessel. Temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Be tender and pitiful to a poor withering flower, and break it not from its stem. Surely this is the plea that a sick man would urge to move the pity of his fellow if he were striving with him, "Deal gently with me, 'for I am weak.'" A sense of sin had so spoiled the Psalmist's pride, so taken away his vaunted strength, that he found himself weak to obey the law, weak through the sorrow that was in him, too weak, perhaps, to lay hold on the promise. "*I am weak.*" The original may be read, "I am one who droops," or withered like a blighted plant. Ah! beloved, we know what this means, for we, too, have seen our glory stained, and our beauty like a faded flower.

"*O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed.*" Here he prays for *healing*, not merely the mitigation of the ills he endured, but their entire removal, and the curing of the wounds which had arisen therefrom. His bones were "*shaken,*" as the Hebrew has it. His terror had become so great that his very bones shook; not only did his flesh quiver, but the bones, the solid pillars of the house of manhood, were made to tremble. "My bones are shaken." Ah, when the soul has a sense of sin, it is enough to make the bones shake; it is enough to make a man's hair stand up on end to see the flames of hell beneath him, an angry God above him, and danger and doubt surrounding him. Well might he say, "My bones are shaken." Lest, however, we should imagine that it was merely bodily sickness—although bodily sickness might be the outward sign—the Psalmist goes on to say, "*My soul is also sore vexed.*" Soul-trouble is the very soul of trouble. It matters not that the bones shake if the soul be firm, but when the soul itself is also sore vexed this is agony indeed. "*But thou, O Lord, how long?*" This sentence ends abruptly, for words failed, and grief drowned the little comfort which dawned upon him. The Psalmist had still, however, some hope; but that hope was only in his God. He therefore cries, "O Lord, how long?" The coming of Christ into the soul in his priestly robes of grace is the grand hope of the penitent soul; and, indeed, in some form or other, Christ's appearance is, and ever has been, the hope of the saints.

Calvin's favourite exclamation was, "Domine usquequo"—"*O Lord, how long?*" Nor could his sharpest pains, during a life of anguish, force from him any other word. Surely this is the cry of the saints under the altar, "O Lord, how long?" And this should be the cry of the saints waiting for the millennial glories, "Why are his chariots so long in coming; Lord, how long?" Those of us who have passed through conviction of sin knew what it was to count our minutes hours, and our hours years, while mercy delayed its coming. We watched for the dawn of grace, as they that watch for the morning. Earnestly did our anxious spirits ask, "O Lord, how long?"

4. "*Return, O Lord; deliver my soul.*" As God's absence was the main cause of his misery, so his return would be enough to deliver him from his trouble. "*Oh save me for thy mercies' sake.*" He knows where to look, and what arm to lay hold upon. He does not lay hold on God's left hand of justice, but on his right hand of mercy. He knew his iniquity too well to think of merit, or appeal to anything but the grace of God.

"*For thy mercies' sake.*" What a plea that is! How prevalent it is with God! If we turn to justice, what plea can we urge? but if we turn to mercy we may still cry, notwithstanding the greatness of our guilt, "Save me for thy mercies' sake."

Observe how frequently David here pleads the name of Jehovah, which is always intended where the word LORD is given in capitals. Five times in four verses we here meet with it. Is not this a proof that the glorious name is full of consolation to the tempted saint? Eternity, Infinity, Immutability, Self-existence, are all in the name Jehovah, and all are full of comfort.

5. And now David was in great fear of death—death temporal, and perhaps death eternal. Read the passage as you will, the following verse is full of power. "*For in death there is no remembrance of thee; in the grave who shall give thee thanks?*" Churchyards are silent places; the vaults of the sepulchre echo not with songs. Damp earth covers dumb mouths. "O Lord?" said he, "if thou wilt spare me I will praise thee. If I die, then must my mortal praise at least be suspended; and if I perish in hell, then thou wilt never have any thanksgiving from me. Songs of gratitude cannot rise from the flaming pit of hell. True, thou wilt doubtless be glorified, even in my eternal condemnation, but then, O Lord, I cannot glorify thee voluntarily; and among the sons of men, there will be one heart the less to bless thee." Ah! poor trembling sinners, may the Lord help you to use this forcible argument! It is for God's glory that a sinner should be saved. When we seek pardon, we are not asking God to do that which will stain his banner, or put a blot on his escutcheon. He delighteth in mercy. It is his peculiar, darling attribute. Mercy honours God. Do not we ourselves say, "Mercy blesseth him that gives, and him that takes?" And surely, in some diviner sense, this is true of God, who, when he gives mercy, glorifies himself.

6, 7. The Psalmist gives a fearful description of his long agony: "*I am weary with my groaning.*" He had groaned till his throat was hoarse; he had cried for mercy till prayer became a labour. God's people may groan, but they may not grumble. Yea, they must groan, being burdened, or they will never shout in the day of deliverance. The next sentence, we think, is not accurately translated. It should be, "*I shall make my bed to swim every night*" (when nature needs rest, and when I am most alone with my God). That is to say, my grief is fearful even now, but if God do not soon save me, it will not stay of itself, but will increase, until my tears will be so many, that my bed itself shall swim. A description rather of what he feared would be, than of what had actually taken place. May not our forebodings of future woe become arguments which faith may urge when seeking present mercy? "*I water my couch with my tears. Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.*" As an old man's eye grows dim with years, so says David, my eye is grown red and feeble through weeping. Conviction sometimes has such an effect upon the body, that even the outward organs are made to suffer. May not this explain some of the convulsions and hysterical attacks which have been experienced under convictions in the revivals in Ireland. Is it surprising that some should be smitten to the earth, and begin to cry aloud; when we find that David himself made his bed to swim, and grew old while he was under the heavy hand of God? Ah! brethren, it is no light matter to feel one's self a sinner, condemned at the bar of God. The language of this Psalm is not strained and forced, but perfectly natural to one in so sad a plight.

8 Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the LORD hath heard the voice of my weeping.

9 The LORD hath heard my supplication; the LORD will receive my prayer.

10 Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed: let them return *and* be ashamed suddenly.

8. Hitherto, all has been mournful and disconsolate, but now--

"Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take."

Ye must have your times of weeping, but let them be short. Get ye up, get ye up, from your dunghills! Cast aside your sackcloth and ashes! Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

David has found peace, and rising from his knees he begins to sweep his house of the wicked. "*Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity.*" The best remedy for us against an evil man is a long space between us both. "Get ye gone; I can have no fellowship with you." Repentance is a practical thing. It is not enough to bemoan the desecration of the temple of the heart, we must scourge out the buyers and sellers, and overturn the tables of the money changers. A pardoned sinner *will hate the sins* which cost the Saviour his blood. Grace and sin are quarrelsome neighbours, and one or the other must go to the wall.

"*For the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.*" What a fine Hebraism, and what grand poetry it is in English! "He hath heard the voice of my weeping." Is there a voice in weeping! Does weeping speak! In what language doth it utter its meaning? Why, in that universal tongue which is known and understood in all the earth, and even in heaven above. When a man weeps, whether he be a Jew or Gentile, Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, it has the same meaning in it. Weeping is the eloquence of sorrow. It is an unstammering orator, needing no interpreter, but understood of all. Is it not sweet to believe that our tears are understood even when words fail! Let us learn to think of tears as liquid prayers, and of weeping as a constant dropping of importunate intercession which will wear its way right surely into the very heart of mercy, despite the stony difficulties which obstruct the way. My God, I will "weep" when I cannot plead, for thou hearest the voice of my weeping.

9. "*The Lord hath heard my supplication.*" The Holy Spirit had wrought into the Psalmist's mind the confidence that his prayer was heard. This is frequently the privilege of the saints. Praying the prayer of faith, they are often infallibly assured that they have prevailed with God. We read of Luther that, having on one occasion wrestled hard with God in prayer, he came leaping out of his closet crying, "*Vicimus, vicimus;*" that is, "We have conquered, we have prevailed with God." Assured confidence is no idle dream, for when the Holy Ghost bestows it upon us, we know its reality, and could not doubt it, even though all men should deride our boldness. "*The Lord will receive my prayer.*" Here is past experience used for future encouragement. *He hath, he will.* Note this, O believer, and imitate its reasoning.

10. "*Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed.*" This is rather a prophecy than an imprecation, it may be read in the future, "All my enemies shall be ashamed and sore vexed." *They shall return and be ashamed instantaneously,*--in a moment;—their doom shall come upon them suddenly. Death's day is doom's day, and both are sure and may be sudden. The Romans were wont to say, "The feet of the avenging Deity are shod with wool." With noiseless footsteps vengeance nears its victim, and sudden and overwhelming shall be its destroying stroke. If this were an imprecation, we must remember that the language of the old dispensation is not that of the new. We pray *for* our enemies, not *against* them. God have mercy on them, and bring them into the right way.

Thus the Psalm, like those which precede it, shews the different estates of the godly and the wicked. O Lord, let us be numbered *with* thy people, both now and for ever!

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 2.—"*My bones are vexed.*" The Lord can make the strongest and most insensible part of man's body sensible of his wrath when he pleaseth to touch him, for here David's bones are vexed.—*Dickson.*

Verses 6, 7.—Soul-trouble is attended usually with great pain of body too, and so a man is wounded and distressed in every part. There is no soundness in my flesh,

because of thine anger, says David. "The arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit."—Job vi. 4. Sorrow of heart contracts the natural spirits, making all their motions slow and feeble; and the poor afflicted body does usually decline and waste away; and, therefore, saith Heman, My soul is full of troubles, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave. In this inward distress we find our strength decay and melt, even as wax before the fire; for sorrow darkeneth the spirits, obscures the judgment, blinds the memory, as to all pleasant things, and beclouds the lucid part of the mind; causing the lamp of life to burn weakly. In this troubled condition the person cannot be without a countenance that is pale, and wan, and dejected, like one that is seized with strong fear and consternation; all his motions are sluggish, and no sprightliness nor activity remains. 'A merry heart doth good, like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones. Hence comes those frequent complaints in Scripture: My moisture is turned into the drought of summer: I am like a bottle in the smoke: my soul cleaveth unto the dust: my face is foul with weeping, and on my eyelid is the shadow of death.—Job xvi. 16, xxx. 17, 18—19. My bones are pierced in me, in the night season, and my sinews take no rest; by the great force of my disease is my garment changed. He hath cast me into the mire, and I become like dust and ashes. Many times indeed the trouble of the soul does begin from the weakness and indisposition of the body. Long affliction, without any prospect of remedy, does, in process of time, begin to distress the soul itself. David was a man often exercised with sickness and the rage of enemies; and in all the instances almost that we meet with in the Psalms, we may observe that the outward occasions of trouble brought him under an apprehension of the wrath of God for his sin.—Psalm vi. 1, 2, and the reason given, verses 5 and 6. All his griefs running into this most terrible thought, that God was his enemy. As little brooks lose themselves in a great river, and change their name and nature, it most frequently happens, that when our pain is long and sharp, and helpless and unavoidable, we begin to question the sincerity of our estate towards God, though at its first assault we had few doubts or fears about it. Long weakness of body makes the soul more susceptible of trouble, and uneasy thoughts.*—*T. Rogers on Trouble of Mind.*

Verse 7.—That eye of his that had looked and lusted after his neighbour's wife is now dimmed and darkened with grief and indignation. He had wept himself almost blind.—*Trapp.*

Verse 8.—What a strange change is here all on a sudden! Well might Luther say, "Prayer is the leech of the soul, that sucks out the venom and swelling thereof." "Prayer," saith another, "is an Exorist with God, and an Exorcist against sin and misery." Bernard saith, "How oft hath prayer found me despairing almost, but left me triumphing, and well assured of pardon." The same in effect saith David here, "Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping." What a word is that to his insulting enemies! Avaunt! come out! vanish! These be words used to devils and dogs, but good enough for a Doeg or a Shimei. And the Son of David shall say the same to his enemies when he comes to judgment.—*Trapp.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—*A Sermon for afflicted souls.* I. God's twofold dealings. (1) *Rebuke*, by a telling sermon, a judgment on another, a slight trial in our own person, or a solemn monition in our conscience by the Spirit. (2) *Chastening.* This follows the other when the first is disregarded. Pain, losses, bereavements, melancholy, and other trials. II. The evils in them to be most dreaded, anger and hot displeasure. III. The means to avert these ills. Humiliation, confession, amendment, faith in the Lord, &c.

Verse 2.—*First sentence—Divine healing.* 1. What precedes it, *my bones are vexed.* 2. How it is wrought. 3. What succeeds it.

Verse 3.—A fruitful topic may be found in considering the question. How long will God continue afflictions to the righteous?

Verse 4.—The prayer of the deserted saint. 1. *His state*, his soul is evidently in bondage and danger. 2. *His hope.* It is in the Lord's *return.* 3. *His plea*, mercy only.

Verse 5.—The duty of praising God while we live.

Verse 8.—The pardoned sinner forsaking his bad companions.

Verse 9.—Past answers the ground of present confidence. He *hath*, he *will.*

* This may appear excessively long for a mere note, but the passage seemed to me to be so complete a comment on the whole Psalm, that I felt bound to give it entire.



THE craggy rocks frown upon the traveller, threatening to fall upon him as he journeys in their shade, and as he looks down from above upon their precipitous steeps, his head whirls and he shuns the brink lest he be dashed to pieces by a fall; yet the little trees and shrubs upon the sides of the precipice are safe from all fear of falling, because *they cling with all their might to the rock.* Down leaps the cataract with roaring fury as if it would carry all before it; but the flowers and creeping plants fear not its thunder, for *they cling to the rock,* and find refreshment in the spray of the foaming torrent. The storm sweeps over the mountain, the lightning scars the face of the hoary Alp, the cedars of Lebanon are shivered, and the ships of Tarshish are broken, but the mosses and ferns on the cliff's beetling crag smile on, unharmed by the terrible whirlwind, for they *cling to the rock.* The bird which has built its nest in the rifts of the mountain flies abroad and falls a prey to the fowler, but the tiny wildflower which has no wings with which to escape from a foe, does not tempt the enemy, but abides immovable in one place, *ever clinging to the rock,* and is therefore always safe, helpless though it be. We read in the book of Job of certain houseless persons, who are described as *clinging to the rock for shelter;* this may be very appropriately applied to every poor needy sinner, who has fled for refuge to Jesus the Rock of Ages. Such a soul is safe beyond all hazard. The justice, greatness, truth and perfection of God, which seem to frown upon others, are all our friends if we know how to cling to them, as they are set forth in the great atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ. If you can only cling to Jesus, poor sinner, you are safe. Neither your own weakness, nor the storms of temptation, nor the hand of justice, can cast you to destruction while you cling to him. Learn from your heart to say,

"Other trust away I fling,
Only to the rock I cling."

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THE angel points upwards to glory, where the palm is waved in victory! The fiend points downward to perdition where the worm undying groans for ever! Reader, your body will soon be in the coffin, and your soul will soon be winging its flight to heaven or hell. Angelic spirits will bear you to Abraham's bosom, and you will sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb, to enjoy *for ever* the society of the glorified Church, with Christ at the head of the feast, shedding his glory on all the guests; or you will be hurled like tares bound in bundles to be burned, into a pit which hath no bottom, where you will cry in vain for a drop of water to cool your parched tongue, and *for ever* will have to weep, and wail, and gnash your teeth in agony unending.

WHICH?

O, which shall it be? There is no middle course; you *must* be with Jesus, where he is, to behold his glory, or you *must* be cast into the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone! Jesus will either say to you, "Come ye blessed!" or, "Depart ye cursed:" he will either award you the kingdom, or condemn you to the place prepared for the devil and his angels.

WHICH?

O, which, dear reader, of the two shall be your portion? Sin is the easy road to ruin, you have but to follow it and you will meet your due reward. Christ is the way to heaven; whosoever believeth in him shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of his hands. Sin and Satan—are these your choice? Or does the Holy Spirit lead you to lay hold on Christ Jesus and his salvation? Friend sit down and ask thyself

WHICH?

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Unpublished Writings of Jonathan Edwards.

TEN years ago Mr. Grosart crossed the Atlantic to consult and arrange with the representatives of Jonathan Edwards, concerning a complete and really worthy edition of the works, published and unpublished, of that "master in Israel." He obtained immediate access to all the manuscripts, and found among them, besides the originals of his well-known works, papers of rare biographical interest and value, a mass of his ordinary sermons, a treatise on Grace, of peculiar excellence, as yet unknown to the world, a number of very precious annotations written in an interleaved Bible, a multitude of letters, and a fragment entitled, "DIRECTIONS FOR JUDGING OF PERSONS' EXPERIENCES," which evidently formed the author's guide in his test-conversations with enquirers during the great awakenings or revivals.

Mr. Grosart, whose various enterprises we delight to mention to our readers, has privately printed a volume of these hitherto unpublished Works of Jonathan Edwards, its price is 7s. 6d. toned, 6s. 6d. plain, with 4d. for carriage, to be remitted by Post-office Order in favour of Messrs. Ballantyne & Co., Printers, Paul's Work, Edinburgh. Every collector of curiosities in literature will of course procure a copy if there be one to be had, and admirers of the grand old president will hardly be content to be denied.

We are pleased to see the lovers of read-discourses deprived of one of their stock arguments by our friend's researches. He says, "The common notion is that Edwards was what is called a '*Reader*' of his Sermons. Never was anything more untrue. Having gone over every page, line, and word that the great Preacher has left behind him, as preserved by Dr. Tryon Edwards, I beg to state that the exception is to find a fully written-out sermon. On great occasions, and during "The Revivals," he evidently prepared with fulness and verbal accuracy: and the tradition is that the most extraordinary of all his sermons,—perhaps the most extraordinary that has ever fallen from uninspired lips, and not less so in its momentous results,—'Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God,' was read very closely, amid such a hush of awe and silent dropping of tears as we conceive of at the base of Sinai's flaming peaks, and as still thrill in the recollection of the hearers in New England. But his MSS. shew, beyond all gainsaying, that his rule—in the proportion of 95 to 100—was to jot down the leading thoughts and illustrations, and trust to the suggestions of the moment for the recall of previous study, and meditation, and prayer, and for the language.

"Let not, then, the great name of Jonathan Edwards be adduced in support of the practice of invariably "reading" Sermons; a practice that, *except in rare instances*, quenches all real eloquence, breaks the spell of influence, unlooses the links of the electric chain that ought to bind a speaker and his audience and pass and repass thrills of feeling, and, above all, leads to frauds of the most damaging and perilous sort."

With intense satisfaction we give our readers the opportunity of reading the very searching methods by which one of the greatest of soul-winners was wont to try the results of his ministry. The spelling, contractions, etc., are given just as they are in the original.

DIRECTIONS FOR JUDGING OF PERSONS' EXPERIENCES.

SEE TO IT

"That the operation be much upon the Will or Heart, not on the Imagination, nor on the speculative understanding or motions of the mind, though they draw great affectations after 'em as the consequence.

"That the trouble of mind be reasonable, that the mind be troubled about those things that it has reason to be troubled about; and that the trouble seems mainly to operate in such a manner, with such a kind of trouble and exercise

as is reasonable: founded on reasonable, solid consideration; a solid sense and conviction of truth, as of things as they are indeed.

"That it be because their state appears terrible on the account of those things, wherein its dreadfulness indeed consists; and that their concern be solid, not operating very much by pangs and sudden passions, freaks and frights, and a capriciousness of mind.

"That under their seeming convictions it be sin indeed: that they are convinced of their guilt, in offending and affronting so great a God: One that so hates sin, and is so set against it, to punish it, &c.

"That they be convinced both of sins of heart and life: that their pretences of sense of sin of heart ben't without reflection on their wicked practice; and also that they are not only convinced of sin of practice, but sin of heart. And in both, that what troubles 'em be those things wherein their wretchedness has really chiefly consisted.

"That they are convinced of their spiritual sins, consisting in their sinful defects, living without love to God, without accepting Christ, gratitude to Him, &c.

"That the convictions they have of the insufficiency and vanity of their own doings, ben't only from some sense of wanderings of mind, and other sinful behaviour mixed; but from a conviction of the sinful defects of their duties, their not being done from a right principle; and so as having no goodness at all mixed with the bad, but altogether corrupt.

"That it is truly conviction of sin that convinces them of the Justice of God in their damnation, in rejecting their prayers, disregarding their sorrowful case, and all desires and endeavours after deliverance, &c., and not merely any imagination or pang, and melting of affection through some real or supposed instance of Divine Goodness.

"That they be so convinced of sin as not in the inward thought and habit of their minds to excuse themselves, and impliedly quarrel with God, because of their impotency: for instance, that they don't excuse their slight of Christ, and want of love to Him, because they can't esteem and love Him.

"That they don't evidently themselves look on their convictions [as] great, and ben't taken with their own humiliation.

"That which should be chiefly looked at should be *evangelical*. If this be sound, we have no warrant to insist upon it, that there be manifest a remarkable work, purely legal, wherein was nothing of grace. So with regard to Convictions and Humiliation; only seeing to it that the mind is indeed convinced of these things, and sees 'em [sees] that [which] many Divines insisted should be seen, under a purely legal work. And also seeing to it that the convictions there are, seem to be deep and fixed, and to have a powerful governing influence on the temper of the mind, and a very direct respect to practice.

SEE TO IT

"That they have not only pretended convictions of sin; but a proper mourning for sin. And also, that sin is burdensome to them, and that their hearts are tender and sensible with respect to it . . . the object of their care and dread.

"That God and Divine things are admirable on account of the beauty of their moral perfection.

"That there is to be discerned in their sense of the sufficiency of Christ, a sense of that Divine, supreme, and spiritual excellency of Christ, wherein this sufficiency fundamentally consists; and that the sight of this excellency is really the foundation of their satisfaction as to His sufficiency.

"That their conviction of the truth of Divine things be discerned to be truly some way or other primarily built on a sense of their Divine excellency.

"That their discoveries and illuminations and experiences in general, are not superficial pangs, flashes, imagination, freaks, but solid, substantial, deep,

inwrought into the frame and temper of their minds, and discovered to have respect to practice.

"That they long after HOLINESS, and that all their experiences increase their longing.

"Let 'em be inquired of concerning their disposition and willingness to bear the Cross, sell all for Christ, choosing their portion in heaven, &c.

"Whether their experience have a respect to PRACTICE in these ways. That their behaviour at present seems to be agreeable to such experiences.

"Whether it inclines 'em much to think of Practice, and more and more of past ill practice.

"Makes a disposition to ill practices dreadful.

"Makes 'em long after perfect freedom from sin, and after those things wherein *Holiness* consists; and by fixed and strong resolutions, attended with fear and jealousy of their own hearts.

"Whether, when they tell of their experiences, it is not with such an air that you as it were feel that they expect to be admired and applauded, and [whether they] won't be disappointed if they fail of discerning in you something of that nature; and shocked and displeased if they discover the contrary.

"Enquire whether their joy be truly and properly joy in God and in Christ; joy in Divine Good; or whether it ben't wholly joy in themselves, joy in their own excellencies or privileges, in their experiences; what God has done for them, or what He has promised He will do for them; and whether they ben't affected with their own discoveries and affections."

Gleanings from Nature.

THE FROG.

BIOGRAPHY is unquestionably an interesting, and it should be an instructive study, as the lives of most individuals afford lessons which might be profitably studied; yet how difficult it is to obtain a true record of any life! It would appear from some books, as from most tombstones, that a man's existence must cease before the virtues of his life become apparent. Well, it is at least charitable to draw a kindly veil before the errors of one's hero, and to let him shine in all the blaze of the borrowed light of a partial biography. It is true some write the incidents of their being, ready for elaboration by the hand of the scribe; but even in these autobiographic notes one is often forced to a consciousness that is not pleasant, that the transparency of the would be candid inditer, is but a glass case in which the good deeds have been carefully laid by for the admiration of future beholders.

If it be difficult to obtain a true recital, when the biographist has the help not only of the biographied, but also of his willing friends, how much more must it be troublesome to indite the history of one who has left no note, and who has scarcely a friend! The subject of the present record is moreover but a very humble individual in the great world of animated beings. The incidents in its life are strikingly similar to those of its brethren; it is not a member of any aristocracy although it be often sufficiently bloated: nor did it, so far as the writer is aware, take any part in that great battle, the deeds of which were sung by the ancient poet; nor is he that immoral gentleman of whom it is related in history that he "would a wooing go whether his mother would let him or no," for he, as is well known, was pursued by a dire retributive justice, and became gobbled up by a "lily white duck."

We are about to record the life of a croaker. Odious term! who does not know him? In how many congregations are there croakers, who are never satisfied with anything or anybody, never happy unless bending under the

weight of a grievance, and never so miserably joyous as when, wagging their solemn heads, they are uttering their horrid croaking in the ear of a sympathizing croaker! With this species of the genus we have nothing in common; we delight in the works of God, and leave those of the devil to be dealt with by other hands. Our croaker is at least harmless, and, we believe, worthy of all admiration.

Often has the little pond on our table availed for the rearing and partial development of numerous frogs. From some pool we have transferred, about the end of March, a portion of a large jelly-like mass which may, at that season, be often seen floating on the stagnant waters —a glairy, viscid substance, containing numerous transparent globular bodies, each having a black spot within it; these spots are the germs of the future animals: placed in water in a warm room, with plenty of sunlight, the eggs speedily hatch. The young, shapeless animal is frequently seen to move within its gelatinous covering which it speedily pierces, they then remain suspended to, and are nourished by this mass for a short time; they have large heads, and a fish-like body; projecting from either side of the head, are small tufts of branchiæ through which the blood is propelled with vigour to be aerated from the air in the water, affording an interesting spectacle when viewed through a microscope; every separate blood disc or globule being distinctly visible as it rushes through the pipes to and from the heart. The animal is sluggish in this stage; if dislodged from the mass of jelly, it clings to the side of the vessel or to weeds. After about two or three days the external lungs, as they may well be termed, disappear, being absorbed; the body becomes rounder, the tail more elongated and fish-like, and the creature swims by its aid with great facility. Respiration is still effected through gills, but they are now within the body, covered with a fold of the skin instead of suspended outside of it—and this important function is performed exactly as it is in fishes, through water entering by the mouth to the gills. The creature has a pair of large, well formed eyes, and a mouth, with lips of a curious form; the inner or true lips being surrounded by rows of most delicate fringes which appear to aid the animal in seizing and holding its food; this consists very much of vegetation in a partial state of decay; but they are not particular in this respect, as animal food, either fresh or otherwise, is greedily devoured; their dead brethren being commonly thus disposed of, and we grieve to add that even a living but physically weak brother is liable to be attacked, murdered and eaten! The young frog, in this stage of its existence, is termed a tadpole, but from an unfounded prejudice that they will attack the pedal extremities of humanity, little vulgar town boys name them "toe biters," while clodhoppers know them as "polywaggles;" this is perhaps a bit of rustic classic lore having reference to the many wagglings of the little fellow's tail. Give it what name you please, it does its duty in helping to rid the waters of that which would become foul and offensive, building up its own flesh from the waste, and becoming in its turn food to other animals.

As a tadpole, the creature is in a transition state from the egg to the frog, and it is not a little remarkable, that we have the power of almost indefinitely prolonging the period of the development. As it is an interesting animal for microscopic exhibitions, its tail being so transparent as to permit the phenomena of the flow and return of the blood from the heart through the arteries and veins to be well seen, affording a most astounding spectacle to one who gazes upon it for the first time, it is sometimes desirable to retain them as tadpoles; for although the foot of the frog and its tongue also exhibit this beautiful phenomenon, the first is a troublesome and the latter a cruel operation; the examination of the tadpole, is neither one nor the other. If the animals are kept in water of about a foot in depth, the vessel having steep or overhanging sides, so that they cannot get into shallow water, and are carefully supplied with food, not in too great quantities, or they will become aldermanic, nor in too limited a manner lest they become attenuated and weak, they may be preserved many months; we have thus kept them a whole year on the parlor table. It occasionally happens in the natural state, that a few tadpoles find their way into

deep and sluggish streams where there is abundance of food, and should they be fortunate enough to escape affording a dinner to some hungry fish, they grow to a very large size, and are of so strange an appearance, that their very mammas would not recognize their dear children. Sometime since, a collector and vendor of odds and ends, illustrative of natural history, exultingly exhibited to us an animal altogether new, as he said, to science; "it had been taken by a friend of his in the country, and sent to London, where, from its novelty, it would bring a large price." Alas for human hopes when founded on ignorance! the so-called prize was but a tadpole, which had fed itself to unwieldy dimensions.

In a normal condition the change of form gradually occurs, the hinder pair of legs being the first to make their appearance, and concurrently the tail begins to disappear, being slowly absorbed, and not dropping off as some have supposed; at the same time the true lungs begin to be developed within the animal, which is now no longer able to respire like a fish, but must come to the surface to take in the air; hence the masses of them that, as the legs are appearing, crowd the margins of pools; should the water be deep, they become weak from the constant effort to get to the surface, and numbers not unfrequently die. If all goes well, the front pair of legs are soon developed, the tail now speedily disappears, and the young animal transformed from its fish-like character, respiring through its gills in the water, becomes an air-breathing reptile. Truly wonderful is this change, evincing the controlling power of that Being, who at the first, introduced this animal on the great stage of existence. The young frog speedily grows in bulk, and is to be found an active, agile denizen of the moist spots around ponds, or the oozy margins of streams. The animal is so well known, it is unnecessary to describe it; the beautiful colors of its moist coat cannot fail to charm all who will overcome the repugnance with which most have been foolishly and wickedly taught to regard everything that creeps, leaps, or hops.

We have referred to its moist or damp coat, the rapid evaporation from which induces that sensation of cold, with which all are familiar in handling these creatures. Part of the air required for the supply of the wants of the frog, enters the skin, which is to some extent an organ of respiration; but this important function could not be performed unless it were maintained in a moist state, and as the animal often wanders away from ditch or pond, it becomes necessary that it should be enabled to carry water with it; accordingly, there is provided within the body a reservoir, which becomes filled by absorption through the skin. If a frog be taken in summer, when they often are sluggish and appear lean, and placed in a vessel of water, or even in a damp place, it will speedily plump out and become lively; water is treasured up in the reservoir, from whence it gradually passes as it is required to moisten the skin, thus supplying the means of keeping its body cool, and the pores open for the admission of air to the blood; they suffer much when the weather is very hot and no water near.

An old opinion lurks in many a village, that a frog in the well purifies the water, or proves that water issuing from the spring is wholesome; it may certainly be the case that these creatures may keep out insect intruders, as they are great enemies to all small creeping things; hence in a garden they become great friends to the gardener, snapping up flies, slugs, caterpillars, woodlice, &c.; this they do by darting out the tongue, which when at rest is folded in the mouth, the tip pointing to the throat; the prey is fixed by a glutinous saliva covering the tongue, and is retracted so suddenly, that it is almost impossible to see it feed; the frog will not (so far as our experience goes,) eat dead animals, but hunger will sometimes impel it to seize a hairy caterpillar, and then it is very amusing to behold the droll efforts froggy is compelled to make to get rid of the unwelcome morsel, the hairs being evidently disagreeable to its mouth and throat; its distress is caused by its over dexterity, so eager is it in seizing the prey, that the caterpillar becomes almost swallowed before the mistake is discovered.

In common with most other creatures, although naturally shy and retiring, frogs are susceptible to kindness, and are capable of being rendered very tame,

The writer once possessed a fine one, that made itself very useful and apparently happy in the garden; it would permit itself to be taken up, squat quietly in the palm of the hand, and seemed to much enjoy having its poll gently rubbed. Professor Thomas Bell mentions a frog which frequented the kitchen of Dr. Roots, at Kingston, where the servants regularly fed it, after which it retired to a hole, when all was quiet; it would in the winter, contrary to the usual habits of the tribe, sit down and bask before the kitchen fire; it was not disturbed by the cat, who became quite attached to it, and allowed the frog to nestle under its fur. My frog was not so fortunate in finding a feline friend; he, poor fellow, was killed and eaten by a marauding pussy.

We have alluded to the beauty of the frog, but it must be confessed that its personal appearance varies considerably, depending partly upon the state of its coat, for when this is old, it certainly does become rather dingy, and froggy is not always able to remove it at once; so the old skin will be found occasionally hanging to his body, when he has a very seedy, out-at-elbows look, which strikingly contrasts with the rich, glossy coat he soon afterwards acquires; the colours of which are most vivid and beautiful, varying, indeed, with the mood or the state of fear or repose in which the creature may be. Young ladies who being themselves half scared from their wits, if a frog happens but to come near them, and communicating their fright to the harmless creature, cannot expect to see the charms it displays when it is at ease with its friends. The colour varies somewhat with the age of the animal which does not arrive at maturity until about the fifth year; it has a tolerable amount of longevity, and will live to be a useful member of society, if, as an Irishman might say, nobody kills it during the long period of from twelve to fifteen years.

The common frog (Rana Temporaria) is exceedingly abundant during the summer and autumn in England. In the winter season it retires to hybernate in the mud at the bottom of ponds, where numbers huddle together waiting the return of spring, when they emerge to make their presence known by their croakings which are not unmusical when heard in the calm stillness of a fine evening. In Scotland not only is the common frog abundant, but there is also found one of a much larger size than the common species; but in every other respect it is identical with it. Ireland, as every one knows, was cleared "once upon a time" of all sorts of *vermint*, by the "good St. Patrick;" but, however this may be, the frog is now a denizen of the ponds and ditches of the Emerald Isle. It is said to have been introduced early in the last century by Dr. Gwyther, of Dublin, who carried over some frogs from England; they having died, this anti-saint Patrickite nothing daunted, procured some bottles of spawn which seems to have flourished, as Dean Swift, writing from Ireland, in 1726, alludes to the rapid spreading of the colony of frogs.

Every now and then the newspapers inform us that a frog has been discovered in the "interior of a large mass of stone," which was no sooner split open, than his Frogship took to his heels, and was lost amidst a multitude of his brethren.

Of course we are expected to believe that this animal, a frequenter of fresh water, became, somehow or other, entombed alive in the muddy or sandy deposit in the bed of an ocean, and that it remained quietly there while several feet of sediment were deposited, which became consolidated, and was afterwards upheaved above the sea level, and formed part of the dry land. We must suppose, moreover, that the frogs of those far-distant days were precisely similar in form, size, and colour, to those which frequent the marshes of our day. Still more wonderful are the records given, from time to time, of frogs or toads being "found within the solid trunks of trees," waiting only the approach of the saw to effect their escape from prison. To account for the presence of the animal in such a position, we must conceive that it found its way into some crevice in the growing tree, and while it slept, the tree, in some way not now known to arboriculturists, healed up the crack, and formed healthy vegetable tissue around the animal's body, which lay there without food or air, not for a single season only, but for many years. Recently a very circum-

stantial account appeared in the public newspapers, of the discovery, by some quarryman, of a colony of these creatures, which, after the rock had been split away, were found huddled together, and speedily scampered away to fresh hiding-places. It is surely needless to say that a full explanation of this so-called discovery may be found in the fact, that the stone contained natural fissures, into which at the approach of winter the animals had crawled, to repose in their usual state of torpidity. Perhaps the most audacious attempt of this nature upon the credulity of mankind was made at the Great Exhibition held in 1862, where a frog was exhibited in the midst of a block of coal, within which we were asked to believe that the animal had been found alive! This would have indicated on the part of froggy such a sleep that in comparison with it, the doze of Rip Van Winkle in the sleepy hollow would have been but a forty-wink nap after dinner. The indignant comments of those who knew better, compelled the managers of that department of the Exhibition to withdraw the manufactured wonder. The simple truth is, that none of these stories will bear that close sifting of evidence which truth demands, and experiments carried out both in England and France prove, that although frogs and toads can exist for some time in a dormant condition, yet the period is very limited, and by no means sufficient to warrant belief in the idle tales to which we have referred.

On the continent of Europe the frog is more esteemed than it is with us, the hind quarters of a species of the animal being there dressed and served up as a *recherché* dish: the edible frog is largely cultivated for the purposes of the table, and it is not impossible that the common animal is made use of for the same purpose. Should any of my readers desire to partake of this delicacy, they may be pleased to know that the parts usually eaten are prepared in France, packed in small, hermetically-sealed cases, and sold in this country, although at a price which places them beyond the reach of all but the wealthy. As a scientific fact, it is interesting to know that the Edible Frog (*Rana Esculenta*) has been captured in the fens of our Eastern Counties, where, from its remarkably sonorous croak, it is termed "The Cambridge Nightingale." It seems to live entirely in the water, not being amphibious as is the common frog.

This interesting little animal whose history displays so much of the loving care of the Divine Father, quietly pursues its course of usefulness, often, indeed, receiving cruelty from man, while it deserves to be treated with gentle kindness; but harmless and useful as it is to us, it was once made to fulfil the terrible power of God's wrath. In the waters of Egypt the frog is to be found now, as when Moses encountered the haughty pride of Pharaoh on the banks of the Nile; then it was one of the numerous consecrated animals of the Egyptian people, being, it is believed, dedicated to the sun; but at the command of God frogs issued forth from the river, the canals, and reservoirs, insomuch that they overspread the land, and filled every house, from the peasant's hut, to the monarch's palace; a punishment to the rulers and people of Egypt which not only showed the futility of their resistance, but proved that in the hands of a mightier One, even the very emblems and objects of their worship might be used against them; the sacred river itself becoming to them a fertile source of misery and annoyance, while one of the sacred animals appeared in such incredible numbers that, so far from any feeling of reverence remaining, the most unmitigated loathing must have resulted from seeing them crawling through every apartment, leaping upon all articles of furniture and food, finding their way upon the couches, and filling even the kneading-troughs with their wet and cold trail. Every effort to remove them being unavailing, this insignificant animal sufficed to humble the pride of the greatest nation and proudest ruler of ancient times. In the hands of God common blessings to the rebellious may become great curses, while to the humble and obedient, apparent evils may be productive of much good.

W. R. Selway.

From England to Italy.

A CHAPTER FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE.

WRITTEN AT LUGANO, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN a few days we have left our white-cliffed island, crossed the Channel, traversed France, penetrated the heart of Switzerland, passed the Alps, and entered sunny Italy; we have seen a thousand things and mused upon ten thousand more, and our thoughts, like the fishes in the blue lake which sparkles at our feet, are very many and very restless, and we have no net at hand in which to bring them to shore. A bird of prey was hovering just now over the shelving bank where the rippling flood bathes the foot of the verdant mountains; poising himself in mid-air upon quivering wing; for a moment he looked eagerly for his prey, saw it, darted upon it, and doubtless held it with iron grasp; we must in the same fashion seize some flitting thought, or we shall starve in the land of plenty. Swift and sudden, without waiting to plume our wings by long consideration, we descend upon our theme.

The Great Master Author has sent forth several volumes; among the rest is one called the "Book of Revelation," and another styled the "Volume of Creation." We have been reading the Word-volume and expounding it for years, we are now perusing the Work-volume, and are engrossed in some of its most glowing pages. Our love for the sacred book of letters and words has not diminished but increased our admiration for the hieroglyphics of the flood and field. That man perversely mistakes folly for wisdom who persists in undervaluing one glorious poem by a famous author, in order to show his zeal for a second epic from the same fertile pen. It is the mark of a feeble mind to despise the wonders of nature because we prize the treasures of salvation. He who built the lofty skies is as much our Father as he who hath spoken to us by his own Son, and we should reverently adore HIM who in creation decketh himself with majesty and excellency, even as in revelation HE arrayeth himself in glory and beauty. Modern fanatics who profess to be so absorbed in heavenly things that they are blind to the most marvellous of Jehovah's handiwork, should go to school, with David as the schoolmaster, and learn to "consider the heavens," and should sit with Job upon the dunghill of their pride, while the Lord rehearses the thundering stanzas of creation's greatness, until they cry with the patriarch, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore, I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." For our part, we feel that what was worth the Lord's making, richly deserves the attention of the most cultivated and purified intellect; and we think it blasphemy against God himself to speak slightingly of his universe, as if, forsooth, we poor puny mortals were too spiritual to be interested in that matchless architecture which made the morning stars sing together and caused the sons of God to shout for joy.

Our hasty perusal of one short chapter of the book of nature has sufficed to assure us that its author most certainly wrote the Holy Scriptures. Writers have their own idiomatic expressions and modes of thought; kings of literature set their image and superscription upon the coinage of their minds; and therefore you can detect a literary

forgery as readily as a counterfeit bank note. The paintings of the old masters may be cleverly copied, but the man of taste would soon discover the imposture, if a mere copy were palmed upon him as the original; a certain indescribable something would be wanting, and there would be present a tint, a manner, or an expression quite unknown to the master's purer style. In the productions of "the Great Artist," the rule holds good. Deity has a peculiar manner which it is quite impossible to imitate with success. In the base counterfeit of the book of Mormon, a mere child, fresh from the Sunday-school, can discover marks and lines which are manifestly far from divine, and in the more commanding imposture of the Koran, the blots of evil prove that it came not from the hand of the all-pure One. We can boldly challenge the patient examination of the Holy Scriptures by all candid men, and we believe that they will be found to establish their claim to be authentic productions of the hand which wrote the world's great hymn. Among many arguments we offer these:—

The Scriptures are distinguished for their variety and unity, they are one, yet many; the modes are myriad, the matter is the same. Jeremiah weeps; Isaiah shouts for joy; Ezekiel soars aloft in eloquence; Amos is rugged and familiar; John is gentle; Peter is bold; Paul reasons; James commands; and yet, like a silken thread holding a string of pearls, the mind of the Lord passes through the very centre of the words of every prophet, apostle, and evangelist. We could not destroy a single book of the Old or New Testament, without marring the design: the whole company of inspired writers might say, "We being many are one body, and every one members one of another." We observe this same quality in nature. How great the difference between yonder granite mountain and the cloud which caps it; the raging wind, and the bright star which smiles serenely amid the storm; the cataract which leaps from rock to rock, and the solitude through which it roars; the boundless ocean, and the grain of sand which lies on its shore! In a few hours we climbed from fields of corn to slopes of snow, through which our road was cut at a depth of ten or twenty feet; and before the sun had set, we were in sultry plains, where figs and grapes grow in rich profusion, and the lizard and snake bask in the sun. Variety was there indeed, for no two scenes were the same, yet the unity was equally conspicuous, for who could fail to see that the floating cloud feeds the foaming cataract with its descending deluge, that the rivers bind the mountains to the ocean by silver cords, and that winds, and waves, and mists, and stars, and Alps, are all wheels of the same great machinery. From the garden of figs, up through the chesnut grove, to the pine forest, and yet higher to the fair blue gentian, the modest moss, and the blackened lichen, and highest of all to the eternal snow, seems a long ascent of infinite variety; but, as the stones of a geometrical staircase all rest on one another, so do all the ranks of vegetable life, so that the blue-bells and red rhododendrons, which blush unseen far up in some sunny crevice, are as necessary parts of the whole fabric as the golden wheatsheaf, and the luxuriant vine. The departments of animate and inanimate nature are but the various books of the great Bible of Creation, and their teaching is one and harmonious.

In Scripture one observes the Great Agent ever glorifying himself by the use of instrumentality; God is there in deeds of greatness, and none the less great and glorious because he chooses to work by means. Noah is saved, but not without an ark; the Red Sea is divided, but not without a rod. David must use a stone, and Shamgar an ox-goad. Paul plants, Apollos waters, God gives the increase. See here around us, the Lord hath made the land fruitful, but tillage brings forth its riches; he hath filled the lakes even to the brim, but the torrents contribute their liquid wealth. Not without fiery violence were the granite hills upheaved, nor without earthquakes were the valleys rent through the mountains. Lightning and frost, wind and sun, water and ice are the servants of him who saith unto one, "Come, and he cometh;" and to another, "Go, and he goeth." Our witness is that, verily Jehovah is not less manifest because of these his wonder-workers. He sits supreme above flood, and tempest, and fire, making them the chariot in which he rides. Traversing tremendous defiles of grim desolation and awful grandeur, where walls of rock almost exclude the light of the sun, where the overhanging precipices threaten with avalanche, and the torrent dashes wildly below, one exclaims in the presence of the terrible agencies which seem lions couching for their leap, "How dreadful is this place, it is none other than the dwelling-place of God."

In the Bible the Lord is ever described as great, and yet considering the lowly.—"Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Who has not noticed the wonderful contrast, or rather combination, in the eleventh and twelfth verses of the fortieth chapter of Isaiah? "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young. Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?"

Such strange blendings of grandeur and gentleness we have seen all this week. Amidst a thick fog in crossing the Channel which clothed everything in mystery, and made us grope our way with anxious tardiness, we heard the cries of sea-birds; they at least had not lost their way; come mist or rain, the God of the floods had numbered every one of their feathers, and given them joys far out on the deep of which the prophet says, "There is sorrow on the sea." Seeing the jonquil, the hyacinth, the anemone, and many others of our garden flowers growing wild in the vallies on the Italian side of the Alps, and hearing the ceaseless chirping of the innumerable insects which fill the air with their song, and looking up to the snowy peaks piercing the clouds, one could not help comparing the beauty and perfectness of the little, with the overwhelming awe and sublimity of the great. He who launches the thunderbolt guides the fire-fly; he who hurls the falling mass from the shivering alpine summit controls the descent of the dew-drop; and he, who covereth heaven and earth with the black wings of tempest, stoops down to cherish the violet blooming amid the velvet turf.

Stern is the God of the Bible and yet his name is Love. Our God is a consuming fire, yet is he good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. He showed his fiery law on Sinai, his wrath on Sodom, his power on Egypt, his anger on Korah, and his justice upon the inhabitants of Canaan; yet this same jealous God was as a nursing father unto Israel and, wonder of wonders, spared not his own Son, but freely delivered him up for us all! The skirts of the garments of that same God we have seen in our week's journey. Crosses set up here and there along the road upon the pass of the St. Gothard showed where poor travellers had met their doom by falling stone, or avalanche, or snow-storm; nor are these the only remembrancers of the terrible things of God, for in certain places hard by our route are to be seen the *débris* of fallen mountains which have covered whole villages, and traces of devastating floods are no rare things. As we were sitting by the Lake of Lucerne, the rugged old Pilatus was suddenly covered with blackness, forth flashed the forked lightning, followed by sharp cracks of thunder reverberated in long peals, enough to let us know that the artillery of heaven had not spent its might, and that the arsenals of the storm were as fully stored as ever; yet as we looked around and saw the sun smiling forth again over the glorious hills, his beams flashing brightly upon the countless wavelets of the lake, vegetation freshened by the newly fallen shower, glistening with rain drops as with sparkling diamonds, and man and beast rejoicing in the clear shining and the cool air, we could not but feel that the stern Lord of Tempests was infinitely kind.

The Book of God in the heights and depths of its teaching shows man his own insignificance, and the roll of creation impresses him with the same fact. "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" was an inspired question, but the stars first suggested it. When John in Patmos saw the Lord, he fell at his feet as dead, a sense of the glory of his Lord overpowered him; such has been in a degree our own experience alike in meditating upon Scripture, and in wandering in the dark gorges of the Alps. Let a man stand on what is called the Devil's Bridge on the St. Gothard road where the fury of the Reuss seems lashed to madness, let him look above, beneath, and around, and as he shivers into nothingness let him say, "As for man whose breath is in his nostrils, wherein is he to be accounted of?" *Yet the same Bible which sinks the pride of man teaches him his true nobility as creation's lord and nature's priest;* and our week's wanderings have taught us the same. Sing the verses of some fine old psalm in a pine forest, in a boat on the blue waves, on the summit of an Alp, in a dark defile, or in the hollow of a great rock, and see if they do not give a tongue to all around and prove man to be the soul of all things. Mark how the industry of man reclaims every inch of soil whereon a blade of grass can grow, see how he builds his chalets high up on crags where the wild chamois can scarcely mount, and read how the once virgin snows of apparently inacessible peaks have been trodden by his foot, and see how truly man has dominion over the works of God's hands. Perhaps nothing will bring this more clearly before us than a journey upon those great highways which are most astounding monuments of human skill and enterprize. Valleys are threaded, torrent beds are crossed on causeways, the edges of precipices are skirted and buttresses of rock are tunnelled. Where the hard and

steep surface of the cliff had not left an inch of space for a goat to climb upon, the road is conducted upon a lofty terrace of solid masonry, or along a ledge blasted by gunpowder in the face of the rock. Neither gorge, nor avalanche, nor granite wall can block up the way of determined, persevering man.

The falcon, which swooped for its quarry, has long ago flown away, and I have but begun to grapple with my subject; forgive me, dear readers, if, as a man seeking rest, I drop the pen, and go forth from my chamber to gaze and gaze again on loveliness. Would you know what I have gazed upon to-day and yesterday, these lines which I find in Murray's Handbook, (and I quote from it because a traveller's library is very small,) will possibly suggest more than I can write of Italian hills and scenery.

"Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare,
Nor misty are the mountains there,
Softly sublime—profusely fair,
Up to their summits clothed in green,
And fruitful as the vales between,
They lightly rise,
And scale the skies,
And groves and gardens still abound;
For where no shoot
Could else take root,
The peaks are shelved, and terraced round.
Earthward appear in mingled growth
The mulberry and maize; above,
The trellis'd vine extends to both
The leafy shade they love.
Looks out the white-walled cottage here,
The lowly chapel rises near;
Far down the foot must roam to reach
The lovely lake and bending beach;
While chesnut green and olive grey
Chequer the steep and winding way."

Lugano, May 15th, 1865.

TO OUR READERS AND HEARERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,

I hope the matter of the Chapels is not overlooked. It is much on my heart, and I should feel it a great privilege to find on my return from long-needed rest, that the good work had gone on rapidly in my absence. To serve God is glory, let us not miss the honour. Time is short; Jesus deserves much; let us labour with might and main for HIM.

Yours truly,

C. H. Spurgeon

Work of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

IN the account of the several institutions connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle inserted in the April Number of this Magazine, mention was made of the support of two missionaries in Germany. We hope occasionally to find room for some extracts from their journals. Our present object is to relate briefly the circumstances under which these missionaries were brought under the notice of the Church at the Tabernacle, and the manner in which the offer of pecuniary aid was received by them. The Baptists in Germany have long been exposed to more reproach and persecution than any other body of Christians. They have often had the sympathy o their brethren in this country on that account, and much interest has been excited, and sometimes effectually, on their behalf. A spirit of revival among them of late years has awakened fresh interest in them in their friends, and renewed the vigilance of their foes. Their chief struggle, however, we trust, is past. As their principles and practices become better known, and liberal sentiments upon all subjects more extensively prevail, they may reasonably be expected gradually to survive prejudices, and to obtain greater freedom of action. The interest of Mr. Spurgeon in the German Baptists was greatly stimulated by personal intercourse with some of their leading pastors, and especially with Mr. Oncken, the well-known pastor of Hamburgh, in whose efforts, by the encouragement of local missionaries to make known a pure gospel in the city and surrounding villages, and to the sailors at the port from all countries, Mr. Spurgeon greatly sympathized. This led to the proffered support of two missionaries whose hearts were in the work, but were unable to be wholly devoted to it. The names of these missionaries are Mr. H. Windolf, and Mr. C. A. Kemnitz. They were both adopted by the friends at the Tabernacle as their missionaries in Germany in 1861. The former thus wrote in reply on that occasion, which is characterized by such simplicity and godly sincerity that it well deserves to be here recorded. The reply of the latter, which is in the same strain, must be deferred to our next number.

"Hamburg, November 15th, 1861.

To the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and the Members of his Flock, London.

"'Grace be to you and peace from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father: to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.' (Gal. i. 3—5.)

"Having been informed by Brother Oncken that your beloved flock has really engaged me as their Colporteur, I desire hereby, on the one hand, to return you my most hearty thanks, and on the other, to commend myself to your prayers, that I may be truly faithful as a witness of the free grace of God in Christ, who will have the gospel preached to every nation; and has promised that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

"I need, too, special protection from outward perils, as I might very easily in stepping on board, slip, and in an instant become a prey to death. I have often been in danger, but the Lord has preserved me from all injury hitherto. He has now again given me courage to go out with joy, and proclaim his Word, and proclaim with my mouth that there is a Saviour whose blood cleanses all who believe on it from their sins. The field I labour in is somewhat extensive. In the ports of Hamburg and Altona, from four to five thousand ships arrive yearly, besides the river navigation, which I endeavour diligently to visit. Besides, I occasionally visit several places and villages, and disseminate the Word as widely as possible. Two evenings in the week I preach regularly, that is, on Wednesday evening at Harburg, and on Friday, in the suburb of St. George. On the Sabbath I am generally out at our stations to proclaim the Word of the Lord. We have hitherto continually had the satisfaction to see sinners saved at our stations, devote themselves to the Lord, follow him, and obey him alone. This, and the precious promises of his dear Word, perpetually renew my courage to plant the banner of the Cross, and point to

the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. I was awakened seventeen years ago in the Baptist meeting here, and soon became a member of the dear Church. I soon after began, with other brethren, regularly to distribute loan-tracts on the Sabbath, until I was called, after some years, to help in the Sunday-school. On July 1st, 1852, I entered on my duties as Colporteur of the Scottish Mission to the Jews, until, on October 1st, 1854, I entered on the office of Colporteur to the Bible Society. It would be very advantageous to me to possess a thorough knowledge of the English language. Dear Brother Oncken has advised me to undertake the study, and I intend to do so. In the year 1855, I had some lessons with other pupils of the Mission, but when in spring the season for work recommenced, I was obliged to desist. I was however enabled, in the year 1859, again to take lessons, visiting at the same time the ships, where my presence was most requisite; and my residence in the mission-house rendered this easier.

"May a risen Saviour richly reward you, dear Brother, and your beloved flock, with heavenly blessings, and give you grace and strength to look to the Lord in your arduous task, who always gives fresh strength and courage. With hearty greetings, and commending myself to your intercession,

"I remain,
"Your humble brother and
fellow-labourer,
"H. WINDOLF."

The journal of this missionary for the months of January, February, and March of this year is before us; it shows a great amount of labour and records many instances of usefulness, especially amongst soldiers and sailors. "In this quarter," he writes, "I have made 263 visits in families, and 165 on board vessels; I have disposed of 10 bibles, 55 testaments, 50 books, and have exchanged 250 books; I have distributed 1100 tracts and monthly messengers; conducted 34 meetings and 3 prayer-meetings; administered the Lord's Supper 4 times; and given 24 lessons in religion in our day-school. During the first week of April, I visited 223 ships, and disposed of 9 Bibles, 35 Testaments, 27 books, and 810 tracts. After the long winter, navigation is again flourishing. Hundreds of vessels are arriving in one day at Hamburg and Altona. I request, therefore, more particularly the prayers of the Church which cares for my temporal welfare, that the Lord would give me great grace conscientiously and faithfully to proclaim the good news of redeeming love. I require much bodily strength also, and the gracious protection of the Lord, having to row about in the boat for six or eight hours a day, besides mounting one ship after another, in which there is danger of my foot slipping, and my family being left orphans. But I comfort myself with the promise that not a hair of our heads shall perish without the will of our Father. It is precious to know how many dear children of God pray for me, and for the work in which I am engaged."

Reviews.

Memoirs of the Rev. Thomas Raffles, D.D., L.L.D. By THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES, Esq., B.A. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

THE name of Thomas Raffles will ever be associated in the annals of Nonconformity, with those of William Jay and Angel James, amongst the popular preachers of the nineteenth century. Each retained his popularity for about half-a-century, at the same time, and nearly in the same degree. In their views of Scripture truths and their relative proportions, there was no material difference, and the direct usefulness of their pulpit exercises, a similarity of success may be affirmed. Yet there was a wide difference between them, depending entirely upon the different kinds of pulpit-oratory adopted by them. Jay was the most natural of the three. The eloquence, both of James and Raffles, was more acquired, and the effect of study was more apparent in the

latter than the former. It would have been impossible however to interchange the qualities for which they were remarkable. Each one selected the style of address which best comported with his habit of thought and natural taste, and each, without doubt, was alike conscientious in his cultivation of that which would render truth from his lips most effective. In Jay, there was a deep-toned, quiet power, which, as it seemed to come from the world above, appalled or gladdened the world below; in James, there was a resistless charm; in Raffles, electric shocks. The first was a deep flowing river, the second a soft murmuring brook, the third a mountain torrent, plunging from precipice to precipice, till the sound is heard no more. Raffles spoke like Apollos, James like Barnabas, Jay like the Master himself.

Those who knew Dr. Raffles in his public capacity only, will be gratified by the view given in these memoirs of his inner life. They will find here pleasing and unmistakable evidences, that, from the commencement to the close of a long and influential career, his heart was right with God. He was a diligent student of the Word of God, and generally accomplished before breakfast, what others would have considered sufficient for a whole day. He was pre-eminent as a pastor, as well as a preacher; and in this respect, surpassed many less distinguished preachers in his day. His catholicity of spirit, and co-operation in all public measures for the social and religious benefit of mankind, procured for him universal respect and esteem. His services which were required on public occasions, were cheerfully rendered, as far as by the most diligent economising of time, he was able; not to his own denomination only, but frequently to others. From the pride and covetousness too often associated even in Christian ministers, with the sphere in which he moved, he was entirely free. That he possessed the genial elements of open and endeared friendship in an unusual degree, is evident from the affection with which his memory is cherished by his brethren in the ministry, of every grade, who had been brought into intercourse with him, and by the universal sympathy displayed on the occasion of his decease. He, who at the age of twenty-three, entered Liverpool as an entire stranger, at the age of seventy-five, threw the whole town into mourning as he left it for the tomb. We cordially recommend these memoirs as profitable to all, and particularly to young ministers. Though written by a son, there are no symptons of undue partiality. The narrative evinces throughout the hand of one who had nothing to conceal, who could challenge the strictest investigation, and who needed only to be faithful.

Letters of Ruth Bryan. James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

These letters are preceded by a memoir of the writer of more than ordinary interest and profit. Of the great and gracious Master it is said, "He could not be hid." Ruth Bryan may be said to have followed him so closely that she could not be hid. Her influence was great in a large manufacturing town and its vicinity; persons of distinction were glad to provide for her recreation and comfort in time of need; and her writings will guide and cheer many hearts for generations to come. That which gave her this pre-eminence was not rank, nor talent, but piety. "There is in these letters," says the Rev. A. Moody Stuart, in a preface to the work, "a savour of Christ, at once sweet and rare, with a marvellous richness and variety even in what may seem to some an incessant repetition." This witness is true. It is *rare* Christianity that is here displayed, but it ought not to be rare. The exception should be the rule. We recommend this book strongly as supplying a model of female piety.

The Soul-Gatherer. James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

This book is true to its title. It is well calculated to gather souls to Christ, and to teach others also how to be engaged in that work. It is racy, pointed, and highly suggestive. In some parts the style is abrupt; in others, well-connected and fluent. Both the thoughts and the language rise far above the ordinary level of female composition. It is an earnest attempt to aid those who desire to be earnest in winning souls to Christ. The least help in this direction is valuable, and much more

the very seasonable and powerful help which this little volume supplies.

Papa and Mamma's Easy Lessons in Geography. By ANNIE MARIA SARGEANT. Dean and Son, 11, Ludgate Hill.

THIS is everything it assumes to be. It is admirably adapted, both in its style and engravings, to convey a correct knowledge of the whole elements of Geography in a very attractive form.

The Royal Nursery A, B, C. Dean and Son, 11, Ludgate Hill.

THIS is one of the numerous instances in which the nursery comes in for its share in the many improvements of the age. Upwards of six hundred engravings are introduced for illustrating words and simple propositions; and all is contained in a small space. Such works amply repay their cost where they are needed.

Original Nursery Rhymes. By ALEXANDER J. ELLIS, F.R.S. J. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

PARENTS must not be parents only, but such as love to nurse and amuse their own children, to appreciate these rhymes. We should think far better therefore of the parents who took an interest in them than of those who did not.

Notices.

A THIRD great Prayer Meeting, similar in attendance and interest to those of the first Mondays in January and February last, was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Friday the 5th of May. The hour immediately preceding, was spent in prayer by about seventy persons, the majority of whom were ministers. The Tabernacle was nearly filled at the commencement. Several who had taken tickets, kept away, through fear of not being able, as on a former occasion, to obtain admission. Suitable and fervent prayers were offered by Mr. Bailey, of Notting Hill; Mr. Rees, of Sunderland; Mr. Cowdy, of Walworth; Mr. Stott, of St. John's Wood; Mr. White, of Chelsea; and Mr. Betts, of Bradford. Short addresses were occasionally given by Mr. Spurgeon, in one of which he expressed an earnest desire for more union between the ministers and Churches of the Baptist Denomination, and his readiness to promote it to the utmost of his ability. An address given by Mr. Wigner, of Lynn, in Norfolk, produced a deep impression upon the assembly, the fruit of which, we trust, will be seen after many days. The substance of that address, we have been enabled to procure for the benefit of our readers. It was as follows:—When our Lord sent forth his Apostles to preach his glorious gospel, to win guilty men to him, he said to them, "Go and preach the truth, and whether men hear, or whether they will not, whether they receive your message, or whether they reject that message, say to them, 'The kingdom of heaven is come nigh to you.'" And I feel, my hearers, to-night, that if ever those words could be used in sincerity, it is now. The kingdom of God is come nigh to you. God is here, his presence fills this place; and his eye is more piercing than a flame of fire. He sees the recesses of every heart. The Lord Jesus Christ is here. Oft have you been exhorted within these walls, and oft has his mighty grace been displayed here, and he is present now, knocking at the door of sinners' hearts. Dost thou not hear him, man?

The Holy Ghost is here. We have pleaded for that presence and for that power, without which, all this service would be utterly fruitless. And we have not pleaded in vain. The Spirit of God is in our midst. We feel his presence here. Prayers from hundreds of hearts are ascending to God, on behalf of many of you to-night. "The kingdom of God is come nigh to you," very nigh; and emotions are enkindled now in many of your hearts. Thoughts are working there in the deepest recesses of those hearts, known only to yourselves and God. Convictions you have ofttimes stifled, or attempted too successfully to do so, rise again to-night. "The kingdom of God is come nigh to you."

And oh, if there be one class more than another here, to whom I think the kingdom of God is come nigh, among the unsaved, it is the children of pious parents, the seed of the godly, the daughters of mothers who are saints, the sons of Christian parents. You have been acquainted with the Bible from your earliest days, you have heard the tidings of redeeming mercy from the first moment you could have exercised thought, you have been gathered within the hallowed influences of the domestic altar from Sabbath to Sabbath, day by day, morning by morning, and night by night. You have gone hand-in-hand with Christian parents to the Sabbath-school, and to the sanctuary. Are you Christians? Why are you not? Oh! how great your guilt, and how heavy your doom, if you die rejecting that Christ whom your parents honour, if you die spurning that blood which has washed your parents from their crimson guilt!

I speak to-night the word of truth and soberness. God knows our hearts as ministers of Christ, God knows our hearts as Christian parents. There is nothing that bears upon our hearts to equal the conversion of our children, of our young men, and our young women, to the faith of Christ.

There may be here to-night, some young man, who up to this very hour has trifled with all religious things. You had a godly mother; the first utterance of her lip after your birth, was that you might be a child of God. She watched you all through the morning of your life, and prayers unnumbered have been registered on your behalf. The light of her Christian example has ever been before your eyes, and perhaps she has gone to her rest and to her reward. It may be you stood at the dying bed. It may be that you gazed on that dying scene. It may be that like as the first utterance of her lips at your birth was a prayer for your salvation, so perhaps, the last utterance of her dying lips was an appeal to her loving son. Oh Christ, oh Spirit of God, lead such an one to yield to night.

Let me state a fact. I know an eminent servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, who has been for many years in the ministry of the gospel, and been eminently successful in winning souls to Christ. His beloved mother was the wife of a Christian minister, also eminently useful, one of the past generation. She was an eminently godly person. She lived a life of devoted consecration. She saw her son grow up with a reformed and cultivated mind. He had everything she could wish, but the one thing needful. Worldly prospects opened in great brightness on her child, but he did not belong to Christ. At length disease lays hold upon her, and she is fast hastening to death; she has only one thorn in that dying pillow, and that is the memory of her unsaved son. She is restless; he must be sent for that she may give him a parting word of warning, a parting word of appeal. But life is fast ebbing away, and ere the youth can reach his home, it may be the mother will have passed from time into eternity. Oh, the anguish of that mother's heart. She had no doubt of her own personal interest in Christ, for she saw heaven and a smiling Christ awaiting her. She could say, "there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness;" she was resting on the atoning blood, but her child was unsaved, and she felt that she should die before he reached her. She requested to be propped up in the bed so that she might write a few lines to tell him of her yearning desire for his salvation; she did it with great effort, the dying hand placed a few words on the paper, as only a dying mother could write, and when she had finished, she said, "Now, if I am gone before my child arrives, let this paper be in my dead hand, and let him take it out himself;" she then cried, "Dear Jesus, into thy hands I commend my spirit," and her spirit departed to the God who gave it.

There upon that bed of death she lay, grasping in her right hand the paper which was the last act of her life. The son came home, he had been in this great metropolis, had imbibed infidel sentiments, and laughed at the Book of God; but there was still in his heart a yearning, a fond and an agonizing love for that mother. As he drew near to the house, he saw the blinds all down, his heart was broken, and when he entered, he was in an agony of grief. They led him to the bedroom, and he bathed the face of that corpse with tears. When

the first impulse and outburst of his agony was over, he caught sight of this paper in his mother's hand. He took it out and read it, and learned that the only thorn in that dying pillow, had been the thought that he was unsaved. The Spirit of God owned that mother's faith in that dying gasp, and bowing himself there and then by the side of that corpse, he sought the true and living God, and found salvation through the blood of the Lamb. From that day he consecrated himself to his mother's God, and has been one of the most successful preachers of the everlasting gospel of Christ.

May I be speaking to any young man whose mother has gone to heaven and left him unsaved? Oh, by the precious memory of that mother's love, go to that uplifted cross to-night. Oh, by the memory of her who offered up untold numbers of prayers for you, plead for the atoning blood to-night. Oh, by the cherished memory of her who again, again, and again, in health and sickness pleaded on your behalf, return to thy mother's God to-night. May the resolve of Ruth be thy resolve to-night. "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." And while I plead with God for you my young friends, may the Lord come and plead with you also. Oh, rally round the Saviour's cross, engage in his service, give your hearts and lives wholly to him, and you will never repent it amidst the scenes of time, or amidst the ages of eternity. Oh, by all the sacredness of this hallowed hour, give thine heart to Christ. Oh, by all the fervour of those petitions that have been offered up and are being offered up, now yield thyself to Christ this night. Oh, by all that is glorious in heaven and dreadful in hell, by all the preciousness of the Saviour's blood, and by all that is miserable in the condition of the damned, let the cry of thy heart be, as thou goest with trembling footsteps to a Saviour's cross,

> "Nothing in my hands I bring,
> Simply to thy cross I cling;
> Naked come to thee for dress;
> Helpless look to thee for grace;
> Black, I to the fountain fly;
> Wash me, Saviour, or I die!"

May God the Holy Ghost visit your hearts with his rich grace to-night, for Christ's sake! Amen.

The public recognition of Mr. Minett at Stantonbury, near Wolverton, was held on the 14th of April last. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. Rogers of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. In the evening, a public meeting was held, at which Mr. Rogers presided. Mr. Bailey gave an address upon the nature of a Christian Church; Mr. Foster upon the relation of the Pastor to the Church; Mr. Rogers upon the relation of the Church to the Pastor; and Mr. Adey, of Leighton Buzzard, upon the relation of the Church to the World. Mr. Walker and Mr. Minett also gave addresses suited to the occasion. Many attended the services from a considerable distance round. Much interest has been excited by Mr. Minett's ministry, and there have been some first-fruits of what, we trust, will prove to be an abundant harvest.

On the same day, the recognition of Mr. Wright at Brabourne, in Kent, took place. A tent capable of accommodating nearly 600 persons was erected for the occasion, and was completely filled. In the afternoon, a sermon was preached by Mr. Ness of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. In the evening, after a public tea-meeting, Mr. Rees, of Hythe, commenced the service by reading and prayer. Mr. Marchant, one of the deacons, gave an account of the circumstances that led to a unanimous invitation of Mr. Wright to the pastorate. Mr. Wright related his Christian experience, his call to the ministry, and the reasons that had induced him to settle in that place. Mr. Ness then commended him and the Church to God by prayer. Mr. Etheridge, of Ramsgate, gave the charge to the minister, and Mr. Jackson, of Sevenoaks, to the Church. Mr. Wright's prospects here are very encouraging.

On Monday, the 17th of April, the settlement of Mr. Kerr, at Montacute, in Somersetshire, was celebrated. The afternoon service commenced with reading and prayer by Mr. D. Jennings, of Lynn. Mr. J. Price, the retiring pastor of the Church, after a ministry of about forty years, asked the usual questions, and offered the ordination prayer. Mr. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, gave the charge to the pastor. At a meeting in the evening, Mr. Rogers pre-

sided, and addresses were given by Mr. J. B. Burt, Mr. D. Jennings, Mr. W. Densham, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Field, Mr. Ness, and Mr. Kerr. The prospect of a revival of the Church and congregation in this place was cheering to all parties.

On the following Wednesday, the recognition of Mr. Grant as the pastor of the Church at Spaldwick, in Huntingdonshire, was held. An afternoon service was commenced by Mr. King, of Thrapston, who read the Scriptures and prayed. Mr. Manning, of Gamlingay, asked the usual questions, to which full and appropriate replies were given by Mr. Grant. Mr. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, gave the charge to the minister, and Mr. Gange, of Portsmouth, addressed the Church. After a public tea-meeting in a tent, a second meeting was held in the chapel, at which addresses were given by Mr. King, Mr. Ewing, Mr. Stote, Mr. Gange, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Ashton, one of the deacons, and Mr. Grant. The services were well attended, and were of a very interesting and hopeful character.

The first anniversary of the foundation stone of a new Baptist Chapel being laid at Winslow, in Buckinghamshire, was held on the third of last month. Mr. Spurgeon preached to crowded congregations in the morning and evening. A public dinner was provided by the liberality of Mr. John Neal, of Edgeware Road, London; after which a statement of the building fund was read, from which it appeared that the cost of the chapel had been £638 19s. 4½d., of which £275 4s. 2d. remained to be procured. The proceeds of the day amounted to £86 6s. 3d. Towards this sum £50 was raised at the dinner-table by Mr. Spurgeon promising to give £5 if ten others would do the same. This being accomplished; Mr. Spurgeon promised another £5, if four other such donations could be obtained. There is every probability of this too being speedily accomplished; which will reduce the whole debt to about £160. This well deserves the notice of those who are inclined to help those who do their utmost to help themselves.

On the 10th of last month a meeting was held in the lecture-hall of the Metropolitan Tabernacle to inaugurate the Band of Hope in union with the Sunday-school, and many friends connected with the Church and congregation. Mr. Selway presided. Prayer was offered by Mr. Ness, and addresses were given by Mr. Ness, Mr. M'Cree, Mr. Hawkins, and Judge Payne. The hall was filled, and many could not gain admission.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 91.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from April 19th, to May 18th, 1865.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Vickery	1	0	0
Mr. Whittaker	5	5	0
Mrs. Sims	2	0	0
Mr. T. Russell	0	10	0
Mr. W. Brown	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Windmill	1	5	0
A. D. B., Westbourne Grove	0	5	0
Friends at Mundesley, per Mr. Trapp	2	17	0
Per Editor Christian World	4	10	0
A Friend at Frome	2	0	0
Miss Eliza Marsh	0	5	6
Mr. Wm. Beckett	5	0	0
Mrs. Gordon	0	5	0
Mrs. Hasker	0	5	0
Dr. Andrews	5	0	0
A few Friends at Zion Chapel, Whittlesea, per Mr. Ashby	3	15	0
A. M.	0	10	0
Mr. R. A. Bellman	1	1	0
United Kingdom Band of Hope Union	10	10	0
Mr. R. Offord	5	0	0
Part proceeds of Lecture at Canterbury	17	10	0
Mrs. Vaughan	1	1	0
Mr. T. D. Marshall	2	2	0
Mr. Wm. Scott, Dundee, per Mr. Ness	5	0	0
A Shropshire Friend	1	0	0
J. L.	1	0	0
A Friend, Bristol	0	2	6
Mr. Dransfield	3	3	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Stacey	0	5	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Tiffin	0	2	6
Mr. A. Angus Croll	10	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Apl. 24	16	14	2
,, ,, ,, May 1	25	5	10
,, ,, ,, ,, 8	29	13	11
,, ,, ,, ,, 15	16	14	2
	£181	7	7

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

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1865.

Fragrant Spices from the Mountains of Myrrh.

THE SECOND BUNDLE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee."—Solomon's Song iv. 7.

WE return to the delightful topic with which we opened last month's number of our Magazine.

Our Lord's admiration is sweetened by love. He addresses the spouse as "My love." The virgins called her "the fairest among women;" they saw and admired, but it was reserved for her Lord to love her. Who can fully tell the excellence of his love? O how his heart goeth forth after his redeemed! As for the love of David and Jonathan, it is far exceeded in Christ. No tender husband was ever so fond as he. No figures can completely set his heart's affection forth, for it surpasses all the love that man or woman hath heard or thought of. Our blessed Lord, himself, when he would declare the greatness of it, was compelled to compare one inconceivable thing with another, in order to express his own thoughts. "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." (John xv. 9.) All the eternity, fervency, immutability, and infinity which are to be found in the love of Jehovah the Father, towards Jehovah-Jesus the Son, are copied to the letter in the love of the Lord Jesus towards his chosen ones. Before the foundation of the world he loved his people, in all their wanderings he loved them, and "unto the end he will abide in his love." (John xiii. 1.) He has given them the best proof of his affection, in that he gave himself to die for their sins, and hath revealed to them complete pardon as the result of his death. The willing manner of his death is further confirmation of his boundless love. How did Christ delight in the work of our redemption! "Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God." (Psalm xl. 7, 8.) When he came into the world to sacrifice his life for us, it was a freewill offering. "I have a baptism to be baptized with." (Luke xii. 50.) Christ was to be, as it were, baptized in his own blood, and how did he thirst for that time! "How

am I straitened till it be accomplished." There was no hesitation, no desire to be quit of his engagement. He went to his crucifixion without once halting by the way to deliberate whether he should complete his sacrifice. The stupendous mass of our fearful debt he paid at once, asking neither delay nor diminution. From the moment when he said, "Not my will, but thine, be done," (Luke xxii. 42,) his course was swift and unswerving; as if he had been hastening to a crown rather than to a cross. The fulness of time was his only remembrancer; he was not driven by bailiffs to discharge the obligations of his Church, but joyously even when full of sorrow, he met the law, answered its demands, and cried, "It is finished."

How hard it is to talk of love so as to convey our meaning with it! How often have our eyes been full of tears when we have realized the thought that Jesus loves us! How has our spirit been melted within us at the assurance that he thinks of us and bears us on his heart! But we cannot kindle the like emotion in others, nor can we give, by word of mouth, so much as a faint idea of the bliss which coucheth in that exclamation, "O how he loves!" Come, reader, canst thou say of thyself, "He loved me?" (Gal. ii. 20.) Then look down into this sea of love, and endeavour to guess its depth. Doth it not stagger thy faith, that he should love *thee?* Or, if thou hast strong confidence, say, does it not enfold thy spirit in a flame of admiring and adoring gratitude? O ye angels! such love as this ye never knew. Jesus doth not bear your names upon his hands, or call you his bride. No! this highest fellowship he reserves for worms whose only return is tearful, hearty thanksgiving and love.

Let us note that Christ delights to think upon his Church, and to look upon her beauty. As the bird returneth often to its nest, and as the wayfarer hastens to his home, so doth the mind continually pursue the object of its choice. We cannot look too often upon that face which we love; we desire always to have our precious things in our sight. It is even so with our Lord Jesus. From all eternity "his delights were with the sons of men;" his thoughts rolled onward to the time when his elect should be born into the world; he viewed them in the mirror of his fore-knowledge. "In thy book he says all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them." (Ps. cxxxix. 16.) When the world was set upon its pillars, he was there, and he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel. Many a time before his incarnation, he descended to this lower earth in the similitude of a man; on the plains of Mamre, (Gen. xviii,) by the brook of Jabbok, (Gen. xxxii. 24—30,) beneath the walls of Jericho, (Josh. v. 13,) and in the fiery furnace of Babylon, (Dan. iii. 19—25,) the Son of man did visit his people. Because his soul delighted in them, he could not rest away from them, for his heart longed after them. Never were they absent from his heart, for he had written their names upon his hands, and graven them upon his side. As the breast-plate containing the names of the tribes of Israel was the most brilliant ornament worn by the high priest, so the names of Christ's elect were his most precious jewels, which he ever hung nearest his heart. We may often forget to meditate upon the perfections of our Lord, but He never ceases to remember us. He cares not one half so

much for any of his most glorious works, as he does for his children. Although his eye seeth everything that hath beauty and excellency in it, he never fixes his gaze anywhere with that admiration and delight, which he spends upon his purchased ones. He charges his angels concerning them, and calls upon those holy beings to rejoice with him over his lost sheep. (Luke xv. 4—7.) He talked of them to himself, and even on the tree of doom he did not cease to soliloquize concerning them.

"That day acute of ignominious woe,
Was, notwithstanding, in a perfect sense,
'The day of his heart's gladness,' for the joy
That his redeem'd should be brought home at last,
(Made ready as in robes of bridal white,)
Was set before him vividly,—he look'd;—
And for that happiness anticipate,
Endurance of all torture, all disgrace,
Seem'd light infliction to his heart of love." *(Meditations.)*

Like a fond mother, Christ Jesus, our thrice-blessed Lord, sees every dawning of excellence, and every bud of goodness in us, making much of our littles, and rejoicing over the beginnings of our graces. As he is to be our endless song, so we are his perpetual prayer. When he is absent he thinks of us, and in the black darkness he has a window through which he looks upon us. When the sun sets in one part of the earth, he rises in another place beyond our visible horizon; and even so Jesus, our Sun of Righteousness, is only pouring light upon his people in a different way, when to our apprehension he seems to have set in darkness. His eye is ever upon the congregation of the righteous. "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." (Isa. xxvii. 3.) He will not trust to his angels to do it, for it is his delight to do all with his own hands. Zion is in the centre of his heart, and he cannot forget, for every day his thoughts are set upon her. When the bride by her neglect of him hath hidden herself from his sight, he cannot be quiet until again he looks upon her. He calls her forth with the most wooing words, "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." (Sol. Song ii. 14.) She thinks herself unmeet to have company with such a prince, but he entices her from her lurking place, and inasmuch as she comes forth trembling, and bashfully hides her face with her veil, he bids her uncover her face and let her husband gaze upon her. She is ashamed to do so, for she is black in her own esteem, and therefore he urges that she is comely to him. Nor is he content with looking, he must feed his ears as well as his eyes, and therefore he commends her speech and intreats her to let him hear her voice. See how truly our Lord rejoiceth in us. Is not this unparalleled love! We have heard of princes who have been smitten by the beauty of a peasant's daughter, but what of that? Here is the Son of God doting upon a worm, looking with eyes of admiration upon a poor child of Adam, and listening with joy to the lispings of poor flesh and blood. Ought we not to be exceedingly charmed by such matchless condescension? And should not our hearts as much delight in him,

as he doth in us? O surprising truth! Christ Jesus rejoices over his poor, tempted, tried, and erring people.

It is not to be forgotten that sometimes the Lord Jesus tells his people his love thoughts. "He does not think it enough behind her back to tell it, but in her very presence, he says, 'Thou art all fair my love.' It is true, this is not his ordinary method; he is a wise lover, that knows when to keep back the intimation of love and when to let it out; but there are times when he will make no secret of it; times when he will put it beyond all dispute in the souls of his people."* The Holy Spirit is often pleased in a most gracious manner, to witness with our spirits of the love of Jesus. He takes of the things of Christ and reveals them unto us. No voice is heard from the clouds and no vision is seen in the night, but we have a testimony more sure than either of these. If an angel should fly from heaven and inform the saint personally of the Saviour's love to him, the evidence would not be one whit more satisfactory than that which is born in the heart by the Holy Ghost. Ask those of the Lord's people who have lived the nearest to the gates of heaven, and they will tell you that they have had seasons when the love of Christ towards them has been a fact so clear and sure, that they could no more doubt it than they could question their own existence. Yes, beloved believer, you and I have had times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and then our faith has mounted to the topmost heights of assurance. We have had confidence to lean our heads upon the bosom of our Lord, and we have had no more question about our Master's affection than John had when in that blessed posture, nay, nor so much; for the dark question, "Lord is it I that shall betray thee," has been put far from us. He has kissed us with the kisses of his love, and killed our doubts by the closeness of his embrace. His love has been sweeter than wine to our souls. We felt that we could sing, "His left hand is under my head and his right hand doth embrace me." (Sol. Song viii. 3.) Then all earthly troubles were light as the chaff of the threshing-floor, and the pleasures of the world as tasteless as the white of an egg. We would have welcomed death as the messenger who would introduce us to our Lord to whom we were in haste to be gone; for his love had stirred us to desire more of him, even his immediate and glorious presence. I have sometimes, when the Lord has assured me of his love, felt as if I could not contain more joy and delight. My eyes ran down with tears of gratitude. I fell upon my knees to bless him, but rose again in haste, feeling as if I had nothing more to ask for, but must stand up and praise him; then have I lifted my hands to heaven longing to fill my arms with him; panting to talk with him, as a man talketh with his friend, and to see him in his own person, that I might tell him how happy he had made his unworthy servant, and might fall on my face and kiss his feet in unutterable thankfulness and love. Such a banquet have I had upon one word of my beloved—"*thou art mine*," that I wished like Peter to build tabernacles in that mount and dwell for ever. But alas, we who are young saints, have not yet learned how to preserve such assurance. We stir up our beloved and awake him, and then he leaves our unquiet chamber,

* R. Erskine's Sermons.

and we grope after him in the night and make many a weary journey after him. If we were wiser and more careful, we might preserve the fragrance of Christ's words far longer; for they are not like the ordinary manna which soon rotted, but are comparable to that omer of it which was put in the golden pot and preserved for many generations. The sweet Lord Jesus has been known to write his love-thoughts on the hearts of his people in so clear and deep a manner, that they have for months and even years enjoyed an abiding sense of his affection. A few doubts have flitted across their minds like thin clouds before a summer's sun, but the warmth of their assurance has remained the same for many a gladsome day. Their path has been a smooth one, they have fed in the green pastures beside the still waters, for his rod and staff have comforted them, and his right hand hath led them. I am inclined to think, that there is more of this in the Church than some men would allow. We have a goodly number who dwell upon the hills, and behold the light of the sun. There are giants in these days, though the times are not such as to allow them room to display their gigantic strength; in many a humble cot, in many a crowded workshop, in many a village manse there are to be found men of the house of David, men after God's own heart, anointed with the holy oil. It is, however, a mournful truth, that whole ranks in the army of our Lord are composed of dwarfish Littlefaiths. The men of fearful mind, and desponding heart are everywhere to be seen. Why is this? Is it the Master's fault, or ours? Surely *he* cannot be blamed. Is it not then a matter of enquiry in our own souls. Can I not grow stronger? Must I be a mourner all my days? How can I get rid of my doubts? The answer must be: yes, you can be comforted, but only the mouth of the Lord can do it, for anything less than this will be unsatisfactory. I doubt not, that there are means, by the use of which, those who are now weak and trembling, may attain unto boldness in faith and confidence in hope; but I see not how this can be done unless the Lord Jesus Christ manifest his love to them, and tell them of their union to him. This he will do, if we seek it of him. The importunate pleader shall not lack his reward. Haste thee to him, O timid one, and tell him that nothimg will content thee, but a smile from his own face, and a word from his own lip. Speak to him, and say, "O, my Lord Jesus, I cannot rest unless I know that thou lovest me. I desire to have proof of thy love under thine own hand and seal. I cannot live upon guesses and surmises; nothing but certainty will satisfy my trembling heart. Lord, look upon me, if, indeed, thou lovest me, and though I be less than the least of all saints, say unto my soul, 'I am thy salvation.'" When this prayer is heard, the castle of despair must totter, there is not one stone of it which can remain upon another, if Christ whispers forth his love. Even Despondency and Much-afraid will dance, and Ready-to-Halt leap upon his crutches.

O, for more of these Bethel visits, more frequent visitations from the God of Israel! O, how sweet to hear him say to us, as he did to Abraham, "Fear not Abram, I am thy shield, thine exceeding great reward." (Gen. xv. 1.) To be addressed as Daniel was of old, "O, man, greatly beloved," (Dan. x. 19.) is worth a thousand ages of this world's joy. What more can a creature want this side of heaven to

make him peaceful and happy than a plain avowal of love from his Lord's own lips. Let me ever hear thee speak in mercy to my soul, and O, my Lord, I ask no more while here I dwell in the land of my pilgrimage.

Brethren, let us labour to obtain a confident assurance of the Lord's delight in us, for this, as it enables him to commune with us, will be one of the readiest ways to produce a like feeling in our hearts towards him. Christ is well-pleased with us; let us approach him with holy familiarity; let us unbosom our thoughts to him, for his delight in us will secure us an audience. The child may stay away from the father, when he is conscious that he has aroused his father's displeasure, but why should we keep at a distance, when Christ Jesus is smiling upon us. No! since his smiles attract us, let us enter into his courts, and touch his golden sceptre. O, Holy Spirit, help us to live in happy fellowship with him whose soul is knit unto us.

"O Jesus! let eternal blessings dwell
On thy transporting name. * * *
Let me be wholly thine from this blest hour.
Let thy lov'd image be for ever present;
Of thee be all my thoughts, and let my tongue
Be sanctified with the celestial theme.
Dwell on my lips, thou dearest, sweetest name!
Dwell on my lips, 'till the last parting breath!
Then let me die, and bear the charming sound
In triumph to the skies. In other strains,
In language all divine, I'll praise thee then;
While all the Godhead opens in the view
Of a Redeemer's love. Here let me gaze,
For ever gaze; the bright variety
Will endless joy and admiration yield.
Let me be wholly thine from this blest hour.
Fly from my soul all images of sense,
Leave me in silence to possess my Lord:
My life, my pleasures, flow from him alone,
My strength, my great salvation, and my hope.
Thy name is all my trust; O name divine!
Be thou engraven on my inmost soul,
And let me own thee with my latest breath,
Confess thee in the face of ev'ry horror,
That threat'ning death or envious hell can raise;
Till all their strength subdu'd, my parting soul
Shall give a challenge to infernal rage,
And sing salvation to the Lamb for ever."

On Plymouthy Brethrenism.

BY G. ROGERS.

UNDER this title we remember a society to have risen many years ago which, on account of its pretentions to superior piety, and the countenance it received from a few distinguished individuals, excited much attention, both in the Church and the world. By its advocates it was hailed as the commencement of a new era in Christianity, as the dawn of a second Reformation, and as the immediate pre-

cursor of millennial glory ; while Christians in general looked on with mingled doubt and approbation, and wisely determined to suspend their judgment until the new movement had been tested by experience. It soon became evident that it was far more imposing in theory than in practice ; and that it failed most in the very points in which it professed to be most pure. It assumed to be no sect, but to be pure Bible-Christianity, which was either the most childish fiction, or the most uncharitable presumption. It must have embraced either all Christians in the world, or a part. If it refused to be considered a sect, or section, or part, it arrogantly assumed to be the whole. It professes to have the true apostolic creed, and yet no sect, perhaps, for its size and period of duration, is more divided in its doctrinal views. It pretends to have made the Bible its own and only interpreter, and yet it appeals to the sentiments of its leaders with all the confidence that others have displayed in similar circumstances. In theory, it has no minister ; in practice, it has many. In theory, it is a most united body ; in reality, it is most divided. On these accounts, considering its high pretentions, and how completely they have failed, it may be affirmed, without any violation of charity, to have been weighed in the balance, and found wanting. After many years, it is scarcely more extensive than soon after its origin, and certainly is in less general repute.

In the spiritual, as well as in the natural world, causes have their own effects, or, in other words, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." A great mixture of truth and error has been sown in the field we are now surveying, and a plentiful crop of both has appeared ; but the tares, to our thinking, are in unusual proportion to the wheat. New sects have generally branched off at some neglected point of doctrine or discipline in the Christian Church. Where the deficiency has been most felt, efforts have been made to supply it. Those efforts have been made with sincere motives, but have not, perhaps, on account of the unofficial source from whence they came, received the attention they deserve ; or they may not have had a full response in the minds and hearts of fellow Christians. In either case distinction is conferred upon the author of the change. If he be a man whose strength is not equal to his day, and whose humility does not increase with his reputation, he will be seen unduly to magnify both himself and his suggested improvement to the discomfort of his brethren, and commonly to a final separation from them. Accompanied by a few others he forms a community upon new principles, necessarily based upon the peculiarity of his own religious views. In this way, that which was good at first is carried to excess, and becomes a positive evil ; less evil in itself than in the irregularities and errors with which in the hands of the ignorant and self-conceited it is accompanied.

In circumstances like these, Plymouth Brethrenism had its origin. It was a revival of the ancient sect of the Bereans, who "searched the Scriptures daily to see whether these things were so." In every age of the Church, men have been too ready to take the truths of Scripture from the lips of the preacher second-hand, instead of deriving them from the Scriptures themselves. They have been content with the stream, when they might have repaired to the fountain. They

have been guided and pleased with the reflection, when they might have gazed upon the source of the light. In some cases, this is unavoidable; but, as a test of truth, the living preacher is never to be preferred to the written Word. To the twelve, Jesus could say, "He that heareth you, heareth me," because they were inspired to make known what he had taught them to others, and the New Testament at first was in preaching only. As that authority was gradually withdrawn, the more sure word of prophecy was gradually introduced, until the Church was left wholly to the authority of the inspired record. The assumption of authority in pastors and teachers equal to the written Word has been the source of incalculable evils, both in the Church and the world. The only security for the preservation of the Gospel, as taught by Christ and his apostles, in after ages, was in the New-Testament Scriptures. Its teachers had to invent nothing; they were neither to add unto the things written in this book, nor to take from them; they were to interpret, explain, and enforce, the volume of Inspiration, as men of science have to do with the volume of Nature. The same rule holds good now, as in the time of Isaiah, and will to the end of the world: "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them." Such a standard of appeal was absolutely needful, and it was indispensable that it should be within the reach of all, or how could hearers know for certainty what they ought to believe, when their teachers often differed from each other, and sometimes from themselves? Ministers are not, therefore, substitutes for the Bible, but its interpreters. They can claim no authority for their teaching, except so far as it is the teaching of the written Word. They do not supersede, but render more needful, the study of the Scriptures by their hearers for themselves.

On this point the new sect took their stand. Hearers were too ready to put their teachers in the place of the Scriptures they taught. The Bible itself was greatly neglected by them. "Let us look into the Scriptures for ourselves," said one, "let us study it closely! Let us examine it as our teachers have done!" "Well said," replied another. A social party is then formed for the purpose. It is found to be profitable and reviving. It increases. New parties are formed for the study of the Word of God only. This was an admirable appendage to the hearing of the Word, and other parts of public ordinances; and such as we would highly recommend to all Christian people. The Scriptures cannot be too much studied by our hearers; and we would urge them to its study in the original languages as far as ever they may be inclined to go. Would God that all the Lord's people were learned in the Scriptures! This goodly practice, however, soon became abused. From an auxiliary, it was made the principal thing: a part was magnified to a whole. Separation from other means of grace followed; an internal government of its own was instituted; and within its own little sphere, all true Christian doctrine and discipline were contained. Under this delusive exterior, it must be admitted, there were instances of piety not unworthy of primitive simplicity, in superiority to the pleasures of the world, in love to the brethren, and in the continual cultivation of a spirit of devotion by the Word of God and by prayer. The goodness, however, was counterbalanced by enormous evils. The

system carried within itself the elements of its own dissolution. These elements were the disavowal of all divinely-constituted offices in the Church of Christ, except such as existed amongst themselves; the refusal to unite in acts of religious worship with those who were not of their own party; the confusion both of sentiment and of discipline inseparable from an equality of teachers; and the incapacity of the most forward to teach those who were more inclined to hear. As might naturally be expected, every one sought for new interpretations and new doctrines. The old paths were rejected because they were old. They who could not walk side by side with others, must make for themselves new paths. Hence the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel with them, as a rule, are of secondary import, except as far as they can find them concealed under types and historic events where none had found them before; and hence every shade of opinion in relation to the millennium, the second advent, and to prophecy, finds zealous supporters amongst them. Their great fault as Biblical interpreters, in that in which they most pride themselves, has even been, and still is, to the best of our belief, the confidence reposed in their own impression of the meaning of any part of Scripture as the true one, because it has been forcibly revealed to their minds, as they suppose, by the Spirit of God, and has been to them the source of much profit and consolation. "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets," is a rule not acted upon by them. The spirit of prophecy in one is never contrary to the spirit of prophecy in another; and yet it not unfrequently happens that one has had a revelation of a very opposite meaning of the same passage from that which has been revealed to another. Interpreters of impulse, or of supposed special teaching, are sure to differ greatly from each other. "How is it then, brethren? When ye come together, every one hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation. Let all things be done unto edifying." God is not the author of confusion either in doctrine or discipline. From social parties with the Bible in their hands, competent to its critical interpretation, with a single eye to the discovery of "What is truth?" and bowing implicitly to the teaching of the Word, nothing but good can arise; but from social parties for the study of the Scriptures under other circumstances, as in the case before us, we look for "evil, and only evil, and that continually."

Another instance in which Plymouth Brethrenism is unlike the brethrenism of old, and unlike the Church of Christ when true to its mission in any age, is, that it is essentially proselyting; gathering its converts from the Church, and not from the world. Some few, through social influences, may have been led to make it their first profession of true religion, but that is the exception, not the rule. It is parasitical, both in its origin and growth. It tracks the footsteps of the faithful servants of Christ, as certain Jewish teachers hung upon the rear of the Great Apostle in his prosperous mission to the Gentiles; not to console the new converts, but to trouble them; not to confirm, but unsettle; not to consolidate, but to disunite. That such has been the effect of the agents of this schism, in many towns and villages of our land, is well known. They have been robbers of Churches, not less stealthy in their movements, and in confidently claiming their plunder as

their own, than others of a similar profession. This is the natural effect of a theory which has no sympathy with any other Christianity than its own. We do not malign it, therefore, we simply state its true character, and its irresistible consequences. Is this now the Church that was to go out into the highways and hedges, and compel men to come in? Is this the stone cut out of the mountain, that is to grow till it fills the earth? For half a century it has been proclaiming itself to be the only true Church; during that period there has been nothing but divisions and every variation of opinion; and what is it now? This inquiry brings us to the occasion of these observations. A treatise has been forwarded to us, entitled, "The Heresies of the Plymouth Brethren, by Dr. Carson," in which the prevalent opinions of this sect at the present time, are carefully stated and explained. Dr. Carson is a medical practioner at Coleraine, in Ireland, and well known as a zealous champion of the ancient orthodoxy. He is a clear and powerful controversialist, with less urbanity, perhaps, than might possibly consist with the boldest vindication of truth, and with too much of the spirit of exultation over a fallen foe. He that gives the last fatal blow, should not be the first to raise the shout of victory. We have deemed, however, the exposure of the heresies of the Plymouth Brethren in this pamphlet, worthy of a more extended notice than could be given by us in a review. In this we have sacrificed personal inclination to a sense of public duty. We believe the sentiments of this body are not generally known, as from the consciousness of perpetual change, they are never avowed by themselves as an established creed. It is more needful, therefore, that they should be published by others. We can speak of them only as contained in the writings of their professed advocates at the present time.

Upon the person of Christ, Dr. Carson has established the fact of an essential deviation from admitted truth. The humanity of Christ is not a humanity derived from man, or forming any part of that which is common to men, but in its whole material is heavenly and divine; not relatively merely, but substantially divine. This is a fair specimen of the mysticism in which their whole theology is shrouded, and the manner in which the very foundation-truths of Christianity are undermined by them. Upon the doctrine of the Atonement, the same mysticism prevails. Its virtue, we are told, consisted in the perfection of Christ's surrender of himself to God, rather than in the substitution of him for the guilty. This, if not a rejection, is a main step towards the rejection, of the propitiatory aspect of the death of Christ altogether. Upon the great subject of justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ, they are still more decidedly and extensively heretical. This is the surest test of evangelical purity. Every man must be justified to be glorified. Without a perfect righteousness there can be no justification; it would be a contradiction in terms. That righteousness must be our own or another's. No one pretends to have a perfect righteousness of his own. If then he has not another's, he cannot be justified. If he has another's, it can be by imputation only. The righteousness of Christ which was perfect, infinite in value because the obedience of the lawgiver to his own law, and not needed by himself, is that righteousness which can be imputed to others. These are simple and plain gospel-truths. Like all other vital truths, they are seriously

tampered with by the Plymouth Brethren. Imputation of righteousness is not denied by them. The righteousness imputed is the point on which they err. This is not the righteousness of Christ but of God. It is God's own righteousness, and not that acquired by the voluntary obedience of his Son, by which man is justified. This is subversive, not of the gospel merely, but of common sense. The righteousness of the Creator is not of the same kind as that of the creature; the one is a righteousness to command, the other a righteousness to obey. How then could the one be substituted in the place of the other? If the righteousness of the Lawgiver could be imputed, why not the righteousness of the Law itself, for they are substantially the same? Admit the righteousness of Christ to be of God, because appointed by him and procured by him who was both God and man, and all is intelligible and satisfactory.

We could not have believed the brethren to have so grievously erred upon this fundamental truth, had we not learned it from their own accredited writers. It is not without reason, therefore, that we raise a warning voice against them, and this is obviously required by the faithful use of "The Sword and the Trowel."

Upon the "Pastoral Office," our contemporaries differ widely from others. The one-man system, as it is sometimes styled by them, is highly offensive. It were easy to show how imperceptibly they have often fallen into the measure they condemn; and how the love of authority among them has been "the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." It is surprising, however, that such sentiments should be seriously maintained by those who profess to make the Scriptures their only guide. It is most obvious to all but themselves that their views of Church government have been suggested by the peculiarity of their position, and Scripture has been bribed and coerced to accord with them. In no part of his pamphlet has Dr. Carson been more happy than in reasoning with them, upon this point, out of the Scriptures.

Upon the work of the Spirit and upon the Law, as a rule of life, similar peculiarities are detected and exposed; for which and, indeed, for the whole statements of this article we must refer our readers to the treatise itself. Enough has been said, we trust, to call attention to the subject. We write not uncharitably, but in the spirit of that charity that rejoiceth in the truth. Let the Plymouth brethren come fairly out, like other sects, and not hide themselves in secret places. Let them tell us what their creed is, and if it varies with the times and the seasons, let the variations be noted and published as in every other fluctuating scale. We have some respect for all who have decided principles, and are consistent with them. We love sincerity in religion, wherever it is found. We are glad to reason with all who are prepared to meet us on equal terms. We conclude, they must have but a little religion who wish to keep it all to themselves. We would advise such to associate freely with other Christians, in the full persuasion that they will receive far more benefit than they can confer; and that when for the time they ought to be teachers, they have need that one teach hem again which be the first principles of the oracles of God.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM VII.

TITLE.—"Shiggaion of David, which he sang unto the Lord, concerning the words of Cush the Benjamite."—"*Shiggaion of David.*" *As far as we can gather from the observations of learned men, and from a comparison of this Psalm with the only other Shiggaion in the Word of God, (Hab. iii.,) this title seems to mean "variable songs," with which also the idea of solace and pleasure is associated. Truly our life-psalm is composed of variable verses; one stanza rolls along with the sublime metre of triumph, but another limps with the broken rythm of complaint. There is much bass in the saint's music here below. Our experience is as variable as the weather in England.*

From the title we learn the occasion of the composition of this song. It appears probable that Cush the Benjamite had accused David to Saul of treasonable conspiracy against his royal authority. This the king would be ready enough to credit, both from his jealousy of David, and from the relation which most probably existed between himself, the son of Kish, and this Cush, or Kish, the Benjamite. He who is near the throne can do more injury to a subject than an ordinary slanderer.

This may be called the SONG OF THE SLANDERED SAINT. *Even this sorest of evils may furnish occasion for a Psalm. What a blessing would it be if we could turn even the most disastrous event into a theme for song, and so turn the tables upon our great enemy. Let us learn a lesson from Luther, who once said, "David made Psalms; we also will make Psalms, and sing them as well as we can to the honour of our Lord, and to spite and mock the devil."*

DIVISION.—*In the first and second verses the danger is stated, and prayer offered. Then the Psalmist most solemnly avows his innocence.* (3, 4, 5.) *The Lord is pleaded with to arise to judgment* (6, 7). *The Lord, sitting upon his throne, hears the renewed appeal of the Slandered Supplicant* (8, 9). *The Lord clears his servant, and threatens the wicked* (10, 11, 12, 13). *The slanderer is seen in vision bringing a curse upon his own head,* (14, 15, 16,) *while David retires from trial singing a hymn of praise to his righteous God. We have here a noble sermon upon that text: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that riseth against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn."*

EXPOSITION.

O LORD my God, in thee do I put my trust: save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me:

2 Lest he tear my soul like a lion, rending *it* in pieces, while *there is* none to deliver.

David appears before God to plead with him against the Accuser, who had charged him with treason and treachery. The case is here opened with an avowal of confidence in God. Whatever may be the emergency of our condition we shall never find it amiss to retain our reliance upon our God. "*O Lord my God,*" mine by a special covenant, sealed by Jesus' blood, and ratified in my own soul by a sense of union to thee; "*in thee,*" and in thee only, "*do I put my trust,*" even now in my sore distress. I shake, but my rock moves not. It is never right to distrust God, and never vain to trust him. And now, with both divine relationship and holy trust to strengthen him, David utters the burden of his desire—"*save me from all them that persecute me.*" His pursuers were very many, and any one of them cruel enough to devour him; he cries, therefore, for salvation from them *all.* We should never think our prayers complete until we *ask* for preservation from *all* sin, and all enemies. "*And deliver me,*" extricate me from their snares, acquit me of their accusations, give a true and just deliverance in this trial of my injured character. See how clearly his case is stated; let us see to it, that we know what we would have when we are come to the throne of mercy. Pause a little while before you pray, that you may not offer

the sacrifice of fools. Get a distinct idea of your need, and then you can pray with the more fluency of fervency.

"*Lest he tear my soul.*" Here is the plea of fear co-working with the plea of faith. There was one among David's foes mightier than the rest, who had both dignity, strength, and ferocity, and was, therefore, "*like a lion.*" From this foe he urgently seeks deliverance. Perhaps this was Saul, his royal enemy; but in our own case there is one who goes about like a lion, seeking whom he may devour, concerning whom we should ever cry, "Deliver us from the Evil One." Notice the vigour of the description—"*rending it in pieces, while there is none to deliver.*" It is a picture from the shepherd-life of David. When the fierce lion had pounced upon the defenceless lamb, and had made it his prey, he would rend the victim in pieces, break all the bones, and devour all, because no shepherd was near to protect the lamb or rescue it from the ravenous beast. This is a soul-moving portrait of a saint delivered over to the will of Satan. This will make the bowels of Jehovah yearn. A father cannot be silent when a child is in such peril. No, he will not endure the thought of his darling in the jaws of a lion, he will arise and deliver his persecuted one. Our God is very pitiful, and he will surely rescue his people from so desperate a destruction. It will be well for us here to remember that this is a description of the danger to which the Psalmist was exposed from slanderous tongues. Verily this is not an overdrawn picture, for the wounds of a sword will heal, but the wounds of the tongue cut deeper than the flesh, and are not soon cured. Slander leaves a slur, even if it be wholly disproved. Common fame, although notoriously a common liar, has very many believers. Once let an ill word get into men's mouths, and it is not easy to get it fully out again. The Italians say that good repute is like the cypress, once cut, it never puts forth leaf again; this is not true if our character be cut by a stranger's hand, but even then it will not soon regain its former verdure. Oh, 'tis a meanness most detestable to stab a good man in his reputation, but diabolical hatred observes no nobility in its mode of warfare. We must be ready for this trial, for it will surely come upon us. If God was slandered in Eden, we shall surely be maligned in this land of sinners. Gird up your loins, ye children of the resurrection, for this fiery trial awaits you all.

3 O LORD my God, if I have done this; if there be iniquity in my hands;

4 If I have rewarded evil unto him that was at peace with me; (yea, I have delivered him that without cause is mine enemy:)

5 Let the enemy persecute my soul, and take *it;* yea, let him tread down my life upon the earth, and lay mine honour in the dust. Selah.

The second part of this wandering hymn contains a protestation of innocence, and an invocation of wrath upon his own head, if he were not clear from the evil imputed to him. So far from hiding treasonable intentions in his hands, or ungratefully requiting the peaceful deeds of a friend, he had even suffered his enemy to escape when he had him completely in his power. Twice had he spared Saul's life; once in the cave of Adullam, and again when he found him sleeping in the midst of his slumbering camp; he could, therefore, with a clear conscience, make his appeal to heaven. He needs not fear the curse whose soul is clear of guilt. Yet is the imprecation a most solemn one, and only justifiable through the extremity of the occasion, and the nature of the dispensation under which the Psalmist lived. *We* are commanded by our Lord Jesus to let our yea be yea, and our nay, nay; "for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." If we cannot be believed on our word, we are surely not to be trusted on our oath; for to a true Christian his simple word is as binding as another man's oath. Especially beware, O unconverted men! of trifling with solemn imprecations. Remember the woman at Devizes, who wished she might die if

she had not paid her share in a joint purchase, and who fell dead there and then with the money in her hand.

Selah. David enhances the solemnity of this appeal to the dread tribunal of God by the use of the usual pause.

From these verses we may learn that no innocence can shield a man from the calumnies of the wicked. David had been scrupulously careful to avoid any appearance of rebellion against Saul, whom he constantly styled "the Lord's anointed;" but all this could not protect him from lying tongues. As the shadow follows the substance, so envy pursues goodness. It is only at the tree laden with fruit that men throw stones. If we would live without being slandered we must wait till we get to heaven. Let us be very heedful not to believe the flying rumours which are always harassing gracious men. If there are no believers in lies there will be but a dull market in falsehood, and good men's characters will be safe. Ill-will never spoke well. Sinners have an ill-will to saints, and therefore, be sure they will not speak well of them.

6 Arise, O LORD, in thine anger, lift up thyself because of the rage of mine enemies: and awake for me *to* the judgment *that* thou hast commanded.

7 So shall the congregation of the people compass thee about: for their sakes therefore return thou on high.

We now listen to a fresh prayer, based upon the avowal which he has just made. We cannot pray too often, and when our heart is true, we shall turn to God in prayer as naturally as the needle to its pole.

"*Arise, O Lord, in thine anger.*" His sorrow makes him view the Lord as a judge who had left the judgment-seat and retired into his rest. Faith would move the Lord to avenge the quarrel of his saints. "*Lift up thyself because of the rage of mine enemies*"—a still stronger figure to express his anxiety that the Lord would assume his authority and mount the throne. Stand up, O God, rise thou above them all, and let thy justice tower above their villanies. "*Awake for me to the judgment that thou hast commanded.*" This is a bolder utterance still, for it implies sleep as well as inactivity, and can only be applied to God in a very limited sense. He never slumbers, yet doth he often seem to do so; for the wicked prevail, and the saints are trodden in the dust. God's silence is the patience of longsuffering, and if wearisome to the saints, they should bear it cheerfully in the hope that sinners may thereby be led to repentance.

"*So shall the congregation of the people compass thee about.*" Thy saints shall crowd to thy tribunal with their complaints, or shall surround it with their solemn homage: "*for their sakes therefore return thou on high.*" As when a judge travels at the assizes, all men take their cases to his court that they may be heard, so will the righteous gather to their Lord. Here he fortifies himself in prayer by pleading that if the Lord will mount the throne of judgment, multitudes of the saints would be blessed as well as himself. If I be too base to be remembered, yet "*for their sakes,*" for the love thou bearest to thy chosen people, come forth from thy secret pavilion, and sit in the gate dispensing justice among the people. When my suit includes the desires of all the righteous it shall surely speed, for "shall not God avenge his own elect?"

8 The LORD shall judge the people: judge me, O LORD, according to my righteousness, and according to mine integrity *that* is in me.

9 Oh let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end; but establish the just: for the righteous God trieth the hearts and reins.

If I am not mistaken, David has now seen in the eye of his mind the Lord ascending to his judgment-seat, and beholding him seated there in royal state,

he draws near to him to urge his suit anew. In the last two verses he besought Jehovah to arise, and now that he is arisen, he prepares to mingle with "the congregation of the people" who compass the Lord about. The royal heralds proclaim the opening of the court with the solemn words, "*The Lord shall judge the people.*" Our petitioner rises at once, and cries with earnestness and humility, "*Judge me, O Lord, according to my righteousness, and according to mine integrity that is in me.*" His hand is on an honest heart, and his cry is to a righteous Judge. He sees a smile of complacency upon the face of the King, and in the name of all the assembled congregation he cries aloud, "*Oh let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end; but establish the just.*" Is not this the universal longing of the whole company of the elect? When shall we be delivered from the filthy conversation of these men of Sodom? When shall we escape from the filthiness of Mesech and the blackness of the tents of Kedar?

What a solemn and weighty truth is contained in the last sentence of the ninth verse! How deep is the divine knowledge!—"*he trieth.*" How strict, how accurate, how intimate his search!—"*he trieth the hearts,*" the secret thoughts, "*and reins.*" the inward affections. "All things are naked and opened to the eyes of him with whom we have to do."

10 My defence *is* of God, which saveth the upright in heart.

11 God judgeth the righteous, and God is angry *with the wicked* every day.

12 If he turn not, he will whet his sword; he hath bent his bow, and made it ready.

13 He hath also prepared for him the instruments of death; he ordaineth his arrows against the persecutors.

The judge has heard the cause, has cleared the guiltless, and uttered his voice against the persecutors. Let us draw near, and learn the results of the great assize. Yonder is the slandered one with his harp in hand, hymning the justice of his Lord, and rejoicing aloud in his own deliverance. "*My defence is of God, which saveth the upright in heart.*" Oh, how good to have a true and *upright* heart. Crooked sinners, with all their craftiness, are foiled by the upright in heart. God defends the right. Filth will not long abide on the pure white garments of the saints, but shall be brushed off by divine providence, to the vexation of the men by whose base hands it was thrown upon the godly. When God shall try our cause, our sun has risen, and the sun of the wicked is set for ever. Truth, like oil, is ever above, no power of our enemies can drown it; we shall refute their slanders in the day when the trumpet wakes the dead, and we shall shine in honour when lying lips are put to silence. O believer, fear not all that thy foes can do or say against thee, for the tree which God plants no winds can hurt. "*God judgeth the righteous,*" he hath not given thee up to be condemned by the lips of persecutors. Thine enemies cannot sit on God's throne, nor blot thy name out of his book. Let them alone, then, for God will find time for his revenges.

"*God is angry with the wicked every day.*" He not only detests sin, but is angry with those who continue to indulge in it. We have no insensible and stolid God to deal with; he can be angry, nay, he is angry to-day and every day with you, ye ungodly and impenitent sinners. The best day that ever dawns on a sinner brings a curse with it. Sinners may have many feast days, but no safe days. From the beginning of the year even to its ending, there is not an hour in which God's oven is not hot, and burning in readiness for the wicked, who shall be as stubble.

"*If he turn not, he will whet his sword.*" What blows are those which will be dealt by that long uplifted arm! God's sword has been sharpening upon the revolving stone of our daily wickedness, and if we will not repent, it will speedily cut us in pieces. Turn or burn is the sinner's only alternative. "*He*

hath bent his bow and made it ready." Even now the thirsty arrow longs to wet itself with the blood of the *persecutor*. The bow is bent, the aim is taken, the arrow is fitted to the string, and what, O sinner, if the arrow should be let fly at thee even now! Remember, God's arrows never miss the mark, and are, every one of them "instruments of death." Judgment may tarry, but it will not come too late. The Greek proverb saith, "The mill of God grinds late, but grinds to powder."

14 Behold, he travaileth with iniquity, and hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood.

15 He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch *which* he made.

16 His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate.

In three graphic pictures we see the slanderer's history. A woman in travail furnishes the first metaphor. "*He travaileth with iniquity.*" He is full of it, pained until he can carry it out, he longs to work his will, he is full of pangs until his evil intent is executed. "*He hath conceived mischief.*" This is the original of his base design. The devil has had doings with him, and the virus of evil is in him. And now behold the progeny of this unhallowed conception. The child is worthy of its father, his name of old was "the father of lies," and the birth doth not belie the parent, for *he brought forth falsehood.* Thus, one figure is carried out to perfection; the Psalmist now illustrates his meaning by another, taken from the stratagems of the hunter. "*He made a pit and digged it.*" He was cunning in his plans, and industrious in his labours. He stooped to the dirty work of digging. He did not fear to soil his own hands, he was willing to work in *a ditch* if others might fall therein. What mean things men will do to wreak revenge on the godly. They hunt for good men, as if they were brute beasts; nay, they will not give them the fair chase afforded to the hare or the fox, but must secretly entrap them, because they can neither run them down nor shoot them down. Our enemies will not meet us to the face, for they fear us as much as they pretend to despise us. But let us look on to the end of the scene. The verse says, he "*is fallen into the ditch which he made.*" Ah! there he is, let us laugh at his disappointment. Lo! he is himself the beast, he has hunted his own soul, and the chase has brought him a goodly victim. Aha, aha, so should it ever be. Come hither and make merry with this entrapped hunter, this biter who has bitten himself. Give him no pity, for it will be wasted on such a wretch. He is but rightly and richly rewarded by being paid in his own coin. He cast forth evil from his mouth, and it has fallen into his bosom. He has set his own house on fire with the torch which he lit to burn a neighbour. He sent forth a foul bird, and it has come back to its nest. The rod which he lifted on high, has smitten his own back. He shot an arrow upward, and it has "*returned upon his own head.*" He hurled a stone at another, and it has "*come down upon his own pate.*" Curses are like young chickens, they always come home to roost. Ashes always fly back in the face of him that throws them. "As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him." (Ps. cix. 17.) How often has this been the case in the histories of both ancient and modern times. Men have burned their own fingers when they were hoping to brand their neighbour. And if this does not happen now, it will hereafter. The Lord has caused dogs to lick the blood of Ahab in the midst of the vineyard of Naboth. Sooner or later the evil deeds of persecutors have always leaped back into their arms. So will it be in the last great day, when Satan's fiery darts shall all be quivered in his own heart, and all his followers shall reap the harvest which they themselves have sown.

17 I will praise the LORD according to his righteousness: and will sing praise to the name of the LORD most high.

We conclude with the joyful contrast. In this all these Psalms are agreed; they all exhibit the blessedness of the righteous, and make its colours the more glowing by contrast with the miseries of the wicked. The bright jewel sparkles in a black foil. *Praise* is the occupation of the godly, their eternal work, and their present pleasure. *Singing* is the fitting embodiment for praise, and therefore do the saints make melody before the Lord most high. The slandered one is now a singer: his harp was unstrung for a very little season, and now we leave him sweeping its harmonious chords, and flying on their music to the third heaven of adoring praise.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 3.—It is a sign that there is some good in thee if a wicked world abuse thee. "*Quid mali feci?*" said Socrates, what evil have I done that this bad man commends me. The applause of the wicked usually denotes some evil, and their censure imports some good.—*Watson.*

Verses 3, 4.—A good conscience is a flowing spring of assurance. "For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly to you-ward" (2 Cor. i. 12). "Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God" (1 John iii. 21). A good conscience has sure confidence. He who has it sits in the midst of all combustions and distractions, Noah-like, all sincerity and serenity, uprightness and boldness. What the probationer disciple said to our Saviour, "Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest," that a good conscience says to the believing soul; I will stand by thee; I will strengthen thee; I will uphold thee; I will be a comfort to thee in life, and a friend to thee in death. "Though all should leave thee, yet will I never forsake thee."—*Brooks.*

Verse 4.—"*Yea I have delivered him that without cause is mine enemy.*" Meaning Saul whose life he twice preserved, once in Engedi and again when he slept on the plain.—*Gill.*

Verse 8.—Believers! let not the terror of that day dispirit you when you meditate upon it; let those who have slighted the Judge, and continue enemies to him and the way of holiness, droop and hang down their heads when they think of his coming; but lift ye up your heads with joy, for the last day will be your best day. The Judge is your head and husband, your Redeemer and your Advocate. Ye must appear before the judgment-seat; but ye shall not come into condemnation. His coming will not be against you, but for you. It is otherwise with unbelievers, a *neglected Saviour* will be a *severe Judge.*—*Boston.*

Verse 9.—"*The heart*" may signify the cogitations, and the *reins* the affections.—*Ainsworth.*

Verse 13.—"*He ordaineth his arrows.*" This might more exactly be rendered, "He maketh his arrows burning." This image would seem to be deduced from the use of fiery arrows.—*Kitto.*

Verse 15.—"*He made a pit, and digged it.*" The practice of making pitfalls was anciently not only employed for ensnaring wild beasts, but was also a stratagem used against men, the enemy, in time of war. The idea, therefore, refers to a man who, having made such a pit, whether for man or beast, and covered it over so as completely to disguise the danger, did himself inadvertently tread on his own trap, and fall into the pit he had prepared for another.—*Pictorial Bible.*

Verse 16.—That most witty of commentators, Old Master Trapp, tells the following notable anecdote, in illustration of this verse:—That was a very remarkable instance of Dr. Story, who, escaping out of prison in Queen Elizabeth's days, got to Antwerp, and there thinking himself out of the reach of God's rod, he got commission under the Duke of Alva to search all ships coming thither for English books. But one Parker, an English merchant, trading to Antwerp, laid his snare fair (saith our chronicler), to catch this foul bird, causing secret notice to be given to Story, that in his ship were stores of heretical books, with other intelligence that might stand him in stead. The Canonist, conceiving that all was quite sure, hasted to the ship, where, with looks very big upon the poor mariners, each cabin, chest, and corner above-board were searched, and some things found to draw him further on: so that the hatches must be opened, which seemed to be unwillingly done, and great signs of fear were showed by their faces. This drew on the Doctor to descend into the hold, where now in the trap the mouse might well gnaw, but could not get out, for the hatches were down, and the

sails hoisted up, which, with a merry gale, were blown into England, where ere long he was arraigned, and condemned of High Treason, and accordingly executed at Tyburn, as he had well deserven.

Verse 17.—To bless God for mercies is the way to increase them; to bless him for miseries is the way to remove them: no good lives so long as that which is thankfully improved; no evil dies so soon as that which is patiently endured.—*Dyer.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—The necessity of faith when we address ourselves to God. Show the worthlessness of prayer without trust in the Lord.

Verses 1, 2.—Viewed as a prayer for deliverance from all enemies, especially Satan the lion.

Verse 3.—Self-vindication before men. When possible, judicious or serviceable. With remarks upon the spirit in which it should be attempted.

Verse 4.—*The best revenge.* Evil for good is devil-like, evil for evil is beast-like, good for good is man-like, good for evil is God-like.

Verse 7.—"*The congregation of the people.*" 1. Who they are. 2. Why they congregate together with one another. 3. Where they congregate. 4. Why they choose such a person to be the centre of their congregation.

Verse 8.—The character of the Judge before whom we all must stand.

Verse 9.—*(First clause.)*—(1) By changing their hearts; or (2) by restraining their wills, (3) or depriving them of power, (4) or removing them. Show the times when, the reasons why such a prayer should be offered, and how, in the first sense, we may labour for its accomplishment.

Verse 9.—This verse contains two grand prayers, and a noble proof that the Lord can grant them.

Verse 10.—"*Upright in heart.*" Explain the character.

Verse 10.—The believer's trust in God, and God's care over him. Show the action of faith in procuring defence and protection, and of that defence upon our faith by strengthening it, &c.

Verse 11.—God's present, daily, constant, and vehement anger, against the wicked.

Verse 12.—See "New Park Street Pulpit, No. 106." "Turn or Burn."

Verses 14, 15, 16.—Illustrate by three figures the devices and defeat of persecutors.

Verse 17.—The excellent duty of praise.

Verse 17.—View the verse in connection with the subject of the Psalm, and show how the deliverance of the righteous, and the destruction of the wicked are themes for song.

Christian Chymistry.

LXXV.

Of the works of a famous alchymist of the thirteenth century, it is said that, "whoever would read his book to find out the secret would employ all his labour in vain." All the gold makers who have written upon their favourite mystery are in the like predicament, no one can comprehend what the secret is which they pretend to divulge. May we not shrewdly guess that if they had any secret to tell they would put it in intelligible language, and that their pompous and involved sentences are only a screen for their utter ignorance of the matter. When we hear preachers talking of divine things in a style savouring more of metaphysical subtlety than of gospel plainness; when the seeking sinner cannot find out the way of salvation because of their philosophical jargon, may we not with justice suspect that the preacher does not know the gospel, and conceals his culpable ignorance behind the veil of

rhetorical magniloquence? Surely if the man understood a matter so important to all his hearers as the way of salvation, he would feel constrained to tell it out in words which all might comprehend.

LXXVI.

THE Indian king of Mexico in his coronation, was clothed with a garment painted with skulls and dead men's bones; those rude people intending to admonish him in his new position of his own mortality. And how well were it, if we who possess more knowledge would more frequently remember those chambers of death where the pomp and vanities of this world shall cease, but a long reckoning shall remain to be accounted for.

LXXVII.

PARMENIO objected to Alexander's passing the Granicus so late in the day; but that bold warrior cried, "The Hellespont would blush if, after having crossed it, we should be afraid of the Granicus." Our past deliverances should make us bold in present afflictions. If the Lord has brought us across the Hellespont of sin, we need not fear the Granicus of sorrow.

LXXVIII.

A CERTAIN person, having fallen into the hands of Indian cannibals, became sick and faint, and was dismissed by the savages without further harm, as being judged by them unwholesome food. How often is it that those very things which we lament as troubles, by God's wise and gracious dispensations, become preservations to us.

LXXIX.

THE Commons of England being very importunate with Edward IV. to make war with France, he consented to satisfy their importunity, though willing rather to enjoy the fruits of his wars and toils, and spend the rest of his days in peace. When he took the field, he ordered to accompany him a dozen of fat, capon-eating burgesses who had been most zealous for that expedition. These he employed in all military services, to lie in the open fields, stand whole nights upon the guard, and caused their quarters to be beaten up with frequent alarms, which was so intolerable to those fat gentry accustomed to lie on soft down, and that could hardly sit on a session's bench without nodding, that a treaty being desired by King Louis, none were so forward to press the acceptance of his offers, or to excuse so little done by the king with so great preparations. Lord, how shall I be able to keep up with the horsemen if I cannot hold out with the foot? How shall I be able to stand in the day of battle when in the cause of thy truth there must be a resisting unto blood if I am not active in resisting sin now? Am I likely to abide in the watch-tower whole nights, that like the disciples cannot watch one hour to prevent temptation? Oh, let me be, therefore, much in spiritual exercise now, and in cutting off the

right hands and plucking out of the right eyes of corrupt desires, that I may be ready to sacrifice the conveniences and comforts of life when the emergencies of thy interest shall call me to it.

LXXX.

When Sir Christopher Wren was engaged in demolishing the ruins of old St. Paul's in order to make room for his new cathedral, he used a battering-ram with which thirty men continued to beat upon a part of the wall for a whole day. The workmen, not discerning any immediate effect, thought this a waste of time; but Wren who knew that the internal motion thus communicated must be operating encouraged them to persevere. On the second day, the wall began to tremble at the top and fell in a few hours. If our prayers and repentances do not appear to overcome our corruptions, we must continue still to use these gracious battering-rams, for in due time by faith in Jesus Christ the power of evil shall be overthrown. Lord, enable me to give hearty blows by the power of thy Holy Spirit until the gates of hell in my soul shall be made to totter and fall.

LXXXI.

The Princess Elizabeth carried the crown for her sister in the procession at Mary's coronation, and complained to Noailles of its great weight. "Be patient," was the adroit answer, "it will seem lighter when on your own head." The outward forms of godliness are as burdensome to an unregenerate man as was the crown to the princess; but let him be born again and so made a possessor of the good things of divine grace, and they will sit easily enough upon his head, as his glory and delight.

LXXXII.

It is said that there is a ground in some part of Italy into which what is driven is so fast detained as not to be pulled out. Lord, make my heart of such soil that the impressions of thy Word, which, alas, have so often been like untimely fruit shaken off with every wind, may be fixed past possibility of removal.

LXXXIII.

The waters of the ocean continually flow into the Mediterranean Sea by the Straits of Gibraltar; and the waters of the Euxine always flow into the same sea through the Archipelago; yet is there no appearance that the Mediterranean is more filled though there is no passage whereby it sends forth its waters; nor seemeth the Euxine anything lessened by the constant discharge of its waters. Many there be of large revenues but bare purses who yet are very slack in acts of charity, while others of much nearer incomes who abound in good works are yet well stored with that which to those good ends they daily spend. Vain expenses by a private consumption waste the one, while God's blessing by a secret retribution returns with interest what was laid out upon his account.

LXXXIV.

JAMES the First once said of armour, that "it was an excellent invention, for it not only saved the life of the wearer, but hindered him from doing harm to anybody else." Equally destructive to all usefulness is that excessive prudence upon which some professors pride themselves; not only do they escape all persecution, but they are never able to strike a blow much less fight a battle for the Lord Jesus.

LXXXV.

JULIUS CÆSAR having taken at Pharsalia and Thapsus the cabinets of Pompey and Scipio, his bitter enemies, wherein were many letters from their confederates whereby the men and their designs against himself would have been discovered, with more nobility than our days have yielded, without once reading the enclosed epistles, caused them all to be immediataly burnt. Lord! that book wherein all, even my most secret iniquities are written, will by the accuser of that day be brought before thee; but let thy mercy blot out that handwriting with the blood of thy Son, so that no charge may be framed there either to confound or shame me.

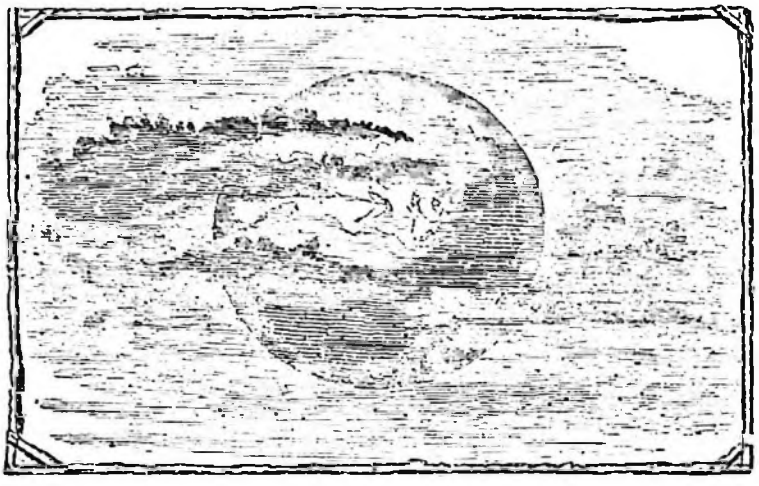
LXXXVI.

KING PYRRHUS being asked whether Pythion or Cephesias was the best fluteplayer, answered, that in his judgment, Polysperchan was the best *captain;* intimating that it was not worth the enquiring who was best skilled in those arts, which were so little important. Lord! let me be totally ignorant of those arts which are wicked and vain. Well may the children of this world be wiser in those things, than the children of light. The seed of Cain are storied to have been the first inventors of arts. They might well excel in that upon which their hearts were wholly intent; but the pious seed had aims above, and might well overlook what others saw whose eyes were fixed below. When God comes to reckon up the wisdom of the world, those only will be accounted wise who are so for heaven.

LXXXVII.

THE story goes that Harry the Eighth wandering one night in the streets of London in disguise was met at the bridge-foot by some of the watch, and not giving a good account of himself was carried off to the Poultry Compter and shut up for the night without fire or candle. On his liberation he made a grant of thirty chaldrons of coals and a quantity of bread for the solace of night prisoners in the Compter. Experience brings sympathy. Those who have felt sharp afflictions, terrible convictions, racking doubts and violent temptations, will be zealous in consoling those in a similar condition. It were well if the great head of the Church would put unsympathizing pastors into the Compter of trouble for a season until they could weep with those that weep.

(*To be continued.*)

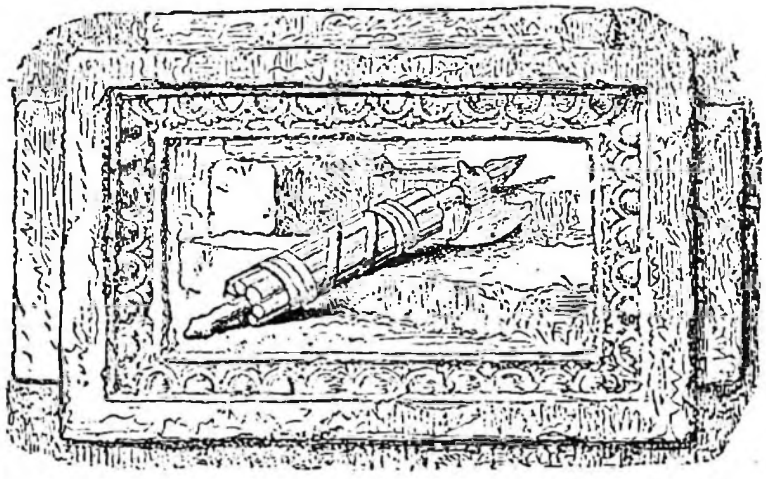


THIS huge round earth is sustained in its orbit without prop or pillar, by the unseen power of the Almighty God. Turning round upon its own axis with marvellous regularity, and moving through space with inconceivable rapidity, it performs all its movements without band or wheel; the hand which causes its revolutions is not to be discerned by mortal eye. Everywhere in the great, and in the little, the same rule holds good, the Mighty Worker is himself unseen, yet manifest and majestic is his presence. We are not to see nor to expect to see the Divine hand with human senses, but faith discerns it, and admires its doings.

It were well if anxious enquirers could be brought to remember this, for they too often look for signs and wonders, and cannot be persuaded of the power of divine grace unless they see or hear some strange thing. Now the facts of salvation are these: God hath accepted Christ Jesus his own dear and only Son, in his living and dying righteousness as the substitute for his chosen people; as their substitute, Christ has finished all that the divine law required, and so saved his people, and the Lord has revealed to us in his Word that those who believe in his Son Jesus Christ are the objects of his choice and heirs of all the boons purchased by the Saviour's blood. The one question is, *Have I faith?* Can I trust Jesus? Can I give up seeing my own works and prayers, and believe that Jesus' blood and righteousness can save me? Do I now rest upon an unseen Redeemer, and whether I feel better, or do not feel better, whether I see an improvement in myself or do not see a single hopeful sign, do I heartily and entirely rely upon the work of God's appointed and accepted Saviour?

The world is safe though it hangs upon nothing but God's word, and equally secure will that soul be which can dare to have done with feeling and doing, and can lay hold on the unseen energy of God's love, working through the cross of Christ. The clouds fall not, though no great chains uphold them; and the firmament does not crack, though its arch is without a pillar. It is a mighty secret, to live upon God alone. Friend, I pray the Lord teach it to thee this day at Calvary's foot, for his own name's sake. Amen.

No. 13.—Sword and Trowel Tracts, by C. H. Spurgeon.—6d. per 100. Post free, 8 stamps.
Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.



THE axe carried before the Roman consuls was always bound up in a bundle of rods. An old author tells us, that "The rods were tied up with knotted cords, and that when an offender was condemned to be punished, the executioner would untie the knots one by one, and meanwhile, the magistrate would look the culprit in the face to observe any signs of repentance, and watch his words to see if he could find a motive for mercy; and thus justice went to its work deliberately and without passion." The axe was enclosed in rods to shew that the extreme penalty was never inflicted till milder means had failed; first the rod, and the axe only as a terrible necessity.

Reader, if you are unconverted, I beg you look at the symbol and learn a lesson. The Lord is gracious and full of compassion towards *you*. He has waited lo these years, untying the knots very slowly, and seeing whether you will, by his longsuffering, be led to repentance. Hithertoo, few and feeble have been any tokens for good in you. Beware! for mercy tarries not for ever, and justice will not long delay. The rods you have already felt. Those burials of dear ones were all rods to you. That fever, that broken arm, that loss in business,—all these put together have been warnings to you, which you cannot despise without committing great sin. Many have been brought to God by afflictions, but you perhaps have been rather hardened than otherwise. See to it sinner, for when the rods have had their turn, the axe must come in for its work. Its edge is sharp, and its blow is terrible. He who wields it will cut through soul and body, and none can escape from his wrath. You have found the rod to be very dreadful, but what will the axe be. Hell is not to be thought of without trembling, but it will soon be your eternal dwelling-place unless you repent. Can you endure its endless torments? Trembler, there is hope! Jesus died. Jesus lives. Trust in him who stood in the sinner's place and you are saved. O, may the Holy Ghost now, while you read this little tract, lead you to Jesus and to safety, for time flies like the weaver's shuttle, and the thread of life is soon snapped. "To day if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts."

No. 14.—Sword and Trowel Tracts, by C. H. SPURGEON.—6d. per 100. Post free, 8 stamps.
Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.

Real Life.

BY J. JACKSON, OF SEVENOAKS.

"And in the garden a new sepulchre."—John xix. 41.

A GARDEN with a grave in it! What a strange mixture! A scene of life, growth, and beauty, surrounding the place of death, corruption, and decay. What! a *garden* hard by Golgotha? Yes. What! a *grave* in the garden? Yes. Such is life. The writer supposes this short paper will be read by persons of every age, moving in different spheres, and having a variety of duties and correspondent responsibilities. Some aspiring youths may read it; some anxious parents; some rich, some poor; to each and to all of whom it is said, "This garden with a new sepulchre in it is an illustration of your life here; what it has been, what it is, and what it will be." In every stage of our earthly existence there are gardens, and in them there are graves.

There are gardens for us all. Use both eyes now for at least two minutes, and you must see much evidence of the truth of this remark. View life as it is, as God has made it, as a *just* God has made it, and we shall not fail to see that in it there are gardens. It has been said that God made the country, and that man made the town. In the former we do see more of the beautiful works of God than in the latter. But what do we see in the country? Nothing but fragrant flowers and luscious fruit? Nay, we do see these; but we also see mixed with them noxious weeds, and poisonous fruit. These do exist, and call for the persevering toil of the husbandman, by which in spite of them he secures a plentiful crop. Thorns and thistles will grow, and cannot be wholly extirpated.

Paradise is gone, but many of its blessings remain. The parent is dead, but many of her sweet children, like weeping orphans, survive. Such is life with us all. Much is lost, but all is not lost. There is enough left from which by dint of careful industry we may extract many sweets. For instance, look at the hardy sons of poverty and toil. In many respects their position is not an enviable one. Their life is one of labour. It would be a monotone of work, were it not for the divinely-appointed day of rest in which the noise of the workshop gives place to the joyful song of the sanctuary.

"O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his bloud;
The couch of time; cares balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way."

Man is his own greatest enemy. How many refuse this day of rest, and desecrate the hours by self-inflicted toil. Others neglect the privileges of the sanctuary by miserable, sin-washed self-indulgence at home; not "sweet home." Others, alas, make this day a curse to themselves and their families by spending for the drunkard's cup a

great part of their little earnings, which are all needed to supply their poor wives and children at home with clothes and bread. Such despoil life of many flowers. The garden of the Lord's-day is by such converted into a wilderness. The flowers of home are thus swinishly trampled upon. But this sad social wilderness is not necessary to the man of the world, even though he have to work hard, and live long. If he be only what is generally called "a moral man;" that is, without God and without hope in the world, he may—and many do by industry, sobriety, and a careful providence—secure what we please to call a garden in this life. Their course of procedure not being at variance with conscience, yields them a rich return of inward satisfactions. These are flowers. If they are parents they watch the moral training of their children; they educate them to love. The affections are trained like the tendrils of a vine, and they soon yield fruit. Such parents, though poor, may be intelligent; and if so, they care also for the *mental* culture of their children. Each development of intellect is a flower to them: in such a family, consecrated to labour, there are many flowers. Truly they are not of the richest hues, nor of the sweetest fragrance, but they are not to be despised. Better, far better, these than none.

Ascend now into a higher region and breathe a purer air. Blessed be God it is not a vain hypothesis to suppose the Christian element in such a family; the divine life communicated to such souls. Many instances we know where the fair form of Christianity has entered and taken up her residence within such a family circle as above described. And if she be one of the family, her presence makes it the garden of the Lord. Health is a greater blessing. Social affection becomes more divine. All earthly springs are sweetened, and heavenly springs are opened. Now, not only is there poverty, but there are riches too. Now, not only is there work, but O, there is rest too. The man of the world has a garden; the man of God has two. Notwithstanding poverty and toil—

> "The men of grace have found
> Glory begun below,
> Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
> From faith and hope do grow."

In the world, not all are poor; many are getting on well in life, and others are rich. By so much the more have such a garden in life. In the Church, not all are poor, not all have to consecrate every hour to toil in order to live honestly with all men. Many have a competence, some have more, and few are rich. As your comforts abound, by so much the more is your garden increased. The rich Christian who is benevolent can speak of the many pleasures he has in giving to God's cause and to God's poor. His riches not only plant flowers in the garden of another, but they also bring some rich ones into his own. All kind thoughts, holy feelings, and good actions, yield a rich return; and *vice versa*.

In each stage of our existence; in youth, in manhood, and in old age, there is a garden. In each condition. A garden in poverty as well as in wealth, and flowers in sickness as well as in health.

But—alas these *buts*, they so often come, they will come; as the case

is, they *must* come. In Joseph's garden we may imagine all was beautiful, but there was a grave! Since this is a part of real life, it is right to look at it, but it is less needful to dwell long upon it in this paper, because we generally fix our attention too much upon this aspect of life. In looking at the flowers in the garden we half shut our eyes, and then we look at the grave through a magnifying glass, and it appears much larger than it is, and we are sad. It is evident, however, without the glass, that a grave is there. The worldly man has pleasures, but his life is not all pleasure. He looks at the past and he sees sunny bowers of earthly delight, but he sees graves too. Graves of his mis-spent hours. Graves where his property is buried. Some of his old companions are gone and he sees their graves. He looks back and remembers his good intentions, his vows, but they are buried. They never came into active life; he sees their graves. Moreover, death will invade his family hearth. He has children born, then he has gladness. He has children die, and then he has sadness. And, at times too, he looks into the future, and in his garden he sees his own grave. This is a part of his experience. Whether he looks at the past, or surveys the present scene, or thoughtfully peers into the future, the writer feels persuaded there is a grave-like feeling sometimes stealing into the soul. All is not gold that glitters. There are spots in earthly feasts.

Nor is the Christian's garden without a grave. Not only has he the trials which are common to men, but he has also those trials which are incident to a Christian life. The godly parent sometimes has to look upon an ungodly family, or upon one or more disobedient children. Almost every Christian has friends unconverted. There are groves in the garden. Christians, too, have feelings of pain as well as of pleasure, arising from themselves. The flesh is not dead, all sinful desires and thoughts are not gone. "O wretched man that I am," is the language of one who has a grave in his garden. This garden with a grave in it, is a declaration of what God is to man. Their united voice is to this effect: "A just God and a Saviour reigns." Looking only at the garden, we might forget that God is just; looking only at the grave, we might forget that he is merciful. In the midst of judgment, he remembers mercy. This garden with a grave in it, is a *warning*. This mixture of good and evil is not to be for ever. It seems necessary to a state of probation. The time of separation is coming when it shall be all garden or all grave. According to this arrangement, the believer has all his ills here, and all his bliss hereafter. The unbeliever has all his good here, and all ill hereafter. Does the reader believe in Jesus? If not, all your garden is in this life. For an immortal spirit, your sweets are few indeed. Look for something better. You have all good offered to you in Jesus. The world without Jesus is a bitter sweet. Believing in him, you have eternal life, and no distressing fears because of the grave in the garden. This was the lot of your Redeemer. He conquered his grave, and the believer conquers through him. There is no sickness, no sighing, no grave in the paradise where Jesus now is. Children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, are fast hastening away from all that is grave-like to their home in heaven, where all is life, and all life is eternal, and full of glory.

Our Denominational Differences,

HOW AND IN WHAT SPIRIT TO PROMULGATE THEM.

BY W. T. HAYWARD, OF REDRUTH.

THESE are the days of little differences; and the problem, how to merge these little differences into agreement, is constantly being offered for solution. Every day, from all sides, comes the question, How can we form a broad Catholic basis upon which all can meet, and feel one? Some say, "Never mind the little errors, so long as the grand central truths of the gospel are believed in and taught; hide with a brother's love your brother's tiny heresies; better wink at them than exhibit them. Let us get rid of all party spirit," say these, "no sectarianism! no diverging lines for us! hurry on to the grand Catholic junction; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus. Come out of the darkness of bigotry to live in the light of Christian charity! Let the *many* be henceforth *one*. Our motto shall be, 'Peace on earth, and good will to all men.'" Now this sounds very pretty and plausible, but that is not enough. Will it be right to follow such counsel? If we are guided by it, shall we introduce the millenium a few years before it ought to come, according to those well versed in the occult sciences? or will it be an instance of the blind leading the blind, and both falling into the ditch? It may seem expedient to compromise in some cases, but in doctrine it can never be justified; for the right should never stoop to the wrong, and no amalgamation can make truth and error agree. That essential differences exist between us and other denominations is too palpable to need proof. Various causes produce these differences. Education, position, disposition, surrounding circumstances, all have much to do in moulding our minds and forming our opinions. But the one great cause of religious differences is that men lean too much on their own understanding. "Ye shall be as gods," whispered the old tempter to Eve. "Ye *are* gods, knowing good and evil," he whispers now. God's revealed word, now-a-days, is not sufficient for a rule of faith, but men brood over their own frivolous fancies until they bring forth wild, seducing errors. Such forget that, that which proceedeth out of a man can only defile, while the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. Brethren, be ye not as those; who, esteeming themselves wise in their own conceits, become fools. Cry for light, and in God's light ye shall see light. We are to know no Lord but God, no revelation but the Bible, no other teacher than Christ. We differ from others; then one party must be in the wrong. Nothing is easier than to condemn an opponent as in the wrong, simply because he differs from us. It is quite another matter, and a trifle more difficult, to *prove* that he is wrong. We have our particular views and convictions; but, before we attempt to convert others to our way of thinking, we must be well established ourselves. There is a possibility of our setting up ourselves as teachers of others, when we have more need of being taught ourselves. He who would teach must first learn. The Bible must be our chief class book. Other books may be useful, but only as aids to our understanding in interpreting that. Whatever is offered to us, as Christian teaching, must be carefully weighed and analyzed; bring it to

the light; if it be according to the law and testimony, keep it, for it is the truth; if it be not, away with it, for it is a lie. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. In order to be able to give to every one that asketh, a reason for the hope that is in us, we must be rooted and grounded in faith. In the last century it was said, that the most likely place to find a Baptist minister in, would be his study. There would be the good old man cracking hard divinity nuts, and splitting fine divinity hairs, and anon preparing a savoury mess of strong meat which used to nourish our fathers, but which would hardly agree with the degenerate digestive organs of many of their sons. The influence of these men was not much felt. Had they come out more into the world, their principles would have been better known and understood. We should bear in mind, that however much necessity there may be for patient, laborious study, our studies are only means to an end. We must get what we can, that we may have the more to give. He who gets but to give, is the richest and most useful man. Never try to frighten opponents away. Declamation may rout, invective may silence them for a season, but will never convert an enemy into a firm friend and ally. Downright, solid, sober argument, which proves that we have given the subject a thoughtful consideration, is the most potent weapon. There is some danger of defending our own views, just because they are our own. Careful study will tend to prevent this. Seeking after truth for the truth's worth, will give us a love for the truth, for the truth's sake. It is worse than waste of time, to work merely to increase a sect or strengthen a party. It is positively criminal to argue or oppose, just to show how much better or wiser we are than other people. In religious controversy, self and sect should be entirely forgotten.

Will it be sufficient to defend our principles when they are attacked? No! most decidedly not. If they are no part of Christian truth, they are not worth holding; if they are, we dare not do less than promulgate them. Some truths of the New Testament may be of more *comparative* importance than others; but if it be God's word, written for our profit and instruction, no part of it can be unimportant, no fact can be left out in our teaching. Every portion of God's truth is a part of a harmonious whole; and what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. Some times and places are more fit than others for the promulgation of our peculiar principles. Some modes are to be preferred to others. Circumstances and our own common sense must very often decide when and how it is best. But of all places, let our distinctive differences be well known and understood in our own Churches. Let our members be thoroughly indoctrinated in Baptist principles. This work must begin at home; in ourselves first, in our brethren next, then in our neighbours, and, through these, everywhere. But we shall meet sometimes with those who differ from us, with Christians who oppose us. We have a duty to perform towards them, as well as towards those who are at one with us. In every case, the Christian minister should be apt to teach. We must be *earnest*. If we only produce the impression that we ourselves thoroughly believe in the truths we teach, our labour will not be entirely lost. It is well to be zealously affected in a good thing. We must be *persistent*. We

shall often fall short of our aim; our expectation will not always be fully satisfied. The right way is always a good and safe way. We shall fail sometimes, but our very failures may be turned into helps if they excite us to more strenuous efforts. "Be not weary in well doing, for in *due season* ye shall reap, if ye faint not." We must be *charitable*. We are fallible as well as others. Let this teach us patience and forbearance. Charity never faileth. If we teach out of love to those who are in error, out of love for the pure truth, if our teachings flow forth from a heart full of the love of Christ, there will be power in our teaching. We must be *prayerful*. The same light which shone into our dark minds, is necessary in order that others may see what God hath shown to us. This light comes from heaven. It is only light when God says, "Let there be light;" constant prayer must be made, so that he who teaches, may teach aright, and he who is taught, may receive the truth. We must be *unflinching*. He may yield or fly who fights for factions; but the champion of truth, the soldier of Christ, never. We must press on in God's name, fighting for God's truth with God's weapon, strengthened by his might, led by his spirit, inspired by his promises—on! on! into the thick of the battle; smiting all manner of errors as our fathers smote the Amalekites, hip and thigh. On, with a heart that never flutters; on, with a determination that never wavers; on, with a footstep that never falters; and whether the battle ground be strewn with the bodies of our enemies or our own, our war cry shall be, "May God defend the right."

ÆNIGMATA SACRA: OR, SACRED RIDDLES.

(*Continued from page* 214.)

ÆNIGMAS.

13.

How came Christ to make war, when he is the Prince of Peace, and his gospel the gospel of peace?

14.

What savour is that, which is both sweet and deadly at once, and how may this be?

How can one word at once both harden and soften?

15.

How may there be a great famine of bread where there is a plenty of bread?

16.

Who is he that is both a father and a nurse at once, and how may this be?

17.

Who is he that soweth better things than he reapeth, and how may this be?

18.

How a mother of many children may at the same time be a virgin?

19.

What kingdom is that where all subjects be kings, and how may this be?

What kingdom is that where a king and a subject be equal, and how may this be?

20.

What creature is that which is both in heaven and earth at once, and how may this be?

21.

Who is he that serves every man, yet is not the servant of any man, and how may this be?

22.

What children be they which never had any mother?

23.

How may one be a man and a child at once?

24.

Who is it that hath three heads and but one heart; also two hearts and but one head, and how may this be?

ANSWERS.

13.

It is true that the Word offereth peace, with God, and calleth unto it; also persuadeth peace with man, and so resembleth its Author, who is a God of peace; also worketh peace as an instrument; if therefore contention, schism and heresy arise upon the publishing of it, this comes accidentally and apart from the nature of the Word, through the fault of our corrupt hearts, which strive for our fancies and lusts, against truth and such as bring it, and will not yield peaceably unto the gospel. (Matt. x.; Eph. 6.)

14.

The Word of the gospel is a sweet savour to quicken unto life the elect sinner in his effectual calling, but it gives a deadly scent to the killing spiritually of them that receive it not. Hardening these in their corruption, mollifying and softening the other as the sun softeneth wax, and hardeneth the clay, (2 Cor. ii. 15,) one cause may have divers, yea, contrary effects in respect of sundry objects.

15.

This may happen in a country where earthly blessings abound; the Word of God may there be precious and rare to be found: there may be plenty of corporal bread, where is scarcity of spiritual bread?

16.

It is the minister of Christ who is, as a father, spiritually to beget children to God through the sound and painful preaching of Christ. (1 Cor. xiv. 15.) Also he is, as a nurse, tenderly to feed those, whom he hath begotten with great wisdom, love, and patience. (1 Thes. ii. 2.)

17.

The minister reapeth carnal things which perish, but soweth spiritual things which endure for ever. (1 Cor. ix. 11.)

18.

The true Church which is the mother of many children, yet in respect of keeping her faith to Christ, undefiled without mixture of errors, she is a virgin: and so is every assembly, abiding in the soundness of faith.

19.

It is the kingdom of Christ upon earth, where every subject is a spiritual king, partaker of Christ's royal dignity, and by his Spirit subduing carnal lusts. Also in this kingdom an earthly king is no more accepted than a private man, with that God, who is no accepter of persons, (Rom. vi. 11,) yet for his office and power among men, far above his subjects. (Rom. xiii. 1.)

20.

It is the true believer, who, as touching his person, is here on earth; yet at the same time as touching his own hope, and in Christ his head, he is in heaven. (Eph. ii. 17.)

21.

The godly Christian through love is ready to do service unto everyone that needs him, (Gal. v. 13,) yet will he not suffer his conscience to become servant and bond to men's traditions. (1 Cor. vii.)

22.

They be the holy elect angels, who are the children of God, though not by adoption; for they were never out of favour, yet by creation. (Job i.)

23.

One person at the same time may be a man in years, and a child in understanding, as Nicodemus. (John iii.)

24.

A religious believing wife having but one natural heart, yet beside her natural head, she hath her husband as domestical or household head; and lastly Christ her mystical and spiritual head.

Also a man that hath but one natural head may have two hearts as hypocrites who are double-minded, or as the godly coming into the word with a heart of stone, and afterward receiving from grace a heart of flesh. (Ezek. ii. 19.)

(*To be continued.*)

The Utilization of Church-power.

BY PASTOR JOHN CLIFFORD, OF PRAED STREET, PADDINGTON.

TO a young pastor filled with love to the Lord Jesus, inspired by faith in his sacrifice, and burning with zeal to "win souls," no question can be much more momentous than that which concerns us to-day. Recognizing in the Church over which God has placed him, a body of workers engaged to accomplish the purposes of the Master, and in its measure responsible to God for the conversion of the world, his whole soul will yearn day and night after a satisfactory solution of the problem. "In what way may the entire spiritual force of each redeemed man and woman be brought into the most *efficient* activity for the well-being of men and the glory of Christ?" A sense of personal accountability to God for the state of the Church, for its prayerfulness and piety, its zeal and success, will give to the subject an inconceivable weight, and impel him to pray and converse, read, think, and observe with his eyes open to discover every method for completely utilizing the talents of each member of the Church. Two lines of thought are open to him and to us in considering this subject.

I. We may investigate those principles of Church-life revealed in the Scriptures, on whose practical recognition the most complete and economical system of employing Church-power depends; or,

II. Accepting those measures which have commended themselves to the sanctified thought of Christendom, we may enquire for others whose use will be likely to bring into action the dormant energies belonging to the Church.

Adopting the first course now, we arrive at a few simple and easily expressed principles: the first of which is—

1. *That every member of the Church must be at work.* No power must be wasted through *non-use*. Ordinarily the first pulse of divine life beats high for the salvation of others. Scarcely is a man conscious that he is redeemed by the "precious blood of Christ" from sin and guilt, than he exclaims concerning those who "are without God and without hope in the world," "Here am I, Lord, send me." This is the natural prompting of the new life, and one of the pleasing signs of the presence of the sacred Spirit. The drowning man is saved, and his first gasp of breath as he is brought to the shore and gazes upon the beaming eyes of his kind benefactor, is employed in the hearty and sympathetic prayer, "There is *yet* another man, save him." The pardoned rebel with the marks of the chain upon his ankles and wrists, seeks the salvation of his associate in crime and punishment with all the fervour and energy of a new-born sense of the pricelessness of his liberty. Possessed of spiritual life, the Christian's avocation is at once fixed, certain, and irrevocable. He *is* a worker for Christ. In the totality of his time, of his influence, of his wealth, of his genius, of his love, he is given up to Christ. Bought with the blood of the Redeemer, he *is* the Lord's; belongs to him, and to no other, and is obligated to surrender himself without any reservation to his service. Every member is redeemed. Every member *must* work. There is *power* of some quality or other, of some amount or other in every one, and the non-use of power, even in the feeblest,

cannot pass without the censure of the Lord of our service. To bury a single "pound," the smallest exchangeable coin in the spiritual kingdom, incurs the condemnation of the Saviour, injures in its degree the "royal priesthood" of believers by its contagiousness, and precludes by the trouble it gives to others who might be better employed, the economizing of the strength of the Church. At the very basis of the complete utilization of Church-power, rests the principle of the unreserved consecration of each believer in the Lord Jesus to the work "of edifying the Church" and saving souls. The drone is an anomaly in the brotherhood of saints. The indolent Church-member is as unworthy of his place as the cowardly general, the witless statesman, or the godless pastor. Every one, each one must be at work, if we are to utilize the talents of the Church.

2. No power must be wasted through *misuse*. Every member of the Church must be employed at the work most suited to his qualifications. Each one at *his* work. The adaptation of each worker to his duty is one of the cardinal maxims for the utilization of power. Without obedience to it, in manufactures, in warfare, in any tasks requiring variety of skill and capability, there must be a culpable waste of energy and a serious diminution of success. The general who ignores this principle, exposes himself and his army to needless danger; the tradesman who does not practise it, reduces his profits; and the Church which fails to exemplify it, is not using its talents in the way most acceptable to the Head of the Church, or most calculated to facilitate the progress of truth.

The fitness of means to ends is a law of Nature, as indispensable as order, and as fully revealed as beauty. Nor is it less manifest amongst the requirements of Church life. In that brotherhood of redeemed men, there is every variety and every degree of intellectual, moral, and spiritual power. We have, as Paul says, "Gifts differing according to the grace that is given us." This diversity is as patent to the student of Scripture and Church history, as that "the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal;" *i. e.* to do good with. "He (the ascended Lord) gave some apostles, some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. . . . So that the whole body fully joined together and compacted by *that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part*, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love." There are men who are gifted for finance, and perhaps for no other work in the Church; others whose sole talent is singing, and others who have the gift for public prayer. We have men who can preach and exhort, and others who cannot even so much as take a class in the Sabbath-school, but who could distribute a tract and speak a word in season. Here is one who has not the courage to tell his neighbour of the love of Christ, but who is delighted to visit an old and bedridden saint, and read to him the exceeding precious promises of God's Word. Since then there is such a vast manifoldness of spiritual capacity and diversity of gifts and graces, there must be a corresponding variety of occupations or ministries in the Christian community, so that we may secure that place for every man in which he may most abundantly

glorify God. The multiplication of ministries is essential to the full utilization of the Church's talents; and it is the difficult duty of every pastor so distinctly to understand the character and qualifications of each man and woman over whom he watches, that he may not have *a single misplaced worker*. The general, the officer in the army, the foreman of a large manufactory is clever enough, diligent enough, and far-seeing enough for this; and such must that man be who makes it his business to utilize all the talents of the Church in the most efficient and economical manner.

3. But besides having every man at work, and at work in the right place, it is of still greater moment, that each man should, as far as possible, *be kept right for his work*. If the woodman will keep his axe sharp, he will save both strength and time in cutting down the tree; if the builder will keep his tools in good condition, he will advance faster with his edifice than if he employs ill-conditioned instruments; if the captain will give heed to the drill of each soldier, he will make the most effective preparation for the enemy; so if every worker is kept in a high state of efficiency, signal success must crown his labours. Gideon's three hundred men filled with, and qualified by faith in the Lord God of battles, are better than thirty thousand who have neither the sword of the Spirit in the hand, nor the shield of faith to quench the fiery darts of the wicked. "To pray well is to study well." Time given to preparation for duty is not time lost, but most wisely husbanded. When Saul the king of Israel said to Ahijah the priest, in a day of expected battle, "Bring hither the ark of God;" but hearing the mighty resonance of the shouts of the Philistines, was filled with the spirit of haste, and without the preparation of prayer and worship, went to the battle, he found that in so doing, he had "played the fool and erred exceedingly." And so does every one who neglects any of the means which God has commanded and honoured for keeping the warrior fit for his duties.

Beloved brethren, it is at this point that I am overwhelmed with the importance of the pastoral position. It is an awful truth that the spirit of the minister is the spirit of the Church, and the spiritual efficiency of the pulpit is the accurate measure of the efficiency of the pew. The minister is the best photograph of the character of the Church he governs. If he is worldly-minded, self-seeking, money-lusting, as they are, if he is envious, jealous, vain and proud, so are they; if he is mercenary, frivolous and undevout, so are they; if he is not utilizing his talents for men and God in the most complete and perfect manner, then whatever else he may say or do, he will not exhibit a practical solution of the question—how to utilize the talents of the Church.

Let me speak freely unto you, brethren. Do you think that we, as ministers, have sought sufficiently for the means of quickening and encouraging our own spiritual life, our own religious fervour, our devout aspirations for deepened holiness and zeal? We have meetings for the discussion of doctrines; they are good. Not a word will I say against them. We have attended to organizations which sharpen the intellect, please the fancy, and extend the range of scriptural knowledge; these are good. Not a word will I say against them. But when I remember

that the apostles gave themselves to prayer, as well as the ministry of the Word, and further that the efficiency of Church-work hinges in so large a measure upon the character and spirit of the overseer, I am impelled to the conclusion that more attention ought to be paid by ministers of the gospel to those means which may issue in the quickening of their religious life and the increase of their spiritual fervour.

The increased efficiency of each worker in the Church is what we want *now*. We have an innumerable multitude of labourers. They go out on the right hand and on the left. The "holy nation" was never more industrious than she is to-day. But there is yet great scope and need for the improvement of the individual workers; and it is the duty of the pastor to live and act in such a way that each teacher in the school, visitor of the sick, and preacher of the gospel, may obtain knowledge from his conversation, inspiration from his spirit, zeal from his ardour, and love from his life.

4. I will indicate in a few words another principle upon which the complete utilization of Church-power depends, which is, *that every event, circumstance, or occasion, favourable to the extraction of more work from the members of the Church must be sedulously improved.* The Church is like a defensive army placed in the midst of a country that is crowded with foes; and as it frequently occurs, with such an army, that by a skirmish, by sallies made under the cover of night, the bands of the enemy may be broken, so in the history of the world there are events which may be most profitably employed by earnest, wise and godly men, for the profitable occupation of more and more of the talents of the Church. It was in carrying out this principle that the first deacons were elected. Complaints arose concerning the administration of charities, and out of them grew the office which employed the talents of such men as Stephen, "full of faith and the Holy Ghost." The Church at Jerusalem was persecuted greatly, and a "glorious company" of preachers was born. The Jews rejected the message of the gospel, and Paul turns to the Gentiles. So is it now. The growth of great cities and the crowding of men together, has called out the City Missionary, the Bible woman, the theatre service, and numerous other forms of Christian activity. The invention of the printing press has prepared the way for our Tract and Bible Societies. The distress in Lancashire and Jamaica has evoked the large-hearted charity of the followers of Christ. Indeed, as the history of the Church fully proves, and vividly illustrates, there is nothing in the circumstances of the life of nations, Churches, and families, which may not be converted into a means of utilizing more perfectly the energies of the Church.

II. But leaving the illustrations of this principle to be supplied by your memories, I may pass to the suggestion of a few practical measures, which may tend to the more exhaustive employment of power already in use, or to the immediate engagement of that which is not used.

1. Let no one be admitted into Church-fellowship without being apprised that it will be expected of him that he will seek the edification of the Church and the conversion of the world, by devoting himself to some form or other of the Christian service. Each new member must be made aware that he joins a federation of workers, and that he takes

a share of responsibility upon him by his entrance into fellowship with the people of God, which can only be discharged by a life consecrated to holiness and to Christ. No mistake should be allowed on this matter, but with the utmost plainness and fidelity he should be told that his addition to the members of the Church is not to be a nominal one, but an addition of praying, working, evangelizing power; the addition of a life, and not merely of a name.

2. There should be a fuller utilizing of the talents of Christian women in the Church. I believe there is a wide field open to cultivation here. Woman has special qualifications for special kinds of Christian work. In the home she is the representative of all that is gracious, benignant and kind, enduring and patient, and is called to wield there a power which, in the purity of its quality, the permanence of its result, and the quietude of its operations, is not to be equalled except by those "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation." With the young she possesses inimitably suasive power, and may throw around their unsuspecting hearts a girdle of affection, which shall screen them from many a snare and hold them aloof from many an evil. As a visitor to the sick and dying, the poor and destitute, her winning sympathy and beautiful repose, quick perceptions, and deep insight, render her presence acceptable where sorrow has long been a visitant and affliction has made its dwelling-place. In these positions, she, like Dorcas and Phœbe of old, is a most welcome and efficient servant of the gospel of Christ. And with *only one limitation*—for Paul, who said to the Corinthian Church, "Ye may all prophesy," told Timothy in his letters of regulations for Church-government, that he "would not suffer a *woman to teach*;" with *this limitation only*, the whole compass of Church-work is open for the service of Christian women.

3. Another way of using power in the Church has been suggested to me. A Christian man has taken a shop in a neighbourhood that is deluged with the poisonous streams of a godless and impure literature, fitted it up for, and supplied it with productions attractive in their literary excellence and adaptation, and pure and elevating in their spirit store. The main and spiritual object of this effort is being attained, and at the same time it is a financial success. Might not the Churches which are located in similar neighbourhoods carry out this plan with very great success?

4. A conversation meeting held in the body of the Chapel after the service on the evening of every other Lord's day, has been found—at Praed Street Chapel—not only of great service in bringing sinners to the knowledge of Christ, but also engaging Church members possessed of special aptitudes for such work.

5. Another method that I have found useful is, enquiring into the condition of the relatives of members of the Church, followed up by advice concerning the unconverted, as to the means most likely, speaking after the manner of men, to bring about their conversion to God.

Open-air Meetings, Mother's Meetings, Christian Instruction Societies and Bible Classes, are arrangements which confessedly tend to the utilization of the powers of the Church.

Another Week's Travel and another Theme.

LUGANO, VERONA, VENICE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

HAVING before us the two grand volumes by the Divine Author, we are prepared to estimate the claims of a third which professes to be equally of celestial origin, viz., the Church of Rome, which boasts of an infallible head. On this occasion we shall not so much enter into a consideration of her doctrines; this is most fitting work for the student, and we have just now laid that character aside; it is ours to view her outward manifestations which thrust themselves in the way of the traveller. Her churches and altars, her shrines and ceremonies, her priests and processions, are her teaching to the masses, her living epistle, her image and superscription; by them she ensnares the minds of the many, they are the locks of her strength, and the boast of her pride; we shall not do amiss nor be guilty of unfairness, if we compare their style and manner with that divine peculiarity which we have seen to be so manifestly conspicuous both in Creation and in the Word. The enquiry is a narrow, but an interesting one. *Would the outer array of Popish worship strike the candid observer as being in accordance with the spirit of the New Testament? Does the ceremonialism of Rome accord with the taste which would be born and nurtured amidst the beauties and wonders of nature?* In our judgment, the answer must be decidedly and altogether in the negative. We may be warped in our taste by the prejudices of education and the convictions of belief, but we have not been intentionally unfair; while considering this subject, we have tried honestly to distil the pure essence of the outward mode of Romanism, and while extenuating nothing nor putting down aught in malice, our conviction is that her mode of worship and display are as opposite to the genius of nature and the style of revelation, as the flaunting finery of a harlot to the modest apparel of a virtuous woman. Popery was intended by its infernal author to be a remarkably clever counterfeit of divine workmanship, and his subtle hand has craftily imitated the celestial style; but the imposture is soon detected by the observant eye, for the soul and spirit of the sacred artist are altogether absent. Cathedral domes may emulate the skies, pillars of marble may vie with towering cedars, mosaics of gold may glitter as the stars, and smoking incense may image the clouds of heaven, but imitation is upon the face of all, and this is fatal to the claim to be the production of Him whose works are all masterpieces and all originals. Comparisons are always as obvious as they are numerous when counterfeits are in question, but as our business is detection, we shall point out contrasts, which in this case, if not abundant, are singularly striking.

In the great temple of nature *the person of the great Worker is unrevealed.* God is everywhere, on the tossing sea, and in the silent wilderness, but everywhere as a God who hideth himself. Walking through nature we hear the voice of the Most High, and in his temple doth every one speak of his glory, but contemplation whispers to us, "Ye saw no similitude." The invisible God is neither imaged to us in colossal statuary by the ancient mountains, nor in glowing tableaux by the starry skies. The whole earth bears witness that "Clouds and darkness are round about him," and from every hill and valley comes the question, "Who is like unto the Lord our God who dwelleth on high?" In Holy Scripture, we find an express command against the attempt to set forth Jehovah by outward symbol. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." (Exodus xx. 4, 5.) Moses was very earnest upon this point; he solemnly exhorted the people, "Take ye therefore good

heed unto yourselves; for ye saw no manner of similitude on the day that the Lord spake unto you in Horeb out of the midst of the fire: lest ye corrupt yourselves, and make you a graven image, the similitude of any figure, the likeness of male or female, the likeness of any beast that is on the earth, the likeness of any winged fowl that flieth in the air, the likeness of any thing that creepeth on the ground, the likeness of any fish that is in the waters beneath the earth. . . . Take heed unto yourselves, lest ye forget the covenant of the Lord your God, which he made with you, and make you a graven image, or the likeness of any thing, which the Lord thy God hath forbidden thee. For the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, even a jealous God. When thou shalt beget children, and children's children, and ye shall have remained long in the land, and shall corrupt yourselves, and make a graven image, or the likeness of any thing, and shall do evil in the sight of the Lord thy God, to provoke him to anger: I call heaven and earth to witness against you this day, that ye shall soon utterly perish from off the land whereunto ye go over Jordan to possess it; ye shall not prolong your days upon it, but shall be utterly destroyed. And the Lord shall scatter you among the nations, and ye shall be left few in number among the heathen, whither the Lord shall lead you. And there ye shall serve gods, the work of men's hands, wood and stone, which neither see, nor hear, nor eat, nor smell." (Deut. iv. 15—28.) In the New Testament, which is the bringing to light of things unseen by kings and prophets, there is no violation of the great principle. Its teaching is explicit and clear when it reminds us that "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." (John iv. 24.) God was manifest in the flesh, but Godhead was not set forth or represented to us by the body of Christ Jesus, for so far as he was visible to human senses he was man; his own lips taught us this when he said, "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." (Luke xxiv. 39.) It is true that the descent of the Holy Spirit was represented by a dove, by tongues of fire, and rushing mighty wind, but these, like the golden candlestick, the anointing oil and various other symbols of the Old Testament, did not pourtray the divine *person* of the Holy Spirit, but were merely manifestations of his works and operations. In creation, dashing billows and stedfast rocks are manifestations of divine working, and just such were the descending dove and the flames of fire, but the person of Deity is never manifest, nor attempted to be revealed in Nature or in the Bible. Especially is Holy Writ explicit concerning that infinitely blessed One who is revealed to us as the Father. Our Lord said, "Not that any man hath seen the Father, save he which is of God, he hath seen the Father." (John vi. 46.) The beloved apostle, to whom was given the visions of Patmos, yet assures us that "No man hath seen God at any time." (1 John iv. 12). Paul is not less indignant than Moses at the sin of worshipping God under a similitude, for he denounces those who, "professing themselves to be wise they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." (Romans i. 22, 23.) Thus both the visible universe, and the Old and New Testament, declare the Lord to be "the invisible God." In direct opposition to all this, the Church of Rome multiplies pictures in which the eternal and most high God is set forth as an aged and venerable man. We have shuddered at the sight as we have this week continually seen the Divine Trinity imaged as the Redeemer, a dove, and an old man; associated often with an equilateral triangle and the Virgin Mary. Some of the most famous paintings by eminent masters are thus profane; and it is a proof of the horrible iniquity of the Church of Rome that, instead of suffering these impieties to rot in the studios where they were produced, she hangs them up in her Churches, values them as priceless treasures, and allows her votaries to bow before them. On the door of the Church of St. Zeno, at Verona, are reliefs remarkable for their age, but detestable for their profanity; for He before whom angels veil their faces with their wings, is there imaged in bronze as a very ugly man drawing Eve out of Adam's side. In St. Maria

Formosa, at Venice, there are on the dome and above the altar, two portraits of elderly gentlemen, both intended for the Eternal Father. In St. Georgio Maggiore, is the same divine person caricatured as a man with a grey beard, dressed in red, and wearing a black cloak. Instances are unhappily too abundant, and the subject appears to be a favourite one for artists; and they seem as free and easy in the blasphemous work of pourtraying the great God, whose very name is to be had in honour, as a signpost dauber in sketching the Marquis of Granby or a Red Lion. From the mention of the horrible idolatry of Rome, the mind of the believer turns with disgust and trembling to seek the aid of the Holy Ghost, that it may recover from the impurity engendered by the sight of such iniquity. O God of heaven and earth! scatter those who are seeking to restore Antichrist in our land, and to bring back the superstition which provoke thy wrath.

It is further worthy of remark, that *neither nature nor revelation set up rival objects for human worship; they both bid us worship God alone.* As the grandeur of the mountains and the plenty of the valleys are alike due to the Almighty Lord, so both alike proclaim *his* praise. Creation has no altars for creature-worship. Heaven and earth are full of thy glory, O God, and they have no vacuum to be filled with the glories of Mary, or the honours of St. Mark! "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy-work;" there is not so much as a corner left to declare the glory of Domenic or Francis. The Inspired Book is equally monopolizing. It has not a line in which adoration or worship is rightly offered to any but the one Lord. Gabriel cries to Mary, "Hail thou that art highly favoured!" but beyond this cheerful congratulation of one, who, like other favoured sinners had learned to rejoice in God her Saviour, nothing was uttered which can be forced into the service of Mariolaters. In every inspired book the Lord only is exalted, and as clear as the sun at noon-day the truths are that the Lord alone is to be worshipped as the only God, and that Jesus only is to be sought unto as the propitiation for sin and the Mediator with God. How different is Popery! We have seen this week, hundreds of times, big dolls dressed up in tawdry finery, holding smaller dolls in their hands, actually worshipped as the Virgin and Child; we have seen votaries kiss an ebony, ivory, or tortoiseshell cross, and press their lips to the feet of images supposed to represent the Redeemer. We have been present when thousands bowed before a wafer, and have seen skeletons, old bones, and rotten rags exposed as objects of reverence. The most shameless of all Popish idolatries, practised everywhere, in the corners of the streets, by the canal side, on the highway, and in churches and chapels innumerable, is the worship of Mary. She sits enthroned as the Papist's goddess; miracles are professed to be wrought at her shrines; and the many silver hearts which hang before her altars as votive offerings, show how numerous are the admirers of this feminine idol. What would the apostles say to this worship of her to whom the Master said, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come?" If Mary had created the heavens and the earth, and had redeemed men by her blood, she could not have more reverence and worship paid to her than is given by Papists. To her they impute all the glories which we are wont to ascribe to the Son of God; she is their consolation, joy, and hope; the tower of David, the lily among thorns, the ark of the covenant, the anchor of the soul, the queen of heaven, and a thousand other things; but time would fail us to utter a tithe of the sounding praises with which Mary has the misfortune to dishonoured by Popish idolatry. She is adored as conceived without sin and as caught up to heaven, neither of which fables have the slightest scriptural foundation. She is pictured as crowned by the Father in heaven, and having the moon under her feet, and the stars about her head, in fact there is no limit to the honours lavished upon her. Saints and saintesses without number we observed in our wanderings, many of whom we have not the pleasure of knowing much about; St. Lucy, St. Pantaleon, St. Rocco, St. Bruno, St. Cosmo, and a host of other ladies and gentlemen have chapels and shrines to themselves; and there is one female named St. Katherine, who is

infamously represented in the Palace of the Doge, at Venice, as being married to the infant Jesus, who is painted in the act of putting the ring upon the finger of his bride. If Rome *believes* in one God, she openly worships a thousand others with far more visible devotion. Whatever her creed may be, the spirit of her outward performances and displays strikes the beholder at once as polytheistic. If Paul were now at Antwerp, or with us at Lugano, Verona, or Venice, his spirit might be stirred within him as at Athens; for he would see cities wholly given to idolatry. To us, Romanism seems as unlike God's universe, as it is undoubtedly unlike God's Word. We think every candid observer might see that it is so. We are content to leave this question with any man of common sense, and we are mistaken if he can see any resemblance between the glorious unity of homage paid to the great and only wise God by his works and his Word, and the adoration to the many objects of reverence set up by worse than heathen superstition in Popish lands.

Men of understanding tell us, that *God's universe has in it no superfluities, no unnecessary existencies which have no purpose but ostentation.* For the tiniest animalculæ, as surely as for the eagle and the horse, there is a use and a purpose. France was on the verge of famine because her peasants so industriously murdered the small birds, that hordes of caterpillars and insects invaded the land, and threatened to devour the crops. When the dodo and dinoris had been exterminated in the islands of the South Sea, men wreaked a horrible revenge upon themselves for outraged nature, by playing the cannibal with one another. The universe wastes nothing upon mere display; it is ever lovely and sublime, but never showy and pretentious. Glorious as is the tempest, it has its end and purpose, and is as much bound to the chariot of utility as the ox to the plough of the husbandman. The thunder is no mere rolling of drums in the march of the God of armies, and the lightning is no vain flashing of heaven's sword of state. The tints of flowers cannot be said to be given only to please the eye, but that they may enable the flowers to absorb that part of light which is most useful to them; certainly neither rose nor violet bear any appearance of having been painted for effect, they wear their charms as part and parcel of themselves and not as laid upon them by trick of art. Forms of beauty, varieties of perfume, melodies of sound, and delicacies of taste, have all a purpose above and beyond that which lies upon the surface; at any rate they are not like the gilt in the salon of a café, intended simply and only to attract attention. If Judas himself should ask of wisely provident nature, as he saw her seemingly lavish expenditure, "To what purpose is this waste?" she could account for every farthing, although her sons have not yet learned to do so for her. The same truth strikes all Bible readers. We have in Sacred Writ no superfluous miracle, no wonder for mere wondering's sake; no language studied for effect of pompous oratory and the glitter of elocution; no doctrine taught without a practical end and aim. Jesus is ever the Prince of economists, and when his bounty is largest, he commands his disciples to gather up the fragments which remain, that nothing may be lost; he did not create so much as a crust for the purpose of show, there was a needs-be for all. His honoured servant, the apostle of the Gentiles, could say to the Corinthians, "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." (1 Cor. ii. 1—5.) He could truly say "Seeing then that we have such hope, we use great plainness of speech." (2 Cor. iii. 12.) A hundred years ago, a learned lady wrote after travelling in Popish countries: "The glare and foppery and childishness of the ornaments of the Churches are beyond what anything but the testimony of my own eyes could have given me any idea of. The decorations of the altars are much more fit for the toilette of a fine lady, than for a

place dedicated to the solemn service of religion. I am quite sick of looking at so much tinsel, and such a variety of *colifichets*. Most of the images are such mere dolls, that one would think the children would cry for them. Even the high altars are decorated with such a profusion of silly gewgaw finery as one would think better adapted to the amusement of girls and boys, than to inspire sentiments of devotion." Her words need no alteration as a description of the present state of things. Sitting in a Church at Lugano studying an extraordinary painting, we heard the trampling of feet and the voice of chanting, and putting aside the curtain, two boys entered, heading a procession, and bearing each a lamp containing a candle. The sun shone brightly, and the tallow burned ignominiously. A short time after, another procession paced the streets, consisting of men and boys, each holding candles, none of which answered any end in the worship of God, and could not tend to glorify him. Within the Churches are artificial flowers, tawdry banners, tinsel decorations, flaming pillars of tallow, &c., &c.; none of which reminded the beholder of the man whose dress was a garment without a seam; and could not suggest a remembrance of the fishermen, and the simplicity of the gospel of Christ, except by way of contrast. Priests in blue, scarlet, yellow, pink, and all the colours of the rainbow, wearing lace, embroidery, and jewels, ministering amid clouds of incense at altars beflowered and bedizened with gewgaws and trickeries, are far from congruous with the sublime simplicities of nature, or the plain teachings of the Son of Man. Sit down upon the mountain's side, where blooms a heathery couch for your rest, look beneath upon hillsides clad with forests, and valleys laughing with plenty; look above upon snowy peak and sailing cloud, mark the glorious naturalness of all around you; take out your pocket Testament and read a chapter, note the simple language in which it arrays its profoundest teaching and the unadorned beauty of its spirit, and then, closing your book and leaving the prospect, regard that shrine containing a swarthy Mary, or a hideous crucifix, daubed with many colours and decked with childish ornaments; or if you will, enter yonder Church and note the motley in which the performers are clad, the finery and adornment of the altars, the candles, the censers, the genuflexions, the bell-ringings, the mummeries and the whole performance, and you will never forget the diversity and absolute contrariety of the two spirits which dwell without and within. Truth is the atmosphere of God's world and Word, and falsehood is the element of Popery. Truth wears no paint upon her cheek; she is most adorned when unadorned the most; varnish and tinsel she disdains; her glory is herself, her beauty is her own perfection; she needs no meretricious charms: but Popery, like Jezebel, must paint her face and tire her head, for she is haggard and uncomely, therefore is she well pictured in the Revelation as a woman arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls.

One more thought strikes us. *The genius of nature and of the New Testament is the same as to the universal consecration of all places and things.* "*For the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.*" (1 Cor. x. 26.) In creation, everything is hallowed unto the Lord by the loving and sanctified heart. No defile, however dark, is evil; no wilderness, however dismal, is unholy. Everywhere the Shekinah of God's presence shines upon believing eyes. Our Father's universe is all holy now that the blood has fallen upon Calvary, and the whole creation waiteth for the result of that redemption in which it has its share. Those things which once were unhallowed and forbidden, are now purified to Christian men; the vision of Peter was not for him alone; four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air, are now no more unclean, for a voice speaks to us out of heaven, saying, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." (Acts x. 15.) Spiritual ears can hear all things praising God, and spiritual eyes can see all things clothed in the vestments of adoration. Those creatures which are least esteemed among men, and are even objects of terror or abhorrence, are admitted to the chorus of God's praise equally with the most admired and cherished. That same Psalm

(Ps. cxlviii.) which cries, "Praise ye him all his angels, praise ye him sun and moon," does not omit the dragons, and has a line for beasts and creeping things. No ban is set on any creature now, the bound is no longer about the mount, all have their place in the song heard by the believing ears of David, when he says, "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord." (Psalm cxlv. 10.)

Sitting on the well at Samaria, the Lord Jesus revealed to the enquiring woman the free spirit of the gospel dispensation. *She* must needs know whether Gerizim or Zion were the chosen mount of worship. He tells her, "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father: . . . but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." (John iv. 21, 23, 24.) As with place so with persons, the line of demarcation once so sharp and well-defined is gone for ever; "There is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all." (Col. iii. 11.) Nor are times and seasons, meats and drinks any longer to be profane or holy, for the Spirit saith, "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holiday, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days: which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ." (Col. ii. 16, 17.) The outward manifestations of Romanism run directly counter to this statement, they are far more Jewish than Christian, and not at all agreeable with the dispensation of grace and truth. You see holy places, shrines and altars innumerable, as if Paul had never said by the Holy Ghost, "God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands." (Acts xvii. 24.) At the door stands holy water, as if the water of yon lake, "blue as a sapphire stone," were not quite as holy; as if the pure rain of heaven and the dew of the morning were not far more sacred than that unclean mixture concocted by the priests. The bells ring enough to make one wish to lose one's ears on sacred days and at sacred hours, as if all days were not to be holiness unto the Lord, and all hours dedicated to the Most High. A priestly caste is set up, and men with shaven crowns are severed from the rest of the people, decorated with a peculiar garb, and regarded as special conduits of grace, in defiance of Peter's declaration concerning the whole body of the faithful, "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood." (1 Pet. ii. 9.) Paul asks the Corinthians, "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God?" (1 Cor. vi. 19), but the hirelings of Rome would have us believe that they, and they only, are partakers of the Holy Ghost, and filled with the Spirit. The prescription of certain foods for certain days is strangely in contrast with the words of the apostle, "But meat commendeth us not to God: for neither, if we eat, are we the better; neither, if we eat not, are we the worse." (1 Cor. viii. 8.) As the Hindoo is fettered by caste, and looks upon all without a little circle as defiled and defiling, even so must the Romanist; while we, who know the liberty of the gospel, find a shrine in every spot, and an altar in our hearts, and meet with nothing in God's universe from which we cannot by the Spirit's aid, mount up to devotion of the purest sort. It was a choice saying of Augustine, "Every saint is God's temple, and he that carries his temple about him, may go to prayer when he pleaseth." To us, floating upon Lugano's wave, the nightingale poured forth her song

> "In such a torrent of heartfelt delight,
> So fast it flowed, her tongue so voluble,
> As if she thought her hearers would be gone
> Ere half was told."

To us she was a bird of Paradise, and her music rang of heaven. Walking along the shores of Como's lake, where vines in light festoons are hung from tree to tree; climbing the terraced steep where countless odours rise from flowers of every land, and looking down upon that inland sea "set round with chateaux,

villages, and village spires, orchards, and vineyards, alps and alpine snows," one could not but exclaim, "*Here God has been and is.*" Nor less have our souls learned to worship beneath the walls of ancient Bergamo, or within the shade of the turrets of Verona, or in this "glorious city in the sea." Italy, from sea to sea, has bidden us exult in our Jehovah's name; and when we gazed upon the Adriatic from the shores of Lido, there came from the land of the rising sun borne on the rippling waves, whispers of Him who blesses all the earth. Far from our soul be that base faith which would cast its spell over us, and drag us from the freedom of the gospel to be ensnared with its witcheries, and enslaved with its falsehoods.

If the reader would see Rome's pomp and glory as we have seen it, he will not need to travel, for he will find her photograph in the chapter which propheeied her coming and predicts her doom. It is the eighteenth in the Revelation of John. The evil spirit of Popery ascended not from the depths without the foresight of prophecy; those who have deceived the people arose not without observation:—

"Ere they came,
Their shadows, stretching far and wide, were known;
And, two that looked beyond the visible sphere,
Gave notice of their coming—he who saw
The Apocalypse, and he of elder time,
Who in an awful vision of the night
Saw the four kingdoms. Distant as they were,
Those holy men, well might they faint with fear!"

Importance to Ministers of the Study of Nature.

A PAPER READ AT THE LATE CONFERENCE OF MINISTERS,

BY W. R. SELWAY.

AT the request of the President of the College, I proceed to offer a few observations on the importance to ministers of the study of Nature. It may, perhaps, be thought unnecessary to urge this subject, considering that the innate curiosity of an intelligent mind should lead to, at least, the endeavour to collect information respecting the habitation of the human race; and to obtain, from questions addressed to Nature itself, as clear a perception of the phenomena which the world presents, and the laws which regulate their development as the circumstances by which finite beings are surrounded will permit; but, alas! men are born upon the earth, feed upon its products, are refreshed by its surrounding atmosphere, warmed by the beams of the illumining sun, gaze upon the starry firmament, hear the pealing thunder, and witness the lightning's flash without giving more than the most fleeting attention to these greater works of God; and utterly overlooking the quiet, noiseless, and ceaseless agencies engaged in moulding the earth's surface and clothing with beauty its hills and valleys.

1. It would seem as if God in arranging the earth's position in the universe and in making every phenomenon, every movement, and every production subservient to great guiding principles, had designed to invite the contemplation, and to test the powers of those beings whom he has placed upon its surface endowed with mental faculties adapted to analyse, to examine, to trace analogies, and to comprehend the bearings of one set of observed facts upon another, who, while they might learn somewhat of his perfections and attributes, would also develope, enlarge, and strengthen their own minds.

2. It is commonly admitted that every man who would deserve the reputation of being ordinarily intelligent and informed, should possess a general knowledge of natural productions and of those branches of study usually comprehended in the expression, "the liberal sciences;" still more is it important that men who are teachers of others in the higher departments of mind and morals should not be unacquainted with the handy-works of God. Unhappily, both theologians and philosophers have too much

regarded their particular branches of study as separate and distinct, whereas they are essentially the same and should be indivisible. He who is acquainted with but one of these branches possesses only a portion of the light which the Creator and Revealer has designed his favoured creatures to enjoy. Such men may be likened to two travellers or mariners who should determine only to avail themselves, the one of the light of the sun, the other of that of the moon, forgetting that the latter is illumined by the former, and that the light, though proceeding from two dissimilar bodies is but one. Many evils have resulted from this unnatural divorcement. Without recalling now those historical persecutions which teachers of science, expounders of natural laws, have had to endure from theologians whose dogmas tottered as the light approached them, it is unquestionable that the interests of truth have suffered by the separation, if not antagonism, which has prevailed. Religious teachers have closed their minds to the views of divine power and creative wisdom abundantly revealed in Nature, while the man of science has too frequently made Nature his God, and forgetting that revelation affords scope for investigation by the keenest intellect, he has missed the comforts and the hopes it is calculated to impart; at the same time on-lookers, observing the tendencies of intellectual leaders in both departments, and the unseemly and warm disputations which are ever and anon recurring, arrive at the conclusion that truth is still at the bottom of the well, waiting the united efforts of her votaries to bring her to the surface, that the thirsty and famishing multitude might be refreshed and invigorated.

It will need no argument to convince you that Nature and revelation are the records of the outgoings of one mind—two volumes by the same author. The Book of Nature having been the first produced, but nowhere displaying the imperfections which attach to the first efforts of *human* genius. In the oldest page of God's records all is perfect, and it is not too much to affirm, that when the human intellect shall by long study and patient observation have catalogued the works of the master-mind, and has by well-ordered experiment fathomed the deepest secrets of Nature, and ascertained the bearing of every law which combines to produce all that delights the eye or stimulates the mind, and thus has made plain that which is yet to be unfolded, man will be more than ever convinced of God's perfection; and ready to adore with loving gratitude him whose works they are.

Nature and the gospel are alike pervaded by the same spirit, and exhibit the presence of one mind, whose manifestations are fraught with interest and importance to man; but no one can, we conceive, become fully animated by the one, unless he is also imbued with the loving emotions prompted by the other. To a devout mind Nature addresses itself far more clearly than to the unrenewed spirit, and it is the happiness of the child of God to be enabled to take up the language of one who writes, "Both Nature and the gospel preach to me, though in different forms, the wisdom, power, and love of him who made me, and with his own precious blood redeemed me. The same divine voice which addressed man in the gospel also speaks to him in the rippling brook and the rustling of the forest leaves. He who in Scripture denounces the workers of iniquity, also utters his terrors in the thunder. He who died for men's sins, and rose again to intercede for them, renews the face of the earth."

It may be said that the interpretation of Nature is not only difficult, but that its expounders have so often contradicted each other, that the student is put to straits to know what to receive, or how much of their teaching to reject. This is, no doubt, to a large extent true, and probably, owing to the imperfection of human investigation, and man's limited powers, will long remain so; but this should not daunt the courage of a true student. It may be asked, Are there no difficulties in the revelation of God? Have not its exponents contradicted each other and themselves; but are we not nevertheless thankful for what is plain, and do we not hold fast the great cardinal doctrines, trustingly waiting that the mysteries which we cannot now penetrate will in due time be revealed? So with regard to Nature, let us cheerfully accept that which is clear, and learn to hold opinions with a

light hand, ready when accumulated facts shall compel, to march on to wider fields and more extended views.

3. A minister of religion who has made himself acquainted with the functions and habits of animals—a most fascinating branch of study when pursued in the field, or even in the garden, or the parlour, with but a few of the more humble creatures under observation—or who has mastered some of the phenomena taking place on the globe, will be furnished with a quiver of arrows which he may ever and anon discharge with good effect in his Master's service; for although what is termed the "natural theology argument," has been well pursued by Archdeacon Paley, Sir Charles Bell, and others, numerous forcible and beautiful illustrations may be found in addition to those used by them; while the old ones may be urged with greater force if they are founded upon actual observation.

It may, perhaps, be true that avowed atheism and the stupid doctrines of blind chance, or of fortuitous circumstances, are not now so prevalent as they formerly were, yet there is still far too much of their influence abroad, and the people's teacher should have his armoury well furnished with every form of intellectual as well as spiritual weapon.

4. The study of Nature will aid in developing the mental power, and enable the student to take a wide grasp of truth. What an astounding history does the "great store-book of Nature" unfold! In contemplating the structure of so much of the earth's crust as has been exposed to view, formed as it is of different rocky materials many thousands of feet in thickness, the far larger part consisting of the debris of older rocks worn down and disintegrated by the action of water, deposited in horizontal layers; then, by subterraneous influences upheaved, again worn down, and subsequently receiving upon their upturned sides the rocks of a newer formation; the mind tries in vain to realize the vast periods of time which must have elapsed since the first sedimentary rock was a muddy deposit at the bottom of an ocean in which flourished but few types of organic beings, the dawn of that wondrous system of life which now adorns with beauty and animation the earth's surface. Although so many ages may have elapsed that the period defies human chronology, the hand of the Creator was there; and looming through the profundity of the dark abyss of ages the listening ear may catch "the voice of the Lord," as it moves upon the waters, and be assured that "the God of glory thundereth."

Still more do the facts revealed by the starry heavens impress the soul with the magnificent greatness of the Creator's operations; the vast sizes of the planetary bodies—associates of the earth in its annual journey around the central orb; the great extent of the paths over which they respectively move; the enormous distance even of those stars nearest to our system, while others are still farther removed; and others yet again stretch outward into immensity, with relationships and connections which the human mind may, in distant ages, attempt to realize.

5. The student may discipline his mind by *tracing* evidences of *design* and manifestations of *law* throughout any and every branch of creation; for example, we may follow the changes of bone structure from its earliest inception through its many forms as displayed in the reptile, the fish, the bird, or the mammal, composed of an organic tissue—cartilage, that it may be elastic and tough; and inorganic matter, as salts of lime, that it may be firm and dense; the proportions being infinitely varied to meet the requirements of the animal, and the medium in which it lives. Some fish have skeletons composed almost entirely of cartilage, but others of them possess bones in which a much larger proportion of lime is found; while reptiles, heavy in body and slow in motion, are furnished with bones of coarse texture, those of the limbs being solid. The bird has the bony material so arranged, the shafts being long and cylindrical, as to afford the greatest possible strength compatible with lightness; and the mammal has bone-structure of varied character, some comparatively soft, with others hard, firm, and hollow; affording support to the muscles, to enable the animal to transport itself from spot to spot on the unyielding ground with freedom and vigour.

If the nature of the limbs by which

animals move and perform their varied functions is studied, it will be found that plan, design, laws, prevailed at their arrangement, and may be traced in numerous modifications through many forms of life, from the paddle of the seal or walrus, to the beautifully moulded arm and hand of man; or should the function of an organ offer more attraction to the mind than the fashion of the organ, the student may learn amongst others, with what exquisite adaptations of a highly interesting system the function of respiration is carried on both in the subjects of the vegetable and animal kingdom.

That the heavenly bodies are governed by laws of the most profound character, the investigation of which demands the highest order of intellect, few will now dispute; but it is equally certain that the dewdrop glistening upon, refreshing and adding beauty to the rose, owes its origin to *law* working through the great agency of heat, which is not the less forcible and potent, though its effects are of the commonest order.

6. A heart warmed by *divine love* cannot fail to have its holy fire fanned into a brighter glow by contemplating the instances of that love scattered broadcast upon the field of Nature.

From the tiniest of animated beings up to the most highly endowed, the function which each is called upon to perform, in providing for its own wants or for those of its progeny, is fulfilled by means of organs admirably suited to their various exigencies. The tongue of the bee, an instrument with telescopic point and covered with hairs, is now used as a brush and swept round the corolla of a flower to remove the honey, and then, in the hive, as a trowel to spread out its waxen cell. That of the butterfly, a long tube distended by air cells, carried when not in use, as a coil almost invisible under its head; is capable of being suddenly elongated and thrust down amid the petals, to sip the nectar there provided for its sustenance. Verily "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Nature's student may exclaim with the deep conviction which follows actual knowledge, "The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy;" "the Lord is good to *all*, and his tender mercies are over all his works."

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

Cornwall's Geography. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.; Hamilton, & Co.

A CORRECT and extensive knowledge of geography is an essential part of a good education. It consists, however, almost entirely of a vast collection of facts; and we owe much to those who collect and arrange those facts in such an order as shall best serve to impress them upon the mind. This constitutes, we believe, the value of the book before us. It has already reached a thirty-sixth edition, which speaks more on its behalf than any commendation we could offer.

The Works of the Rev. Alexander Carson, L.L.D. Volumes V. and VI. Houlston & Wright.

DR. CARSON is a stern defender of stern truths. A few instances of impatient zeal excepted, Dr. Carson is a skilful and powerful advocate of all fundamental Scripture truths, and such a champion as the present age imperatively demands. The former of these volumes shows the harmony of the God of *Creation* with the God of the Bible; and the latter the harmony of the God of *Providence* with the God of the Bible. These are interesting departments of study to all who aspire to sound learning, and on those topics in opposition to many false guides, we can strongly recommend the volumes before us.

The Voice of Jubilee. John Snow, Paternoster Row.

THIS volume is so suitable a commemoration of the Jubilee of the Baptist Mission in Jamaica, that it would have been incomplete without it. It takes a concise and yet comprehensive view of the struggles and successes of that mission from its commencement; it

contains biographical sketches of those who were distinguished for their self-denying zeal in that field of labour; and closes with a powerful and enlightened appeal on behalf of Christian missions in general. We commend it to our readers, and especially to those of the Baptist persuasion, as a compendium of one of the most successful efforts to evangelize a heathen land, and as a stimulus to Christian labour, both at home and abroad.

Lays of the Future. By WILLIAM LEASK. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

DR. LEASK is well known to have a prolific and an eloquent pen. He is a zealous advocate of the pre-millenial coming of the Lord Jesus. We ourselves have a considerable propensity to the same theme; but with less certainty perhaps, and assuredly in less degree, than our ardent contemporary. With some, it is a primary theme; with others, secondary only. We do not even give its colouring to all other truths, as the manner of some is. It is with us, one among many daughters, but not the one that excelleth them all. We can, and do appreciate the writings of others upon the subject, whether in poetry or prose, and to this class we cheerfully accord a worthy place to "Lays of the Future."

Life Truths. By J. DENHAM SMITH. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

HERE life truths are presented as if they had life. It is the peculiar gift of Mr. Denham Smith, and of all who like him speak and write with unction and with power, that Divine truth is not presented without its Divine life. The truths of the Bible were never intended to be separated from their life. "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." The difference between the powerful and the powerless preachers of the Word lies not so much in the truths they preach as in the life that accompanies them. Real life goes with real Gospel truth only; but the truth is often without the life. The life of the truth is not preached, and therefore is not felt. The "Life Truths" in this little volume are the truths which specially deserve to be styled such, and it is sufficient commendation to state that they are presented by Mr. Smith in his own way.

Conversion, Illustrated by Examples recorded in the Bible. By ADOLPH SAPHIR, Greenwich. Alexander Strahan, 148, Strand.

A SUBJECT of this kind gives considerable advantage to a writer. He can hardly fail to be useful, if he possesses a talent for correct composition, and adheres to his theme. On these grounds, we can safely commend the volume before us. On what principle the remarkable instances of conversion recorded in Scripture are here arranged, we are at a loss to perceive. Unless different degress of eminence were intended, it were better to adhere to the order of their occurence in the Bible. A series commencing with the Ethiopian Eunuch, and concluding with Manasseh, is at variance with both these.

Symbols of Christ. By CHARLES STANFORD. Jackson, Walford and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

MANY of the symbolical representations of Christ and his gospel in the Old Testament, and such as are not often fully investigated, are here brought to view. They are exhibited in a series of pulpit discourses, and apparently precisely as they were delivered. While there is much in these discourses from which all Christians might gain some good, both to the mind and the heart, there is much also which but few can be supposed to appreciate and enjoy. Elegance is not necessarily detrimental to power. It is more prone, however, to degenerate into weakness than most other elements of speech; and should be cultivated not so much for its own sake alone as for its combination with other powers. Different styles of writing are adapted to different truths, and often lead to the selection of subjects, instead of being guided and moulded by them. The style of the pulpit should be that which is most in harmony with the leading truths of the gospel. It should be bold, plain, terse, natural, and energetic. It should be the language of him who said, "I speak as a man." We

can conceive of a people trained to the enjoyment of gospel truths, presented in a milder form, but we must confess to a preference for that which edifies all, and violates or satiates the taste of none.

The Wells of Salvation; or, Salvation Considered in its several Scriptural Aspects. By the Hon. SOMERSET R. MAXWELL. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

"THE well is deep;" our Author makes us feel it is so. He is not the ploughman who finds bread upon the earth's surface, but the miner who breaks through the deep-lying strata for the precious ore. We ourselves love judicious deep digging, but we are not sure in this case. Mining in these days has so generally fallen into the hands of speculators, that we are more than ever inclined to keep to our farming, and leave the very deep pits to more adventurous spirits.

Popery, Ancient and Modern. By JOHN CAMPBELL, D. D. John Snow.

A THUNDERCLAP for Rome. Martin Luther lives anew in these pages, which are worthy of the veteran Author's best days.

Notices.

WE are glad to find that vigorous efforts are being made to provide a Chapel for Mr. Collins and his friends, at Southampton. On the 16th of May last, Mr. Gange of Portsmouth preached two sermons in behalf of this object, at the Above Bar Chapel, which was kindly lent for the occasion. A Bazaar was opened by Mr. Gange on the following day at the Carlton Rooms, which was well supplied with articles of utility and taste, and liberally patronized. In the evening of the same day, a public tea-meeting was held, at which a large company assembled. The whole of the well-furnished trays were gratuitously supplied. A public meeting followed, at which Mr. Collins presided, and suitable addresses were given by ministerial brethren in the town and neighbourhood. The Chapel is intended to provide sittings for a little more than 700, with one gallery, vestries, class rooms, and also a school-room under the Chapel. Should side galleries afterwards be required, it will accommodate about 1,000 hearers. The estimated cost of the present erection is £2,500. Should the funds for its completion not be provided, it will be used for a time for public worship, in an unfinished state. During the past year, £500 have been realized, and we can assure the readers of "The Sword and Trowel," that few efforts of the kind more deserve their Christian sympathy and aid.

The first baptism at Waterbeach, during the pastorate of Mr. Neale, late of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, took place on the 7th of last May, when eleven were immersed in the open river. About three thousand persons assembled to witness the ceremony. The greatest solemnity prevailed, and great attention was given while Mr. Neale preached upon the two baptisms, of fire and water, and performed the ceremony. A collection was made for the College on the occasion, which amounted to £80.

Mr. White of Chelsea, has sent us the following communication, which may prompt others to similar efforts. "On the 22nd of May, through the generosity of Sir Morton Peto, we were enabled to give a free tea to about 260 navvies, carpenters, stonemasons, &c., working upon the New Victoria Railway Bridge, after which they were addressed by Mr. Varley of Notting Hill, Mr. Lewis of Spitalfields, and William Taylor, a converted navvy. A considerable number of people came to the after meeting, chiefly of the working classes. Many appeared deeply impressed, especially when they certainly "heard in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God," in the address of our dear brother Taylor, who spoke suitably, simply, and sweetly of what Jesus had done for his soul, and would do for theirs. He addressed a good number of workmen again last Wednesday. I would earnestly recommend the use of these free teas whenever they are practicable.

They are an excellent means of gathering together to hear the gospel, those who can be secured in no other way. I intend "Lord willing," to take in turn the several classes round about Chelsea who are not reached by ordinary means, should the Lord incline the hearts of those who have it in their power, to provide the necessary expenses. We have a number of willing hearts who would bear all the labour, and a beautiful room holding nearly 800 people, admirably adapted for such gatherings. I wish next to give a tea to about 200 of the guards stationed at the barracks near the Chapel, and afterwards to the same number of "Pensioners," of which a great number are located in Chelsea. A kind friend, a large builder, has promised to give a tea to about 100 of his workmen employed in the neighbourhood. I shall be grateful if some one interested in the soldiers would help me to bring them together also, and communicate with me for this purpose at 13, Hemus Terrace, S.W.

On the 30th of April, a new and beautiful Chapel was opened in the village of Lyonshall, Herefordshire, for the use of the brethren in connection with the Church at Kington, under the pastorate of C. Wilson Smith. The Rev. S. Blackmore, formerly a pastor of the Church, preached in the afternoon, and the pastor in the evening. The Chapel was crowded at both services, numbers having to remain outside. On the following Wednesday, a tea-meeting was held in a large barn, near the Chapel, and though the day was unfavourable, upwards of 300 sat down to tea. A public meeting followed, at which addresses were delivered, by many neighbouring ministers and friends. The opening services were continued on the following Sunday, when the Rev. Geo. Cosens, formerly the pastor, preached to equally crowded congregations as on the preceeding Sunday.

The Chapel is built of brick, with stone and coloured brick dressings. Much good taste has been displayed in the building, which is somewhat gothic in appearance. At the entrance, a lean-to forms an excellent lobby with a small turret at the end, for the staircase of the gallery. The rostrum is a small and neat one, with open work in front; the seats are open seats, and together with the rostrum and gallery are stained and varnished. The Chapel will seat about 200. The cost of site and building (exclusive of the gallery and staircase, which were a gift,) is £255. Contributions up to the time of opening, £144 4s. 11d. Collections at the opening services, £21 7s. 10½d. Proceeds of two tea-meetings, £21 12s. Total, £189 4s. 9½d. A fresh subscription list has been started, and £22 17s. 6d. already subscribed, leaving a debt of £42 17s. 8½d. The friends have worked hard and well, and we hope that the end of the year will find them free of debt.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 91.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from May 19th, to June 18th, 1865.

	£	s.	d.
Dr. Moore, Hastings	1	1	0
Church at Woodstock, per Mr. Hughes	1	10	0
" Waterbeach, per Mr. Neale	8	0	0
Quartus	0	5	0
A bruised Reed	5	0	0
Collection at Lochee, per Mr. Davies ..	5	2	0
Mr. G. Gowland	5	0	0
The Misses Dransfield	3	3	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Stacey	0	5	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Tiffin	0	2	6
A Friend, Coleraine	1	0	0
A Wellwisher at Westerkirk, per Mr. McArthur	1	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture by H. Vincent, Esq.	13	17	7
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, May 22	25	0	9
" " " " 31	10	11	6
" " " " June 5	30	9	10
" " " " 13	39	11	0
" " " " 19	20	0	0
	£170	19	2

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

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1865.

Ten Thousand Skulls.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE little village of Glys, at the commencement of the famous Simplon Road, has a Church large enough to hold its inhabitants, should they all swell into Brobdignags, and occupy a pew each. When we passed the stone steps which lead up to the porch, they were strewn with boughs and blocked up with poles—the raw materials of the rustic finery to be displayed on the morrow, which was a high fête day. Inside the very clean and spacious edifice was an image of the Virgin Mary, very sumptuously arrayed, and placed upon a litter, so as to be carried about the streets in solemn procession—just as the heathen of old were wont to do with their gods. "They lavish gold out of the bag, and weigh silver in the balance, and hire a goldsmith; and he maketh it a god: they fall down, yea, they worship. They bear him upon the shoulder, they carry him, and set him in his place, and he standeth." What made the travellers pause and enter the Church? Certainly it was no respect for the idols or their shrines, but curiosity, excited by the grim information that here was *a charnel house filled with skulls, ten thousand or more at a rough computation.* Now we had seen skulls and bones at Chiavenna, all clean and white and carefully placed, so as to form double-headed eagles, crowns and all sorts of fanciful devices, and we had also passed bone-houses, where the heads of deceased villagers, all white as pipe-clay, were arranged in orderly rows upon shelves, labelled with their names and the date of their decease; but ten thousand at once was a novelty of ghastliness not to be resisted. Was the information correct as to the number? Did it not sound like a gross exaggeration? It certainly struck us that we might allow a very liberal discount upon the sum total of horrors, and yet be perfectly content; but we had no necessity to make any deduction, for, like the heads of the sons of Ahab, they lay before us in two heaps, and were there in full number. Under a chapel, which was decorated with scenery and flowers, not unlike a theatre, was the dreary home of the departed.

From its unglazed windows, through the iron bars, peered out thigh bones and skulls—these were the rear ranks of the army of the dead. We entered the portal, and for a moment could see nothing but a few skulls on the floor; but when our eyes were accustomed to the gloom, we saw plainly that on each side of a long chamber was a wall of grinning heads, with a leg bone under the chin of each; here and there they had fallen down, and the wall was in need of the sexton's decorating hand, but for the most part the pile was complete from floor to ceiling, and was from six to eight feet thick. A kneeling figure, in plaster, stuck up in the corner, half made us shiver, as it seemed to rise up from the floor of this hall of the dead like a sheeted ghost. At the far end were the usual appurtenances of Popish worship, and a comfortable place whereon to kneel amid the many remembrances of mortality. It was hard to avoid a sickening feeling in the midst of this mass of decay, but in our case this was overcome by wonder at the want of human tenderness in the religion which allows such needless and heartless exposure of the sacred relics of mortality. There they were, by dozens, on the floor, the skulls of old and young, male and female, and one could scarce avoid kicking against them; while, by hundreds, the grim congregation grinned from the wall on either side. Abraham said, "Bury my dead out of my sight," and one felt that his desire was natural, decent, tender, and manlike; but of that horrible collection, open to the bat or the dog, or to every idle passer-by, what could be said but that they were an abomination and an offence.

To what purpose have we brought our reader into this region of desolation? It is that he may ask, as we did, the question, "*Who slew all these?*" These thousands are but as the small dust of the balance, compared with the mountains of death's prey. These are but the ashes of the generations of one small hamlet—what vast mausoleum could contain the departed inhabitants of our great cities—the millions of Nineveh, Babylon, Rome, London, Pekin? What a mighty Alp might be formed of the corpses of the men of vast and populous empires, who these thousands of years have been born only to die! Surely the dust, which dances in the summer's sun, is never free from atoms once alive and human. The soil we tread, the water we drink, the food we eat, the air we breathe, in all these there must, doubtless, be particles once clothing an immortal soul. In lovely flower, and singing bird, and flitting insect, there may be, perhaps, there must be, crumbling elements of mortal flesh and bone, new moulded by the Master-hand. How perpetually does that question press itself upon us—Whence came the shafts which so surely reach the heart of life, and lay humanity in rotting heaps? Men of sceptical views have appealed to science, and have tried to shew that death is an inevitable law of nature, and is to be viewed as a matter of course, having no more to do with sin or holiness than the fall of a stone by gravitation; but we are content with the divine teaching, that "by man came death." We confess that it is more than possible that creatures expired in agony and pain long before the time of man; but is it quite so clear that what may have occurred in periods before our age, upon animals alone, can be made to contradict a statement which relates to man, and to man only? From whatever cause animals may or may not die, the fact that *man* dies, as

the result of Adam's sin, is not affected thereby. For aught we know, the law of mortality might have ruled over all non-intellectual creatures, and man made in the image of his Maker, might have remained immortal evermore. Such a state of things probably never did exist, but it is enough for our enquiry that it might have been so, and that the supposition is not irrational.

If it be contended that the condition of the animal creation is bound up with the state and position of man,—without venturing into speculations, we are quite willing to accept the statement, and yet we are not at all perplexed by the fact of death before sin, and the doctrine that death is the result of sin. He who foresees and foreordains all things, has of old constituted the creation, upon the foresight of that death which he foreknew would reign, as the result of sin, over man and the creatures linked with him. Had not sin and death been foreseen, as part of the great epic of earth's history, it may be that there had been no brute creation at all, or else an *undying one;* but since the existence of evil in man, and his consequent fall, was a portion of the great scheme of history which was always present before the divine mind, he made the world a fitting stage for the triumphs of his redeeming love, by permitting the creation to groan and travail under subjection to vanity, in solemn harmony with the foreknown state of fallen man.

We are not disposed to accept all the statements of geologists as facts, but even if we were credulous to the last degree concerning their discoveries, we should still hold the Bible, in its every jot and tittle, with unrelaxing grasp, and should only set our brain to work to find ways of reconciling fact and revelation, without denying either. We unhesitatingly accept the inspired declaration, that "sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." What a view of the evil and mischief of sin have we here in this charnel-house! What a murderer is transgression! What a deadly poison is iniquity. O earth, earth, earth, scarce canst thou cover the slain! Thy caverns reek with death! And as for thee, O sea, thy waves are glutted with the bodies of the mariners, whom thou hast swallowed up! Sin is the great man-slayer! Red-handed, with garments dyed in blood, sin stalks through the land, and leaves its awful tracks in tears, and pains, and graves, and charnel-houses, such as this; would God it were no worse; but, alas, we must complete the picture, its trail is eternal damnation, it kindles the flames of Tophet, which burn even to the lowest hell.

A gleam of sunlight strays into the gloomy assembly of the dead, and as our eye drinks it in, our heart cheerfully hears another question? "*Can these dry bones live?*" So dry, so chalklike, so pierced by worms, so broken, so powdered, so scattered, so mixed up with other existences—blown by the winds, ground into dust, carried along by streams, lost, forgotten, unknown, can these dry bones *live*. As the top of one great mountain may be seen from another which towers to an equal height, so this one question may be breasted in all its greatness by another, and as the second enquiry deals with a familiar fact, it may ease the difficulties which faith and reason may find in the first: *Have these dry bones lived?* Is it possible that out of those sockets looked merry eyes, sparkling with laughter, or orbs of grief, flowing with tears? Did that hollow globe hold thought and emotion, love and hate, judgment

and imagination? That yawning mouth, did it ever cry, "Abba, Father," or chant the Morning Hymn, or utter discourses which thrilled the heart? How can it have been possible? How could mind be linked with such poor crumbling matter? How could this earthy substance which men call bone, be in intimate, sentient, and vital connection with a soul which thought and reasoned? As well tell us that stones have walked, that rocks have danced, that mountains have fought in battle, as that spirits, full of intellectual and emotional power, have once quickened this poor brittle clay; nay, more, walking, dancing, and fighting, are actions which brutes might perform, and involve no exercise of judgment and emotion, and therefore the wonder would not be so great as this before us, when we see that hollow circular box made of earth, and know that it was once essential to intellect and affection. Yet it is certain that these bones once lived; *why not again?* It is only because it is usual and common that life does not strike us as an equal miracle with resurrection. Let the wisest of our race attempt to animate the most accurate model which the most skilful anatomical modeller could prepare, and he would soon learn his folly. Omnipotence is needed to produce and maintain one life; granted omnipotence, and impossibility vanishes, and even difficulty ceases to exist.

Believing that these shall live again, *what then?* In what body shall they come? What will be their future, and where? Are these the bones of saints, and will they rise all fair and glorious in the image of their exalted Lord, just as the shrivelled seed starts up a lovely flower, blooming and beautiful? Will they mount from the chrysalis of death into the full *imago* of perfection, just as yon fly, with rainbow wings, has done? Will they march, like the ten thousand Greeks, in dense phalanx, from this their narrow city? And will they know each other in their new condition, and preserve a manifest identity, even as Moses and Elias did, when they appeared upon the mount? Many questions, both answerable and unanswerable, are suggested by these poor relics of humanity. They are great teachers, these silent sleepers! But it may be more profitable to leave them all, and our speculations too, and permit one reflection to abide with us, as we leave the close and dismal vault for the purer air without; that reflection is this, "*I, too, shall soon be as these are.*" It may be, through the care of kindly survivors, that my body shall rest where no curious travellers shall gaze thereon; no moralist may muse on death with my skull in his hand; and yet I must be even as these are. How vain then is life! How certain is death! Am I ready for eternity? This is the only business worthy of my care. Go ye vanities to those who are as vain as you are! Thoughtful men live solemnly, regarding this life as but the robing-room for the next, the cradle of eternity, the mould wherein their future must be cast. If we rightly think upon this well-known truth, it will have been a healthy thing to visit the chambers of the dead.

On the Sacro Monte, at Varallo, is a supposed imitation of the sepulchre of the Lord Jesus. It was a singular thing to stoop down and enter it, of course finding it empty, like the one which it feebly pictured. What a joyful word was that of the angel, "He is not here!" Sweet assurance—millions of the dead are here in the sepulchre, thousands of saints are here in the grave, but HE is not here. If *he*

had remained there, then all manhood had been for ever imprisoned in the tomb, but he who died for his Church, and was shut up as her hostage, has risen as her representative, surety and head, and all his saints have risen in him, and shall eventually rise like him. Farewell, charnel house, thou hast no door now, the imprisoning stone is rolled away. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Acqua! Acqua!

THE sharp shrill cry of Acqua! Acqua! constantly pierces the ear of the wanderer in Venice and other towns of sultry Italy. There is the man who thus invites your attention. Look at him. On his back he bears a burden of water, and in his hand a rack of bottles containing essences to flavour the draught if needed, and glasses to hold the cooling liquid. In the streets of London he would find but little patronage, but where fountains are few and the days are hot as an oven, he earns a livelihood and supplies a public need. The present specimen of water-dealers is a poor old man bent sideways, by the weight of his daily burden. He is worn out in all but his voice, which is truly startling in its sharpness and distinctness. At our call he stops immediately, glad to drop his burden on the ground, and smiling in prospect of a customer. He washes out a glass for us, fills it with sparkling water, offers us the tincture which we abhor, puts it back into the rack again when we shake our head, receives half-a-dozen soldi with manifest gratitude, and trudges away across the square, crying still, "Acqua, Acqua." That cry, shrill as it is, has sounded sweetly in the ears of many a thirsty soul, and will for ages yet to come, if throats and thirst survive so long. How forcibly it calls to our mind the Saviour's favourite imagery, in which he compares the grace which he bestows on all who diligently seek it, to "living water;" and how much that old man is like the faithful preacher of the word, who, having filled his vessel at the well, wears himself out by continually bearing the burden of the Lord, and crying "Water, Water!" amid crowds of sinners, who must drink or die. Instead of the poor Italian water-bearer, we see before us the man of God, whose voice is heard in the chief places of concourse, proclaiming the divine invitation, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" until he grows grey in the service, and men say "Surely those aged limbs have need of rest"; yet rest he courts not, but pursues his task of mercy; never laying down his charge till he lays down his body, and never ceasing to work until he ceases to live.

At the door of Saint Mark's Cathedral, we bought a glass of what should have been the pure element, but when we began to drink, a pungent flavour of something which had previously been in the glass, made us leave the rest of our purchase, thirsty though we were. The water was good enough, but the vessel which held it imparted an evil taste to it; the like has often happened in the ministry, the gospel preached has been true and divine, but the unhallowed savour of an

inconsistent life, or a bitter disposition, has marred the sweetness of the word. May all of us by whom the Lord hands out the water of life, see that we are clean and pure in conversation; vessels fit for the Master's use. Men who are very thirsty will drink out of any cup, however dirty; but no conceivable advantage can arise from filth, and hundreds will turn away from the water because of it, and thus a very faulty ministry may be useful because of the truth contained in it, but its sinfulness can do no good, and may serve as an excuse to the ungodly for refusing the gospel of Christ.

In the square of the Doge's Palace are two wells, from which the sellers of water obtain their stock-in-trade, but we can hardly compare either of them with the overflowing spring from which the preacher of righteousness draws his supplies. One of the wells is filled artificially and is not much used for drinking, since the coldness and freshness of water springing naturally from earth's deep fountains is lacking. It is to be feared that many preachers depend for their matter upon theological systems, books and mere learning, and hence their teaching is devoid of the living power and refreshing influence which is found in communion with "the spring of all our joys." The other well yields most delicious water, but its flow is scanty. In the morning it is full, but a crowd of eager persons drain it to the bottom, and during the day as it rises by driblets, every drop is contended for and borne away, long before there is enough below to fill a bucket. In its excellence, continuance and naturalness, this well might be a fair picture of the grace of our Lord Jesus, but it fails to set him forth from its poverty of supply. He has a redundance, an overflow, an infinite fulness, and there is no possibility of his being exhausted by the draughts made upon him, even though ten thousand times ten thousand should come with a thirst as deep as the abyss. We could not help saying "Spring up, O well," as we looked over the margin covered with copper, into which, strings and ropes—continually used by the waiting many—had worn deep channels. Very little of the coveted liquid was brought up each time, but the people were patient, and their tin vessels went up and down as fast as there was a cupful to be had. O that men were half as diligent in securing the precious gifts of the Spirit, which are priceless beyond compare. Alas, how few have David's thirst for the well of Bethlehem. The cans sent down had very broad sides, so that they dropped down flat upon the bottom of the well, and were drawn up less than half full; large vessels would have been useless, and so, indeed, would small ones, if they had not been made to lie quite down upon their sides, along what we must call the floor of the well, and had they have been erect they would not have received a drop. Humility is always a profitable grace; pride is always as useless as it is foolish. Only by bowing our minds to the utmost before the Lord, can we expect to receive his mercy, for he promises grace unto the humble in that same verse which foretels his resistance of the proud. If there be grace anywhere, contrite hearts will get it. The lower we can fall, the sooner will the springing water of grace reach us, and the more completely shall we be filled with it.

It would be a great misfortune for those who buy their water in the streets, if the itinerant vendors should begin to fill their casks and

bottles from muddy streams. At Botzen, in the Tyrol, we saw many fountains running with a liquid of a very brown colour; and a seller of such stuff might cry "ACQUA" very long and very loudly before we should partake of his dainties. Sundry divines in our age have become weary of the old-fashioned well of which our fathers drank, and would fain have us go to their Abana and Pharpar, but we are still firm in the belief that the water from the rock has no rival, and we shall not, we hope, forsake it for any other. May the Lord send to our happy land more simple gospel, more Christ-exalting doctrine, more free-grace teaching, more distinct testimony to atoning blood and eternal love. In most of the Swiss villages there are streaming fountains by the dozen, and the pure liquid is to be had at every corner; may we yet see the Word of God as abundantly distributed in every town, village, and hamlet in England. Meanwhile, having recorded the prayer, we resolve by divine grace, to cry more loudly than ever, "Acqua! Acqua!" C. H. S.

A Gentle Reminder.

WE have felt a vehement desire that in connection with our magazine, we should accomplish work for the Lord; real, substantial, useful work, which would make it worth while to have had a magazine at all. The thought struck us, that our readers might feel called upon to aid in relieving the needs of our great and sinful city of London, and that we might achieve the erection of four places of worship in the year 1865. We are now arrived at the eighth month of the year, and we are fearful that our project will scarcely be accomplished. Owing to the generosity and diligence of our friend Mr. John Olney, we may consider the chapel at Ealing as a fact, for if the immediate friends of that interest exert themselves as they should do, they will be able to open the place free of debt. To the second building at Bermondsey, our friends at the Tabernacle have contributed with their usual generosity, so that *their* £500 is waiting for the laying of the stone: towards *our own* £500, we have £250 given by one noble donor, and several contributions from friends at a distance, but added together they fall short of the mark. However, of this we shall not complain, but must make an effort to complete the sum we guaranteed, and so we put the second chapel down as a fact. The third is to be built at Redhill, near Reigate, and here again Mr. John Olney has planned the matter with great skill, and we trust the plan will be carried out. Of the fourth I shall say nothing, for without the assistance of the many, and especially those at a distance, we must not venture upon it. Friends at home have done their fair share and more, the work must now pause, unless others are raised up to help. Millions in and round London are perishing for lack of the word, and the great want with us is places in which to preach it. *The bazaar* is postponed till Christmas. Many friends may be working for it, but it must be very secretly, for we have had only one intimation of assistance, and

therefore suppose that friends are otherwise engaged. We shall be glad to hear from friends who are working, so as to know how to proceed, and we have yet hope that this will prove a success.

During the months of May and June the treasury of the College was nearly drained dry. By reference to the monthly report it will be seen that with a constant outflow of about £80 per week, scarcely more than £40 came in to supply it. Faith sees in this no discouragement, for the Lord *has* provided and will provide for what is proved to be his work by the manifest blessing resting upon it; but we think it right to let the Lord's stewards know the needs of his work, that they may know when to aid it. He who conducts these works with a single eye to God's glory, desires to leave them at the foot of his Master's throne with the prayer, "*thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*"

On Preaching Christ.

I AM often astonished to observe with what surprising facility many "ministers of the gospel" manage to get through their sermons, without making any but the most oblique reference to themes distinctively evangelical. If the discourses of these men were to be accepted as the true exponents of their sentiments, then we might conclude, that in their view, the great topics of apostolic teaching, such as the work of the Holy Spirit, the priesthood, the resurrection and the mediatorship of Christ, have become obsolete by the lapse of ages. If Christ be preached by them at all, it is only as an *historic* character, who, some nineteen centuries ago instituted a purer system of faith and worship than the world had heretofore known, and which was to serve as the germ of those great "developments of Christian life and consciousness," which we are instructed to look for as its appropriate fruits; in the same manner as we trace the melioration of civil or political institutions to the operation of certain beneficent maxims, to which a sort of general acceptance was accorded at some great epoch in the world's history, and which it is supposed, only need universal ratification to ensure the triumphs of civilization and the general recognition of human rights. The natural inference from such exhibitions of Christianity is, that the spiritual regeneration of man is to be effected by the enforcement of certain moral maxims—logical corollaries from the *facts* of the gospel,—by which the necessity of promulgating the facts themselves, is in a good degree superseded. Accordingly, the practice of this class of Christian teachers is in exact correspondence with this hypothesis. The great facts on which Christianity and our hopes are based, are but sparingly dilated on. It is true, if the integrity of the scheme be assailed by its avowed enemies, these expounders of the faith may be found prompt in repelling the foe, and in vindicating their own claim to be its zealous defenders. At such a conjuncture, all that dialectics and erudition, guided by piety can effect, they will succeed in accomplishing. That Christ was no myth, that his incarnation, his death and glorious resurrection are not

cunningly devised fables, will be triumphantly maintained. But it is only in some such an exigency as this, that these verities are insisted upon. Such vindication, moreover, evidently proceeds on the principle that their maintenance is necessary to give force and coherence to the scheme of Christianity as a whole; but, that otherwise, they are of little moment, and would seem to be as impalpable and inappreciable as a mathematical point which has been defined as "that which has no magnitude, but *position* only."

Now, to ask whether these ethico-hortatory harangues bear any resemblance to apostolic preaching, or the teachings of inspiration, would sound like cruel irony. Take the first recorded sermon of Paul's, as given in the tenth chapter of Acts, and see what were the truths on which he insisted with such ardour and vehemence of spirit, and compare them with the second epistle to Timothy, when he was "now ready to be offered up, and the time of his departure was at hand, and he had finished his course," and we shall find him insisting on the same great truths in the latter case as in the former, with at least unabated ardour and undiminished zeal. The development of his "Christian consciousness," had not carried him forward to a point where he could dispense with these primary truths. The glad tidings—that the promise which was made unto our fathers, God hath fulfilled unto us their children, in that he hath "raised up Jesus again," and that "through him, all that believe are justified freely from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses," are precisely the themes on which he expatiates with such triumphant ecstacy in his valedictory to the Church, and his last charge to his beloved son Timothy—couched in words that will continue to thrill the hearts of believers till the last elect vessel shall be gathered in, and the head-stone of the living temple be brought forth with shoutings of "Grace, grace, unto it!"—"Be not thou ashamed of the testimony of our Lord . . . . I am not ashamed, for I know *whom* I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day . . . . Remember that Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, was raised from the dead according to my gospel . . . . Of these things put them in remembrance." But if it be said, as I suppose it may be alleged by some, that there was an appropriateness in these topics, in addresses to those who cavilled at, or even denied the facts insisted on, which does not exist in our altered circumstances; such an objection is founded in utter ignorance and misapprehension of the truth. The gospel is addressed to man, as guilty and corrupt; as surrounded with sorrow, and beset with temptation; as weary, and seeking for rest; as dying, yet shrinking from death; and I say, that to address men bowing beneath burdens like these, in the language of ethics or philosophy—ethics and philosophy leavened by Christianity if you will—is like throwing straws to a drowning man. He is looking for a deliverer, and you mock him with a phantom; he is asking for bread and you give him a stone. But let the awakened sinner but hear the voice of the Son of God, "Come unto *me* and I will give you rest," and he at once finds life and peace; he is secure in the ark of mercy and can now rejoice in hope.

If "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy," it surely is no

less an essential characteristic of the gospel ministry. The Christ of the evangelists and apostles must, if I may so speak, be reproduced in the ministry of his servants now; for he is unchanged and remains the same in his compassion and sympathetic tenderness, as when he sojourned among men—himself "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Though exalted to the right hand of his Father and clothed with majesty and power, he still bears in his glorified body the marks of his sacrificial offering—

> "Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
> And wears his priesthood still."

The tenderness and meekness so strangely blended with majesty which he displayed at the grave of Lazarus are his unimpaired attributes still. "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of death and of hell," are the terms in which he revealed himself in the Isle of Patmos to that disciple whom he loved. And his disciples in every age—whom he disdains not to acknowledge as his *brethren*—may hold communion with him, though thus exalted, on the same terms as did those that companied with him in the days of his humiliation. "The world seeth me no more, but *ye* see me," is a declaration of no restricted or temporary import. And surely it implies a strange perversity of mind to suppose that these disclosures of his love and power may now be dispensed with, as themes for pulpit ministrations. He who makes the experiment however, whether his aim be to "persuade men" or establish the believer, must inevitably and ignominiously fail; and will deservedly incur the imputation of fatuity, no less than of faithlessness.

Moreover, it is a distinguishing peculiarity of the gospel that it captivates the heart and enchains the affections, so that the service which it exacts is rendered, not of compulsion, but flows with the spontaneity of love. Now, experience has shown that no amount of moral suasion or pathetic discourse on the "loveliness of virtue," or the "beauty of holiness," can command men's affections in this direction. However enamoured, they do not fall in love. They may approve, but they cannot be got to practise. They may be told, and I know frequently are told by the ministry which I impeach as essentially defective, that if they believe in Christ he will impart to them the necessary strength to do his will. But those thus instructed might well retort in the language of the blind man, "Who is he, that I might believe in him?" For if their knowledge of Christ be restricted to what they have learned from such teaching, it will be scanty indeed. Without calling in question the orthodoxy of these teachers, I say that, virtually, they invert the gospel order, for they preach much more about the "necessity of conversion," and other cognate topics, than they do of the grace of Christ. The truth works on the minds of the children of men now as it did on the mind of the great Apostle of the Gentiles himself, and he has shown with great beauty and simplicity by what process that love, which bore him onward with all the impetuosity of a resistless current, was first engendered there. "The love of Christ constraineth us; *because* we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live

unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again." Let Christ be preached in like manner, that he "died for our sins according to the scriptures, and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures," and this testimony will be infallibly blessed of God to the opening of many a sinner's heart. To hold it merely as an article of one's creed will amount to little. But let it be set forth with all the fervour of one *that lives*, and whose life is unto him as a prey; and as he magnifies the grace of his Saviour and exalts his cross, from many a trembling penitent shall be extorted the exclamation which went up from the poor heathens when they "saw the earthquake and those things that were done" as they guarded the cross of the dying Redeemer, "Truly, this was the Son of God." It was Christ's promise to his disciples just before he suffered, and which he left as a lasting heritage to his Church, "the spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of ME." But then he adds, "*ye also* shall bear witness because ye have been with me." Christ is not pledged to bless every well-intended persuasive to piety, but his blessing may be confidently hoped for when "the truth as it is in Jesus" is proclaimed. The testimony of the *bride* must be the same as that of the Spirit; there must be no discrepancy here.

A notable example of this exceptional method of presenting divine truth is furnished by the *Broadmead Lectures* of the late John Foster. Excepting that there is a spirit of earnestness pervading them which is foreign to the negations of deism, they might have been penned by Priestley or Theodore Parker for ought there is in them of a distinctively evangelical character. This is the more remarkable from the fact, that the subjects which he discusses are some of them of a nature which would seem to demand a very explicit reference to the person and work of Christ. For example, two of the lectures are entitled respectively, "Fallacies operating against Earnestness in Religion," and "Earnestness in Religion enforced." It is a considerable time since I read them, and have not the volume at hand, but if I remember, there is no reference to Christ whatever in either of these, beyond what is implied in the phrase, "the honour of the Redeemer," which I think does occur in one of them.

The preface by the editor sets forth that they were delivered to a somewhat select and appreciative auditory, and that Mr. Foster, therefore, felt himself warranted to take a wider range of subjects, and to adopt a more varied and elaborate style of illustration than in addressing a promiscuous congregation. Mr. Foster is the author of an essay "On some of the causes by which Evangelical Religion has been rendered unacceptable to persons of cultivated taste," and it is not unnatural to conclude that he essayed in these lectures to furnish a practical solution of the problem, "How to preach the gospel to persons of cultivated taste so as to render it acceptable to them." The solution, to say the least, is a very unsatisfactory one; for all evangelical religion seems to be studiously excluded from the lectures, and all that remains to the reader is to ponder the precepts and admire the rhetoric of the author. I yield to none in my admiration of the excellencies and the genius of this great man, but I am fully convinced that the influence of his religious writings, especially on the rising ministry, is of a most per-

nicious character, and has contributed in no small degree to that laxity and latitudinarianism of sentiment, which is fast becoming one of the most notable features of the modern pulpit.

I trust that in making these strictures I shall not be reproached with writing in a censorious or uncharitable spirit. If I were discussing a matter of *opinion*, I should be less confident and self-reliant, but I claim to be stating *facts*—facts even which are beyond controversy, so far as relates to the tenor of the teaching of a large proportion of the dissenting ministry. I am willing to admit that I may be in error as to what is implied in *preaching Christ*. The preachers in question may be right and I may be wrong. The progress and "development of Christian consciousness" may have superseded the necessity of a constant iteration of those great fundamental facts on which our holy religion is based; but those who concur with me in thinking otherwise, cannot withhold from me their assent to the justice of my strictures on the defects of much that passes under the name of "evangelical preaching." They will join with me in ascribing much of the worldliness and spiritual feebleness that characterise so large a number of our churches, to this unfaithfulness in the presentation of Christ's gospel. "For this cause many are weak and sickly among us, and many sleep."

DISCIPULUS.

Life of Pastor Gossner.*

BY J. A. SPURGEON.

HAVE our readers ever seen a large manufactory where a number of looms or machines were busily engaged in spinning or weaving some of the many articles which England produces for the use of half the world? If so, the fact of the absence of any manifest power, moving and setting all in continuous motion, has surely been impressed upon their minds. A power there must be, but it is away below, apart from the hum and whirl of wheels and spindles, down in the engine-house, where one mighty engine is supplying the force which makes all the rest of the building so full of life and activity. Stop the strokes of that piston, and let the great driving wheel cease to revolve, every part will miss the influence which was wont to prompt and control the whole. We have men in the Church who are like these engines, not much seen, but ever felt—they are men who supply motive power to multitudes, and in the stillness of their studies they are moving machinery which helps to turn the world upside down—such a man was Pastor Gossner. His life is full of interest, but it is mainly because of his efforts to thrust forth labourers into the whitening harvest-fields, that we purpose giving a brief sketch of his history. Little is known of his youth and early training, save that his birth-place was the small village of Hausen,

* Abridged from the "Life of Pastor Gossner."—Published by Morgan and Chase, Ludgate Hill.

near Oberwallstadt, in Bavaria, and that he was sprinkled December 14th, 1773. He won high testimonials at college, and became, at twenty years of age, a student of Canonical law. He was ordained a presbyter of the Church of Rome when twenty-three—having already commenced a diary, which is the source of most of our information concerning his life. He was blessed, as a youth, with the teaching of one who seems to have been a marvellously good man for a Romish priest. Gossner quotes extracts of his sermons, one of which we give. "He said 'the whole gospel is comprehended in these words, faith, love, suffering. He who does not suffer, will not be glorified; he who does not love, remaineth in death; he who does not believe, is condemned already.'" His acquaintances seem, many of them, to have been truly Christian men; mingled in the mass of Rome's corruption, with garments tainted and defiled with its abominations, but still good men, loving and preaching many of the truths which are dear to the Christian's heart. His course of theological study was extensive, and embraced the works of many Protestant writers. For a while he was satisfied with merely gaining certificates of industry and progress, but at last, wearied with the mere formal study of a system which he could see was not to be defended, he retired in disgust, to the great disappointment of his tutors. He had begun to lay hold of living truth, and the dead creed of the "Man of Sin" was not any longer to be endured. We find him writing at this time, March 29th, 1797—"Jesus the sacrifice for sin! Jesus suffered, was obliged to suffer, according to the commission he received from the Father. The death of Jesus, as the most precious sacrifice for sin, should inspire men with love and reverence for the law, and with hatred and contempt for sin. In this I see the great love of the Father . . . . . In this I recognize the love of the Son, who, out of love, suffered as a sacrifice for the sins of men; and I am ashamed of not having before recognized the love of the Father and the Son."

Soon after he became a chaplain in a rural district, and feeling the power and love of God in Christ, preached the gospel so fervently that his colleagues cried him down as a fanatic and a heretic. A bosom friend of the devoted and persecuted Martin Boos, he soon has to share his troubles and follow him into fiery trials; brought up before the tribunal at Augsburg, he is afterwards committed to the same prison to meet the gaoler whom Boos has been the means of converting. After this he resides with a genuine Christian, whose spirit may be judged of, by the following circumstance. A poor traveller called upon this good man, who was named Fenneberg, to borrow three dollars; this was the whole amount of money possessed by this modern Nathaniel; but as the poor traveller asked for it in the name of Jesus, he lent him all he had, even to the last penny. Some time after, being in absolute want himself, he remembered the fact while at prayer, and with child-like faith and simplicity, he said, "O Lord, I have lent thee three dollars, and thou hast not given them back to me, though thou knowest how urgently I need them, I pray thee to return them to me." The very same day a letter arrived containing money, which Gossner delivered to the good man, with these words, "Here, sir, you receive what you advanced." The letter contained two hundred dollars, which were sent to him by a rich man, at the solicitation of the poor traveller to whom he had

lent his all. Fenneberg, quite overcome with surprise, said in his child-like way, "Oh, dear Lord, one cannot say a single word to thee, without being put to shame." In 1804, Gossner was nominated to one of the richest livings in Bavaria, where he resided five years. His preaching may be judged of by one extract. "I witness before the living God who sees me, and before the angels and saints; I witness to all and to each, that none may have any excuse or say he did not know it, that each one here knows that he may come to the Saviour, and be accepted however sinful he may be; let him boldly lay his sins at the Saviour's feet and he will take them away, he invites all; to each in particular he says, 'Look unto me and be ye saved.'" We are startled to find such preaching in the Church of Rome, but thank God it was the case.

He connected himself with the British and Foreign Bible Society, and translated the New Testament into German; his translation was circulated in Roman Catholic countries with very happy results.

But this was too much for the malice of the "Evil one," and his enemies were soon numerous, and greatly enraged. He is persecuted, brought before the Inquisition and imprisoned. We find from his diary how much he suffered, prayed, endured, and worked. He begins to think of leaving the Church of Rome, though he does not do so for twenty years. He and other good men threw a halo round the superstitions of the "Mystery of Iniquity," and were blinded to the deceitfulness of its sin. He laid his doubts before one eminent man, who replied, "Remain where thou art: the Lutheran devil is just as black as the Catholic." In order to be able to relieve himself of the forms and ceremonies he could not but despise, he resigned his lucrative living, and retired to a quiet sphere at Munich, where he could devote himself "to prayer and the ministry of the Word."

Here he began his commentary entitled, "Spirit of the Life and Doctrines of Jesus Christ." He made many efforts to infuse spiritual life and fervour into the services he conducted; even endeavouring to banish some of its mummeries so as to introduce the reading of portions of scripture and the singing of hymns in their own language. For this he was summoned before an Ecclesiastical Court, and strictly charged to avoid everything for the future which was likely to excite or disturb the minds of the people. He continued for a while still preaching the gospel and gathering round him a band of loving and pious souls, who were as lights in a dark world. But the close of the French Revolution, and the restoration of the Pope to his ancient power, was the signal for the re-establishing of the order of the Jesuits, and the attempt to crush Gossner and his so-called "sect." He is dismissed from his office in the cathedral, but still allowed to preach, which he does to crowds who flock on all occasions to hear him. A combination of the Bishops against him, induces him to accept an invitation from the Prussian Government to become Professor of Religion and chaplain of the town of Dusseldorf. Once more he suffers for the truth's sake and removes to St. Petersburgh, and for a while is allowed to preach to large and attentive congregations. He says, "Hearts here are as warm as the climate is cold." Many were blessed and great good was done. So great was the desire to hear him

that other places were nearly empty, and on one occasion an honest writer says that, "finding only four or five persons in his church, he invited them to accompany him to hear Gossner, where they would get something better than he could give them." Scenes occurred under his preaching not unlike those presented in the late revival in Ireland. Cries for mercy were uttered aloud in the church, men smote upon their breasts and were in true agony of body as well as of soul, and the congregations became at times so excited as to lead the preacher to stop and give out an appropriate hymn in order to calm them and restore quietness and attention. Gossner held at this time a peculiar position. He was in the Church of Rome, but certainly not of it. Between the two parties he was suspected by both, and Protestants and Catholics alike conspired against him. At last he was driven from Russia, and escorted by Cossacks to the frontiers of Germany. His chief enemy in Russia seems to have been a man who held the office of "Minister for the Enlightenment of the People," and if such was the minister of light, what must have been the nature of the darkness in the land? He has still to live as a pilgrim in the land, and moves from place to place. He finally breaks from the Church of Rome in 1826, and joins the Evangelical Church. After two years, he is called to preside over a church which was composed of the descendants of Bohemian and Moravian emigrants who had found shelter and protection under the King of Prussia a hundred years before. Here at Bethlehem Church he laboured till the year 1846, when he withdrew into retirement. His life, though now hidden from public view, was spent in ceaseless efforts to promote the Elizabeth Female Hospital, the Book and Tract Society, and, above all, the Missionary Society which he had established. Gossner succeeeed a man who was the first to labour in the cause of missions in Germany. Before the great English Societies were formed, he was training men for the work, so that when the Church Missionary Society was commenced in London, they sent out at first the young men who had been trained and educated by Jaenicke. Others following him in the effort to enlighten the heathen, formed a Society for this purpose in Berlin; with this Society Gossner laboured some years, till he left them, because dissatisfied with the manner in which missionaries were educated and prepared for their work. He was, moreover, anxious to remodel the committee of the Society, and to introduce more fervent and believing prayer. Not succeeding in his efforts he separated from them, and, in due time, God opened a wide and effectual door before him. In 1837, three or four young men made application to the Society for admittance into the missionary seminary at Berlin, and were refused, on the ground that they were incapable of going through the course of study which was considered indispensable. Gossner was applied to, but at first he was unwilling to take up their case. They persisted, and so strong was their faith, that at last it prevailed, and they were allowed to spend two evenings in the week besides the Sunday afternoons with their talented instructor. The class soon grew from four to twelve young men, who laboured for their own maintenance at their trades, and thus proved alike their industry, their sincerity and zeal. But as the numbers increased, he began to feel the need for assistance, and having no

money to procure that, he was driven to prayer. While looking to God for help, he remembered that a young student had called upon him sometime before, he resolved to seek him out and entreat him to help in the good work; this was done, and he consented to give instruction in Church history and the Greek Testament.

Thus was commenced the instruction of young men for Missionary service, and thus it was carried on till the day of his death; God always furnishing men able and willing to instruct others, and to prepare them for their great and good work. The question soon arose, where could these young men be sent, so as to do the most good and find spheres of labour? Gossner naturally turned to English Colonies, and soon heard that amongst the natives of Australia, there was an opportunity of commencing a Christian Colony. In July, 1837, the first Missionary party left Berlin, after receiving in public, the blessing of him whom they affectionately called their "Father." A lasting impression was left on all who heard Gossner's valedictory address to these devoted men. They were a godly band, consisting of eleven Missionaries, seven of whom were married, and one had been specially ordained as a clergyman, by Bishop Ritschel, of Pomerania. Gossner once more was made to feel the darts of envy and slander. As Cain looked upon Abel, or Saul upon David, when the Israelitish maidens sang "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands;" so did many look upon him, because God had regard to his sacrifice, and blessed the work of his hands. Gossner, however, went on his way rejoicing, alike at God's blessing, and that he was counted worthy to endure his share of persecution for the name of Christ. Soon a way was made for his men in that most important of Mission Fields—the East Indies. A clergyman of the Church of England, named Start, had already devoted his large property and intense energies to the work of the Lord in India. He had visited England, and procured some co-workers, but his health failing him he again came to England, and hearing of Gossner he went at once to Berlin, and having examined each one of the pupils, he selected twelve, who at once proceeded with him to the sphere of labour abroad. A large house was secured and using the ball-room for a Chapel, it was found to suit all their requirements. Their number increased year after year; all of them being sustained by the generosity of Mr. Start. At first it was left to each one to draw upon him for what money they pleased; but, to their honour be it said, they denied themselves so much, that it was found best to fix an amount in order to ensure them such personal comforts as were necessary to their health and continuance in work. After the year 1840, the sphere of influence greatly increased. In 1839, he sent Missionaries to the South Sea Islands. In 1840, he sent seven to the Germans in North America. In 1841, six more, almost all of whom are to this day working with great blessing. In 1841, he began a station in Central India, a new Mission, with six men. In 1842, five were sent to Challam and three to India. The year after, four were sent to India at the request of a Lady, whose husband (a German physician and naturalist) had been killed by the wild Aboriginal tribes, in the Tenasserim provinces. When the Missionaries had made all enquiries, they determined to devote themselves to the work of teaching the Kohls

or Coles; one of the Aboriginal tribes of India. Besides these Gossner sent twenty-six Missionaries to Java, Macassar, and the surrounding Islands.

Our space will not admit of enlarging upon the success which has attended the labours of these God-fearing men. They have been pre-eminently honoured of God. Amongst the Coles, a wild race of men, who bought their wives and dismissed or sold them at pleasure, who believed in a good being and a bad one, a God and a Devil, and because the first was loving and kind they felt no necessity to worship him, and so devoted themselves to propitiate the devil, thus becoming demon worshippers; bowing down to do homage to the devil alone, human sacrifice even being offered by stealth on their unholy altars. In fact, no lower depth can be conceived of, than that in which these poor deluded beings were living. It were a shame even to think of the deeds done by them in worship to the devil. No wonder that Gossner thus charges the men thus sent to preach to them the gospel. "Believe, hope, love, pray, burn, waken the dead! Hold fast by prayer; wrestle like Jacob! Up, up my brethren! the Lord is coming, and to every one He will say, 'Where hast thou left the souls of these heathens?—with the devil?' Oh, swiftly seek these souls, and enter not without them into the presence of the Lord." For awhile their labour was in vain, so far as men could see, but at last four strangers came to one of their meetings and declared that they believed in Jesus, but they wished to see him. "Show us Jesus," they said, "and we shall be satisfied," they were led to the mercy-seat and earnest prayer was offered that the eye of the soul might be opened and thus they might see Jesus. They went their way, and for a time nothing was heard of them. At last they returned, asking to be allowed to attend an English service, though unable to understand a single word. They were of course allowed, though no one knew why they desired it, till it was discovered that they supposed Jesus was exhibited to the English, and that by being present at the service, they hoped to gain a sight of him also. On finding out their mistake they were satisfied, and began earnestly to seek instruction. They broke their caste and abandoned their heathen prejudices. From that time the good work went on gloriously. Men and women, who once were dressed in shells, earrings, noserings and necklaces, with chains, combs and looking-glasses, and a scant strip of cloth round the loins, relying upon vigorous tattooing to make up all deficiences, were seen seated, clothed and in their right minds, hating the devil they once worshipped, and loving the God they once despised. We cannot dwell on the further manifestations of the sincerity of the converts than just to say that they have learned to love each other, to be lights in the world, to bring the tithes into God's store-house, and to prove him therewith if he will but pour them out a blessing. Through the terrible mutiny in India they held fast their faith, some of them even to death, all of them to severe loss and suffering; and out of it they came increased in numbers and purified in spirit. The work was of God, and no man could withstand or harm it.

At the ripened age of eighty-five, the Christian veteran was called to his rest, in the year 1858. Working till the very last, he bore fruit in

his old age, sustaining by his prayers and counsels all the brethren, so that none felt himself left alone and forgotten. All this mighty work was carried on in the simple confidence that the Lord would provide, and so He did. The funds were never at any time large, but the blessing was without measure. Many Missionaries fell sacrifices to climate and to disease and other perils, but of the two hundred labourers sent under his care, not one ever suffered from the lack of personal comforts, so as to endanger life or health. No plan or system was adopted at home save entire dependence on God, but order and regularity always obtained in the various departments of labour abroad. Would to God that we had more of Gossner's spirit. As we read his life and notice the character of the men he sent out, and their rule of endeavouring themselves, as far as possible, to maintain the work apart from the help of others, we cannot help saying, "God give us an infusion of this spirit! May it pervade our Churches and produce the fruit we need. There is no reason why it should not be adopted to some extent. Most heartily should we rejoice in the revival of a Missionary spirit among the young men of our College, and amongst our subscribers." Our work is of the same kind as Gossner's, and we pant for a like blessing. We must increase the amount of our subscriptions, and we must multiply our prayers. Our strength is to wrestle with God and all else will follow in due course. Let all our readers pray for the right men to be raised up; men of earnest spirit, mighty in faith and prayer, of great self-denial; strong men, of determination, prepared to rough it, and endure hardness as good soldiers of the cross. We have already in the field many good men and true, but we want more and of the right sort; these will be raised up in answer to prayer, and with faith in God, funds will follow. Let the departed saint appeal to us from his tomb, bidding us do our work, as he, by the grace of God did his. May we live the life of the righteous and may our last end be like his.

How to get at the Masses.

BY T. W. MEDHURST.

HOW shall we reach those vast masses of people who never enter our places of worship, and who are perishing at our doors for lack of knowledge? is a question which we conceive every faithful and earnest gospel minister has thought over hundreds of times. If we desire to win souls for Jesus, we cannot be content unless we put forth earnest efforts for the conversion of those who act as though there were no God, no judgment, no hereafter of rewards and punishments. We do not profess in this brief paper to reply fully to this momentous question, but will endeavour to throw out a few hints for the consideration of those who yearn for the salvation of perishing souls.

One of the most effective methods, as well as the most scriptural, for getting at the masses, is the preaching of the gospel in the open air. In all great cities especially, and we write from experience, we

have the best opportunities for carrying on this work. In these immense reservoirs, either for good or evil, an earnest Christian, who has a message to deliver, and knows how to deliver it, needs never to be without a congregation, if he will but go out "into the streets and lanes," and preach Christ to the people. We have tried this work in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and have always found that as "the common people heard Jesus gladly," so they hear of him gladly still. The denser the mass of people among whom we labour, the less will be the influence to prevent us from getting at them, and the greater the prospect of success. Amongst the people generally, we find in the present day a lively thirst for information; it is the duty of Christians to endeavour to satisfy that thirst by giving them information concerning "Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

Those who preach in the open air must see to it that they are *well prepared for the work.* It requires diligent and prayerful study of the scriptures. Many young men imagine that but little study is required for open-air preaching, but this is a great mistake. If it be necessary that the pastor should study his discourses for the pulpit, much more is it necessary that preparation should precede the preaching of the gospel in the open air. There we are liable to meet with interruptions, and if the subject be not well fixed on the mind, we shall begin to wander, and soon cease to interest our hearers. In the open air, the preacher has far more and far keener critics than when he occupies a pulpit and addresses himself to an ordinary congregation. All, therefore, who attempt open-air preaching, should endeavour, as far as possible, thoroughly to prepare their discourses.

If we would succeed in reaching the masses, *we must look upon them "with compassion,"* even as Jesus looked upon the multitudes in his day, and wept over doomed Jerusalem. We must sympathise with the condition of our hearers, and shew them by our manner that we desire to do them good. We must display a spirit of love, and of self-denying earnestness. If we are not thoroughly in earnest in our desire for the souls of our hearers, we shall do but little, if any good. We must compel them to say, "Well, he believes what he says, and seems anxious for us, anyhow." We must avoid, rigorously avoid, all pompous officialism in the prosecution of our work. We must speak to the people, not so much as ministers and missionaries, as saved sinners, who, loving Jesus, desire that others should love him too. We must not imagine that this work belongs exclusively to stated pastors. They have enough to do if they fulfil their calling as God's Word directs. The motto of each Church must be, "Every member a missionary for Jesus Christ."

It would be well if every Christian were fully qualified for this work, but since we cannot look for this, *each should do the best he can.* A Christian young man, with the energy of divine grace in his heart, is a strange being indeed if he cannot tell out to sinners the way of salvation. He may think he cannot, but let him get up and try. If he were a butcher's man, he could easily get up and talk about joints of meat; if he were a draper, he could readily furnish a fine disquisition for half an hour on silks and calicoes; and if he be a Christian, he ought to be able to stand forth and, without notes or any such assistance, speak a few simple words about the atoning love of Jesus; and that is

preaching. Preaching the gospel does not chiefly consist in taking a text, having three main and nine sub-divisions, with an application, all set forth as learned divines do it; it is standing up and telling out how Christ loved sinners, how he came into the world and died to save sinners. If young men began by doing that, they would soon grow in the work. We are not expected to start up as giants all at once. We must begin as little children, in a simple-hearted, earnest, honest manner There are thousands of earnest, Christian young men, who, if they would but just start in this way, would, by the Holy Spirit's aid, soon prove successful in winning souls for Jesus. We pray God they may soon be brought forward, that they may not waste their best years. Let them not think they must do it fine, that they must need be grand; that is not the way, neither is that the thing which is wanted. If any man wants to shine, let him not engage in this work; but if any are willing to be counted the off-scouring of all things; if any are willing for Christ's sake to wear a fool's cap and a fool's coat, to be laughed at, and to be ridiculed; if any have an intense love for the salvation of souls, let such not be afraid to speak to sinners in Christ's name. It may be only half-a-dozen words they shall speak at first, but who can tell but God may bless them to half-a-dozen souls? The next time they attempt to speak, they will say a dozen words, and thus will go on increasing in confidence and strength. Let this thought cheer those who are hesitant and timid. Some of the greatest preachers failed at first. Robert Hall had twice to sit down, unable to speak, confused, and discomfited. On the first occasion when delivering an address in the vestry of Broadmead Chapel, he suddenly paused, covered his face with his hands, exclaimed, "Oh! I have lost all my ideas," and sat down, still hiding his face with his hands. At the same place, on the following week, he failed again; and on that occasion, hastened from the vestry, and on retiring to his room said, "If *this* does not humble me, the devil *must* have me." Such was the result of two of the early efforts of him, who, for nearly half-a-century, excited universal attention and admiration by the splendour of his pulpit eloquence.

Oh! young men, go out to the masses and speak for Jesus. We do not tell you to be eloquent, but to be earnest. We do not want you to speak grand words and to turn fine periods; they do but little good. The archers of old shot between the joints of the harness, and the slingers sent their stones so that they should not miss; but now-a-days, many men shoot their arrows only to prove the height to which they ascend, and sling forth their stones to show how far they can throw them; that is not the way, neither is that the result to be desired. We want men to speak *as men*, to speak out concerning their Master; and to tell to the lost and perishing the way of salvation through his blood and righteousness. We want men, who distrusting all self-dependence, will trust only in the Spirit. To this end we need, we must have, we cannot do without much earnest believing prayer.

In order to get at the masses, we must see that it is the gospel we preach to them. We must lift up Jesus before the gaze of a perishing world. We must preach Jesus, and Jesus only to the people, in earnest, simple, tearful language. We must get at the people by seeking out lovingly those who attend no place of worship, and to do that, we

need the aid of all Christians, for the work cannot be done without them. Small meetings held in houses, if properly conducted, will be found eminently useful. House-to-house visitation, popular lectures, and Sabbath-school work, must all be vigorously prosecuted. Let all and every means be tried so that we do but get at the people. Lovingly compel them to come in, that the house of God may be filled. We must persevere in all the work which we undertake if we would succeed. Let our motto be, Onward and upward for Christ Jesus' sake.

"We must all speak for Jesus,
The world in darkness lies,
With him against the mighty,
Together we must rise.

We must all speak for Jesus,
'Twill ofttimes try us sore,
But streams of grace to aid us,
Into our hearts will pour.

We must all speak for Jesus,
Till he shall come again,
Proclaim his glorious gospel,
His crown and endless reign."

Dr. Campbell on Mr. Spurgeon's Baptismal Regeneration Sermons.

WE felt not a little grieved at the indistinct utterances of Dr. Campbell while the Baptismal Regeneration controversy was raging around us, and we did not fail to say some very strong things upon the subject. In our feelings of regret at the doctor's singular tenderness for the Recordite party, and his apathy in defence of the truth on that occasion, we know that thousands of our friends deeply sympathized, and it needed a remembrance of all the veteran warrior's former services to the good old cause to maintain him in the high position of esteem in which the most of us have held him. For our own part, we felt driven more completely to look to the strong for strength, and obtained an exceedingly vivid impression of that text, "Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of." Our friend has now published his letters on Baptismal Regeneration, and prefaced them with an introduction, which we think it simple justice *to him* to reproduce in our pages. We accept it as the *amende honorable*, and trust that our friends will do the same. Like the letters themselves, the introduction is written with a heavy quill, and rather too much ink is laid on here and there, especially in our own praise and in excuses for the Evangelical clergy; but it is well and kindly meant, and though it gives us more than our due, we believe ourselves entitled to some little interest on account of the long delay, and shall not therefore raise the question.

The letters themselves, both as prolonging the conflict, and as a memorial of the struggle, deserve an extensive circulation. We are very

far from agreeing with all the statements and opinions advanced in them, and we do not think them equal to other productions from the same vigorous pen, but still we estimate them very highly, and trust that in certain quarters inaccessible to us they will work a lasting good. The volume is published by Mr. John Snow at a cheap price. Here is the "Introduction:"—

"The present publication originated in the sermon of the Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon on Baptismal Regeneration, which led to an excitement far exceeding everything of the sort known in our times. One portion of the Christian public approved, and another condemned the discourse, and both with equal fervour. The result was the publication of an incredible number of letters, sermons, and pamphlets, and a large amount of discussion, both in the general and in the religious Press. Some of the combatants were men of ability and information, but none begirded themselves for a thorough and yet popular discussion of the subject. All seemed satisfied with an ephemeral expression of opinion on the one side or the other.

"It was known to many, that between Mr. Spurgeon and myself there had long been an intimate and cordial friendship, proofs and illustrations of which, on my part, had from time to time appeared in the columns of the *British Standard*, and other publications under my control. In his early days I stood by him, when his advocates in the Press were neither numerous nor, with one or two honourable exceptions, efficient, while his adversaries were both unscrupulous and powerful. Some surprise accordingly was felt by our mutual friends, that I was not among the first to place myself at his side. They were at a loss to account for my seeming apathy; but in this they were guided by feeling rather than by judgment; they did not reflect that the state of things was entirely altered. Mr. Spurgeon was no longer a tender sapling that might receive benefit from the friendly shade of an elder tree, but an oak of the forest, whose roots had struck deep in the earth, and whose thick and spreading boughs bade defiance to the hurricane. They forgot that Mr. Spurgeon alone was more than a match for all his adversaries. Besides, a passing newspaper article, however strong or telling, although it might have gratified our mutual friends, would have been of small importance to the cause which I had so much at heart—the correction and purification of the Liturgy of the Established Church. My mind had been familiar with the subject, and often painfully exercised by it, for a quarter of a century. I had, besides, written much concerning it in various channels, and in divers forms; and not satisfied with these ephemeral efforts, a few years back I embodied my views at length, in a volume entitled 'Popery and Puseyism.' The Spurgeon controversy, however, led to the determination to deal with the question of Baptismal Regeneration on a scale more expanded, and in a manner more multifarious, definite and conclusive. Leaving Mr. Spurgeon, therefore—who did not want for able and zealous auxiliaries, both in pamphlets and sermons, although he required them not—I determined to come forth in a series of Articles in the *British Standard*, which extended over a period of seventeen weeks. These articles constitute the present volume.

"Although the series was headed, 'The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and the Clergy,' no attempt was made to decide between the contending parties. I conducted the discussion on an independent footing, as much so as if Mr. Spurgeon had neither published, nor preached his memorable sermon. I nevertheless carefully examined everything that appeared, whether for or against him, as well as a multitude of publications that had been previously issued. As the chief bulwark of the Evangelical Clergy, I finally betook myself to the huge work of Dr. Goode, Dean of Ripon, and travelled very carefully through its six hundred closely-printed pages, in order to obtain a clear conception of its complex and multifarious contents. Having completed this part of my task, I next sat down to a thorough reperusal of Mr. Spurgeon's celebrated discourses on 'Baptismal Regeneration,' 'The Book of Common Prayer Weighed in the Balances of the Sanctuary,' 'The Duty of Going Forth and Bearing Reproach,' and 'True Unity Promoted,' with the Letters addressed by Mr. Spurgeon to the Evangelical Alliance, and to the Christian Public, respectively. It will thus be seen that I have gone about the matter with at least some measure of the care and labour required in a matter so momentous, from its involving interests so tremendous, alike as affecting both time and eternity. I have now, therefore, I humbly submit, some right to express an opinion upon the results of my inquiry; and this I shall do without the slightest regard to sect or party, friend or foe.

"In my view, then, the statements of Mr. Spurgeon, as to the general doctrine, in point of accuracy, are unimpeachable; truth has obviously, from first to last, been the sole object of his inquiry.

"His argument also is, in my view, clear, cogent, and unanswerable.

"His complaints and remonstrances are, I think, well-founded, and such as deserve the candid and serious consideration of those to whom they are addressed.

"His appeals and protests are, nevertheless, occasionally marked by an acritude of spirit, fitted to startle, scandalize, and exasperate.

"His style, too, more especially in the first discourse, is vehement and trenchant in a manner which has rarely been exceeded. His conceptions of the enormity of the evil in question are most vivid, and his convictions are in consequence exceedingly strong. The power of the discourse, however, arises less from its logical than from its rhetorical qualities. The error has been exposed and exploded in a manner the most convincing a thousand times, but never I believe was it exhibited to the public eye with colouring so vivid, and never was it pressed home on the clerical conscience with a force so thrilling, resistless and terrible! But even Mr. Spurgeon's clinching logic, apart from his devastating eloquence, would have left things very much as it found them. In that case Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, the publishers, would not have had to report the unparalleled issue of 350,000 copies of these discourses. Mr. Spurgeon's opponents have been so dazzled, I might almost say concerning some of them, so infuriated by the daring drapery, as to lose sight of the subject-matter. They have merged the essentials in the circumstantials. There has, I think, been a mutual oversight. Neither party has duly estimated the position of the other. Mr. Spurgeon, in my view, has not made the allowance, which

equity and charity required, and which is made in the following articles, for the Clergy; and the Clergy have not made the allowance, the large allowance, for which we equally contend, on behalf of Mr. Spurgeon, whose training has been thoroughly scriptural, and in all points anti-Romanist. They have not, moreover, duly estimated the condition of a gentleman still far short of manhood's prime, a gentleman endowed with great powers and strong passions, holding forth in the midst of five thousand hearts beating in unison with his own, and with ten thousand admiring eyes converged upon him. The case of such a man is extraordinary, unparalleled, and when placed in the balances of critical judgment and severe propriety, charity apart, it is, I contend, but just and fair to make a very large allowance for strong language, language stronger than I could have used; but, with his talents, temperament, views, and convictions, and placed in his circumstances, I might have spoken as he spake, without at all feeling that I had violated the strict rules of verity, justice, and Christian propriety.

"But this is not all. Mr. Spurgeon is, I think, more sinned against than sinning. The Dean of Ripon, Dr. Goode, has thought it consistent with his character and office, with truth and decency, to attack Mr. Spurgeon in the following terms:—

"'As to that young minister who is now raving against the Evangelical clergy on this point, it is to be regretted that so much notice has been taken of his railings. He is to be pitied, because his entire want of acquaintance with theological literature leaves him utterly unfit for the determination of such a question, which is a question, not of mere doctrine, but of what may be called historical theology; and his charges are just a parallel to those which the Romanists would bring against himself as well as others for the interpretation of the words, 'This is my body.' But were he a wiser man than he is, he would know better what his qualifications are for passing judgment on such a point, and be willing to learn from such facts, among others, as the Gorham Judgment and the cases of Mr. Maskell and Mr. Mozley, what ground there is for his charges against the Evangelical clergy. Let him hold and enforce his own view of doctrine as he pleases; but when he undertakes to determine what is the exclusive meaning of the Book of Common Prayer, and brings a charge of dishonesty against those who take a different view of that meaning from what he does, he only shows the presumptuous self-confidence with which he is prepared to pronounce judgment upon matters of which he is profoundly ignorant. To hold a controversy with him upon the subject would be to as little purpose as to attempt to hold a logically-constructed argument with a child unacquainted with logical terms.'

Now this I hold to be a very serious matter, and I call upon every man of sense and candour, whether Churchman or Dissenter, who has carefully read the discourses of Mr. Spurgeon, to say if he has found therein aught to demand or to justify this outburst of arrogance, insolence, and contempt! The most fervid—and if the reader will so have it—the most ferocious utterances of Mr. Spurgeon are polite, and even courtly, compared with the foregoing. Dean Goode, as a scholar, knows the meaning of the terms "raving" and "railing," and, therefore, cannot plead ignorance. He is, moreover, a man in the mellow

autumn of human life, not carried away by youthful fire; he also wrote his invective in the calm retreat of his own deanery, and did not, like Mr. Spurgeon, pour it forth under the exciting influence of breathless thousands; so that in his case there is not a single mitigating circumstance. His attack is clearly a studied attempt to wound the feelings, to stab the character, and to blast the influence of one of the most useful and honoured ministers of the century.

Dr. Goode is so full of the Cathedral, that he cannot see so tiny an object as the Metropolitan Tabernacle. That fabric, however, with its manifold adjuncts, is the wonder—I might say the glory—of Christendom. Is Dr. Goode quite sure that it does not bring more honour to God in the salvation of men than all the cathedrals of the realm? Is Dr. Goode quite sure that Charles Haddon Spurgeon does not, in the course of a single year, publish a larger measure of Gospel truth, and address a greater number of perishing men, several times over, than all the Deans of England?

"Dr. Goode regrets that so much 'notice' has been taken of Mr. Spurgeon, as if alarmed lest that gentleman should be lifted up to a celebrity which he could not otherwise command. The Dean betrays a sad lack of acquaintance with the living world around him. Has he yet to learn that the fame of Spurgeon has filled both hemispheres, and that his readers and admirers are counted by the million? As to 'pity,' it is a precious commodity, and Dr. Goode had better reserve it for those—he knows them well—who require it more than Mr. Spurgeon. With respect to his 'acquaintance with theological literature,' I have no hesitation in declaring my belief that a portion of the Bishops, with not a few of the dignified Clergy, might, with special advantage, sit at Mr. Spurgeon's feet.

"Again, with all respect for Dr. Goode, I submit that Baptismal Regeneration *is* a 'question of doctrine,' and not of 'historical theology.' Before such a theology was extant or possible, Baptism was perfectly understood, and it had been administered to millions. It is a question purely of the New Testament, as interpreted by the grammar and the lexicon—a question, with the settlement of which "historical theology" has nothing to do. Dr. Goode is deservedly considered a master of that 'theology,' and he has also written upon it one of the most elaborate treatises in the English language—a treatise which, as already stated, I have studied with the utmost care and candour, but, I must say, with very little benefit. It is the fruit of much labour, and not a little learning; but nothing has been done, that I have been able to perceive, to establish truth, or to correct error, with respect to the subject of Baptismal Regeneration.

Every sentence of Dr. Goode's onslaught on Mr. Spurgeon would warrant, if it does not demand, the severest remonstrance; but I forbear. Still, I deeply regret that a gentleman of Dean Goode's character, learning, and position, should have so completely forgotten what was due to himself, to his office, to his Church, and to his religion, to say nothing of Mr. Spurgeon and the great Nonconforming bodies of these Isles. Ebullitions of insult and scorn ill befit the lips of men who minister at the altars of the land.

"The Evangelical Alliance was forward to remonstrate with Mr.

Spurgeon. I should like to know if they acted as promptly and as frankly with Dean Goode; for, certainly, in the latter case, the matter was much more urgent, because much more flagrant. If the one deserved to be chastised with whips, the other deserved to be chastised with scorpions! Mr. Spurgeon, in reply to the Evangelical Alliance, has expressed himself as follows:—

"'In my censure I did (at least in my own judgment) *avoid all rash groundless imputations.* I have waited long and patiently for signs of reform in the ecclesiastical conduct of these brethren, and I have not spoken until my hopes of their spontaneous repentance have expired. Now that I have felt constrained to break my long silence, I believe that I have ground most solid, and reasons most ample for all that I have witnessed concerning them. I have only considered one part of their *public* position; I have not denied their many excellences, or impeached their uprightness in other transactions; but upon the one point of subscription I have deliberately and with good cause upbraided them in unmistakable terms, and I entirely deny that the former part of your rule at all touches my conduct.'

Mr. Spurgeon did not enter lightly on the subject of which he treats. He says:—

"'The burden of the Lord is upon me, and I must deliver my soul. I have been loth enough to undertake the work, but I am forced to it by an awful and overwhelming sense of solemn duty. As I am soon to appear before my Master's bar, I will this day, if ever in my life, bear my testimony for truth, and run all risk. I am content to be cast out as evil if it must be so, but I cannot, I dare not, hold my peace.'

"Thus much by way of explaining the origin and object of the following sheets. My conscience bearing me witness, they are the fruit of a sincere desire to promote the real welfare of the Established Church, and of the most disinterested benevolence towards both her ministers and her people, The subject is vital not only to her real usefulness, but to her very existence as a Protestant Institution! The universality of the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration will be the sure prelude to her overthrow, and the re-establishment of the Church of Rome, with all her darkness and bondage, misery and wickedness! Nothing is more to be dreaded on the subject than stupid apathy and blind confidence. A disposition to ridicule the idea of danger, and mock the voice of warning, is a sure and certain preparation for ruin! THE DOCTRINE OF SALVATION BY SACRAMENTS IS A DEADLY DELUSION, THE OVERTHROW OF THE GOSPEL, THE DESTRUCTION OF SOULS, AND THE PATH TO PERDITION!"

DIVINE PROMISES.—Every promise is built upon four pillars:—God's justice or holiness, which will not suffer him to deceive; his grace or goodness, which will not suffer him to forget; his truth, which will not suffer him to change; and his power, which makes him able to accomplish.—*Salter.*

Exposition of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM VIII.

TITLE.—"To the Chief Musician upon Gittith, a Psalm of David." *We are not clear upon the meaning of the word Gittith. Some think it refers to Gath, and may refer to a tune commonly sung there, or an instrument of music there invented, or a song of Obededom the Gittite, in whose house the ark rested, or, better still, a song sung over Goliath of Gath. Others, tracing the Hebrew to its root, conceive it to mean a song for the winepress, a joyful hymn for the treaders of grapes. The term Gittith is applied to two other Psalms.* (lxxxi. *and* lxxxiv.) *both of which, being of a joyous character, it may be concluded, that where we find that word in the title, we may look for a hymn of delight.*

We may style this Psalm the Song of the Astronomer: let us go abroad and sing it beneath the starry heavens at eventide, for it is very probable that in such a position, it first occurred to the poet's mind. Dr. Chalmers says, "There is much in the scenery of a nocturnal sky, to lift the soul to pious contemplation. That moon, and these stars, what are they? They are detached from the world, and they lift us above it. We feel withdrawn from the earth, and rise in lofty abstraction from this little theatre of human passions and human anxieties. The mind abandons itself to reverie, and is transferred in the ecstasy of its thought to distant and unexplored regions. It sees nature in the symplicity of her great elements, and it sees the God of nature invested with the high attributes of wisdom and majesty.

DIVISION.—*The first and last verses are a sweet song of admiration, in which the excellence of the name of God is extolled. The intermediate verses are made up of holy wonder at the Lord's greatness in creation, and at his condescension towards man. Poole, in his annotations, has well said, "It is a great question among interpreters, whether this Psalm speaks of man in general, and of the honour which God puts upon him in his creation; or only of* the man Christ Jesus. *Possibly both may be reconciled and put together, and the controversy, if rightly stated, may be ended, for the scope and business of this Psalm seems plainly to be this: to display and celebrate the great love and kindness of God to mankind, not only in his creation, but especially in his redemption by Jesus Christ, whom, as he was man, he advanced to the honour and dominion here mentioned, that he might carry on his great and glorious work. So Christ is the principal subject of this Psalm, and it is interpreted of him, both by our Lord himself* (*Matt.* xxi. 16), *and by his holy apostle* (1 *Cor.* xv. 27; *Heb.* ii. 6, 7).

EXPOSITION.

O LORD our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Unable to express the glory of God, the Psalmist utters a note of exclamation. O Jehovah our Lord! We need not wonder at this, for no heart can measure, no tongue can utter, the half of the greatness of Jehovah. The whole creation is full of his glory and radiant with the excellency of his power; his goodness and his wisdom are manifested on every hand. The countless myriads of terrestrial beings, from man the head, to the creeping worm at the foot, are all supported and nourished by the Divine bounty. The solid fabric of the universe leans upon his eternal arm. Universally is he present, and everywhere is his name excellent. God worketh ever and everywhere. There is no *place* where God is not. The miracles of his power await us on all sides. Traverse the silent valleys where the rocks enclose you on either side, rising like the battlements of heaven till you can see but a strip of the blue sky far overhead; you may be the only traveller who has passed through that glen; the bird may start up affrighted, and the moss may tremble beneath the first tread of human foot; but God is there in a thousand wonders, upholding yon rocky barriers, filling

the flowercups with their perfume, and refreshing the lonely pines with the breath of his mouth. Descend, if you will, into the lowest depths of the ocean, where undisturbed the water sleeps, and the very s sand imotionless in unbroken quiet, but the glory of the Lord is there, revealing its excellence in the silent palace of the sea. Borrow the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, but God is there. Mount to the highest heaven, or dive into the deepest hell, and God is in both hymned in everlasting song, or justified in terrible vengeance. Everywhere, and in every place, God dwells and is manifestly at work. Nor on earth alone is Jehovah extolled, for his brightness shines forth in the firmament above the earth. His glory exceeds the glory of the starry heavens; above the region of the stars he hath set fast his everlasting throne, and there he dwells in light ineffable. Let us adore him "who alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea; who maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south." (Job ix. 8, 9.) We can scarcely find more fitting words than those of Nehemiah, "Thou, even thou, art Lord alone; thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host, the earth, and all things that are therein, the seas, and all that is therein, and thou preservest them all; and the host of heaven worshippeth thee." Returning to the text we are led to observe that this psalm is addressed to God, because none but the Lord himself can fully know his own glory. The believing heart is ravished with what it sees, but God only knows the glory of God. What a sweetness lies in the little word *our*, how much is God's glory endeared to us when we consider our interest in him as our Lord. *How excellent is thy name!* no words can express that excellency; and therefore it is left as a note of exclamation. The very *name* of Jehovah is excellent, what must his person be. Note the fact that even the heavens cannot contain his glory, it is set *above the heavens*, since it is and ever must be too great for the creature to express. When wandering amid the Alps, we felt that the Lord was infinitely greater than all his grandest works, and under that feeling we roughly wrote these few lines:—

Yet in all these how great soe'er they be,
We see not Him. The glass is all too dense
And dark, or else our earthborn eyes too dim.

Yon Alps, who lift their heads above the clouds
And hold familiar converse with the stars,
Are dust, at which the balance trembleth not,
Compared with His divine immensity.
The snow-crown'd summits fail to set Him forth,
Who dwelleth in Eternity, and bears
Alone, the name of High and Lofty One.
Depths unfathomed are too shallow to express
The wisdom and the knowledge of the Lord.
The mirror of the creatures has no space
To bear the image of the Infinite,
'Tis true the Lord hath fairly writ his name,
And set his seal upon creation's brow.
But as the skilful potter much excels
The vessel which he fashions on the wheel,
E'en so, but in proportion greater far,
Jehovah's self transcends his noblest works.
Earth's ponderous wheels would break, her axles snap,
If freighted with the load of Deity.
Space is too narrow for the Eternal's rest,
And time too short a footstool for his throne.
E'en avalanche and thunder lack a voice,
To utter the full volume of his praise.
How then can I declare him? Where are words
With which my glowing tongue may speak his name?
Silent I bow, and humbly I adore.

2. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

Nor only in the heavens above is the Lord seen, but the earth beneath is telling forth his majesty. In the sky, the massive orbs, rolling in their stupendous grandeur, are witnesses of his power in great things, while here below, the lisping utterances of babes are the manifestations of his strength in little ones. How often will children tell us of a God whom we have forgotten! How doth their simple prattle refute those learned fools who deny the being of God! Many men have been made to hold their tongues, while sucklings have borne witness to the glory of the God of heaven. It is singular how clearly the history of the church expounds this verse. Did not the children cry "Hosannah!" in the temple, when proud Pharisees were silent and contemptuous? and did not the Saviour quote these very words as a justification of their infantile cries? Early church history records many amazing instances of the testimony of children for the truth of God, but perhaps more modern instances will be the most interesting. Fox tells us, in the Book of Martyrs, that when Mr. Lawrence was burnt in Colchester, he was carried to the fire in a chair, because, through the cruelty of the Papists, he could not stand upright, several young children came about the fire, and cried, as well as they could speak, "Lord, strengthen thy servant, and keep thy promise." God answered their prayer, for Mr. Lawrence died as firmly and calmly as any one could wish to breathe his last. When one of the Popish chaplains told Mr. Wishart, the great Scotch martyr, that he had a devil in him, a child that stood by cried out, "A devil cannot speak such words as yonder man speaketh." One more instance is still nearer to our time. In a postscript to one of his letters, in which he details his persecution when first preaching in Moorfields, Whitfield says, "I cannot help adding that several little boys and girls, who were fond of sitting round me on the pulpit while I preached, and handed to me people's notes—though they were often pelted with eggs, dirt, &c., thrown at me—never once gave way; but, on the contrary, every time I was struck, turned up their little weeping eyes, and seemed to wish they could receive the blows for me. God make them, in their growing years, great and living martyrs for him who, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, perfects praise!" He who delights in the songs of angels is pleased to honour himself in the eyes of his enemies by the praises of little children. What a contrast between the glory above the heavens, and the mouths of babes and sucklings! yet by both the name of God is made excellent.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

At the close of that excellent little manual entitled "The Solar System," written by Dr. Dick, we find an eloquent passage which beautifully expounds the text:—A survey of the solar system has a tendency to moderate the pride of man and to promote humility. Pride is one of the distinguishing characteristics of puny man, and has been one of the chief causes of all the contentions, wars, devastations, systems of slavery, and ambitious projects which have desolated and demoralized our sinful world. Yet there is no disposition more incongruous to the character and circumstances of man. Perhaps there are no rational beings throughout the universe among whom pride would appear more unseemly or incompatible than in man, considering the situation in which he is placed. He is exposed to numerous degradations and calamities, to the rage of storms and tempests, the devastations of earthquakes and volcanoes, the fury of whirlwinds, and the tempestuous billows of the ocean, to the ravages of the

sword, famine, pestilence, and numerous diseases; and at length he must sink into the grave, and his body must become the companion of worms! The most dignified and haughty of the sons of men are liable to these and similar degradations as well as the meanest of the human family. Yet, in such circumstances, man—that puny worm of the dust, whose knowledge is so limited, and whose follies are so numerous and glaring—has the effrontery to strut in all the haughtiness of pride, and to glory in his shame.

When other arguments and motives produce little effect on certain minds, no considerations seem likely to have a more powerful tendency to counteract this deplorable propensity in human beings, than those which are borrowed from the objects connected with astronomy. They show us what an insignificant being—what a mere atom, indeed, man appears amidst the immensity of creation! Though he is an object of the paternal care and mercy of the Most High, yet he is but as a grain of sand to the whole earth, when compared to the countless myriads of beings that people the amplitudes of creation. What is the whole of this globe on which we dwell compared with the solar system, which contains a mass of matter ten thousand times greater? What is it in comparison of the hundred millions of suns and worlds which by the telescope have been descried throughout the starry regions? What, then, is a kingdom, a province, or a baronial territory, of which we are as proud as if we were the lords of the universe, and for which we engage in so much devastation and carnage? What are they, when set in competition with the glories of the sky? Could we take our station on the lofty pinnacles of heaven, and look down on this scarcely distinguishable speck of earth, we should be ready to exclaim with Seneca, "Is it to this little spot that the great designs and vast desires of men are confined? Is it for this there is so much disturbance of nations, so much carnage, and so many ruinous wars? Oh, the folly of deceived men, to imagine great kingdoms in the compass of an atom, to raise armies to decide a point of earth with the sword!" Dr. Chalmers, in his Astronomical Discourses, very truthfully says, "We gave you but a feeble image of our comparative insignificance, when we said that the glories of an extended forest would suffer no more from the fall of a single leaf, than the glories of this extended universe would suffer though the globe we tread upon, 'and all that it inherits, should dissolve.'

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all *things* under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, *and whatsoever* passeth through the paths of the sea.

These verses may set forth man's position among the creatures before he fell; but as they are, by the apostle Paul, appropriated to man as represented by the Lord Jesus, it is best to give most weight to that meaning. In order of dignity, man stood next to the angels, and a little lower than they; in the Lord Jesus this was accomplished, for he was made a little lower than the angels by the suffering of death. Man in Eden had the full command of all creatures, and they came before him to receive their names as an act of homage to him as the vicegerent of God to them. Jesus in his glory, is now Lord, not only of all living, but of all created things, and, with the exception of him who put all things under him, Jesus is Lord of all, and his elect, in him, are raised to a dominion wider than that of the first Adam, as shall be more clearly seen at his coming. Well might the Psalmist wonder at the singular exaltation of man in the scale of being, when he marked his utter nothingness in comparison with the starry universe.

Thou madest him a little lower than the angels—a little lower in nature, since they are immortal, and but a little, because time is short; and when that is over,

saints are no longer lower than the angels. The margin reads it, "A little while inferior to." *Thou crownest him.* The dominion that God has bestowed on man is a great *glory and honour* to him; for all dominion is honour, and the highest is that which wears the crown. A full list is given of the subjugated creatures, to show that all the dominion lost by sin is restored in Christ Jesus. Let none of us permit the possession of any earthly creature to be a snare to us, but let us remember that we are to reign over them, and not to allow them to reign over us. Under our feet we must keep the world, and we must shun that base spirit which is content to let worldly cares and pleasures sway the empire of the immortal soul.

9 O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Here, like a good composer, the poet returns to his key-note, falling back, as it were, into his first state of wondering adoration. What he started with as a proposition in the first verse, he closes with as a well proven conclusion, with a sort of *quod erat demonstrandum.* O for grace to walk worthy of that excellent name which has been named upon us, and which we are pledged to magnify.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 3.—*Work of God's finger.* That is most elaborate and accurate: a metaphor from embroiderers, or from them that make tapestry.—*Trapp.*

Verse 4.—*Man,* in Hebrew—infirm or miserable man—by which it is apparent that he speaks of man, not according to the state of his creation, but as fallen into a state of sin, and misery, and mortality. *Art mindful of him, i. e.,* carest for him, and conferrest such high favours upon him. *The son of man,* Heb., *the son of Adam,* that great apostate from and rebel against God; the sinful son of a sinful father—his son by likeness of disposition and manners, no less than by procreation; all which tends to magnify the divine mercy. *That thou visitest him*—not in anger, as that word is sometimes used, but with thy grace and mercy, as it is taken in Gen. xxi. 1., Ex. iv. 31., Ps. lxv. 9.,—cvi. 4.—cxliv. 3.

Verses 7 *&* 8.—He who rules over the material world, is Lord also of the intellectual or spiritual creation represented thereby. The souls of the faithful, lowly and harmless, are the sheep of his pasture; those who, like oxen, are strong to labour in the Church, and who, by expounding the Word of Life, tread out the corn for the nourishment of the people, own him for their kind and beneficent Master; nay, tempers fierce and untractable as the beasts of the desert, are yet subject to his will; spirits of the angelic kind, that, like the birds of the air, traverse freely the superior region more at his command; and those evil ones, whose habitation is in the deep abyss, even to the great leviathan himself, all are put under the feet of King Messiah. *Bishop Horne.*

Verse 8.—Every dish of fish and fowl that comes to our table, is an instance of this dominion man has over the works of God's hands, and it is a reason for our subjection to God our chief Lord, and to his dominion over us.

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—*O Lord, our Lord.*—Personal appropriation of the Lord as ours. Th privilege of holding such a portion. *How excellent, &c.* Sermon or lecture upon the glory of God in creation and providence.

Verse 2.—Infant piety, its possibility, potency, "strength," and influence. "that thou mightest still, &c." Great results from small causes when the Lord ordains to work.

Verse 4.—Man's insignificance. God's mindfulness of man. Divine visits. The question, "What is man?" Each of these themes may suffice for a discourse, or they may be handled in one sermon.

Verse 5.—Man's relation to the angels. The position which Jesus assumed for our sakes. Manhood's crown. The glory of our nature in the person of the Lord Jesus.

Verse 6 *(second clause).*—The proper place for all worldly things, "*under his feet.*"



WE are told that when Alexander, the conqueror of the world was dying, he gave orders that at his burial his hands should be exposed to public view that all men might see that the mightiest of men could take nothing with him when called away by death. The same lesson was taught us by Job when he said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither." A mouthful of earth will one day stop the cravings of the most covetous. This makes the hoarding up of wealth so vain an occupation. He who died the other day worth three millions and a half, is now as poor as the beggar whom he passed in the street. "I would not mind dying," said a miserly farmer, "if I could take my money with me!" but when he ceased to breathe he left all behind him. What folly it is to spend all one's time in gathering a heap to leave it so soon. "He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them." How much wiser are they who seek an enduring inheritance which shall be theirs when the stars have died out in darkness. Blessed are they whose treasure is stored up, where time's moth cannot eat it, where care's rust cannot corrode it, and where misfortune's thief cannot steal it.

Dear reader, eternity will soon be your dwelling-place; are you not concerned to be a possessor of wealth which will enrich you *there?* If you have been taught of God to know your own poverty, remember that Jesus Christ gives himself freely to all poverty-stricken sinners who will receive *him.* Having him, you will be a peer in heaven's realm, and though you will be buried with empty hands, yet shall you rise again to be rich in all that makes men eternally blessed. Jesus cries, "Riches and honour are with me; yea, durable riches and righteousness. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver."

No. 15.—Sword and Trowel Tracts, by C. H. SPURGEON.—6d. per 100. Post free, 8 stamps.
Passmore & Alabaster, 26, Paternoster Row.



WHO is this gentleman? You guess him to be a Romish priest; and so indeed he is, but he is not honest enough to avow it. This, with the exception of the face, is a correct representation of a clerical gentleman, well known in the south of England, as a notorious clergyman of that religious association, which is commonly, but erroneously, called "The Church of England." We can assure the reader that our artist has faithfully given the robes and other paraphernalia with which this person makes a guy of himself. We beg to ask, what difference there is between this style and the genuine Popish cut? We might surely quite as well have a *bona fide* priest at once, with all the certificates of the Vatican! There seems to be an unlimited license for papistical persons to do as they please in the Anglican Establishment. How long are these abominations to be borne with, and how far are they yet to be carried?

Protestant Dissenters, how can you so often truckle to a Church which is assuming the rags of the old harlot more and more openly every day? Alliance with true believers is one thing, but union with a Popish sect is quite another. Be not ye partakers with them. Protestantism owed much to you in past ages, will you not now raise your voice and show the ignorant and the priest-ridden the tendencies of all these mummeries, and the detestable errors of the Romish Church and of its Anglican sister.

Evangelical Churchmen, lovers of the Lord Jesus, how long will you remain in alliance with the defilements of High Churchism? You are mainly responsible for all the Popery of your Church, for you are its salt and its stay. Your brethren in Christ cannot but wonder how it is that you can remain where you are. You know better. You are children of light, and yet you aid and abet a system by which darkness is scattered all over the land. Beware, lest you be found in union with Antichrist, when the Lord cometh in his glory. What a future would be yours if you would shake yourselves from your alliance with Papists and semi-Papists. Come out for Christ's sake. Be ye separate, touch not the unclean thing!

No. 16.—Sword and Trowel Tracts, by C. H. Spurgeon.—Cd. per 100. Post free, 8 stamps.
Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.

Letters of William Cowper.

NO volumes of letters ever gave us so much pleasure as those of Cowper. They *are* real letters; not miniature essays, not outline sermons, not morning and evening portions—but real *letters*, filled with family news, household incidents, personal experiences, and such-like genuine letter-material, all written, with as much ease as elegance, in a sweet, bewitching manner, which gives us an interest in every minute detail, and makes us feel that we are Cowper's friends. As a rule, we wish that private correspondence were never published: the printing of genial letters to a friend is a sacrilege upon the sacredness of homely hearth and honest heart; it ministers to a miserable curiosity, which would pry into a royal bedchamber, and peep at a statesman through the keyhole to see him shave. The old Roman who wished for publicity in all his actions might have a surfeit of it nowadays, when celebrities are stared at as unsparingly as if they were flies in the object-glass of a microscope. When letters are printed, we mentally resolve not to waste our time in reading them, for we have a lively recollection of having often been taken in and victimised by them. In very many instances private letters when printed read very suspiciously, like epistles intended for the public eye. They are very proper—too proper to be a man's genuine correspondence; very unctuous—too unctuous to be the off-hand productions of an ordinary pen. The style so zealously strains after excellence as to grow affected, and the matter, in seeking to be edifying, becomes very heavy. We don not know on what high stilts exceptional humanity can manage to walk, but it seems to us that godly men do not generally write sermonic letters, but find it needful when writing to friends to descant upon cattle and crops, children and colds, funds and friends, taxes and tea-parties, shops and shirtings, as well as upon righteousness and regeneration. Letters, like everything else, will show their authorship, and the true Christian will be known even in his common-places of correspondence; but we do not admire the religiousness which is for ever under the fear of the public eye, and therefore eats its bread by regulation, and walks in the fields with the stiffness of a soldier on parade.

Volumes of religious letters we have very frequently found to be unusually dreary reading; as little interesting as the ministrations of the Scotch divine who was brought up at the school of *Dunse*, became assistant preacher at Dull, and ended his clerical career as minister of Drone. As to novelty of conception, or illustration, one might as well look into an old almanack. Ideas are as few as passengers upon the dreary Highland road, of which it is said, that an Englishman had travelled so long upon it without seeing a single person, that when he came to an old man breaking stones, he asked him if there were ever any travellers upon it, "was it *all* unfrequented?" "Ay," said the stonebreaker, "it's no bad for traffic; there was a beggar body yesterday, and there's yourself to-day." One poor lean idea yesterday, and another to-day, is about the average rate which we have met with in "Letters" numberless, which good people think it orthodox to read.

Cowper's letters are commended to us by men of piety and fine taste. Robert Hall said, "that he considered them to be the finest specimens of epistolory style in any language." Southey called Cowper the best of English letter writers. Lord Jeffrey says, "There is something in the sweetness and facility of the diction, and more, perhaps, in the glimpses they afford of a pure and benevolent mind, that diffuses a charm over the whole collection, and communicates an interest that cannot always be commanded by performances of greater dignity and pretention. These letters will continue to be read long after the curiosity is gratified, to which, perhaps, they owed their first celebrity; for the character with which they make us acquainted, will always attract by its variety, and engage by its elegance. The feminine delicacy of Cowper's manners and disposition, the romantic and unbroken retirement in which his life was passed, and the singular gentleness and modesty of his whole character, disarm him of

those terrors that so often shed an atmosphere of repulsion around the persons of celebrated writers. The interest of this picture is still further heightened by the recollection of that tremendous malady, to the visitations of which he was subject; and by the spectacle of that perpetual conflict, which was maintained through the greater part of his life, between the depression of those constitutional horrors, and the gaiety that resulted from a playful imagination, and a heart animated by the mildest affections."

The Tract Society has done well to publish a selection of the poet's correspondence, and thus to bring within the reach of multitudes, a luxury hitherto reserved for the favoured few. In the hope of whetting the appetites of our readers, we have culled a few letters of varied character for our pages.

To the selection of letters by the society, is prefixed a brief memoir, giving an account of the chief points, or periods, of the poet's history, and short notices of his principal correspondents; both making the volume as complete as it is interesting.

"*To* MRS. COWPER, *at the Park House, Hartford.*

"*Huntingdon, April* 4, 1766.

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I agree with you that letters are not essential to friendship; but they seem to be a natural fruit of it, when they are the only intercourse that can be had. And a friendship producing no sensible effects is so like indifference, that the appearance may easily deceive even an acute discerner. I retract, however, all that I said in my last upon this subject, having reason to suspect that it proceeded from a principle which I would discourage in myself upon all occasions, even a pride that felt itself hurt upon a mere suspicion of neglect. I have so much cause for humility, and so much need of it too, and every little sneaking resentment is such an enemy to it, that I hope I shall never give quarter to anything that appears in the shape of sullenness, or self-consequence hereafter. Alas! if my best Friend, who laid down his life for me, were to remember all the instances in which I have neglected Him, and to plead them against me in judgment, where should I hide my guilty head in the day of recompense? I will pray therefore for blessings upon my friends even though they cease to be so, and upon my enemies though they continue such. The deceitfulness of the natural heart is inconceivable. I know well that I passed among my friends for a person at least religiously inclined, if not actually religious; and what is more wonderful, I thought myself a Christian, when I had no faith in Christ, when I saw no beauty in him that I should desire him; in short, when I had neither faith nor love, nor any Christian grace whatever, but a thousand seeds of rebellion instead, evermore springing up in enmity against him. But blessed be God, even the God who is become my salvation, the hail of affliction and rebuke for sin has swept away the refuge of lies. It pleased the Almighty in great mercy to set all my misdeeds before me. At length, the storm being past, a quiet and peaceful serenity of soul succeeded, such as ever attends the gift of lively faith in the all-sufficient atonement, and the sweet sense of mercy and pardon purchased by the blood of Christ. Thus did he break me and bind me up; thus did he wound me, and his hands made me whole. My dear Cousin, I make no apology for entertaining you with the history of my conversion, because I know you to be a Christian in the sterling import of the appellation. This is, however, but a very summary account of the matter; neither would a letter contain the astonishing particulars of it. If we ever meet again in this world, I will relate them to you by word of mouth; if not, they will serve for the subject of a conference in the next, where I doubt not I shall remember and record them with a gratitude better suited to the subject.

"Yours, my dear cousin, affectionately,

"W. C."

"*To the* REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

"*Olney, May* 27, 1782.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Rather ashamed of having been at all dejected by the censure of the Critical Reviewers, who certainly could not read without prejudice

a book replete with opinions and doctrines to which they cannot subscribe, I have at present no little occasion to keep a strict guard upon my vanity, lest it should be too much flattered by the following eulogium. I send it you for the reasons I gave when I imparted to you some other anecdotes of a similar kind, while we were together. Our interests in the success of this same volume are so closely united, that you *must* share with me in the praise or blame that attends it; and sympathizing with me under the burden of injurious treatment, have a right to enjoy with me the cordials I now and then receive, as I happen to meet with more favourable and candid judges.

"A merchant, a friend of ours (you will soon guess him), sent my Poems to one of the first philosophers, one of the most eminent literary characters, as well as one of the most important in the political world, that the present age can boast of. Now, perhaps, your conjecturing faculties are puzzled, and you begin to ask, "Who, where, and what is he? speak out, for I am all impatience." I will not say a word more; the letter, in which he returns his thanks for the present, shall speak for him.

"We may now treat the critics as the Archbishop of Toledo treated Gil Blas, when he found fault with one of his sermons. His grace gave him a kick, and said, "Begone for a jackanapes, and furnish yourself with a better taste, if you know where to find it."

"We are glad that you are safe at home again. Could we see at one glance of the eye what is passing every day upon all the roads in the kingdom, how many are terrified and hurt, how many plundered and abused, we should, indeed, find reason enough to be thankful for journeys performed in safety, and for deliverance from dangers we are not, perhaps, even permitted to see. When in some of the high southern latitudes, and in a dark tempestuous night, a flash of lightning discovered to Captain Cook a vessel, which glanced along close by his side, and which, but for the lightning, he must have run foul of, both the danger and the transient light that showed it were, undoubtedly, designed to convey to him this wholesome instruction, that a particular Providence attended him, and that he was not only preserved from evils of which he had notice, but from many more of which he had no information, or even the least suspicion. What unlikely contingencies may, nevertheless, take place! How improbable that two ships should dash against each other, in the midst of the vast Pacific Ocean, and that steering contrary courses, from parts of the world so immensely distant from each other, they should yet move so exactly in a line as to clash, fill, and go to the bottom, in a sea where all the ships in the world might be so dispersed as that none could see another! Yet this must have happened, but for the remarkable interference which he has recorded. The same Providence, indeed, might as easily have conducted them so wide of each other that they should never have met at all; but then this lesson would have been lost; at least, the heroic voyager would have encompassed the globe without having had occasion to relate an incident that so naturally suggests it.

"I am no more delighted with the season than you are. The absence of the sun, which has graced the spring with much less of his presence than he vouchsafed to the winter, has a very uncomfortable effect upon my frame. I feel an invincible aversion to employment, which I am yet constrained to fly to, as my only remedy against something worse. If I do nothing, I am dejected; if I do anything, I am weary; and that weariness is best described by the word lassitude, which, of all weariness in the world, is the most oppressive. But enough of myself and the weather.

"The blow we have struck in the West Indies will, I suppose, be decisive at least for the present year, and, so far as that part of our possessions is concerned, in the present conflict. But the news-writers and their correspondents, disgust me, and make me sick. One victory, after such a long series of adverse occurrences, has filled them with self-conceit and impertinent boasting; and while Rodney is almost accounted a Methodist, for ascribing his success to Providence, men who have renounced all dependence upon such a Friend, without whose

assistance nothing can be done, threaten to drive the French out of the sea, laugh at the Spaniards, sneer at the Dutch, and are to carry the world before them. Our enemies are apt to brag, and we deride them for it; but we can sing as loud as they can, in the same key; and, no doubt, wherever our papers go, shall be derided in our turn. An Englishman's true glory should be, to do his business well, and say little about it; but he disgraces himself when he puffs his prowess as if he had finished his task, when he has but just begun it.

"Yours,

"W. C."

"*To the* Rev. John Newton.

"*Olney, March* 29, 1784.

"My dear Friend,—It being his Majesty's pleasure that I should yet have another opportunity to write before he dissolves the parliament, I avail myself of it with all possible alacrity, I thank you for your last, which was not the less welcome for coming, like an extraordinary gazette, at a time when it was not expected.

"As when the sea is uncommonly agitated, the water finds its way into creeks and holes of rocks, which in its calmer state it never reaches, in like manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchardside, where in general we live as undisturbed by the political element, as shrimps or cockles that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the water mark, by the usual dashing of the waves. We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlour, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when to our unspeakable surprise a mob appeared before the window; a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys hallooed, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only way of approach.

"Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window than be absolutely excluded. In a minute, the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing towards me, shook me by the hand, with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe; and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion, by saying, that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient as it should seem for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a riband from his buttonhole. The boys hallooed, the dogs barked, Puss scampered, the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquility, never, probably, to be thus interrupted more. I thought myself, however, happy in being able to affirm truly that I had not that influence for which he sued; and which, had I been possessed of it, with my present views of the dispute between the Crown and the Commons, I must have refused him, for he is on the side of the former. It is comfortable to be of no consequence in the world where one cannot exercise any without disobliging somebody. The town, however, seems to be much at his service; and if he be equally

successful throughout the country, he will undoubtedly gain his election. Mr. Ashburner perhaps was a little mortified, because it was evident that I owed the honour of this visit to his misrepresentation of my importance. But had he thought proper to assure Mr. Grenville that I had three heads, I should not, I suppose, have been bound to produce them.

"Mr. Scott, who you say was so much admired in your pulpit, would be equally admired in his own, at least by all capable judges, were he not so apt to be angry with his congregation. This hurts him, and had he the understanding and eloquence of Paul himself, would still hurt him. He seldom, hardly ever, indeed, preaches a gentle, well-tempered sermon, but I hear it highly commended: but warmth of temper, indulged to a degree that may be called scolding, defeats the end of preaching. It is a misapplication of his powers, which it also cripples, and teases away his hearers. But he is a good man, and may perhaps outgrow it.

"W. C."

"*To* Lady Hesketh.

"*The Lodge, November* 27, 1787.

"It is the part of wisdom, my dearest cousin, to sit down contented under the demands of necessity because they are such. I am sensible that you cannot, in my uncle's present infirm state, and of which it is not possible to expect any considerable amendment, indulge either us or yourself with a journey to Weston.

"On Monday morning last, Sam brought me word that there was a man in the kitchen who desired to speak with me. I ordered him in. A plain, decent, elderly figure made its appearance, and, being desired to sit, spoke as follows: "Sir, I am clerk of the parish of All Saints, in Northampton; brother of Mr. Cox, the upholsterer. It is customary for the person in my office to annex to a bill of mortality, which he publishes at Christmas, a copy of verses. You will do me a great favour, Sir, if you would furnish me with one." To this I replied: "Mr. Cox, you have several men of genius in your town, why have you not applied to some of them? There is a namesake of yours in particular, Cox the statuary, who, everybody knows, is a first-rate maker of verses. He surely is the man of all the world for your purpose."—"Alas! Sir, I have heretofore borrowed help from him; but he is a gentleman of so much reading, that the people of our town cannot understand him." I confess to you, my dear, I felt all the force of the compliment implied in this speech, and was almost ready to answer, "Perhaps, my good friend, they may find me unintelligible too, for the same reason." But on asking him whether he had walked over to Weston on purpose to implore the assistance of my Muse, and on his replying in the affirmative, I felt my mortified vanity a little consoled, and pitying the poor man's distress, which appeared to be considerable, promised to supply him. The waggon has accordingly gone this day to Northampton, loaded in part with my effusions in the mortuary style. A fig for poets who write epitaphs upon individuals! I have written *one* that serves *two hundred* persons.

"A few days since I received a second very obliging letter from Mr. Mackenzie. He tells me that his own papers, which are by far, he is sorry to say it, the most numerous, are marked V. I. Z. Accordingly, my dear, I am happy to find that I am engaged in a correspondence with Mr. Viz, a gentleman for whom I have always entertained the profoundest veneration. But the serious fact is, that the papers distinguished by those signatures have ever pleased me most, and struck me as the work of a sensible man, who knows the world well, and has more of Addison's delicate humour than anybody.

"A poor man begged food at the Hall lately. The cook gave him some vermicelli soup. He ladled it about some time with the spoon, and then he returned it to her, saying, "I am a poor man, it is true, and I am very hungry, but yet I cannot eat broth with maggots in it."

"Once more, my dear, a thousand thanks for your box full of good things, useful things, and beautiful things.

"Yours ever,

"W. C."

"*To the* Rev. William Unwin.

Olney, Sept. 7th, 1783.

"My dear Friend.—So long a silence needs an apology. I have been hindered by a three weeks' visit from our Hoxton friends, and by a cold and feverish complaint, which are but just removed.

The French poetess is certainly chargeable with the fault you mention, though I thought it not so glaring in the piece I sent you. I have endeavoured, indeed, in all the translations I have made, to cure her of that evil, either by suppressions of passages, exceptionable on that account, or by a more sober and respectful manner of expression. Still, however, she will be found to have conversed familiarly with God, but I hope not fulsomely, nor so as to give reasonable disgust to a religious reader. That God should deal familiarly with man, or, which is the same thing, that he should permit man to deal familiarly with him, seems not very difficult to conceive, or presumptuous to suppose, when some things are taken into consideration. Woe to the sinner that shall dare to take a liberty with him that is not warranted by his Word, or to which he himself has not encouraged him! When he assumed man's nature, he revealed himself as the Friend of man, as the brother of every soul that loves him. He conversed freely with man while he was on earth, and as freely with him after his resurrection. I doubt not, therefore, that it is possible to enjoy an access to him even now, unencumbered with ceremonious awe, easy, delightful, and without constraint. This, however, can only be the lot of those who make it the business of their lives to please him, and to cultivate communion with him; and then, I presume, there can be no danger of offence, because such a habit of the soul is of his own creation; and near as we come, we come no nearer to him than he is pleased to draw us. If we address him as children, it is because he tells us he is our Father; if we unbosom ourselves to him as to a friend, it is because he calls us friends; and if we speak to him in the language of love, it is because he first used it, thereby teaching us that it is the language he delights to hear from his people. But I confess that, through the weakness, the folly, and corruption of human nature, this privilege, like all other Christian privileges, is liable to abuse. There is a mixture of evil in everything we do; indulgence encourages us to encroach, and while we exercise the rights of children we become childish. Here, I think, is the point in which my authoress failed, and here it is that I have particularly guarded my translations; not afraid of representing her as dealing with God familiarly, but foolishly, irreverently, and without due attention to his majesty, of which she is somewhat guilty. A wonderful fault for such a woman to fall into, who spent her life in the contemplation of his glory, who seems to have been always impressed with a sense of it, and sometimes quite absorbed by the views she had of it. "W. C."

Importance to Ministers of the Study of Nature.

A PAPER READ AT THE LATE CONFERENCE OF MINISTERS,

BY W. R. SELWAY.

(*Concluded from page* 321.)

7. MAN being endowed with a capacity to apprehend and enjoy the beautiful should develop and strengthen this power by bringing it into contact with natural forms. This he may do not only by going abroad among the scenes of sublime grandeur presented by the mountain height, the towering cliff, or the rolling sea, but by examining the humble flower which, blossoming by the way-side, may be crushed by the passing wayfarer; it may be a common form but it is a beauteous one, no harsh or crude outlines are there, no irregular angles, but it is fashioned in that nameless mould which strikes the cultivated mind

as one of beauty. The forms of animals, plumage of birds, tinting of insects, are common objects of loveliness and grace, inviting attention from all; but not only do these display this loving trait of the Creator, but the animalculæ disporting in water, the siliceous shells of diatoms and other minute forms of organic existence, which would never have been beheld by human eye had not man invented and perfected the microscope, are exquisitely formed, chased, and otherwise ornamented. Thus it may be affirmed that although we look to revelation for the direct assurance of God's love to man as displayed in the crowning work of redemption, yet nature affords abundant evidences of order, beauty, and benevolence, which not only gratify the intellectual nature of man, but also strengthen his faith in the Divine goodness, impelling him reverentially and thankfully to cry,

> "O Lord how manifold are thy works!
> In wisdom hast thou founded them all:
> The earth is full of thy riches,
> So is this great and wide sea."

8. It may be further remarked that Nature appeals to intelligent beings for investigation, presenting occurrences and phenomena which frequently can only be understood after long and patient searching into causes producing analogous effects; hints, as it were, of secret powers, inviting the keen attention of men, who, by controlling and regulating natural forces, may secure blessings for the race; while certainly, if unheeded, one great use of Nature's manifestations, that of *quickening human intellect*, is perverted, and the mind misses one of its chief enjoyments.

9. Creation is the true *vox Dei* addressed to man; not indeed in written language, but in hieroglyph, whereof the symbols are *not* revealed to every careless observer, but nevertheless are not difficult to understand, and are indeed readily deciphered by the loving disciple who soon learns that "the voice of the Lord is full of power;" and that although it "shivereth the cedars," "scattereth lightnings," "strippeth the forests," and speaks to the timorous soul in such loud and thrilling tones of greatness and of dreadful majesty as to induce it tremblingly to enquire, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of Man that thou visitest him?" it immediately comforts and quiets the anxious enquirer by reminding him that the grass on the hill top is clothed by the same hand; and the sparrows chirpingly inform him that they are fed by the same bounty which supplies his wants.

It is surely the duty of man to listen to the voice of God, and his minister should be able to call the attention of the unthinking crowd to the voice ringing in their ears on every breeze, echoing from every falling leaf, vibrating in widening waves of gentle influence from the insect's fluttering wing, whispering in the gentle tones of the falling dew, and heralded by choristers from every glade and thicket.

Hark to the Divine voice appealing to man through Nature!

> "The rainbow's dye, the silvery dew,
> The sunset cloud of every line,—
> The sun himself I give to thee,
> Oh, then in love ascend to me.
>
> I tip the mountain's brow with snow,
> I clothe the vale with corn below;
> I tint the foliage on the tree,
> That I may have new charms for thee."
>
> *Anon. in Homilist*, 1859.

10. Abundant texts from which to preach moral truths may be gathered from Nature's ample page; and it must not be forgotten that the great Teacher did not disdain to use in this way common wayside objects. The grass which springs up after the summer's shower and withers under the beams of the noonday sun, may warn of the end of the sinner's course whose prosperity may endure for a season. The flower carrying itself erect to receive the fructifying ray, and at length bending its head laden with ripened seed, may remind of the Christian's life whose graces are perfected under the invigorating beams of the sun of righteousness, and who at his death leaves around him gracious influences. The worm, mean and despised of man, is not disregarded by its Maker, neither is the lowly Christian, though all unknown and uncared for amongst men. The soft-bodied animal having no weapons for defence, is shielded by a hard impervious shell; and the humble disciple, helpless, and open to attacks from hosts of foes, is defended by a never failing shield and buckler. The lark, soaring on pinions

of joy, gushing with melody, and revelling in the empyrean, is a type of that favoured one whose love o'erflows in joyous song, and whose happy soul loses its individuality in the vast atmosphere of Christ's love. The busy toiler, whose individual labour is small, but when combined with numerous of its fellows, results in producing solid rock, is like those useful members in a Church who are always doing their Master's will, but in so unostentatious a manner, that men are at length as astonished as they are gratified in seeing the great result of accumulated effort.

The seed, the fruit, the rock, the mountain, the sea, the land, the crawling caterpillar, the predatory spider, the happy fly, the aspiring eagle, the gentle dove, and hundreds of others would, to a thoughtful minister, be suggestive of many a useful illustration.

11. The student of nature will be able to show, that not only was creation at its beginning the outgoing of the Divine power, but that the great creative energy is still at work. Though like produces like, and life succeeds to death, and all is perpetual change, yet everything is moulded, regulated, and sustained by him who first called it into being. The world with its myriad forms of existence and complicated machinery, is not left to regulate itself, but is subject to, and guided by, a *moral agent*, whose supreme power is evidenced in the great forces of heat, gravitation, magnetism, and the like, while his wisdom is displayed in that beautiful simplicity of action which permits all to proceed with such smoothness and order, that the thoughtless, but they alone, may have exclaimed, where are the proofs of his being? *We* shall say, "*He* commanded and they were created." "*He* hath also established them for ever and ever."

12. As a man would seek to know every particular regarding the character, attributes, and performance of one whom he dearly loves, so should every minister desire to be acquainted with him whom he serves; but such knowledge can only be acquired by going into the realms of Nature, suffering the soul to commune with the great spirit of creation, and realizing the comfortable assurance that the power, order, skill, wisdom, beneficence everywhere broadly stamped upon mountain and vale, hill and plain, tree and shrub, flower and fruit, bird and beast, fish and insect, are the attributes of him whom he delights to recognize as his God. Would he realize somewhat of his *glory*, let him seek to comprehend the immense dimensions of the system of which our globe, great as it is, forms but a very minute portion; then, mount upon a beam of light as it flashes with speed inconceivable for days and nights, months and years, and travel until his hair turns grey; yet as it wings its way out into the far distant realms of space, he will still behold suns in the dark background. "The heavens declare thy glory, O God, and the firmament showeth thy handywork!"

Not less forcibly will he be reminded of the *past* endurance of the Creator when he reads the tale aright which the records of our earth unfold; and remembers that the filmy light from yon faint stars on the azure vault above, may have been traversing space for untold ages ere they fell on human eye. Verily, "from everlasting to everlasting thou art God."

The *Omnipotence* of the Creator is displayed upon and within the influences of our earth; in the sea, powerful even in its gentlest action, and terrific, indeed, when wrought into fury by the raging tempest; in the mountain belching forth steam, vapours and rivers of fire; in the earthquake splitting the plain, or engulphing the hills; in the lightning rending the rocks, and tearing the giants of the forest; in the thunder which rolls its reverberating peals through heaven's concave, announcing the presence of him whose chariot is the whirlwind. Still more is this attribute exhibited in the planets with their satellites, and immense cometary bodies travelling around their primaries; in hundreds of revolving suns sweeping through boundless space in silent yet eloquent majesty, under the superintending power of Him who first hurled them from the hollow of his hand.

The *Omnipresence* of God in nature is displayed by the maintaining law, and the universal benevolence already alluded to; while every blade of grass, and the smallest flower that spreads its perfume on the summer air, announces his pre-

sence; the rippling brook carrying to the sea the treasures of the soil, is impelled in its course by the ever-active hand that called it into being. The air as it moves in gentle waves over earth's surface, whispers, "God is here." The universe is vocal with his presence, and is a grand and perpetual anthem hymning his praise, the harmony of which is one, though the sources of the music are infinite. George Herbert sings—

"The heavens are not too high
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low
His praises there may grow;
Let all the world in every corner sing my God and King."

The *wisdom* of the Lord is seen in the nice arrangements of Nature's myriad forms; in the inter-dependence of animal and vegetable existencies; in the aqueous vapour rising from the bosom of the ocean, floating o'er the land and distilling as the gentle dew, or falling in still more refreshing rain; in the great laws of compensation which maintain the form, figure, and dimensions of the earth, notwithstanding ceaseless change; but above all in the admirable adjustments of the great bodies moving around the sun. It is, however, impossible to soar to the heights of Divine wisdom, nor could we even with the plummet of an archangel sound the vast profundity, but should be compelled to exclaim with wonder and adoring awe, Oh, the depths!

Work of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

IN our June number a brief account was given of one of the two Missionaries in Germany, supported by the friends at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The following is the reply which was addressed by the other missionary when first engaged by the friends at the Tabernacle.

"Templin, September 11th, 1861.

"Dear and tenderly-beloved Brethren,

"From a letter from our dear and much-beloved brother Oncken, I perceive that God has put it in your hearts to care for the missionary cause in these parts, by undertaking to provide for my temporal necessities, thus enabling me, without let or hindrance, to unfold the banner of the cross of Christ.

"This is an answer to the supplications of myself and the Church, for we have daily been lifting our eyes unto the hills, whence cometh our help. We likewise feel a heartfelt impulse to express to you our deep and cordial thanks for your devoted affection. We shall never be able to repay such help; and we can only commend the matter to him who has said, "Whatsoever ye have done unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." We had heard much of you before; your fame, especially through your dear and richly-anointed preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, having reached our ears. We likewise eagerly read his sermons, wherein we esteem and love the boldness, decision, and faithfulness to the Word of God. Our hearts are especially rejoiced at finding the free grace of God, and the election of his children, so clearly expressed; so that we have never found any book equal to them in this respect. So much the more has the Lord gladdened our hearts by your benefits, in the hope that this love and sympathy will continue. We can therefore only trust that a confirmation and increase of our gifts of grace will accrue from this connection; since, as we confidently hope, every mite will be entrusted with prayer to the hand of God, to be devoted to his cause, and consequently be attended with blessing to the advancement of the kingdom of God in these parts.

"It cannot be necessary to remind you of supplication on our behalf, as you have it in your hearts to look on this field of missionary labour as your own; and we shall feel it our duty, from time to time, to give you a particular account of our progress.

"With hearty brotherly love, the deacons, and the Church at large, salute your Minister with a holy kiss, in which unite the members here, and

"Your deeply-obliged brother,
"C. A. Kemnitz."

This letter was accompanied with the following interesting account of the previous history of this missionary.

"As you, dear brethren, will henceforth regard our field of labour as your own, I feel myself constrained to present you with a view of the same.

"I, Charles Augustus Kemnitz, was born at Templin, in the province of Potsdam, on September 20th, 1821, and am the son of a fisherman here. From my youth up, God's grace drew my feet to his ways; but I understood not the call, and wanted to become holy through my own strength. But continuing a sinner, in spite of all my exertions, I renounced this thought as impracticable. In the year 1844, I heard a sermon in the Baptist Chapel at Berlin, by Brother Lehmann, which immediately penetrated my heart, and there fell, as it were, scales from my eyes. I now clearly perceived both the free grace of God in Christ Jesus, and the election to salvation; the latter in the continued drawings of God's grace from my youth up. On June 20th, 1844, I was baptized by brother Lehmann, into the death of the Lord. On September 13th, 1845, I arrived in Templin, where three fellow-believers were, who had been baptized in Berlin. The population of this place is about 4,200, and it is situated ten (German) miles north-east of Berlin, on the borders of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz. There was not a single believer in the place or neighbourhood, nor a believing minister. When, by the grace of God, I held meetings, and several persons were converted, storm followed storm. The people tore up the pavement, and broke the doors and windows with the stones. Sticks and missive weapons were employed against me in the streets, when I went home in the evening. Not a week passed without judicial proceedings against us. Executions were levied; imprisonment inflicted for preaching, and Sunday-school teaching, and every attempt made to choke the work in its beginning. By the grace of God we endured until 1848, when a stop was put to these annoyances. The kingdom of God increased both in numbers and extent, so that now there are as many as 481 members, 68 of whom were baptized this year. They are dispersed in 64 places in the neighbourhood, five of which, numbering 13 members, are in Mecklenburgh-Strelitz. By this dispersion, a net has been spread over the country, and a way for the preaching of the Word opened everywhere. In the winter, accordingly, the Word is preached nearly every day in some locality or other, to a new audience. This somewhat adds to the labour of the ministry, and expenses are increased. Besides myself, the Church employs two assistants, who, like me, go with staff in hand from place to place, to supply the necessities of the people. There are likewise five meeting-houses at the chief stations in the different districts. At Templin, the chief seat of the Church, a meeting-house was requisite, which was opened in 1859, leaving us, however, in debt to the amount of 10,000 dollars, (about £1,600,) a heavy burden, the interest absorbing much of our strength, and no way of liquidation yet appearing.

"Our field of missionary enterprise is regularly organized, and extends over about nine square miles (German). Last year the Lord opened us a door in Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, where, however, we are prohibited under penalty of law from holding any meetings. A brother went there to work for the Lord, but when he began to hold meetings, he was sent out of the country. I have been there several times, distributed tracts, and held secret meetings, and have always escaped hitherto. My wife was there last month to encourage our dear fellow-believers, but was conveyed at ten in the evening, in rain, storm, and darkness, to the police-station, three hours' walk, placed in a dark prison, and obliged to pass the night on the bare ground. In the morning she was supplied with a piece of bread, and a basin of coffee through a hole. From ten till twelve she was subjected to an examination, where she had an opportunity of confessing Christ. She was then sent out of the country, and charged never to return. The fruit of this imprisonment is now manifested in a woman who had long been seeking the way of salvation, and had been condemned to twelve days' imprisonment for persuading her daughter not to receive the sacrament, as she would be doing so unworthily. This woman had

heard of my wife's arrest, and had an interview with her. She then sought until she found several brethren, and learnt from them the way of salvation. The most glorious prospects are opening before us in Mecklenburgh and here. The Church is aroused from her slumber, the preachers of the Word are animated. Many seek for better things. Churches are formed: God's promises are being fulfilled here, that "the little one shall become a thousand," and a mighty nation arise from a mean one. The God of all grace, who has called us to his glory in Christ Jesus, will perfect, strengthen, and stablish us, according to his good pleasure."

Reviews.

The Christian in Complete Armour. By WILLIAM GURNAL. Blackie and Son.

THIS splendid edition of Gurnal will, we trust, obtain a place in thousands of libraries. Gurnal's work is peerless and priceless; every line is full of wisdom; every sentence is suggestive. The whole book has been preached over scores of times, and is, in our judgement, the best thought-breeder in all our library. Young ministers who cannot afford this fine copy should buy a cheaper one, even if they have to sell their coats to procure it.

Short Tales to Explain Homely Proverbs. By M. H. Johnstone & Hunter.

TWELVE little books in a packet for one shilling. As the language is not suitable for little children, we suppose the more advanced of our youth are aimed at in these tales. Good morality is pleasantly expounded in them.

Self-formation; or, Aids and Helps to Mind-life. By PAXTON HOOD. Partridge, 9, Paternoster-row.

OUR friend, Mr. Hood, has read a great deal upon everything, and thought much more than he has read. This volume will help to produce readers and thinkers of a high order. The work is deep, and yet clear; weighty, but not heavy. We find amusement in its wit, and improvement in its wisdom.

The Cottage Preacher. By the Rev. HENRY WATTS. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

THOUGH unpretending in its title, this little book has real merit. It is full, not of truth merely, but of *the* truth. It consists of thirty sermonets upon plain gospel subjects, with good divisions, and in plain language. It is well suited to all Christians, and especially to young preachers.

The Children of the Great King. A Tale of the Crimean War. By M. H. Johnston, Hunter & Co., Edinburgh. Hamilton, Adams, & Co., London.

A VERY readable little book, well adapted for young people. The moral is good, and not overdrawn.

The Holy Gospels Arranged as a Single Narrative. Samuel Bagster & Sons, 15, Paternoster-row.

THE title of this book is a sufficient guide to its contents. It is well got up, and the whole matter is compressed within a small compass. The four gospels may be read to much advantage in this consecutive form.

Fellow Travellers; and Tried and True. By the Rev. J. FORDYCE. T. Nelson & Sons, Paternoster-row.

THE first of these is a graphic and lively description of the "broad way," and the "narrow way." The second is a brief, but powerful appeal to the experimental effects of the gospel in proof of its divine reality.

The Model Preacher. By the Rev. WILLIAM TAYLOR. H. J. Tresidder, 17, Ave-Maria Lane.

THERE is much here that is lively and original upon a subject in which we

could hardly have expected anything new. The preaching which it advocates is that which is adapted to the masses, and is best suited to the profit of all classes. We do not wonder that it should have had an extensive circulation in this country, as well as in America. The more it is known to preachers whose sole aim is to be useful to their hearers, the more it will be valued by them.

Memoir of Mrs. Susan Hill. By the Rev. SAMUEL DAVIES. Jarrold & Sons, Paternoster-row.

THIS is a narrative of one eminent for piety and usefulness, the impress of whose character was worth retaining, that it might be reproduced in others. Through many changes, and much personal affliction, the highest end of life is unremittingly pursued; and with what happy and abiding results, the last day will declare. This Memoir is the more valuable as it shows how, amidst the ordinary duties and trials of life, it is possible for females, without violating the reserve and retirement of their position, to lay up in store both for themselves and for others "a good foundation against the time to come."

Attributes and Aspects of the Divine Redeemer. By the Rev. J. A. WALLACE. Johnstone, Hunter, & Co. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

THIS belongs to a class of books designed to familiarize the minds of believers with the history of Jesus; and is well adapted to its purpose. It is very intelligible to ordinary readers, and furnishes abundant matter for profitable meditation.

The Doctrines of the Bible. By ALEXANDER MCAUSLANE. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

THEY are not what are emphatically styled *the* doctrines of the Bible that are here discussed. They are principally the doctrines which relate to the Bible-narrative of the Creation. These are elicited with great clearness, defended with sagacity, and briefly applied. Mr. McAuslane is evidently an original and independent thinker, and has an easy and attractive flow of language. Such powers are well adapted for the illustration of pure gospel truths.

Abolition Abbey. James Blackwood, Paternoster-row.

THIS little work is calculated to excite in the hearts of the young sympathy with the enslaved; and thus may become a mite thrown into the treasury which ultimately, and we hope speedily, will procure the abolition of slavery in all lands.

The Redeemer and the Redemption. By ALEXANDER S. PATTERSON, D.D. Johnstone, Hunter, & Co. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

LIKE the preceding, this book is intended to assist the devout contemplation of the person and work of the Redeemer. It is full of clear doctrinal statements, in a manner suited to sacramental meditations, for which it is specially designed.

Jesus: All in All. By C. H. HOWELL. The Book Society, 19, Paternoster row.

MORE need not be said, and cannot be said, of this book, than that it is faithful to its title throughout. It has a recommendatory preface by Mr. Martin, of Westminster, to whom the Author is well known, which of itself would have sufficed to commend it to our readers.

Capital Punishment. Is it defensible? By PHILANDER. James Nisbet & Co., Berners-street.

THE object of this treatise is to vindicate the requirement of the death of the murderer by the civil law, against a very general and growing desire for its abolition. It should be carefully perused by all who are endeavouring to arrive at a settled conviction upon a subject of some difficulty, and attended with momentous consequences.

The Scripture Testimony to the Holy Spirit. By JAMES MORGAN, D.D., Belfast. T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street, Edinburgh.

THIS is a work upon the Holy Spirit, professedly upon the same plan as Dr. Pye Smith's upon "The Scripture Testimony to the Messiah." It makes no pretensions to a similar amount of scholarship; and, indeed, is singularly devoid of the elaborate criticism and

stern logic for which the "Testimony to the Messiah" is distinguished. As a presentation in one view of the whole amount of Scripture teaching upon the Holy Spirit, by a free and practical exposition of all the passages as they occur in the Scriptures, expressly relating to the subject, it cannot fail to be profitable to general readers. The fact of its having been delivered in a series of pulpit discourses accounts for its popular form. Its exact place in our theological literature is not supplied by any other volume.

The Gentle Life. Sampson Low, Son, & Marston, 14, Ludgate Hill.

This is a clever book, and does much towards reviving the popularity of miscellaneous essays. It is instructive to all, and injurious to none. We have already given our opinion of the author in a review of the book entitled "About in the World."

The Mother's Friend. Volume V. New Series. Jackson, Walford & Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

If Dr. Busby boasted that he ruled the boys who became the men that ruled the world, much more may mothers claim the rule of those who become the men and women of all ages and nations. No training, therefore, has a more direct and universal influence upon the world than the training of the mothers themselves. This is the object of the magazine, of which the one before us is the seventeenth annual volume, from its commencement. It is a handful of salt cast into society at the fountain. It deserves the support of all Christian mothers, and their recommendation to others.

Notices.

On Friday, the 23rd of last June, services were held at Minchenhampton, in Gloucestershire, on the occasion of the settlement of Mr. James from the Tabernacle College, as pastor of the Baptist Church in that place. In the afternoon, Mr. R. Ayers, of Chelford, read and prayed. The usual questions were asked by Mr. W. Jackson, of Bilston, to which Mr. James gave clear and satisfactory replies. Mr. Webley, of Avening, prayed; Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College, gave an address to the pastor; and Mr. W. C. Taylor, of Uley, concluded by prayer. In the evening, Mr. Rogers presided. Mr. Jones, of Uley (Independent), prayed; Mr. J. E. Cracknell, of Cheltenham, gave an address on "The Relation of the Church to the Pastor;" and Mr. Jackson, of Bilston, on "The Relation of the Church to the World." Congratulatory addresses were delivered by Mr. Burrell, of Nailsworth, Independent; Mr. J. B. Brasted, of Tetbury; Mr. J. Webley, of Avening; and Mr. H. Whitlock, of Eastcombe. Mr. James' prospects at this place are very encouraging. There have already been several instances of decided usefulness.

On June 28th, Mr. Rogers, by special request, was present at the annual meeting held at the close of the session of the Independent College, at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, where he had studied, for the purpose of delivering the annual address to the students. Mr. James Parsons, of York, presided, and many ministers from neighbouring and distant towns were present. Mr. Rogers availed himself of the opportunity of stating what were the distinguishing peculiarities of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College to which, through the Divine Blessing, its success might be attributed. His remarks were favorably received, and he was highly gratified to find that both Mr. Spurgeon and his college were regarded by all present with sincere respect and esteem.

On Wednesday, July 5th, the memorial stone of the new Chapel in connection with the ministry of Mr. Collins was laid. The pastor, in the absence of A. Lamb, Esq., presided. A copy of the July number of "The Sword and Trowel," with a copy of "The Christian World," and of a local paper, and a brief statement of the Church's principles with respect to doctrines and discipline, were enclosed in a bottle and placed in a cavity of the stone. This is the first time, we presume, "The Sword and Trowel" has been thus honored. Prayer was offered by Mr. R. Caven. An ad-

dress was delivered by Mr. Collins before the stone was laid, and after the ceremony by Mr. Simons. In the evening, a public meeting was held, at which the Pastor presided, and addresses were given by Mr. Carlisle, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Caven. The collections, including a donation of £10 from A. Lamb, Esq., amounted to £27 10s. 0d. Towards the cost of the building, which is £2,500, about £1,155 have been provided.

Mr. Turner, of Liverpool, formerly a student in Mr. Spurgeon's College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the Pastorate from the Baptist Church at Wednesbury, in Staffordshire. He entered upon his stated ministry there on the third Sabbath of last June. During the following days of the week, special services were held upon the occasion. On Monday evening, a prayer-meeting was held, and an address was given by Mr. Turner, upon "The necessity for humility and contrition for past sin as a preparation for the reception of spiritual blessings." On Tuesday evening, there was a prayer-meeting, and an address by Mr. F. G. Marchant, of Birmingham, on "The necessity for fervent and frequent supplication for the prosperity of Zion." On Wednesday evening, a prayer-meeting, and an address by Mr. W. Jackson, of Bilston, on "The necessity for personal, voluntary, and united effort for the extension of Christ's Kingdom." On Thursday evening, a prayer-meeting and an address by Mr. G. Cozens, of Netherton, on "Immediate decision for Christ." On Friday Evening, the Lord's Supper was administered.

On Tuesday, the 20th of June last, Recognition Services were held, on the occasion of the settlement of Mr. John Field, formerly of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, as pastor of the Baptist Church, at Bartholomew Street Chapel, Exeter. In the afternoon, after reading and prayer, Mr. E. Webb, of Tiverton put the usual questions, which were replied to by Mr. Field, very clearly and fully. Mr. J. Price, for forty years pastor at Montacute, and now an attendant upon Mr. Field's ministry, offered prayer; after which Mr. Rogers, of the Tabernacle College, delivered the charge to the pastor, with special reference to the requirements of a faithful Christian teacher in the city of Exeter. In the Evening a public meeting was held, at which addresses were given by Mr. E. Edwards, of Chard; Mr. J. Kings, of Torquay; Mr. D. Hewitt, of Exeter (Independent); Mr. J. Mann, of Exeter; Mr. T. Cannon, of Newton Abbot; Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Field. The cause, which was very low when Mr. Field first preached in the Chapel, owing to a recent separation from it, has greatly revived under his ministry, and has the prospect of attaining to great prosperity and influence.

The studies at the Metropolitan Tabernacle College were resumed on the 4th of last month. A tea meeting in the lower rooms, and a public meeting in the Tabernacle were convened on the occasion, both of which were unusually well attended. After a few verses had been sung, and prayer offered by Mr. Ness; Mr. Spurgeon, in few words expressed the pleasure he had derived from the congratulations of his people upon his return from his continental tour and his own thankfulness to God for preservation, and for his thorough reinvigoration of body and mind. Mr. Rogers gave a brief statement of his engagements during the vacation. Mr. William Olney forcibly exhibited the claims of the College upon the Church and congregation, and made a special appeal on behalf of the Chapel about to be erected in Bermondsey, towards which the promise of raising the contributions to the sum of £500 during the pastor's absence, had been fulfilled. This intelligence was gratifying to all, and to none more than to Mr. Spurgeon, who had made it the subject of special request. Addresses were then given by three of the Students, who had received no intimation for that purpose until the middle of that day. Mr. Barrett spoke upon the College motto, "I both hold, and am held by the cross;" Mr. Bunning, upon "Small Services for Christ;" and Mr. Griffin on "Thankfulness." These addresses were well received. They were all remarkably felicitous, both in sentiment and expression, cheerful without levity, solid without alloy. Mr. Spurgeon then gave an instructive and humourous account of his tour, which was the chief attraction of the occasion, and had led to the unusually large

attendance. Of this, our readers will have information in other parts of the Magazine.

On Monday Evening, July 10th, the ladies of the Metropolitan Tabernacle invited Mr. Spurgeon to a tea meeting, in commemoration of his birthday, and presented him with the sum of £35. Mr. Spurgeon completed his thirty-first year during his absence upon the continent, in consequence of which, this annual expression of congratulation and esteem was delayed. The attendance was numerous, and the mutual intercourse was profitable and pleasing.

The Chapel erected for Mr. Archibald Brown, at Bromley, in Kent, was opened on Wednesday, the 5th of July. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. Spurgeon. After tea, a public meeting was held, at which Mr. Spurgeon presided, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Jones, of Brixton; S. Blackwood, Esq., and Mr. Brown. The services were well attended and liberal contributions were made. The Chapel is an ornament to the town, and Mr. Brown's ministry in it will, we trust, prove a great blessing. The Church and congregation have been gathered almost entirely as the fruit of his labours under many disadvantages; and have now, through the good hand of God upon them, the prospect of much comfort and success.

On Tuesday, the 18th of July, Mr. Spurgeon made an annual visit to Witchwood Forest, in Oxfordshire. The scene of this religious encampment was in the midst of a thinly scattered population; and yet, about 4000 persons were assembled on the occasion. A rustic amphitheatre was constructed by cutting down the underwood of the forest, in which every needful accommodation was provided for hearers and suitable preparation was made for the hundreds of horses and of vehicles that were assembled. About £25 was collected for the College. "We found it in the fields of the wood." These annual gatherings are viewed with jealousy by a few, but with great satisfaction by many.

Mr. Spurgeon's preaching engagements away from home for the month of August are:—Tuesday 2nd, Oddington, near Oxford; 8th, Landbeach, Cambridgeshire; 9th, Woodstock; 15th, Hastings, Wellington Square; 22nd, Paul's Cray, Kent; 23rd, Kingston-on-Thames; 29th, Romsey, Hants.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 91.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from June 19th, to July 18th, 1865.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Craddock	0	2	6
First Fruits	1	0	0
A Friend, Edinburgh	2	0	0
Part proceeds of Lecture by Mr. Spurgeon, at Palace Gardens Chapel ..	12	0	0
H. H.	1	1	0
Mrs. Edwards	0	10	0
Mr. Flood	1	0	0
Mrs. Wilson	1	1	0
Collection at Upton Chapel, per C. D. Evans	17	5	0
A Debtor to the Gospel	0	2	6
Mr. Brown	5	0	0
Mr. Cook	5	0	0
S. W. L.	12	7	11
Mr. G. B. Simpson	0	0	0
Mrs. Tyson	12	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Jephs	0	19	3
Mr. Linnell	1	1	0
A Bruised Reed	5	0	0
Birthday Gift by a few friends at the Tabernacle	35	0	0
Per Editor Christian World	2	0	0
Mr. Rogers, Ilfracombe	10	0	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Gratitude, York	5	0	0
Mr. H. Hibbert, India	2	0	0
The Elders' Bible Class	5	0	0
Miss Campbell	0	2	6
Miss C. Shaw	0	2	0
Mr. A. Stewart	0	2	6
Lizzie	0	2	6
A Friend, per Mr. Read	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, June 26	26	4	1
,, ,, ,, July 2	23	9	0
,, ,, ,, ,, 9	41	11	10
,, ,, ,, ,, 16	24	8	6
	£255	12	1

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

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1865.

Bands of Love: or, Union to Christ.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

SYSTEMATIC theologians have usually regarded union to Christ under three aspects, *natural*, *mystical*, and *federal*, and it may be that these three terms are comprehensive enough to embrace the whole subject, but as our aim in this article is simplicity, let us be pardoned if we appear diffuse when we follow a less concise method.

1. The saints were from the beginning joined to Christ by bands of *everlasting love*. Before he took on him their nature, or brought them into a conscious enjoyment of himself, his heart was set upon their persons, and his soul delighted in them. Long ere the worlds were made, his prescient eye beheld his chosen, and viewed them with delight. Strong were the indissoluble bands of love which then united Jesus to the souls whom he determined to redeem. Not bars of brass, or triple steel, could have been more real and effectual bonds. True love, of all things in the universe, has the greatest cementing force, and will bear the greatest strain, and endure the heaviest pressure: who shall tell what trials the Saviour's love has borne, and how well it has sustained them? Never union more true than this. As the soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David so that he loved David as his own soul, so was our glorious Lord united and joined to us by the ties of fervent, faithful love. Love has a most potent power in effecting and sustaining union, but never does it display its force so well as when we see it bringing the Maker into oneness with the creature, the divine into alliance with the human. This, then, is to be regarded as the day-spring of union,—the love of Christ Jesus the Lord embracing in its folds the whole of the elected family.

2. There is moreover a *union of purpose* as well as of love. By the first we have seen that the elect are made one with Jesus by the act and will of the Son, by the second they are joined to him by the ordination and decree of the Father. These divine acts are co-eternal. The Son loved and chose his people to be his own bride, the Father made the same choice, and decreed the chosen ones for ever one with his all-glorious Son. The Son loved them, and the Father decreed them his

portion and inheritance; the Father ordained them to be what the Son himself did make them.

In God's purpose they have been eternally associated parts of one design. Salvation was the fore-ordained scheme whereby God would magnify himself, and a Saviour was in that scheme from necessity associated with the persons chosen to be saved. The scope of the dispensation of grace included both; the circle of wisdom comprehended Redeemer and redeemed in its one circumference. They could not be dissociated in the mind and will of the all-planning Jehovah.

> "'Christ be my first elect,' he said,
> Then chose our souls in Christ, our Head."

The same book which contains the names of the heirs of life contains the name of their Redeemer. He could not be a Redeemer unless souls had been given him to redeem, nor could they have been called the ransomed of the Lord, if he had not engaged to purchase them. Redemption when determined upon by the God of heaven included in it both Christ and his people; and hence in the decree which fixed it, they were brought into a near and intimate alliance.

The foresight of the fall led the Divine mind to provide for the catastrophe in which the elect would have perished, had not their ruin been prevented by gracious interposition. Hence followed as part of the Divine arrangement other forms of union, which, besides their immediate object in salvation, had doubtless a further design of illustrating the condescending alliance which Jesus had formed with his chosen. The next and following points are of this character.

3. *Jesus is one with his elect federally.* As in Adam, every heir of flesh and blood has a personal interest, because he is the covenant head and representative of the race as considered under the law of works; so under the law of grace, every redeemed soul is one with the Lord from heaven, since he is the Second Adam, the Sponsor and Substitute of the elect in the new covenant of love. The apostle Paul declares that Levi was in the loins of Abraham when Melchizedek met him: it is a certain truth that the believer was in the loins of Jesus Christ, the Mediator, when in old eternity the covenant settlements of grace were decreed, ratified, and made sure for ever. Thus, whatever Christ hath done, he hath wrought for the whole body of his Church. We were crucified in him and buried with him, (Read Col. ii. 10—13,) and to make it still more wonderful, we are risen with him and have even ascended with him to the seats on high. (Eph. ii. 6.) It is thus that the Church has fulfilled the law, and is "accepted in *the beloved*." It is thus that she is regarded with complacency by the just Jehovah, for he views her in Jesus, and does not look upon her as separate from her covenant head. As the anointed Redeemer of Israel, Christ Jesus has nothing distinct from his Church, but all that he has he holds for her. Adam's righteousness was ours as long as he maintained it, and his sin was ours the moment that he committed it; and in the same manner, all that the Second Adam is or does, is ours as well as his, seeing that he is our representative. Here is the foundation of the covenant of grace. This gracious system of representation and substitution, which moved Justin Martyr to cry out, "O blessed change, O sweet permu-

tation!" this, I say, is the very groundwork of the gospel of our salvation, and is to be received with strong faith and rapturous joy. In every place the saints are perfectly one with Jesus.

"One in the tomb, one when he rose,
One when he triumph'd o'er his foes:
One when in heav'n he took his seat,
While seraphs sung all hell's defeat.

This sacred tie forbids their fears,
For all he is, or has is theirs;
With him their head, they stand or fall,
Their life, their surety, and their all." (KENT.)

4. For the accomplishment of the great works of atonement and perfect obedience, it was needful that the Lord Jesus should take upon him "the likeness of sinful flesh." Thus, he became one with us *in our nature*, for in Holy Scripture, all partakers of flesh and blood are regarded as of one family. By the fact of common descent from Adam, all men are of one race, seeing that "God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth." Hence, in the Bible, man is spoken of universally as "thy brother" (Lev. xix. 7; Job xxii. 6; Matt. v. 23, 24; Luke xvii. 3; Rom. xiv. 10, &c., &c.); and "thy neighbour," (Exod. xx. 16; Lev. xix. 13—18; Matt. v. 43; Rom. xiii. 9; James ii. 8), to whom, on account of nature and descent, we are required to render kindness and good will. Now although our great Melchizedek in his divinity is without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, and is both in essence and rank at an infinite remove from fallen manhood; yet as to his manhood he is to be reckoned as one of ourselves. He was born of a woman, he hung upon her breasts, and was dandled upon her knee; he grew from infancy to youth and thence to manhood, and in every stage he was a true and real partaker of our humanity. He is as certainly of the race of Adam as he is divine. He is God without fiction or metaphor, and he is man beyond doubt or dispute. The Godhead was not humanized and so diluted; and the manhood was not transformed into divinity and so rendered more than human. Never was any man more a portion of his kind than was the Son of Man, the Man of sorrows and the acquaintance of grief. He is man's brother, for he bore the whole nature of man. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." He who was very God of very God made himself a little lower than the angels, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. This was done with the most excellent design in our redemption, inasmuch as it was necessary that as *man* had sinned *man* should suffer, but doubtless it had a further motive, the honouring of the Church, and the enabling of her Lord to sympathize with her. The apostle most sweetly remarks (Heb. ii. 14, 15; Heb. iv. 15), "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." And, again, "For we have not an high-priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but

was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Thus, in ties of blood, Jesus, the Son of Man, is one with all the heirs of heaven. "For this cause also he is not ashamed to call them brethren." (Heb. ii. 11.) What reason have we here for the strongest consolation and delight, seeing that, "Both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one." We can say of our Lord as poor Naomi said of bounteous Boaz, "The man is near of kin unto us, one of our next kinsmen." Overwhelmed by the liberality of our blessed Lord, we are often led to cry with Ruth, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me seeing I am a stranger;" and are we not ready to die with wonder when in answer to such a question, he tells us that he is our brother, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. If in all our straits and distresses, we could bear upon our minds the remembrance of our Redeemer's manhood, we should never bemoan the absence of a sympathizing heart, since we should always have his abundant compassion for our consolation. He is no stranger, he is able to enter into the heart's bitterness, for he has himself tasted the wormwood and the gall. Let us never doubt his power to sympathize with us in our infirmities and sorrows. There is one aspect of this subject of natural union which it were improper to pass over in silence, for it is very precious to the believer. While the Lord Jesus takes upon himself our nature (2 Pet. i. 4), he restores in us that image of God (Gen. i. 27), which was blotted and defaced by the fall of Adam. He raises us from the degradation of sin to the dignity of perfection. So that in a twofold sense, the head and members are of one nature, and not like that monstrous image which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream. The head was of fine gold, but the belly and the thighs were of brass, the legs of iron, and the feet, part of iron and part of clay. Christ's mystical body is no absurd combination of opposites; the head is immortal, and the body is immortal too, for thus the record stands, "Because I live, ye shall live also." "As is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly." "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly;" and this shall in a few more years be more fully manifest to us, for "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." Such as is the head, such is the body, and every member in particular. A chosen Head and chosen members; an accepted Head, and accepted members; a living Head, and living members. If the head be pure gold, all the parts of the body are of pure gold also. Thus is there a double union of nature as a basis for the closest communion. Pause here, devout reader, and see if thou canst without ecstatic amazement, contemplate the infinite condescension of the Son of God in thus exalting thy wretchedness into blessed union with his glory. Thou art so mean that in remembrance of thy mortality, thou mayest say to corruption, "Thou art my father," and to the worm, "Thou art my sister;" and yet in Christ thou art so honoured that thou canst say to the Almighty, "Abba, Father," and to the Incarnate God, "Thou art my brother and my husband." Surely if relationships to ancient and noble families make men think highly of themselves, *we* have whereof to glory over the heads of them all. Lay hold upon this privilege; let not a senseless indolence make thee negligent to trace this pedigree, and suffer no

foolish attachment to present vanities to occupy thy thoughts to the exclusion of this glorious, this heavenly honour of union with Christ.

We must now retrace our steps to the ancient mountains, and contemplate this union in one of its earliest forms.

5. *Christ Jesus is also joined unto his people in a mystical union.* Borrowing once more from the story of Ruth, we remark that Boaz, although one with Ruth by kinship, did not rest until he had entered into a nearer union still, namely, that of marriage; and in the same manner there is, superadded to the natural union of Christ with his people, a mystical union by which he assumes the position of Husband, while the Church is owned as his bride. In love he espoused her to himself, as a chaste virgin, long before she fell under the yoke of bondage. Full of burning affection, he toiled like Jacob for Rachel, until the whole of her purchase-money had been paid, and now, having sought her by his Spirit, and brought her to know and love him, he awaits the glorious hour when their mutual bliss shall be consummated at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. Not yet hath the glorious Bridegroom presented his betrothed perfected and complete, before the Majesty of heaven, not yet hath she actually entered upon the enjoyment of her dignities as his wife and queen; she is as yet a wanderer in a world of woe, a dweller in the tents of Kedar, but she is even now the bride, the spouse of Jesus, dear to his heart, precious in his sight, written on his hands, and united with his person. On earth he exercises towards her all the affectionate offices of Husband. He makes rich provision for her wants, pays all her debts, allows her to assume his name, and to share in all his wealth. Nor will he ever act otherwise to her. The word divorce he will never mention, for "he hateth putting away." Death must sever the conjugal tie between the most loving mortals, but it cannot divide the links of this immortal marriage. In heaven they marry not, but are as the angels of God, yet is there this one marvellous exception to the rule, for in heaven Christ and his Church shall celebrate their joyous nuptials. And this affinity as it is more lasting, so is it more near than earthly wedlock. Let the love of husband be never so pure and fervent, it is but a faint picture of the flame that burns in the heart of Jesus. Passing all human union is that mystical cleaving unto the Church, for which Christ did leave his Father, and become one flesh with her.

If this be the union which subsists between our souls and the person of our Lord, how deep and broad is the channel of our communion. This is no narrow pipe through which a thread-like stream may wind its way, it is a channel of amazing depth and breadth, along whose breadth and length a ponderous volume of living water may roll its strength. Behold he hath set before us an open door, let us not be slow to enter. This city of communion hath many pearly gates, every several gate is of one pearl, and each gate is thrown open to the uttermost that we may enter, assured of welcome. If there were but one small loophole through which to talk with Jesus, it would be a high privilege to thrust a word of fellowship through the narrow door; how much we are blessed in having so large an entrance! Had the Lord Jesus been far away from us, with many a stormy sea between, we should have longed to send a messenger to him to carry him our loves, and bring us tidings

from his Father's house; but see his kindness, he has built his house next door to ours, nay, more, he takes lodging with us, and tabernacles in poor humble hearts, that so he may have perpetual intercourse with us. O how foolish must we be, if we do not live in habitual communion with him. When the road is long, and dangerous, and difficult, we need not wonder that friends seldom meet each other, but when they live together shall Jonathan forget his David? A wife may when her husband is upon a journey, abide many days without holding converse with him, but she could never endure to be separated from him if she knew him to be in one of the chambers of her own house. Seek thy Lord, for he is near; embrace him, for he is thy Brother. Hold him fast, for he is thine Husband; and press him to thine heart, for he is of thine own flesh.

6. As yet we have only considered the acts of Christ for us, whereby he effects and proves his union to us; we must now come to more personal and sensible forms of this great truth.

Those who are set apart for the Lord are in due time severed from the impure mass of fallen humanity, and are by sovereign grace ingrafted into the person of the Lord Jesus. This, which we call *vital union* is rather a matter of experience than of doctrine; it must be learned in the heart, and not by the head. Like every other work of the Spirit, the actual implantation of the soul into Christ Jesus is a mysterious and secret operation, and is no more to be understood by carnal reason than the new birth of which it is an attendant. Nevertheless, the spiritual man discerns it as a most essential thing in the salvation of the soul, and he clearly sees how a living union to Christ is the sure consequence of the quickening influence of the Holy Spirit, and is indeed, in some respects, identical with it.

When the Lord in mercy passed by and saw us in our blood, he first of all said, "Live;" and this he did *first*, because without life there can be no spiritual knowledge, feeling, or motion. Life is one of the absolutely essential things in spiritual matters, and until it be bestowed we are incapable of partaking in the things of the kingdom. Now the life which grace confers upon the saints at the moment of their quickening is none other than the life of Christ, which, like the sap from the stem, runs into us, the branches, and establishes a living connection between our souls and Jesus. Faith is the grace which perceives this union, and proceeds from it as its firstfruit. It is, to use a metaphor from the Canticles, the neck which joins the body of the Church to its all-glorious Head.

> "*O Faith!* thou bond of union with the Lord,
> Is not this office thine? and thy fit name,
> In the economy of gospel types,
> And symbols apposite—the Church's *neck*;
> Identifying her in will and work
> With him ascended?"

Faith lays hold upon the Lord Jesus with a firm and determined grasp. She knows his excellence and worth, and no temptation can induce her to repose her trust elsewhere; and Christ Jesus is so delighted with this heavenly grace, that he never ceases to strengthen and sustain her by the loving embrace and all-sufficient support of his eternal arms. Here

then is established a living, sensible, and delightful union which casts forth streams of love, confidence, sympathy, complacency, and joy, whereof both the bride and bridegroom love to drink. When the eye is clear and the soul can evidently perceive this oneness between the soul and Christ, the pulse may be felt as beating for both, and the one blood may be known as flowing through the veins of each. Then is the heart made exceedingly glad, it is as near heaven as it ever can be on earth, and is prepared for the enjoyment of the most sublime and spiritual kind of fellowship. This union may be quite as true when we are troubled with doubts concerning it, but it cannot afford consolation to the soul unless it be indisputably proven and assuredly felt; then is it indeed a honeycomb dropping with sweetness, a precious jewel sparkling with light. Look well to this matter ye saints of the Most High.

George Muller's Report for 1864-5.*

THE triumphs of faith are one continued series. She goes forth in her Lord's name conquering and to conquer. Never does her Lord desert her, and consequently she rejoices gloriously as one that findeth great spoil. She honours the God of Truth and He delights to honour her. No glory will she take to herself or give to an arm of flesh, but she ascribes all the praise to Him whose name is faithful and true. Probably all our readers are acquainted with the Lord's great work on Ashley Down, through his honoured and beloved servant Mr. George Müller; those who are strangers to that master work of faith should at once make themselves familiar with it; but as all may not have read his report for 1864-5, just now issued, we think it meet to give a few extracts from it to comfort those tried believers who may not be able to procure the pamphlet, and to induce those who can do so to purchase the Report, feeling sure that they will be profited by reading it. The style is simple, but the matter is inestimably precious. There is more of the life and soul of practical godliness in this small tractate than in scores of ponderously learned tomes in which faith is explained rather than exemplified. Some men paint a fire, Mr. Müller, by God's grace, shows us one burning and blazing. With deep gratitude our brother gives us an outline of the whole work which the Lord has wrought by him in Bristol. To many it will read like a dream or romance, but we can vouch for it that all is true without a spark of exaggeration. What a bountiful God does faith draw upon; surely it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.

"After this Institution has been for more than thirty-one years in operation I have to state to the glory of God, and for the encouragement of the Christian reader, that my sole and unreserved trust in the living God for pecuniary supplies not only is as unshaken as ever, but, by his help, stronger than ever. I have received during the last year alone thirty thousand pounds, in answer to prayer, and more than three hundred thousand pounds sterling from the commencement, whereby during that time more than fifteen thousand children or grown up

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* Price 6d. Nisbet & Co.

persons have been taught in the various schools, entirely supported by the Institution; more than thirty-six thousand Bibles, above twenty-seven thousand Testaments, and four thousand Psalms and other smaller portions of the Holy Scriptures, in several languages, have been circulated; and twenty-five millions of tracts and books, likewise in several languages, have been circulated. There have been, also, from the commencement, missionaries assisted out of the funds of the Institution, and of late years about one hundred and twenty in number. On this object alone more than sixty-one thousand pounds have been expended from the beginning of the Institution. Likewise nearly two thousand orphans have been under our care, three large houses, at an expense of about sixty thousand pounds, have been erected and fitted up and furnished, with a considerable sum in hand towards building two more houses for eight hundred and fifty orphans. As to the spiritual good which has resulted from the operations of the Institution, God alone can say how much has been accomplished; yet, so far as results have come under our knowledge, we gladly say to his praise, that if only the hundredth part of the blessing had been given, which we know of, the time and money which have been spent, would have been well employed."

The donations which make up this year's portion of the vast sum which has passed through the hands of this man of God are very varied, and somewhat remind us of the contributions made to the tabernacle in the wilderness. The handful of goat's hair is there in subscriptions as low as sixpence, or one shilling; and the silver bowls of the princes are there in a gift of £5,000 in one sum. This last came in answer to multiplied petitions for means to erect two more Orphan Houses, No. 4, and No. 5, to hold an additional 850 children, which will swell the entire number of orphans wholly supported by the Institution to 2,000. Of this munificent donation, Mr. Müller says:—

"Do you rejoice with me, dear reader, in the receipt of this last donation? Does the greatness of the amount surprise you? Do you think it strange and marvellous, that I should receive such a large sum in one donation? Well, the donation indeed filled my heart with inexpressible delight, because it was the fruit of thousands of prayers, and it brought me a decided step nearer the time, when all prayers will be fully answered with regard to the New Orphan Houses, No. 4 and No. 5, as they have been fully answered regarding No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3; but, while my heart was filled with joy and gratitude, I remained calm, perfectly calm, without the least excitement. Nor was I in the least *surprised* at the greatness of the donation, for I look out for answers to my prayers, and I expect much from that bountiful heart, which spared not the Lord Jesus. If £10,000, yea £20,000 had been given to me at once, it would not have surprised me. Nor was it *marvellous* in my eyes, to receive so much at once; for God has power as ever to give largely; and he has still some of his children on earth who are so happy in himself, and who so lay hold on eternal life, as that they can afford to give up a good portion of the possessions of this life, and, if called upon to do so, even all they possess of this world, in order to do good."

The following passage is one of the most lovely flowers of holy faith which we ever remember to have seen; it breathes the sweet perfume of a heart resting alone on God. Every human buttress, pillar, or prop is discarded, and like the arch of heaven, the soul of our beloved brother is upborne by the invisible God alone. We may rest assured that the more we look to second causes, the lower will be our joy, and the more unsteady our faith. "Straightforward makes the best runner," is the old German proverb, and they who run straight to God ever find it so. Our friends who tramp over London pavements day

after day collecting funds for chapels or schools, know how hard it is to beg of man, and how often a repulse is the only answer; but he who can draw upon the great donor in heaven, finds it sweet to beg, and never returns empty. Yet, such is poor human nature, that many can trust in flinty-hearted, stingy man, better than in their generous, loving Father. How divinely blessed to cease altogether from man whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of. May we all learn to keep our faith undiluted and pure, and as we read the words of one who is a man of like passions with us, let us imitate his gracious example of simple confidence in God.

"I received information, that a donor, who for twenty months, month after month, had sent me £100 for the Building-fund, £28 8s. for the printing of tracts, and £28 8s. for the support of thirty-one orphans, had died, and as one of the very last things he did, he kindly had sent me again this donation, which I received on the 8th. The same donor had, also, previous to these last twenty months, sent me for nineteen months, month by month, £28 8s. for the printing of tracts, and £28 8s. for the support of the orphans. And previous again to that he had kindly sent me various donations, amounting to several hundred pounds besides, so that altogether about £5,000, or nearly so, must have been sent to me by him. This dear Christian donor was now removed, suddenly removed. And what, you ask, dear reader, was the effect made upon my mind? The news found me in peace, the news was read in peace, and the news did not for a moment rob me of my peace. I thanked God, for having continued this dear donor to me so long; I thanked God that he had taken his dear servant to himself in peace. I was no more disturbed in mind, and no more made anxious by the removal of this donor, who had contributed after the rate of about £1,900 a-year, during the last twenty months, than if some one had been removed who had only given a few shillings or a few pounds yearly. Should any one ascribe this to ingratitude, such would be entirely mistaken. I felt the kindness of the dear departed Christian gentleman much. I had for a very long time prayed daily for him and for each member of his dear family; and I have also continued to pray for the bereaved widow and each of the children since; and, as long as life is continued to me, I shall remember the kindness of the dear departed one; but yet I was without the least particle of anxiety. God remained to me. God who had moved the heart of his servant to help me, remained to me; this was my comfort; this kept me from even the smallest degree of anxiety. Many times I have been similarly situated. One donor after another, who contributed much, has been removed; many such have been removed; but God, my never failing friend and helper, has remained to me. One died who had given me thousands of pounds; but God remained, and the work went on. Another died who had given me thousands of pounds, but God remained, and the work went on, and was enlarged still more. Another died who had given me thousands of pounds; but the work went on, and was enlarged far more still. And thus, whatever changes have befallen me as to donors, by death, by their alteration of circumstances, by their alteration of heart towards God, he, the living God, has more and more helped me, and done so more and more manifestly. The reason why I have so particularly dwelt upon this point is to show the blessedness of *really* knowing God, trusting in him and in him alone, being satisfied with him and with him alone; this, and this alone, gives real, true, scriptural independence. I would desire to be thankful for two pence, and even to express this thankfulness; but a donation of twenty thousand pounds, or even fifty thousand pounds at once, should not, by the help of God, lead me to trust in the donor, even in any degree, but alone in God. And thus acting, viz., trusting alone in God, when the Irish famine prevailed from 1846 to 1847, we went on more easily than in any previous year, because we trusted in God, and were helped, though so many charitable contributions were sent to Ireland. The same was

the case at the time of the Crimean war, and at the time of the Lancashire distress in the cotton districts, on account of the American war. And, as I said before, thus it has been when one after another of our donors, and not a few such, who had considerably contributed, were removed; because God, who has the hearts of all men in his hands, touched the hearts of others, making them to see the honour and the preciousness of the privilege of contributing to his work; and so it has come, that we have been always helped, and more and more, instead of less and less, because we were *only* trusting in God and not in donors, though thankful to each of them for their kindness in helping us. In this spirit, by the grace of God, we mean to go on to the end of our course, for the sake of honouring God, and for the sake of proving to the Church and to the world, what may be accomplished simply by prayer and faith; and it were better that we should soon be removed hence, than to depart from this path, which has been happily, satisfyingly, and successfully pursued for thirty-five years, and, we humbly trust, for the spiritual good of not a few of our fellow-disciples."

Nor does believing prayer prove its power alone in obtaining the needed funds, for in all other respects the Lord honours it. The small-pox, and scarlet fever yielded to the cry of faith, so that among so many, not one child died; wind and rain abated at the voice of prayer, so that the houses were spared serious damage; places are found for the children when they are ready to go out, in answer to supplication, and even the ground on which to build the new houses has been obtained in reply to faith and intercession. The case of the water supply deserves to be quoted.

"It is well-known to the reader, how great the scarcity of water was in the summer of 1864 in almost all parts of England. Long before we felt any want in the Orphan Houses on Ashley Down, many thousands of the inhabitants of Bristol, as well as elsewhere, had been tried by the lack of rain. At last, however, all our fifteen large cisterns were empty, and almost all our nine wells, most of which are deep, failed also; yea, even one with a good spring, which never had been out before, was also pumped dry. Now, dear reader, place yourself into our position. For all the various purposes in the three houses, we use from 2,000 to 3,000 gallons of water daily. Under these circumstances, we were daily waiting upon God, that he would be pleased to give rain to supply our cisterns and wells, or that he would otherwise help us. Now see how he kindly interposed. About one-third of a mile from the Orphan Houses resides a farmer, who had three wells, filled with water, which he had never known to fail, and he very kindly sent word to say, that he would gladly supply the Orphan Houses with water, as long as he had any. This was thankfully accepted, as a precious answer to prayer, and we had the water hauled, about 1,000 or 1,500 gallons daily, the remainder of what we required being supplied by what our wells yielded, by being pumped every four or six hours. Thus we went on, day by day, and were helped over a most difficult time, whilst the distress in Bristol increased more and more. At last, however, these wells which never had failed before, and out of which, day by day, for about six weeks, we had drawn so much, without the least apparent diminution at first, were nearly emptied, so that the kind farmer was under the necessity, though reluctantly, of letting me know, that he should need the little water which remained for himself and his tenants. We thanked God for having helped us for about six weeks in the way mentioned, and asked him for further help, though we knew not how that help was to come, the scarcity of water being now all around greater than ever. Our hope, however, was in God, being fully assured that this time also we should prove his faithfulness. On the very day on which the information was received, that that day would be the last day we could be supplied with water from those wells, another kind farmer, about a

mile and a half from the Orphan Houses, sent word to me, that we could have as much water as we liked from a brook which ran through his fields. This offer was thankfully accepted. We made a dam in the brook, which soon made the water to rise four feet high, and thus we had an abundance of water, till God was pleased to send rain. The only difference in the latter case was, that we needed three carts instead of one or two, and several men more than before. Thus, by prayer, we were helped through the great drought of the summer 1864.

In Mission-work the Lord enables Mr. Müller to do much, so that 122 brethren, labouring for the Lord, are more or less supported by his means. We have often wished that it were in our power to help the poor struggling brethren who abound in our ministry; had we faith as strong as Mr. Müller, we might obtain our desire. Lord increase our faith. Here is a happy instance of prayer honoured in the matter of help for preachers of the Word:—

"Within the last few days I had sent out £608 to labourers in the gospel, and this evening, it being now near the end of the period, I sat down further before the list of the 122 labourers in the gospel, in various parts of the world, to portion out as much more as it appeared to me desirable, in the fear of God, to send to them. After having written under each name in pencil the amount I desired to send, and reckoning it up, I found that it altogether amounted to £466; but I had only £374 left. I needed therefore £92 more than I had. I was not discouraged, however, but wrote down the following on a piece of paper: '£466 I desire to send out, at least, yet further, if it pleases the Lord, for which I pray still, and ask him still to give me the full amount of means yet needed. George Müller, May 23, 1865.' This matter now was especially brought before the Lord this very evening, before I went home. And now see, dear reader, how the Lord dealt with me. When I came home, a little after nine o'clock, I found a £5 note which had been left at my house, from H. B. of Clifton, the disposal of which being left to me, I took for this object. On the next morning, May 24th, I received from London £100, which had been placed some time since by a Christian lady into the hands of a Christian gentleman for Missions, but was now, by the wish of that lady, sent to me, to dispose of it for that object; and thus, as the fruit of earnest prayer, believing and expecting prayer, came to hand to give the answer to my prayers. This, however, was not all. I also received, as 'A Birthday Memorial' £50. This £50 was left at my disposal, and I took it therefore for Missions. With this donation was also sent from 'B. I. H.' £5 for Mr. C. and £5 for myself. I had thus a precious answer to prayer, and the desire of my heart given to me, and I was able to send out even a little more than I had written down, viz., £504 instead of £466."

Although the cost of each child is reduced by very strict economy to the very small sum of £10 a-year, yet it will be seen that the expense of 1,150 children is nearly £12,000 a-year, and not only are all the outgoings met, but there remains a balance of £7,237 9s. 7½d. The list of articles sent is very miscellaneous, but it is delightful to observe how often articles of jewellery are among them, showing, we trust, that the Lord's people are giving up their vain adornings to walk in greater and more becoming simplicity. As a specimen of a long list, take the first entries:—

"May 27, 1864. From Demerara, a box of arrowroot.—Ditto, a box of shells.—31. From near Ross, a silk pocket handkerchief.

"June 1. From Guildford, a pair of slippers, 2 Princess Alice nightcaps, 4 pieces of trimming, a necktie, 3 mats, 4 sets of collars and cuffs, 2 pairs of

trimming for drawers, 10 sets of feathers, a piece of trimming for a toilet table, a Garibaldi body, 4 balls and a pair of night socks.—4. Anonymous, 6 pieces of music.—6. A Working Meeting at Clifton, 1 frock, 1 jacket and vest, 4 aprons, 3 nets, 12 penwipers, 1 pinafore, 1 French cambric shirt, 1 leather needle case, 6 spectacle wipers, and 1 shaded antimacassar.—Anonymous, left at my house, a pair of stockings.—10. From Clifton, a jet brooch and bracelet.—Anonymous, left at Park-street, 2 pairs of silk stocks.—Ditto, 9 pairs of socks and a head band.—13. From Bishop Wearmouth, 2 gold rings, a silver mug, 2 gilt bracelets, and an ivory bracelet.—14. From Bayswater, a couvre pied, a pair of baby's shoes, a penwiper, some crochet edging, and a piece of lace.—From London, W., 2 toilet pincushions, 3 crochet handkerchiefs, a collar, and a pair of cuffs.—15.—From 'S. W.,' a gold ring with hair.—From Barnstaple, 3 pictures.—From near Sheffield, 2 boxes, containing a variety of articles, according to lists sent and returned with receipt.—Anonymous, left at 'No. 1,' an antimacassar.—18. From Nottingham, 2 water colour paintings.—20. Anonymous, by rail, a cushion, 3 parasols, a waistcoat, a pair of trousers, a pair of boots, some buttons, 2 thimbles, a pair of slippers, 2 pairs of stays, 6 under waistcoats, 2 bodies, a pair of drawers, 2 pairs of stockings, a lace dress, a bundle of pieces, and a few other articles. 21. From Bristol, 1 cask of vinegar."

We might prolong this article indefinitely; but we refer our readers to the report itself. The Lord strengthen the faith of all his people by the sight of his goodness to his servant at Bristol, and give to his Church more grace to act on the same heaven-born principle.

We have been much struck with a passage in the life of Francké, the first great worker in Orphanages of Faith, and we close our paper with it because we are sure that in just such a spirit does George Müller serve his God. "Wherefore," says he, "should we not give the glory to God, and confess that it is his work, and that the honour of it belongs neither to such a wretched worm as I, nor to any other individual, but solely to the One, Supreme, Creator of all things, the Almighty, the Omnipotent and lawful King who sitteth upon the throne, 'God over all, blessed for ever?' He it is, who has formed all this, and has paternally blessed it from the commencement hitherto, not indeed from any large fund which he had previously committed to my charge, as some most mistakenly imagine, but he has formed something out of nothing; and according to the infinite riches of his mercy towards me, (his wretched and contemptible creature,) has excited a faith and a confidence in my poor heart, so that I have simply placed my hope, not on men, nor on their power and riches, but alone on his Almighty arm, who is able to do for us abundantly above all that we can ask or think, and did not doubt of that which I saw not. My soul ventured most cordially upon him alone, as circumstances from time to time required, and with him I proved successful, to the honour of his divine Word, which engages that no one shall be put to shame who waits for him; and I shall prosper further with him, to the shame and disgrace of the unbelief of men, who imagine they find in their vain mammon, a more certain refuge, than in the living God, who is able to deliver from death . . . . Were the idea ever to occur to me, that it was *I* who fed the people, and *I* who built the orphan-house, the reader may rest assured, that I should regard it as a temptation of Satan, and strive against it with all earnestness. The merciful God has given me fully to know, by various ways, which are uncommon to human reason, what those words signify, 'The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord! and thou

givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.' And 'man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' And is it possible, therefore, for anyone to imagine, that when I see a couple of hundred individuals sitting down to table, every noon and evening, I should be such a fool as to think, (or if such foolish thoughts ever occurred to me, to give them any attention) that *I* feed, support, and provide for them all? I testify before God, that I regard the whole work as his, and do not acknowledge that any of the praise belongs to me, which the living God might easily put to shame, were he but once to abandon me, in the many and diversified trials I experience."

Practical Lessons

FROM THE LIFE OF RICHARD COBDEN.

EARNEST men can always learn from one another. The path of the man who blessed a nation by cheapening their daily bread, and snapping the chains of commerce, having devoted the flower of his days to that single purpose, must be full of instructive teaching to men consecrated to the yet higher end of glorifying God by spreading abroad the gospel of his Son. It is not our intention to give even so much as a complete outline of the life of Mr. Cobden, we only aim at gathering from his memoir such incidents and reflections as may be made to bear on the service of God so as to stimulate the zeal of those engaged in it.

Mr. Cobden's success is a singular proof that early failures ought not to discourage the hope of future usefulness. His first public address was a signal failure. "He was nervous, confused, and in fact practically broke down, and the chairman had to apologize for him;" little could those who heard him have dreamed that his eloquence would command the respectful attention of senates, and the rapturous applause of thousands; on the other hand those who have heard him

> "Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
> Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,"

would scarcely believe that he could have ever sat down a blushing man, longing to hide his head, because his tongue refused to do his bidding. Young believers must not be daunted if their early efforts should bring them little but regrets and disappointments; it is good for them that they bear the yoke in their youth; let them persevere, and they may yet have many crowns to lay at their Saviour's feet. God forbid that wounded pride should so reign in the bosom of a servant of Christ as to deprive him of the bliss of doing good. What matters it if *we* are made nothing of, and are even the theme of laughter, Jesus deserves that we should bear even this for his sake, and since he scorns us not, but accepts our poor attempts as being what our motives and wishes would have made them, we may well press on, hopeful of better days ere long. One talent at interest will speedily become two, and the two will grow into five; let us do what we can for Jesus, and we shall soon

be able to do more. Stretch thy wings fledging, and flutter, though it be feebly, for in so doing thou wilt learn to fly.

One is struck with the way in which Cobden wholly gave himself up to his one master-idea. From the time when his judgment was convinced of the truth of that great doctrine so elaborately and conclusively advocated by Adam Smith as the fundamental principle of the wealth of nations, the freedom of industry and the unrestricted exchange of the objects and results of industry, he ceased not for a moment to denounce the system of protection, and to enlighten the people of England upon a matter so essential to their country's prosperity. His generous heart was grieved at the fearful distress which the Corn Laws brought upon the operatives; he saw them lying by the sides of hedges and walls seeking a miserable shelter, he found them starving while plenty reigned on the other side the Channel, and was not allowed to send her stores among the hungry millions; his great heart beat high with sympathy, and swelled with a grand ambition to slay the monster which wrought his country such widespread evil, and he gave himself heart and soul to the work. To him all other aims were merged in this: his business which was at first large and lucrative, was all but sacrificed upon the altar of Free Trade; wealth was just within his reach, but the golden apples could not entice him from the race. Political partizanship, so potent over some men, could not sway him for a moment; he said in his place in Parliament, "I assure the House that the declarations I have made were not made with a party spirit. I do not call myself Whig or Tory. I am a Freetrader, opposed to monopoly wherever I find it." There lay the secret of his power, he was given up to the dominion of one great object, and would not subdivide the kingdom of his manhood by admitting a second. The life-floods of his soul were not squandered in a thousand miserable streamlets to feed the marshes of superficiality, but concentrated in one deep channel so as to gladden the earth with a river of power for good. What a lesson for believers in Jesus. When will love to the Redeemer, after the same manner eat *us* up, and cause us to cry, "One thing I do?" Worldly ends rule in many professors, party spirit governs others, self more or less intrudes into all; it were the sure sign of a golden era if we had among us a host of men of the old apostolic spirit, for whom to live would be Christ only. Believers, whether you are actively engaged in business, or in spiritual labours, strive to do everything for Jesus; in the power of the Holy Spirit, living for him alone. Dead as the withered fig-tree be all other designs and desires save the glory of Jesus, ay, and buried let them be in the abyss of oblivion. On that cross where died our Saviour, let us crucify self in all its forms, and let us live with the name of Jesus burned into our very hearts.

A mightily dominant passion will frequently subdue the griefs of human life, and bury them in holy ground. John Bright, who married young, lost his wife shortly after marriage. He went to Leamington, where Cobden visited him, and found him bowed down by grief. "Come with me," said Cobden, "and we will never rest until we abolish the Corn Laws." Bright arose from his great sorrow, girded his loins to fight side by side with his friend, and thus found consolation for his terrible loss. How often would deep despondencies and heavy glooms be chased

away if an all-absorbing love to Jesus, and a fiery zeal for his honour burned within our bosoms. One fire puts out another, and a grander agony of soul quenches all other grief. The hands of holy industry pluck the canker of grief from the heart, and shed a shower of heavenly dew, which makes the believer, like the rose, pour forth a sweet perfume of holy joy. As quaint old Fuller says, "A divine benediction is always invisibly breathed on painful and lawful diligence." The clappers of sacred industry drive away the evil birds of melancholy and despair.

Commanding talent seldom achieves much unless it be coupled with perseverance. The runner wins not the race by making a spurt at first and loitering afterwards, he who would earn the prize must press on with all his strength until the goal is reached. Johnson tells us that "all the performances of human art, at which we look with praise and wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade with the general design or the last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings." The great freetrader's motto was that of the needle, "I go through." Having given himself to the cause, he was not the man to desert it; undismayed by reproach and laughter, and undaunted by the tremendous power of his opponents, he pushed on in his arduous task, clearing the way foot by foot by dint of dogged resolution and unflagging energy. He had to deal with men of ability and skill, whose interests were at stake, and who, therefore, bestirred themselves to repel his attacks with the utmost energy. In the market-place, in the House of Commons, everywhere indeed, the champion heard "the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;" contentions fierce, ardent and dire, raved round him, and the weapons used were not always such as the scrupulous would allow, but our hero showed no sign of relinquishing the field of battle, or yielding a single inch to the enemy. Jeers and sneers have often fretted other men into passion, or broken their spirits into despair, but he passed scathless though the darts fell thick as hailstones. "When Mr. Miles, a Protectionist, said that Charles Buller had made an appeal to the 'appetites, as well as the passions of the people,' this reference to the horrid starvation then prevailing, was received with 'loud laughter.' Similar 'merry descants on a nation's woe' greeted Dr. Bowring's reference to anything so miserably vulgar as the reduction in the wages of shoemakers and tailors. When he said women were crying for work, there was more 'laughter:' they were making trousers for sixpence a pair—more 'loud laughter:' thousands were hungry and naked—the founts of laughter proved as prodigal as before; and 'peals of loud laughter' greeted the inquiry, what was to become of the women of Manchester?" Scorn may be more grievous than the pains of death, and ridicule more piercing than the pointed sword, but the bold, good man who, in this instance was the subject of it, was clad in armour of proof and laughed to scorn both scorn and laughter. "On, on, on," was the voice which sounded

in his ear, and he was not disobedient to it. He flew like an eagle to his quarry, and bore others of feebler spirit upon his wings. In the midst of the conflict he concluded one of his speeches with these telling sentences, "We must not relax in our labours, on the contrary, we must be more zealous, more energetic, more laborious, than we ever yet have been. When the enemy is wavering then is the time to press upon him. I call then on all who have any sympathy with our cause, who have any promptings of humanity, or who feel any interest in the well-being of their fellow-men, all who have apprehensions of scarcity and privations, to come forward to avert this horrible destiny, this dreadfully impending visitation." This enthusiastic continuance in the path of duty is to be coveted by all servants of the Lord Jesus Christ. The way of service is not always smooth, but the constant friend of Jesus puts on the dauntless spirit of resolution, and journeys on come hill or dale, fair or foul, until he reaches the end. Our purposes, if at all worthy of men of God, will involve much labour and anxiety; and he alone is worthy of the kingdom who, unmoved by difficulties and unabashed by rebukes, marches onward with steady step toward the object of his life. Would to God that we were half as resolute to establish the reign of Divine truth as others have been to enforce the domination of a political dogma. The great want of many professed Christians is the spirit of continuing in well doing, patiently waiting for the promised reward.

Shrewd common sense is called to the aid of enthusiasm by the leader of the Anti-Corn Law League. All means were put in operation. Lecturers went through the country, mass-meetings were held, funds were contributed, bazaars were opened, petitions were signed, elections were contested, and the whole country was kept in a state of perpetual ferment. That mighty engine, the printing press, was never allowed to rest. Tracts by the million flooded the country, broadsides and sheets of all sizes covered the walls, and condensed libraries enriched the patriot's shelves. Mr. Cobden spoke of printing a million copies of each of three prize essays, and of having every press in Manchester in full swing on behalf of Free Trade. All that ingenuity could devise or liberality procure was brought to bear upon the one great object. The power of this ceaseless activity so well directed was felt in all circles: from the palace to the cottage, all classes became interested in the struggle, nor was that interest ever allowed to flag. Whigs and Tories were both assailed or petitioned, good harvests and bad seasons were equally telling arguments, foreigners as well as Englishmen were made to serve the cause, in fact all the world was ransacked for allies. The children of light are not always so shrewd in their methods of procedure, they leave many occasions unimproved and many means untried. It were well for our Churches if all the members were earnestly employing their talents in inventing modes of usefulness, or better still in working them out. If all were at it with all their hearts, we might yet make Antichrist tremble and fill the world with the knowledge of the Lord. To reform the abuses of our national establishment and separate it from the state were a task worthy of a thousand lives; what shall be said of the even loftier aim of making the gospel known to the teeming masses of our increasing population? O for one tremendous, long continued effort for London. Our impetuous desire to see the truth of

God triumphant, makes us mourn and even loathe the lethargy of those who come not to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

The virtue of disinterestedness shone very brightly in the character of Richard Cobden. One who was well qualified to speak for the working classes thus truthfully describes him:—"He was one of the few members of Parliament who thought for the people, and what is more and rarer, gave himself trouble to promote their interests. He never knew apathy or selfishness. He cared for principle, not to serve his own ends, but the ends of the people. With him, a great principle was a living power of progress, and not to apply it and produce by it the good which was in it, seemed to him a crime. To him apathy was sin. A cause might be despised, obscure, or poor: he not only helped it all the same—he helped it all the more. He aided it openly and intentionally. Fresh from the honours of great nations, who were proud to receive him as a guest, he would give an audience to a deputation of poor men. The day after he arrived from the Court of an Emperor, he might be found wending his way to a remote street, to attend a committee meeting, to give his personal advice to the advancement of some forlorn hope of progress. In the day of triumph he shrank modestly on one side, and stood in the common ranks; but in the dark or stormy days of unfriended truth he was always to the front."

Mr. Miall testified of him in the *Nonconformist*, "To do the good he was qualified to do was the only reward he ever craved. Wealth, ease, reputation, popularity, social distinction, were all as nothing when he had a duty to do. When that duty had been done, he was satisfied. He cared not to claim the merit. He delighted in lavishing it upon those with whom he had been associated. You might be in his company for days together without hearing a single expression calculated to remind you of his own superiority of position. He seemed to have no self-consciousness save for what he took to be his defects. He assumed no airs of authority. He recoiled from the very appearance of acting the great man. His affections all tended outwards. He was the soul of generosity. But in one respect he firmly and tenaciously held his own—he never parted with his convictions—he would suffer no blandishments to rob him of his self-respect. There were times when he was beset by temptations that would have been powerful for other men. None of them moved him. He put them aside and went on his way, neither caring to deny nor glorying in what he had done." Pre-eminently is such high disregard of self to be cultivated in the Church of God. If a politician could refuse a seat in the cabinet, and afterwards all the honours of the house of Lords, because he found it sufficient reward to have served his country and his age, surely those who are of "the royal priesthood," should despise all mercenary motives and sinister aims, and hate all selfishness with perfect hatred.

All of us remember how Mr. Cobden espoused the cause of the Peace Society, and *was not ashamed to be caricatured and ridiculed* for its sake. The war mania carried away with its madness many a good and true man, but the hero of the Freetrade battle was a man of another mettle. Right in the face of the strong current of the war-feeling among us, he declared our folly and denounced our ferocity. His warmest admirers thought him unwise, and the verdict of the electors of England was,

that he was in error; but this did not affect his testimony nor muzzle his free speech. He was the enemy of war just as he had been the enemy of monopoly, and he made no compromise with his second enemy as he had made no truce with the first. Manliness in religion is a mark of nobility of soul, such nobility as grace alone can give. He who wears it is more than a match for ten thousand slaves of custom who cut their consciences as tailors cut their cloth according to the fashion. Better not to be, than have to beg permission to think, and crave allowance to speak one's thoughts with bated breath. He who loves God as he should, is no time-server. His flag is nailed to the masthead, and never will he, like the pirate, run up false colours to escape attack.

> "He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
> Where duty bids, he confidently steers,
> Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
> And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all."

The close of his career cheers us when we observe how *he had managed to win the respect of his enemies, and retain the deep, fervent love of his friends.* He had spoken severely, but never with personal animosity; he had triumphed by the strength of reason and not of physical force, and hence those who had been defeated by his logic owed no grudge to the man however much they might rue the day in which they met him in conflict. Mr. Disraeli paid a most graceful tribute to his memory, declaring him to have been an honour to the House of Commons, and an honour to England. On the other hand, his comrade, Mr. Bright, was overwhelmed with sorrow at his loss, and could scarcely say more than "after twenty years of most intimate and almost brotherly friendship with him, I little knew how much I loved him until I found that I had lost him." *So* to fight is to war a good warfare. Christians cannot avoid setting men at variance, it is a sad necessity of fallen nature that truth should provoke hostility; but the spirit which we breathe has no quarrel with persons, but with sins, or with the persons only because of the sins. Friends of all men are we, and in some sense the servants of all; yet we seek no friendship by a trimming policy, and serve no man by slavishly bowing to his unholy desires. If our spirit can be one of genuine, manifest, sincere, hearty, fervent love, we may be as vehement reformers as this age requires, and yet we may command the esteem of all with whom we come in contact, by the awful and almighty power inherent in holiness and zeal. Those who hate us for the doctrine which we teach, may yet be made to admire us for the lives we lead; and if they see not the truths which we believe, they cannot help seeing the fruits which they bring forth. Actions are strong reasons with the most of men, and they have a voice far louder than words: let us commend our faith by our works, and shut the mouths of our enemies by the excellence of our conversation. May we live for Jesus, die in Jesus, glorify Jesus, and reign with Jesus.

C. H. S.

Oliver Cromwell's Mother.

EXCEEDINGLY little is known of this honourable woman. Dryasdust informs us, in his intricate genealogical tables, which few understand, that the mother of Cromwell, Elizabeth Steward, was of royal extraction. Strong evidence exists to support this statement, but as neither Cromwell, nor his mother, or wife boasted of what they might have considered a disgrace, we will let that pass. Elizabeth was the daughter of one William Steward, or Stuart. This gentleman farmed the tithes of Ely, which seem to have been most profitable. Of her youth, her girlish abilities, and domestic acquirements we know nothing. Apart from her close relationship with the great hero of Seventeenth-century Puritanism and Liberalism, her scanty history would have been much scantier. As a record of a good and remarkable woman's life, the reader is presented with the following notes:—

Elizabeth's history commences with her marriage in 1589. William Lynne, of Bassingborne, Cambridgeshire, courted and won her; but he died one year after the marriage. The young widow was left with one daughter, who lies with her father in Ely Cathedral, as a certain monument still shows. A younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell married her in 1591. Ten children were born of this union, Oliver, the Great, being fifth in order. Modern writers are too apt to accept the satires of Cavaliers as facts, and have given currency to the dark rumour that this Robert Cromwell was a brewer. Perhaps he brewed his own beer; certainly it does not appear to have been his trade. Whether, as Carlyle says, his grain was taken to market as corn or as malt, "can remain indifferent to us." Unfortunately, he died in 1617, and was buried in St. John's Church, Huntingdon.

Left with a large family, Mrs. Cromwell had much anxiety. How she managed to support her children, Tradition, with Noble* as its secretary, has told us. But dispensing with the brewery tale, we may suppose that a lady of such high connections with the gentry of Huntingdon would not suffer the family to want for earthly comforts. Of far more consequence to us is the way in which the family were brought up. The time was very unfavourable to godliness, and yet piety never seemed more saintly. King James's "Book of Sports" drove one-half of England mad with pleasure; the other half settled down in stern Puritanism. There was Sabbath sporting on one side of the village, on the other earnest praying. Of one thing we are assured, viz., that an open house was kept at Huntingdon for godly men. Here assembled for God-exaltation, the people who loved to discuss the glories of the covenant. Religious questions were then, as now, agitating the outside world. But the members of the true Church of Christ, though differing greatly in external and extraneous matters, were much as they are in these days. How far this beautiful practice of keeping an open house for God's saints influenced the mind of young Oliver we cannot say. It did not lead to his immediate conversion, which happy event in his history occurred after marriage. His mother's house seems to

* Carlyle in his "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," Vol. I., ably shows how unreliable is Noble's "Memoirs." We commend this fact to modern biographers.

have been well known as a retreat for Puritan ministers after Oliver's conversion. The first extant letter of his relates to the temporal sustenance of a godly minister, for in this matter, he in after years was especially interested. He hanged Catholic priests in rebellion against Parliament, and he fed the ministers of the gospel. What M. Rogeard in his stinging pamphlet, "Les Propos de Labienus," (which the imperial glorifier of Cæsar and his own immortal uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte, has so carefully suppressed), says of Labienus, may be fairly said of this Oliver:—"he believed in justice, in law, in science, in *conscience*," but he "had no sentiments, no fine gradations of tone and colour." Curious man, but godly withal!

Mrs. Cromwell was undoubtedly a model mother. Domestic details we are unable to introduce, but the earnestness of her religious character seems to have had a marked impression upon her children. Godly mothers are God's best preachers. She seems to have instilled into her noted son early lessons which he better appreciated after a change of heart. Yet, like others, he longed not after his best interests. "You know what my manner of life hath been," remarked he to his cousin, Mrs. St. John. Strange words these, not transparent to worldly writers, some of whom have ignorantly interpreted their meaning. Stranger still those which follow:—"Oh, I lived in and loved darkness; I was a chief, *the* chief of sinners. This is true; I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me." And this, despite the teachings of a godly mother! It was not cheap sinning in the eyes of Cromwell, who afterwards had to mourn over past privileges and a subsequent want of them.

"Woe's me that I in Meshec am
A sojourner so long,
Or that I in the tents do dwell,
To Kedar that belong."

A long stretch it seems between this period and November 16, 1654. It is unavoidable to the writer, until some future researches among dust and moth-eaten papers shall reveal what now is hidden. On this day the Lord Protector's mother died. During the ninety-four years of this good soul's existence, what strange scenes she had witnessed! Her son, ever loved by her with wonderful affection, was the object of her daily prayers and anxieties. When so many would gladly have shot him from secret corners, it was little wonder that a mother's love, which deepened as the years rolled on, should show itself in apprehensions for his safety. To deduce from this her regret at Oliver's accepting the national trust, is folly, worthy only of small minds. She advised him but little in political matters; and although she expressed her preference for a less exalted station for her son, she, like a sensible woman, did not demur to his better opinion. How radiantly her Christianity came out on her death-bed, we all know. Said she to her son, whose nobility of love had provided apartments for a wearied mother in Whitehall, "The Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and comfort you in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for the glory of your most high God, and to be a relief unto his people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee. A good night." Truly, a good one, spent in the perfected holiness and bliss of heaven. "She, old, weak, wearied one, she cannot help him with his refractory pedant Parliaments, with his

Anabaptist plotters, Royalist assassins, and world-wide confusions, but she bids him be strong, be comforted in God."* How well the Lord did cause His face to shine upon him, his death-bed testifies. Then said he, "The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of His pardon and His love, as my soul can hold." Happy frame of mind when this he said: "Lord, thou knowest if I do desire to live, it is to show forth thy praise and declare thy works."

"Their works do follow them," as perhaps the works of Oliver's mother followed her sons and daughters, granddaughters and great granddaughters, for many a year. An unostentatious godly life sheds rays of light for aye. But the candle-light of the wicked shall be snuffed out.

EDWARD LEACH.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM IX.

TITLE.—"To the Chief Musician upon Muth-labben, a Psalm of David." *The meaning of this title is very doubtful. It may refer to the tune to which the Psalm was to be sung, so Wilcocks and others think; or it may refer to a musical instrument now unknown, but common in those days; or it may have a reference to Ben, who is mentioned in* 1 *Chron.* xv. 18, *as one of the Levitical singers. If either of these conjectures should be correct, the title of Muth-labben has no teaching for us, except it is meant to show us how careful David was that in the worship of God all things should be done according to due order. From a considerable company of learned witnesses we gather that the title will bear a meaning far more instructive, without being fancifully forced: it signifies a Psalm concerning the death of the Son. The Chaldee has, "concerning the death of the Champion who went out between the camps," referring to Goliath of Gath, or some other Philistine, on account of whose death many suppose this Psalm to have been written in after years by David. Believing that out of a thousand guesses this is at least as consistent with the sense of the Psalm as any other, we prefer it; and the more especially so because it enables us to refer it mystically to the victory of the Son of God over the champion of evil, even the enemy of souls (verse* 6). *We have here before us most evidently a triumphal hymn; may it strengthen the faith of the militant believer, and stimulate the courage of the timid saint, as he sees here* THE CONQUEROR, *on whose vesture and thigh is the name written, King of kings and Lord of lords.*

DIVISION.—*The strain so continually changes, that it is difficult to give an outline of it methodically arranged: we give the best we can make. From verses* 1 *to* 6 *is a song of jubilant thanksgiving; from* 7 *to* 12, *there is a continual declaration of faith as to the future. Prayer closes the first great division of the Psalm in verses* 13 *and* 14. *The second portion of this triumphal ode, although much shorter, is parallel in all its parts to the first portion, and is a sort of rehearsal of it. Observe the song for past judgments, verses* 15, 16; *the declaration of trust in future justice,* 17, 18; *and the closing prayer,* 19. 20. *Let us celebrate the conquests of the Redeemer as we read this Psalm, and it cannot but be a delightful task if the Holy Ghost be with us.*

EXPOSITION.

I WILL praise *thee*, O LORD, with my whole heart; I will shew forth all thy marvellous works.

2 I will be glad and rejoice in thee: I will sing praise to thy name, O thou most High.

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* Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches." Vol. III., p. 64.

3 When mine enemies are turned back, they shall fall and perish at thy presence.

4 For thou hast maintained my right and my cause; thou satest in the throne judging right.

5 Thou hast rebuked the heathen, thou hast destroyed the wicked, thou hast put out their name for ever and ever.

6 O thou enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end: and thou hast destroyed cities; their memorial is perished with them.

1. With a holy resolution the songster begins his hymn; *I will praise thee, O Lord.* It sometimes needs all our determination to face the foe, and bless the Lord in the teeth of his enemies; vowing that whoever else may be silent *we* will bless his name; here, however, the overthrow of the foe is viewed as complete, and the song flows with sacred fulness of delight. It is our duty to praise the Lord; let us perform it as a privilege. Observe that David's praise is all given to the Lord. Praise is to be offered to God alone; we may be grateful to the intermediate agent, but our thanks must have long wings and mount aloft to heaven. *With my whole heart.* Half heart is no heart. *I will show forth.* There is true praise in the thankful telling forth to others of our heavenly Father's dealings with us; this is one of the themes upon which the godly should speak often to one another, and it will not be casting pearls before swine if we make even the ungodly hear of the loving-kindness of the Lord to us. *All thy marvellous works.* Gratitude for one mercy refreshes the memory as to thousands of others. One silver link in the chain draws up a long series of tender remembrances. Here is eternal work for us, for there can be no end to the showing forth of *all* his deeds of love. If we consider our own sinfulness and nothingness, we must feel that every work of preservation, forgiveness, conversion, deliverance, sanctification, &c. which the Lord has wrought for us, or in us is a *marvellous* work. Even in heaven, divine loving-kindness will doubtless be as much a theme of surprise as of rapture.

2. Gladness and joy are the appropriate spirit in which to praise the goodness of the Lord. Birds extol the Creator in notes of overflowing joy, the cattle low forth his praise with tumult of happiness, and the fish leap up in his worship with excess of delight. Moloch may be worshipped with shrieks of pain, and Juggernaut may be honoured by dying groans and inhuman yells, but he whose name is Love is best pleased with the holy mirth, and sanctified gladness of his people. Daily rejoicing is an ornament to the Christian character, and a suitable robe for God's choristers to wear. God loveth a *cheerful* giver, whether it be the gold of his purse or the gold of his mouth which he presents upon his altar. *I will sing praise to thy name, O thou most High.* Songs are the fitting expressions of inward thankfulness, and it were well if we indulged ourselves and honoured our Lord with more of them. Mr. B. P. Power has well said, "The sailors give a cheery cry as they weigh anchor, the ploughman whistles in the morning as he drives his team; the milkmaid sings her rustic song as she sets about her early task; when soldiers are leaving friends behind them, they do not march out to the tune of the 'Dead March in Saul,' but to the quick notes of some lively air. A praising spirit would do for us all that their songs and music do for them; and if only we could determine to praise the Lord, we should surmount many a difficulty which our low spirits never would have been equal to, and we should do double the work which can be done if the heart be languid in its beating, if we be crushed and trodden down in soul. As the evil spirit in Saul yielded in the olden time to the influence of the harp of the son of Jesse, so would the spirit of melancholy often take flight from us, if only we would take up the song of praise."

3. God's presence is evermore sufficient to work the defeat of our most furious foes, and their ruin is so complete when the Lord takes them in hand, that even flight cannot save them, they fall to rise no more when he pursues them. We

must be careful, like David, to give all the glory to him whose presence gives the victory. If we have here the exultings of our conquering Captain, let us make the triumphs of the Redeemer the triumphs of the redeemed, and rejoice with him at the total discomfiture of all his foes.

4. One of our nobility has for his motto, "I will maintain it;" but the Christian has a better and more humble one, "Thou hast maintained it." "God and my right," are united by my faith: while God lives my right shall never be taken from me. If we seek to maintain the cause and honour of our Lord we may suffer reproach and misrepresentation, but it is a rich comfort to remember that he who sits in the throne knows our hearts, and will not leave us to the ignorant and ungenerous judgment of erring man.

5. God rebukes before he destroys, but when he once comes to blows with the wicked he ceases not until he has dashed them in pieces so small that their very name is forgotten, and like a noisome snuff their remembrance is put out for ever and ever. How often the word "thou" occurs in this and the former verse, to show us that the grateful strain mounts up directly to the Lord as doth the smoke from the altar when the air is still. My soul send up all the music of all thy powers to him who has been and is thy sure deliverance.

6. Here the Psalmist exults over the fallen foe. He bends as it were, over his prostrate form, and insults his once vaunted strength. He plucks the boaster's song out of his mouth, and sings it for him in derision. After this fashion doth our Glorious Redeemer ask of death, "Where is thy sting?" and of the grave, "Where is thy victory?" The spoiler is spoiled, and he who made captive is led into captivity himself. Let the daughters of Jerusalem go forth to meet their King, and praise him with timbrel and harp.

7 But the LORD shall endure for ever: he hath prepared his throne for judgment.

8 And he shall judge the world in righteousness, he shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness.

9 The LORD also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.

10 And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee: for thou, LORD, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

11 Sing praises to the LORD, which dwelleth in Zion: declare among the people his doings.

12 When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them: he forgetteth not the cry of the humble.

In the light of the past the future is not doubtful. Since the same Almighty God fills the throne of power, we can with unhesitating confidence, exult in our security for all time to come.

7. The enduring existence and unchanging dominion of our Jehovah, are the firm foundations of our joy. The enemy and his destructions shall come to a perpetual end, but God and his throne shall *endure for ever*. The eternity of divine sovereignty yields unfailing consolation. By the throne being *prepared for judgment*, are we not to understand the swiftness of divine justice. In heaven's court suitors are not worn out with long delays. Term-time lasts all the year round in the court of King's Bench above. Thousands may come at once to the throne of the Judge of all the earth, but neither plaintiff nor defendant shall have to complain that he is not prepared to give their cause a fair hearing.

8. Whatever earthly courts may do, heaven's throne ministers judgment in uprightness. Partiality and respect of persons are things unknown in the dealings of the Holy One of Israel. How the prospect of appearing before the impartial tribunal of the Great King should act as a check to us when tempted to sin, and as a comfort when we are slandered or oppressed.

9. He who gives no quarter to the wicked in the day of judgment, is the defence and refuge of his saints in the day of trouble. There are many forms of oppression; both from man and from Satan oppression comes to us; and for all its forms, a refuge is provided in the Lord Jehovah. There were cities of refuge under the law, God is our refuge-city under the gospel. As the ships when vexed with tempest make for harbour, so do the oppressed hasten to the wings of a just and gracious God. He is a high tower so impregnable, that the hosts of hell cannot carry it by storm, and from its lofty heights faith looks down with scorn upon her enemies.

10. Ignorance is worst when it amounts to ignorance of God, and knowledge is best when it exercises itself upon *the name* of God. This most excellent knowledge leads to the most excellent grace of faith. O, to learn more of the attributes and character of God. Unbelief, that hooting nightbird, cannot live in the light of divine knowledge, it flies before the sun of God's great and gracious name. If we read this verse literally, there is, no doubt, a glorious fulness of assurance in the names of God. We have recounted them in the "Hints for Preachers," and would direct the reader's attention to them. By knowing his name is also meant an experimental acquaintance with the attributes of God, which are everyone of them anchors to hold the soul from drifting in seasons of peril. The Lord may hide his face for a season from his people, but he never has utterly, finally, really, or angrily, *forsaken them that seek him.* Let the poor seekers draw comfort from this fact, and let the finders rejoice yet more exceedingly, for what must be the Lord's faithfulness to those who find if he is so gracious to those who seek.

"O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek.

"But what to those who find, ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show
The love of Jesus what it is,
None but his loved ones know."

11. Being full of gratitude himself, our inspired author is eager to excite others to join the strain, and praise God in the same manner as he had himself vowed to do in the first and second verses. The heavenly spirit of praise is gloriously contagious, and he that hath it is never content unless he can excite all who surround him to unite in his sweet employ. Singing and preaching, as means of glorifying God, are here joined together, and it is remarkable that, connected with all revivals of gospel ministry, there has been a sudden outburst of the spirit of song. Luther's Psalms and Hymns were in all men's mouths, and in the modern revival under Wesley and Whitfield, the strains of Charles Wesley, Cennick, Berridge, Toplady, Hart, Newton, and many others, were the outgrowth of restored piety. The singing of the birds of praise fitly accompanies the return of the gracious spring of divine visitation through the proclamation of the truth. Sing on brethren, and preach on, and these shall both be a token that the Lord still dwelleth in Zion. It will be well for us when coming up to Zion, to remember that the Lord dwells among his saints, and is to be had in peculiar reverence of all those that are about him.

12. When an inquest is held concerning the blood of the oppressed, the martyred saints will have the first remembrance; he will avenge his own elect. Those saints who are living shall also be heard; they shall be exonerated from blame, and kept from destruction, even when the Lord's most terrible work is going on; the man with the inkhorn by his side shall mark them all for safety, before the slaughtermen are permitted to smite the Lord's enemies. The humble cry of the poorest saints shall neither be drowned by the voice of thundering justice nor by the shrieks of the condemned.

13 Have mercy upon me, O LORD; consider my trouble *which I suffer* of them that hate me, thou that liftest me up from the gates of death:

14 That I may shew forth all thy praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion: I will rejoice in thy salvation.

Memories of the past and confidences concerning the future conducted the man of God to the mercy seat to plead for the needs of the present. Between praising and praying he divided all his time. How could he have spent it more profitably? His first prayer is one suitable for all persons and occasions, it breathes a humble spirit, indicates self knowledge, appeals to the proper attributes, and to the fitting person. *Have mercy upon me, O Lord.* Just as Luther used to call some texts little bibles, so we may call this sentence a little prayer-book; for it has in it the soul and marrow of prayer. It is multum in parvo, and like the angelic sword turns every way. The ladder looks to be short, but it reaches from earth to heaven.

What a noble title is here given to the Most High. *Thou that liftest me up from the gates of death!* What a glorious lift! In sickness, in sin, in despair, in temptation, we have been brought very low, and the gloomy portal has seemed as if it would open to imprison us, but, underneath us were the everlasting arms, and, therefore, we have been uplifted even to the gates of heaven. Trapp quaintly says, "He commonly reserveth his hand for a dead lift, and rescueth those who were even talking of their graves." We must not overlook David's object in desiring mercy, it is God's glory: "*that I may show forth all thy praise.*" Saints are not so selfish as to look only to self; they desire mercy's diamond that they may let others see it flash and sparkle, and may admire Him who gives such priceless gems to his beloved. The contrast between the gates of death and the gates of the New Jerusalem is very striking; let our songs be excited to the highest and most rapturous pitch by the double consideration of whence we are taken, and to what we have been advanced, and let our prayers for mercy be made more energetic and agonizing by a sense of the grace which such a salvation implies. When David speaks of his showing forth *all* God's praise, he means that, in his deliverance grace in all its heights and depths would be magnified. Just as our hymn puts it:—

> "O the length and breadth of love!
> Jesus, Saviour, can it be?
> All thy mercy's height I prove,
> All the depth is seen in me."

Here ends the first part of this instructive psalm, and in pausing awhile we feel bound to confess that our exposition has only flitted over its surface and has not digged into the depths. The verses are singularly full of teaching, and if the Holy Spirit shall bless the reader, he may go over this Psalm, as the writer has done scores of times, and see on each occasion fresh beauties.

15 The heathen are sunk down in the pit *that* they made: in the net which they hid is their own foot taken.

16 The LORD is known *by* the judgment *which* he executeth: the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands. Higgaion. Selah.

In considering this terrible picture of the Lord's overwhelming judgments of his enemies, we are called upon to ponder and meditate upon it with deep seriousness by the two untranslated words, Higgaion, Selah. Meditate, pause. Consider, and tune your instrument. Bethink yourselves and solemnly adjust your hearts to the solemnity which is so well becoming the subject. Let us in a humble spirit approach these verses, and notice, first, that the character of God

requires the punishment of sin. *Jehovah is known by the judgment which he executeth;* his holiness and abhorrence of sin is thus displayed. A ruler who winked at evil would soon be known by all his subjects to be evil himself, and he, on the other hand, who is severely just in judgment reveals his own nature thereby. So long as our God is God, he will not, he cannot spare the guilty; except through that one glorious way in which he is just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. We must notice, secondly, that the manner of his judgment is singularly wise, and indisputably just. He makes the wicked become their own executioners. "The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made, &c." Like cunning hunters they prepared a pitfall for the godly and fell into it themselves: the foot of the victim escaped their crafty snares, but the toils surrounded themselves: the cruel snare was laboriously manufactured, and it proved its efficacy by snaring its own maker. Persecutors and oppressors are often ruined by their own malicious projects. "Drunkards kill themselves; prodigals beggar themselves;" the contentious are involved in ruinous costs; the vicious are devoured with fierce diseases; the envious eat their own hearts; and blasphemers curse their own souls. Thus, men may read their sin in their punishment. They sowed the seed of sin, and the ripe fruit of damnation is the natural result.

17 The wicked shall be turned into hell, *and* all the nations that forget God.

18 For the needy shall not alway be forgotten: the expectation of the poor shall *not* perish for ever.

17. The justice which has punished the wicked, and preserved the righteous, remains the same, and therefore in days to come, retribution will surely be meted out. How solemn is the seventeenth verse, especially in its warning to forgetters of God. The moral who are not devout, the honest who are not prayerful, the benevolent who are not believing, the amiable who are not converted, these must all have their portion with the openly wicked in the hell which is prepared for the devil and his angels. There are whole nations of such; the forgetters of God are far more numerous than the profane or profligate, and according to the very forceful expression of the Hebrew, the nethermost hell will be the place into which all of them shall be hurled headlong. Forgetfulness seems a small sin, but it brings eternal wrath upon the man who lives and dies in it.

18. Mercy is as ready to her work as ever justice can be. Needy souls fear that they are forgotten; well, if it be so, let them rejoice that they *shall not alway* be so. Satan tells poor tremblers that their hope shall perish, but they have here the divine assurance that *their expectation shall not perish for ever.* "The Lord's people are a humbled people, afflicted, emptied, sensible of need, driven to a daily attendance on God, daily begging of him, and living upon the hope of what is promised;" such persons may have to wait, but they shall find that they do not wait in vain.

19 Arise, O LORD; let not man prevail: let the heathen be judged in thy sight.

20 Put them in fear, O LORD: *that* the nations may know themselves *to be but* men. Selah.

19. Prayers are the believer's weapons of war. When the battle is too hard for us, we call in our great ally, who, as it were, lies in ambush until faith gives the signal by crying out, "Arise, O Lord." Although our cause be all but lost, it shall be soon won again if the Almighty doth but bestir himself. He will not suffer man to prevail over God, but with swift judgments will confound their gloryings. In the very sight of God the wicked will be punished, and he who is now all tenderness will have no bowels of compassion for them, since they had no tears of repentance while their day of grace endured.

20. One would think that men would not grow so vain as to deny themselves to be but men, but it appears to be a lesson which only a divine schoolmaster can teach to some proud spirits. Crowns leave their wearers *but men*, degrees of eminent learning make their owners not more than *men*, valour and conquest cannot elevate beyond the dead level of "*but men*;" and all the wealth of Crœsus, the wisdom of Solon, the power of Alexander, the eloquence of Demosthenes, if added together, would leave the possessor but a man. May we ever remember this, lest like those in the text, we should be *put in fear*.

Before leaving this Psalm, it will be very profitable if the student will peruse it again as the triumphal Hymn of the Redeemer, as he devoutly brings the glory of his victories and lays it down at his Father's feet. Let us joy in his joy, and our joy shall be full.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 1 *(second clause)*.—When we have received any special good thing from the Lord, it is well, according as we have opportunities, to tell others of it. When the woman who had lost one of her ten pieces of silver, found the missing portion of her money, she gathered her neighbours and her friends together, saying, "Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece which I had lost." We may do the same; we may tell friends and relations that we have received such and such a blessing, and that we trace it directly to the hand of God. Why have we not already done this? Is there a lurking unbelief as to whether it really came from God; or are we ashamed to own it before those who are perhaps accustomed to laugh at such things? Who knows so much of the marvellous works of God as his own people; if they be silent, how can we expect the world to see what he has done? Let us not be ashamed to glorify God, by telling what we know and feel he has done; let us watch our opportunity to bring out distinctly the fact of his acting; let us feel delighted at having an opportunity from our own experience, of telling what must turn to his praise; and them that honour God, God will honour in turn; if we be willing to talk of his deeds, he will give us enough to talk about.—*P. B. Power, in "The I Wills of the Psalms."*

Verse 8.—The guilty conscience cannot abide this day. The silly sheep when she is taken will not bleat, but you may carry her and do what you will with her, and she will be subject; but the swine, if she be once taken, she will roar and cry, and thinks she is never taken but to be slain. So of all things, the guilty conscience cannot abide to hear of this day, for they know that when they hear of it, they hear of their own condemnation. I think if there were a general collection made through the whole world that there might be no judgment-day, then God would be so rich that the world would go a-begging and be a waste wilderness. Then the covetous judge would bring forth his bribes; then the crafty lawyer would fetch out his bags; the usurer would give his gain, and a double thereof. But all the money in the world will not serve for our sin, but the judge must answer his bribes, he that hath money must answer how he came by it, and just condemnation must come upon every soul of them; then shall the sinner be ever dying and never dead, like the Salamander, that is ever in the fire and never consumed.—*H. Smith.*

Verse 9.—It is reported of the Egyptians that, living in the fens, and being vexed with gnats, they used to sleep in high towers, whereby, those creatures not being able to soar so high, they are delivered from the biting of them: so would it be with us when bitten with cares and fear, did we but run to God for refuge, and rest confident of his help.—*Trapp.*

Verse 10.—*They that know thy name will put their trust in thee.* They can do no otherwise who savingly know God's sweet attributes, and noble acts for his people, We never trust a man till we know him, and bad men are better known than trusted. Not so the Lord; for where his name is ointment poured forth, the virgins love him, fear him, rejoice in him, and repose upon him.—*Trapp.*

Verse 17.—The wicked shall be turned into hell. *Lisholah, headlong into hell, down into hell.* The original is very emphatic.—*Adam Clark.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—I. The only object of our praise—"thee, O Lord." II. The abundant themes of praise—"all thy marvellous works." III. The proper nature of praise—"with my whole heart."—*B. Davis.*

"*Thy marvellous works.*" Creation, Providence, Redemption, are all marvellous, as exhibiting the attributes of God in such a degree as to excite the wonder of all God's universe. A very suggestive topic.

Verse 2.—Sacred song: its connection with holy gladness.

Verse 4.—(1) The rights of the righteous are sure to be assailed, (2) but equally sure to be defended.

Verse 6.—I. The great enemy. II. The destructions he has caused. III. The means of his overthrow. IV. The rest which shall ensue.

Verse 7, *(first clause).*—The eternity of God,—the comfort of saints, the terror of sinners.

Verse 8.—The justice of God's moral government, especially in relation to the last great day.

Verse 10.—I. All-important knowledge: "know thy name." II. Blessed result: "will put their trust in thee." III. Sufficient reason: "for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee."—*Medhurst.*

Verse 10.—The names of God inspire trust. JEHOVAH-*Jireh, Tsidkenu, Rophi, Shammah, Shalom, Nissi*, ELOHIM, SHADDAI, ADONAI, &c.

Verse 11.—I. Zion, what is it? II. Her glorious inhabitant, what doth he? III. The twofold occupation of her sons—"sing praises," "declare among the people his doings." IV. Arguments from the first part of the subject to encourage us in the double duty.

Verse 12—I. God on awful business. II. Remembers his people; to spare, honour, bless, and avenge them. III. Fulfils their cries, in their own salvation, and overthrow of enemies. A consolatory sermon for times of war or pestilence.

Verse 13.—"*Thou that liftest me up from the gates of death.*" Deep distresses. Great deliverances. Glorious exaltations.

Verse 14.—"I will rejoice in thy salvation." Especially because it is *thine*, O God, and therefore honours thee. In its freeness, fulness, suitability, certainty, everlastingness. Who can rejoice in this? Reasons why they should always do so.

Verse 17.—A warning to forgetters of God.

Verse 18.—Delays in deliverance. I. Unbelief's estimate of them; "forgotten," "perish." II. God's promise; "not always." III. Faith's duty. Wait.

Verse 20.—A needful lesson and how it is taught.

Christian Chymistry.

LXXXVIII.

ONE thing which contributed to make Cæsar's soldiers invincible was their seeing him always take his share in danger, and never desire any exemption from labour and fatigue. We have a far higher incentive in the war for truth and goodness when we consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself.

LXXXIX.

AGESILAUS being lame of one of his feet, was wont to prevent the mocks of others by merrily jesting at his own infirmity. Lord, we are Mephibosheths, lame in both our feet when we are to run in the ways of thy commandments; but our lameness is least subject to thy censure when it is most under our own.

XC.

WHEN the friends of liberty in Rome desired to stir up Brutus against Cæsar, they put letters night after night in the tribunal which he used as prætor, mostly containing such sentences as these, "Thou sleepest, Brutus;" or, "Thou art not Brutus." Have we no need of some such hints to stir us up to Christian duty? "Thou sleepest Christian;" or, "Thou art no Christian if thou bestir not thyself."

XCI.

ROBERT, Duke of Normandy, the father of William the Conqueror, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and being unable to travel otherwise, was borne on a litter by Saracens. When near to Jerusalem he was met by a poor pilgrim, whom he desired to report at large that he had seen the duke carried to heaven upon the devil's back. Truly, there are many whose piety, if it were true, would be marvellous indeed, for they are carried away by the temptations of the devil, and yet are confident that they are on the road to eternal happiness. May such ill-grounded hopes be removed far from us.

XCII.

THERE once lived in Ghent a beggar, who was accustomed to collect alms upon the pretence that he had a secret disease lying in his bones and weakening his whole body, and that he dared not for shame mention the name of it. This appeal was exceedingly successful, until a person in authority more curious than the rest, insisted upon following him, and examining him at home. At last the beggar confessed as follows:—"That which pains me you see not; but I have a shameful disease in my bones, so that I cannot work; some call it sloth, and others term it idleness." Alas! that so many in our Churches should be so far gone with THIS SAME SICKNESS.

XCIII.

A MERCHANT was asked whether he would rather be Crœsus, the rich king of Lydia, or Socrates, the wise philosopher; he replied, that in his life he would be Crœsus, and in his death he would prefer to be Socrates. How many in our day live as the wicked, but desire, with Balaam, to die the death of the righteous.

XCIV.

THE famous Cato was forty times called into judgment, yet every time acquitted. Oh! how happy is it that if we have envious and malicious accusers, yet we have impartial and upright judges! Lord, how often doth Satan accuse me before the throne of thy justice; yet while thy Son is my Advocate with thee, I shall be acquitted; not because *I* am not guilty, but because *he* is righteous.

XCV.

ALEXANDER being presented with a richly-jewelled cabinet from the spoils of Darius, each of his friends suggested a use to which it might be put. Alexander, however, decided that the books of Homer should be kept in it, as judging them fittest to be reserved in so precious a receptacle. Lord, thou hast given me thy Scriptures, better books than those of Homer, and my heart is my most precious cabinet. Let other things be rejected as less valuable, but let those be not only laid up, but written in my heart; yea, let them, like Aaron's almond rod, blossom and bear fruit.

XCVI.

AGESILAUS in his travels was wont to lodge in the holiest places of the temples of the gods, that they themselves might be witnesses of his

private doings. Lord, there is no place but hath thee for a spectator; and we have called thee θεός from our apprehensions of thy all-seeing presence; let me, therefore, be ashamed to do that when thou only art conscious, which I should not wish to be laid open to the view of men and angels.

XCVII.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT having sent to the Athenians, that they should deliver up the Thebans who had fled to them, unless they would have him declare war upon them, Phocian, who was desired to counsel his fellow-citizens, said that he truly lamented the case of those Thebans, but it were better for one city to mourn than two. Lord, thou requirest of us the sacrifice of the sinful delights of the flesh, if we would have thee as our friend. Though our sinful hearts are loth to part from them, yet it is better that the body lament the loss of those dear pleasures, than that soul and body both lament eternally in hell.

XCVIII.

THERE is a tradition concerning Ovid, the famous poet, that when his father was about to beat him for wasting his time upon his poems, he cried out:

"Father, on me pity take;
I will no more verses make."

Thus transgressing in the very promise not to transgress. Just so, when we promise to God that we will sin no more, there is usually so much self-sufficiency in the promise, that we are really sinning while we are vowing that we will not sin. Sin is a close attendant upon our best and most religious duties and resolutions.

XCIX.

AT the battle of Cresey, where Edward the Black Prince, then a youth of eighteen years of age, led the van, the king, his father, drew up a strong party on a rising ground, and there beheld the conflict in readiness to send relief where it should be wanted. The young prince being sharply charged, and in some danger, sent to his father for succour; and as the king delayed to send it, another messenger was sent to crave immediate assistance. To him the king replied, "Go, tell my son that I am not so inexperienced a commander as not to know when succour is wanted, nor so careless a father as not to send it." He intended the honour of the day should be his son's, and therefore let him with courage stand to it, and be assured that help should be had when it might conduce most to his renown. God draws forth his servants to fight in the spiritual warfare, where they are engaged, not only against the strongholds of carnal reason, and the exalted imaginations of their own hearts, but also in the pitched field, against Satan and his wicked instruments. But they, poor hearts, when the charge is sharp, are ready to despond, and cry with Peter, "Save, Lord, we perish;" but God is too knowing to overlook their exigencies, and too much a Father to neglect their succour. If help, however, be delayed, it is that the victory may be more glorious by the difficulty of overcoming.

C.

'Tis said of Crœsus that though he was the most avaricious man then living, yet above all men he hated those who were so. Strange it is that though likeness be the cause of love, yet proud and covetous men admit no fellow. Surely this is a manifest proof of the disorder of sin which agrees not with itself, whereas grace in others is always loved by those who themselves possess grace.

CI.

A Getulian shepherd being assaulted by a lion and otherwise unprovided with any means of defence, cast his loose coat upon the lion's head, whereby the beast not only lost his fierceness, but as if his strength had lain in his eyes, was by the man easily taken and bound. When I have considered what the lions of England have suffered from the Roman bishops, I have been astonished how so great strength and courage could so easily have been overcome, but I observed that the veil of ignorance was thrown over their eyes which made them so tame and submissive to the Pope. Thus have we seen whole herds of strong cattle subject to the discipline of a little boy, because they, poor creatures, knew not their own strength, and it is easy to overcome him who, to prevent his own calamities, refuses to use his.

CII.

Julius Cæsar coming towards Rome with his army, and hearing that the senate and people had fled from it, said, "They that will not fight for this city, what city will they fight for?" If we will not take pains for the kingdom of heaven, what kingdom will we take pains for?

(*To be continued.*)

"How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

"How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"
When the waters of death shall encompass thy soul,
Say, what shall uphold thee, shall guide and console thee,
When death's raging billows around thee shall roll?

"How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"
When leaving earth's scenes, howe'er pleasant and dear,
Alone, canst thou face the dark current so gloomy,
Shall no one be near thee to banish thy fear?

"How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"
Thou who hast lived without hope in the Lord,
Oh, canst thou *die* without trust in the Saviour,
Die without peace through belief in his word?

"How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"
Thou who hast lived to the Saviour below,
Safe in Christ Jesus, e'en death shall not harm thee,
But up to his kingdom thy spirit shall go.

For Jesus has entered death's river before us,
Then why should we fear to be laid in the grave?
If he is our Saviour his love *never* faileth,
His arm will uphold us, his mercy will save.

Then when we shall come to "the swelling of Jordan?"
May God be our portion, his grace be our stay;
If fears shall alarm, or if pain shall distress us,
The love of our Saviour shall chase them away.

M. L.



MANY persons are greatly disquieted in mind because their experience of conviction or comfort has not been like that of others. They fancy that they cannot have come to Christ aright because they have not felt precisely the same joys or depressions as certain saints of whom they have read. Now, should these good people be so troubled? We think not. Uniformity is not God's rule of working either in nature or in grace. No two human faces display exactly the same lineaments; sons of the same mother, born at the same birth, may be as different as Jacob and Esau. Not even in leagues of forest will two leaves be found in all respects alike. Diversity is the rule of nature, and let us rest assured that variety is the rule of grace.

Mr. Beecher has given us this truth in a very beautiful form in the following lines:—"What if God should command the flowers to appear before him, and the sunflower should come bending low with shame because it was not a violet, and the violet should come striving to lift itself up to be like a sunflower, and the lily should seek to gain the bloom of the rose, and the rose the whiteness of the lily; and so, each one disdaining itself, should seek to grow into the likeness of the other?" God would say, 'Stop foolish flowers! I gave you your own forms and hues, and odours, and I wish you to bring what you have received. O, sunflower, come as a sunflower; and you sweet violet, come as a violet; let the rose bring the rose's bloom, and the lily the lily's whiteness.' Perceiving their folly, and ceasing to long for what they had not, violet and rose, lily and geranium, mignionette and anemone, and all the floral train would come, each in its own loveliness, to send up its fragrance as incense, and all wreathe themselves in a garland of beauty about the throne of God."

Reader, the saints are one in Christ Jesus, but they are not one in their peculiarities. Be we who we may, if we rest on the Redeemer our eternal life is sure; and if not, we are dead while we live. *What is Jesus Christ to me?* that is the main question. If he is my all, then all is well; if not, I may be very like a saint, but a saint I am not.

No. 17.—Sword and Trowel Tracts, by C. H. SPURGEON.—6d. per 100. Post free, 8 stamps.
Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.



"I'LL *go down if father will hold the rope,*" was the offer of a Highland lad, when a traveller wanted him to reach the eggs of a wild bird which had built on a rocky ledge. The boy felt that there would be no danger if the rope was in his father's hand, for he had a powerful arm, and a loving heart, and would not leave his own child to perish.

Timid believers are afraid to begin to work for Jesus. To teach in the Sunday-school, to commence a Tract District, to visit the cottagers, to preach on the green, any of these seem to them to be too arduous and difficult. Suppose they were to look up to their Heavenly Father, and rely upon his promised aid, might they not venture? It cannot need much courage to rely upon Almighty strength. Go, dear friend, to thy work, and *thy Father will hold the rope.*

Unbelief is apt to foresee terrible trials as awaiting us upon our road to heaven. Your position will be, so fear tells you, like that of one hanging over the raging sea, by the side of a precipitous cliff; but then remember the eternal love which will be your unfailing support. You may hang there without the slightest fear, for *Father will hold the rope.*

The awakened sinner dreads the wrath of Heaven, and fears that his eternal ruin is inevitable; but if he has learned to depend alone upon the Lord Jesus, there is no room for further alarm. The Lord Jehovah has become the salvation of every soul that has laid hold upon the hope set before him in the Lord Jesus. The great matter no longer rests with the sinner after he has believed, the weight of his soul's eternal interests hangs upon Jesus the Saviour. The eternal arm which never wearies, will put forth all its power to uphold the trusting ones; and every believing sinner may sing in joyful security, though Satan should set all hell boiling beneath him, for *the great Father holds the rope.*

No. 18.—Sword and Trowel Tracts, by C. H. SPURGEON.—6d. per 100. Post free, 8 stamps.
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The Child Samuel.*

AN ADDRESS TO CHILDREN OF LARGER GROWTH.

BY PASTOR B. W. CARR, OF NEWCASTLE.

THE picture is affecting as it delineates the venerable priest and the stripling Levite; the latter just emerging from his nonage, while the former was fast sinking into his dotage. "And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli." Though you may compare the infirmity of advancing years to a second childhood, the difference between youth and senility is wide enough to suggest points of contrast not always free from humiliation and pain. Where is it you would look for the analogy? Do you trace a resemblance between the unawakened faculties of the little child, and the drowsy senses of the old man; the one hardly able to notice, the other failing to observe; both weak, both toothless, both dribbling; neither equal to the task of self-help? But is not it hard to say whether there is more of resemblance or of disparity? And may not we—those of us, who on the high road of life pursue our journey with figure erect, light and lithesome, muscular and strong, pleased to think we are out of the swaddling-clothes, and yet not into the winding-sheet—may not we linger with wistful gaze on a fiction which groups the two extremities of life, feeling a personal interest, as well as a warm glowing sympathy, with each stage of being. Then banish far the cynic's sneer, and think within yourselves that these twain may both be beautiful, though neither is entirely free from such contingencies as can easily distort the fair ideal we fondly cherish, into a miserable satire upon nature. The morning day-dawn, and the evening twilight, have each their charms; but not always. Spring-time, with its budding flowers, has biting winds and pelting showers. Autumn, with its mellow fruits, has, too, its hazy mists and chilling rains. Love may linger, notwithstanding tears, at the infant's cradle, and the old man's couch. In the one we see a thing of beauty given by its Creator; in the other we would fain recognize a spirit of priceless value, returning back to the God by whom it has long been cherished.

Righteousness supplies the true adornment; condition is a trifling matter; character is the thing of moment. Hence the follies of his past life cast their shade on Eli's venerable figure, while the virtues of Samuel's future career lend an enchantment to the history of his youth. It was not because Eli was very old, nor because Samuel was very young, that we own to a preference. The wise man of Israel said, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof;" and, "Better is the day of a man's death than the day of his birth." So, too, a modern poet sings—

> "Better a day when work is done,
> Than time's most favoured birth;
> Better a child in God's great house,
> Than the king of all the earth."

The pivot on which we now propose to turn a few practical reflections is that brief chronicle of his childish inexperience, wherein we are told that "*Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him.*"

Under almost every circumstance we can conceive, such a record as this concerning any man, "*He knew not the Lord,*" would be enough to excite a shudder. Fatal ignorance! Foreshadow of a fearful doom! "My people perish for lack of knowledge." Is there any virtue of private life, or any exploit of public service that can compensate for so terrible a reflection? "Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honourable, because by him Jehovah had given deliverance unto Israel; he was

* This peculiarly beautiful address we earnestly commend to Christian parents as eminently suggestive as to their path of duty and reason of hope.

also a mighty man in valour, *but he was a leper.*" Even so the thousand charms that may brighten up the life-story of any man, are dissolved in an instant by the blight which falls on his history in this one sentence, "He knew not the Lord." But here the sadness is mitigated by the word "yet." The clouds are breaking, the light is dawning, although the sun has not risen upon the soul of the child Samuel. He is not locked up in the stronghold of ignorance and unbelief, although he has not hitherto been enfranchised with the rights and liberties of mental, moral, spiritual freedom. "Samuel did not *yet* know the Lord." Save only for this reservation, what might such a statement imply? Nay; what does it literally imply in the case of some of us? And are not we all born into the world in such a state of benighted intellect? This is the fountain of natural corruption, the immediate consequence of our innate depravity, the great privation of our race. Fallen from the high station of our original progenitor, who was made in the image of God, all men, if not hopelessly lost, still have need to be restored, quickened and created anew, for they are all "alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them." Are you a child of larger growth, upon whom no regenerating work of the Spirit of God has ever been wrought? Then, notwithstanding any offices of religion performed on your behalf, or attended to at your own discretion, you know not the Lord! Pitiable indeed as the disability of our birth may be, more pitiable still is the bent and bias of the human mind, turned in so opposite a direction, that we seek not that knowledge which is of all other most desirable. A spirit of enquiry incident to the rational intelligence, will instinctively prompt a desire to be wise; but like a wild ass's colt, so unsubmissive is man, that he will not yield up his heart to that restraint, which the fear of the Lord lays upon every one who is instructed in heavenly studies. It goes against the grain. The heart of the children of men by a common disposition is set upon evil. Self-knowledge may be rare, but the knowledge of the Lord is not recognized at all as a service essential to our well-being.

Nor because this ignorance is both innate and universal, is it the less sinful and ruining. The guilt and responsibility of Pagans, whose social vices and conduct may be clearly traced to the corresponding debasements of their minds, prompts the Missionary enterprise to publish among them the knowledge of the true and living God. Might we not better leave them alone if their ignorance could shield them from amenability to the law? Is it worth while to encounter their prejudice, if in the moral elevation of a few, we involve the many in deeper condemnation? But we steadfastly believe that their debasement will not shelter them. They who live like beasts must be judged as men. What measure, then, can ever guage the criminality of unbelief among ourselves, who are careless in the midst of the most awakening circumstances, listless under the sound of rousing appeals, and willingly ignorant when the sacred scriptures are not merely within our reach, but pressed upon our attention, obtruded upon our notice, forced upon our observation, and commended to our conscience, whether we will or not?

With a still thicker gloom encompassing them, we think it may be said of some persons, that "they know not the Lord," *through imbecility.* Such was unhappily the state of Israel, when, in the days of Eli, the priesthood was profligate, the Tabernacle was profaned, and men abhorred the offering of the Lord. Not so wholly oblivious either were they, but that "Israel lamented after the Lord," when spoiled of those institutions, in the loss of which they sensibly felt that the withdrawal of Divine favour involved an absence of national and personal prosperity. The knowledge of the Lord is not a hoary tradition, handed down from sire to son, like the fables and customs of heathen mythology. It is a lively, active, vigorous sense of God's counsels and operations, which demands a clear conscience, a pure faith, a holy and ardent love, and a spirit of enterprise and progress. Lacking these signs, we must be in the backsliding condition, not likely to retain God in our knowledge, by a fatal necessity sinking into corruption. Thus the light was fading in Israel, when it pleased

the Lord to puff out the dim lamp of Eli's faithless house, and strike a fresh spark, which should kindle to a bright flame in the career of Samuel.

In pleasing contrast therefore with the corrupt estrangement of the heart, we turn to the inexperience of a mind to goodness trained, though not yet advanced to that stage of development in which the grace of God is exhibited in its sanctifying agency. "Samuel did not yet know the Lord," howbeit, he was in the sure track to that blessed attainment. We may construe it as though it were said, "He knew the Lord's ministers, he knew the Lord's ordinances, and he knew much of the sacred offices of the Lord's house, but he had not yet come to the knowledge of the Lord himself, or enjoyed personal communion with the Most High." How many of the dear children of God have an experience, which the history of Samuel goes far to interpret! When we speak of conversion working a sudden transformation of character, as in the instance of Matthew or Zaccheus; or palpably changing the creed as well as the heart, in the instance of Saul of Tarsus, they find no counterpart in the recollection of the path by which they have been led, and they almost wish their lives had once been more deeply stained with sin, could they now by any imposing phenomena of conversion, assure their hearts more fully that they had been translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Let Samuel furnish these misguided casuists with a type of character, not uncommon, such indeed as hath many a counterpart among the brightest luminaries that ever shone in the Christian Church.

From the earliest anticipations of Samuel's birth, he had been dedicated to the Lord by the tender devotion of a godly mother's vows. So soon as he was weaned, he was brought into the house of the Lord. The first dawn of his intelligence was familiarized with its hallowed courts. If such a privilege has been ours, let us thank God; and if not, still let us seek that our children may be thus favoured. The beauty of holiness, as it was limned forth in the tabernacle, impressed the instinct of the child Samuel before his mind was capable of exercising the faculty of reason; and a profound respect for the ministers of the Lord's Sanctuary no less vividly penetrated his heart from the early intercourse he had with the venerable Priest. Surely Eli, after allowing for all his faults, gentle, mild and mellowed by age, was just of that mould most likely to win the affections and secure the reverence of the tender youth committed to his charge. What a permanent influence we have sometimes known the Christian pastor to produce upon the minds of the young; and that totally distinct from the effects of ministry we commonly seek! Canonized in our hearts is the benignant old servant of the living God, who read the Holy Word, closed his eyes in fervent prayer, and opened his lips in sacred counsels when we were children. The ordinances of religion, we can readily suppose, were all the more engaging to Samuel, because, from a child he had some office, something to attend to, in the solemn service. For my part, I like to hear the children's voices mingling in the hymns of praise, although, like Samuel, they do not yet know the Lord; and I like to hear their enquiries elicited, "What mean ye by these things?" even though they may not yet be able to digest the mysteries of faith.

We may remember with pleasure that we were members of the choir, or subscribers to the Missionary Society, long enough before we were awakened to hear the voice of God speaking to our souls. These are preliminaries. I venture to think they are not altogether void of interest. Do abjure that empty talk which affects to glorify the grace of God in conversion, by declaiming the days of unregeneracy as a mere blank to be banished from memory, or to be referred to with the brazen-faced effrontery of those who dare to boast of the way they once plunged into the filth and mire of sin. No, no; gratitude demands that we hold those days when we did not yet know the Lord in everlasting remembrance. What! shall Cyrus ever forget that the Lord said, "I have surnamed thee though thou hast not known me?" or again, "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me?" Did not the word of the Lord come to Jeremiah saying,

"Before I formed thee, I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb, I sanctified thee, and ordained thee a prophet unto the nations?" And did not Paul say, "It pleased God who separated me from my mother's womb and called me by his grace, to reveal his son in me?" Defended by the Word of God, is it contrary to the testimony of a believer's own heart? What numerous influences flow like tributary streams to swell the tide of character! Who can presume to say that any period of life, however dark the mind might then have been to spiritual things, contributed nothing to the development of his own disposition and propensities? Or, who would dare to limit the guardianship of the Lord? He did not begin to love us when our affections were first turned toward him, nor did he begin to show grace toward us when we first saw the fountain bubble up at a day or an hour of our limited chronology.

According to Josephus, Samuel was about twelve years old when the spirit of prophecy was vouchsafed to him. The entire freshness to his mind of the Lord's manifestation is carefully noted by the sacred historian. Samuel, already trained in the outward observance of the statutes and ordinances of the law, was an entire stranger to any present inspiration. Well as he knew the function of the priesthood, he was totally ignorant of the extraordinary vocation of the prophet. "The Word of the Lord was precious in those days: there was no open vision." Dreams of seer and visions of God were rare. Samuel, on the alert for the call of duty, knew nothing of the call of God. Quick to obey, he has no notion of any summons likely to arrest him, but such as comes through the constituted order of the priesthood. Three times, therefore, does he arise at the sound of his own name sharply striking on his ear. Three times does he repair to Eli, ready to answer at his bidding, or to do his injunctions. Not till the third time, when the voice was reiterated, as if in special earnestness, Samuel, Samuel! does Eli apprehend that it is the voice of the Almighty which cites the child; not till then does he direct him accordingly. Here I want to accommodate the narrative to a case of Christian experience by no means uncommon. "God is faithful, by whom ye were called into the fellowship of his son Jesus Christ our Lord." You may not be able to remember the time when you were called out of the profane world, for you never mixed with it. You do not remember when you first obtained a taste for the services of divine worship: you always liked them. So far you can go with Samuel. But do you remember, as Samuel could, when you were brought to see for yourself, to hear for yourself and to exercise faith for yourself, through a new channel that had not previously been opened to you? What a grateful advance this was in your spiritual attainment! You had heard the Word of God in sermons that seemed more or less adapted to meet the cravings of your heart; but now, when shut out from public ordinances, you have heard the Lord's voice speaking to you. Prayer, heretofore a sacred duty in your estimation, henceforth becomes a means of intercourse with God. Very long had you mingled with the many who assemble in the tabernacle, not at all discriminating between the devout and the formal, so long as outward decorum was common to both, for you were a stranger yourself to any inward witness or attesting seal that set a mark on your profession; but now the Lord has called you by name, put you among the children and shown you your title to the inheritance as one whose name is written in the Lamb's book of life. What marvel then that your soul should be bowed with gratitude while you realise the heavenly assurance that you have found grace in the eyes of the Lord!

Light gradually broke upon the mind of Samuel. In the immediate response that he was instructed to give to the Lord there is a beautiful feature. Eli had counselled him to say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," but, timid of any presumption, and because "he did not yet know the Lord," he only said, "Speak, for thy servant heareth." It was not till after the Lord had shewn Samuel that he knew him, and discovered himself to his soul, that Samuel could know the Lord. This acquaintance, which is the introduction to the highest of all privileges, must originate in the gracious condescension of the Sovereign. The

doom of Eli's house, that night made known to Samuel, did not compass the entire purpose for which the Lord called him. From that time forward, Samuel did know the Lord, and he walked in the light of that knowledge, and Israel profited thereby. "The Lord was with him, and let none of his words fall to the ground. And all Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord."

I would not wilfully indulge in any curious or eccentric suggestions, but I am prone to think that there is a testimony given us respecting Samuel which admirably fits him to be held up as a model.

We are told that "the Lord revealed himself to Samuel by the Word of the Lord." This appears by the record to have been habitual, as though it were said that the Lord, after that memorable occasion, constantly communed with him. But the manner of privileged intercourse was not by vision or dream, in which symbolical imagery passed before his eyes, but it was simply by "*the Word of the Lord.*" In beautiful accordance with this we have in his entire career, a record of unswerving consistency. He came on to the stage at one of the darkest epochs of the nation's history, and he died just before day-break of the brightest chapter in the nation's annals. Though he anointed two kings, his life was not passed amidst the pageantry of courts. In the presence of any extraordinary crisis he proved his superior wisdom, yet the greater part of his lifetime was passed in the busy activities of practical assiduity. And surely the moral may thrust itself on our notice, that it is by communion with God, through *the Word of the Lord*, that we must look for the spiritual strength which can enable us to do our daily task eminently well, and to perform any eminent services that may come to our lot, with unruffled serenity.

The publicity of Samuel's life does not destroy the privacy of his character. In a green old age he lays down an office which had entailed the cares without conferring on him the crown of a king, having a conscience void of offence. He had used his vocation well. Many were benefited by his judicial dignity, while he was himself uncorrupted by deceitful emoluments. His retirement was not idle.

> "At least not rotting like a weed,
> But having sown some generous seed,
> Fruitful in further thought and deed,"

He established "the school of the prophets" at Ramah. Such a tradition exists among the Jews and receives countenance from scripture. He most certainly held an appointment over the company of the prophets at Naioth, whether he was the founder of that college or not. (1 Sam. xix. 18-20.)

The biography of Samuel will, therefore, teach us not to neglect or distrust the careful training of our children, because no education, however sound, can communicate the Spirit of the Lord. Nor are we to despise the ordinances of religion because they are insufficient of themselves "to guide our feet into the way of peace." And yet upon those who have been thus early brought to the temple, we may enforce the necessity of that attainment by which only they can "know the Lord."

The divine calling was as illustriously exemplified in this child, though almost faultless in his piety, as it was in the rescue of the most abandoned sinners.

A rich experience of the loving-kindness and tender mercies of the Lord does not require a back-ground of profanity to make the picture lively and attractive. "Only fear the Lord and serve him in truth with all your heart, for consider how great things he hath done for you."

A Warder's Warnings.

No. I.

MR. EDITOR,—I intend to look out very carefully from the little watchbox which I occupy upon a corner of your walls, and I shall send you tidings every now and then of the doings of the enemy. You will have need to grind your sword anew and lay about you right and left, for I perceive that the Roman regiment is creeping up to our defences under cover of a band of Evangelicals upon whom you must, however reluctantly, open your batteries again with red-hot shot. Mind it must be red-hot, or those gentry will not feel it. I do not propose to be more than a mere watchman, anxious to warn others and set the more practised swordsmen and gunners at their work; and hence you will excuse my making many notes or comments upon the facts which I present to your readers; only I should like to observe that your heaviest censures and sharpest condemnations are none too severe, and I hope you will never soften them to please any man. The cancer lies deep; cut Sir, with your keenest lancet: it is at your peril that you spare the knife. I have heard of one very Evangelical divine, who says, that nothing on earth ever makes him feel so like a devil as the mention of your name. This shows that you have power to annoy the old enemy; and I hope you may use it with greater vigour than ever. The devil will never be cast out of the Establishment by honeyed words, in fact I doubt if he will ever go out at all so long as stick or stone of the State Church remains. The fretting leprosy is in the walls of that old house of corruption, and it needs to be treated according to the regulation laid down in Leviticus xiv. 45: "And he shall break down the house, the stones of it, and the timber thereof, and all the morter of the house; and he shall carry them forth out of the city into an unclean place."

The war with this daughter of Babylon must know no truce or abatement. Spare no arrows, but pray the Lord to guide them, and let them be dipped in zeal for your Lord. No peace with Anglicanism, and no rest till its errors are utterly destroyed. Here is fuel for the fire of your holy indignation. You will hear from me again.

Yours with anxious heart,

A Warder.

The Rev. James Davies, M.A., Rector of Abbenhall, Gloucestershire, has favoured the world with his views upon the case of Miss Constance Kent in a pamphlet, entitled, "The Case of Constance Kent viewed in the Light of the Holy Catholic Church." The subjoined extracts will show how impudent the Romish party in the Anglican Establishment has of late grown. Speaking of the unhappy girl's confession, he says:—

"Such is the present result of a case which has been brought to that result by a system, of which I feel bound to speak—*the monastic system*. One part of it consists in a regular, orderly, but voluntary confession—in this instance it was remarkably so. She had however, I doubt not, all the advantages of official confession to a priest, and of unofficial confession to the Mother-Superior and the sisters, if she chose. Still the sacramental confession is the most positive, the most assuring, for it is a special means of grace, and a special pledge of assurance. And surely the Church's means and pledges are more to be depended upon than the loose and unofficial words of even the holiest and purest; these *comfort much*, but those *bind fast*.

"The office of priest has been in abeyance for years I fear in the English Church; it is being revived now, but not universally. The bishop in giving holy orders to priests, says, '*Receive the* Holy Ghost *for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands*. Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins thou

dost retain they are retained.' These words must have a strong meaning, or no meaning at all. They cannot mean that man can forgive sins, but they must mean that man, through the priest's office, is an instrument and channel in the remission of sins; and if we slight God's ways and channels, which he himself has set in his Church, we cannot look elsewhere for pardon and peace, and all the blessing and comfort of systematic and sacramental absolution.

"In cases such as this, of notorious and great atrocity, there must be a degree of high pressure applied, and men and women must band together in brotherhoods and sisterhoods to meet them. Only such as can live the very high life can stoop low enough to go down to the very abyss of sin and misery, and rescue a soul here and there from perdition by the most loving sympathy. Such only can draw them, and win them by giving themselves up wholly to such a service and mission of love. Such only can make an inroad and an onslaught upon the debased state of our densely crowded cities. Such only can penetrate the lanes, alleys, courts, and slums of vice which are a disgrace to our Christian country. The two extremes must come together for any good effect. The very high and holy, and the very low and unholy. Very good sort of parochial clergymen, very good Christian men and women may be of great use, and are so in parochial and domestic life, but for desperate cases like Constance Kent's, for home missions in large towns, in our seaports, and in our factories, there *must* be single men and women *without domestic ties*, or *any earthly tie* but that of plucking souls, like burning brands, out of the fire. We need men and women who will be fools for CHRIST'S sake, who appear to the world beside themselves, and who by a chivalrous devotion appear mad to the world. Such brotherhoods and sisterhoods must flourish and abound ere the Church of England will effect any amount of conversion which can fairly be called national.

"We have much to *protest against*, and *much to imitate in Rome*. There is a saintliness to be found there, amid much corruption, which is to be found in no other Church upon earth; and if we imagine she is an apostate Church, or a mass of corruption—not a mixture of good and bad—of use and abuse, like ourselves and every other militant Church upon earth, we give way to a prejudice, not only unworthy of men of thought and fair judgment, but of men of Christian charity.

"The whole treatment of the case is, I fear, thought to be more after the manner of the Romish than of the English Church. I hope, therefore, to point out the difference as well as the likeness between the two Churches. Both ought to be Protestant. Neither are infallible, both erring. We rightly protest against the errors of Rome. But it would be a very partial Protestantism if we did not also protest against our own errors at home. I am sure nothing but reformation in each will bring about *union in both*. Each, however, must look at home rather than abroad. Reformation is a constant habit, not a violent act. We have been reforming these last forty years, and we must keep going on in the way of temperate reform, not in violent acts of revolution.

"No one can justify the acts of violence in Henry VIII.'s time. Uses and abuses were ruthlessly confounded together, and swept away. Wholesale spoliation took the place of judicious selection and judicious abolition. *Holy monks and nuns* shared the same fate as profligate men and women, and *dissolution* instead of *reformation* was visited upon the most wise and sacred foundations.

"Such *institutions* are being *revived*, and Constance Kent has found a home in one, whose influence can penetrate her prison walls, and be still her guide, her strength, and comfort. Together with the Home and Refuge comes, of course, *the single state*. In every Church, as in the Greek, both the single and the married state *should exist in due proportion;* and if Providence were fairly followed, and the direction in which its finger pointed duly heeded, we *should have more single and fewer married priests*. Each can do what the other can *not* do. Thus a system of supply and defect, of correction and compensation, of help and sympathy, would be healthfully carried out through all the members of CHRIST'S mystical body."

Here is another pretty piece of unmitigated Popery. May the Lord deliver us from the Pope of Rome, the rector of Abbenhall, and all such enemies of souls.

"Without question we have learnt, and must still learn, much from Rome, both as to the priesthood, the brotherhood, and the sisterhood. In such institutions we have made a *beginning*; rather, I should say, a *revival*; but we are yet in the *infancy* of such things. And we must yet learn, but in a true Catholic way. We must be learners, and also discerners. We must hold our own, while we borrow from others. Never—oh, never, let us forget we have Catholic ground to stand upon, as well as our *sister Church*. We have, as well as they, *the apostolical succession*. We have the *tradition* which has been handed down to us, the *one faith*, the one *regenerating baptism*, the *ancient liturgies, creeds, and the whole sacramental system. All this forms the dogmatic interpretation of Holy Writ.* This, I affirm, we have, and must hold the deposit committed to our trust. But, alas! we have it only in principle and profession. Practically hundreds and thousands, nominally in our Church, betray that trust. The Bible, and the Bible alone, is their creed; and Scripture too, God's infallible Word, is interpreted by man's private judgment. *Weak, erring, capricious opinion usurps the authority of the fixed dogmas, sacraments, and ordinances, which have always, everywhere, and by all the faithful, been held sacred. Such alone can be the anchor of any soul*, especially such a soul as Constance Kent's. We see the consequences of such teaching by the tossing to and fro of unstable souls, and by the various winds of doctrine which *agitate*, but can never *regulate* unbalanced minds."

There seems to be a wide spread system of monkery in the Anglican camp, if our last quotation means what it seems to bear upon the surface: let it be read with attention and thought over; perhaps, however, the last few sentences are too ridiculous to excite any feeling but that of amusement, at the novel idea of hidden life in Christ amidst boatings and cricketings, &c.:—

"And now, in conclusion, I address myself to such as are banded together in a holy order of brotherhood—a brotherhood bearing the name of the Holy Trinity, and formed, I believe, in large measure from undergraduates of our universities and sixth forms of public schools and colleges.

"To you I wish now especially to speak with warm sympathy, fatherly affection, and *sincere* but not *severe* truth. Many of you, I know, are in training for the *single*, devoted, and *higher* life, Aim, then, to be priests, Catholic priests, without priestliness. Enlarge your minds, now you have the best, perhaps the only opportunity, with classical learning, ancient lore, and general information: cultivate the society of others in different situations, and from collision of mind with mind, learn the lesson of large sympathy and universal humanity. Don't be caught by the fringes and frontals of religion, by gold, or silver, or ivory crosses. Before you *look* at the cross without, *feel* it within, and bear it with right good will. If you are called *Romanist, Papist, Jesuit*, through frequenting *early communions* and daily services, answer not again; or, if you can't receive an injury like a stone wall, take your 'revenge' by returning a good word for an evil one—good-will for ill-will. Remember ill-will was Constance Kent's initiative in her sad case. Ponder that case, as a preparation for dealing with such dread cases ten years hence, as priests; *but speak little of it now.* At present yours must be the silent, hidden life in CHRIST amidst *cricketings, boatings*, and other *manly and healthy sports. Don't be in a hurry for martyrdom.* When you are priests, then martyrs you *must* be. But shun notoriety now, good or bad, for both are dangerously flattering."

Gleanings from Nature.

THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

THE invisible! how various are the emotions which the thought of the unseen calls up in different minds; is it to be a ghost story? a charmingly horrible recital of how some village maiden was scared, as she passed down the lane, by the apparition of a large figure, with balls of fire in its head, and from whose mouth proceeded smoke; which calmer reflection and enquiry proved to be Farmer Tomkins' white-faced cow, lounging its lazy head over the top of the gate. No it is not to be a ghost story; nor do we intend now to descant upon that vast army of real but unseen agencies, whose business it is to do the will of their Maker, and who are constantly engaged ministering to the heirs of salvation. We have no means of piercing the veil, though it may be but a very slight one, which intervenes between us and those myriad inhabitants of the unseen world, which "walk the earth both when we wake, and when we sleep." The existence of these members of the spirit-world is matter of faith and not of sight, and we would not if we could, indulge in the impious absurdities of the so-called "mediums," who pretend to recall to this material sphere the disembodied spirits of either friend or foe; for we have no sympathy with revelations of a shockingly stupid character from those who, while in the flesh, could at least speak thoughtfully, and with some pretensions to the proprieties of language; yet we are fain to confess that without a medium we cannot make acquaintance with that vast range of invisible life to which we desire to introduce our readers.

There is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in our philosophy, but in order that our philosophy may be enlightened, we must obtain aid from without. The human eye is admirably adapted for the various functions it has to fulfil, and the range of its power is wonderful, extending as it does from an extremely small point or line to the wide and varied landscape of plain and mountain: yet as there are limits to the extent of its powers in distance, and thousands of objects too far remote to imprint any image upon its sensitive screen, so are there tribes of animated existences so minute, that the eye of man cannot behold them; the medium, however, is not one that by mysterious rappings, or ingenious dodges, imposes upon the credulous, but has been prepared by men of scientific precision and skill, and gradually brought to its present high state of perfection by the labours of many generations. It is, moreover, available to all who are willing to accept the help it will afford them.

Will you take the Microscope, and by its aid see if these things be so? In this case surely seeing will be believing; the instrument is before you, with an object-glass of low power attached; we take from our little pond, with a camel's hair pencil, a small quantity of water, and placing it on a clean glass, proceed to examine it. With the unaided eye you do not see anything in the water; place it under the object-glass; now you behold a number of bodies moving about with the greatest freedom, to whom the drop is a mimic ocean, through which they swim, now within and then gliding gracefully out of the field of vision. Mark well the shapes of those you see that you may again recognise them, and the magnifying power shall be increased; it will, however, be desirable to make the water more shallow; this we do placing over the drop a film of French glass, about one-fiftieth of an inch in thickness, which being gently let down flattens the water, without injuring its living occupants. On again observing it, you find the creatures you first beheld appear vastly increased in apparent size, and with them many others you could not previously detect; and there are others still smaller, whose forms are so ill-defined, that you must still further increase the power of the microscope, and press the French glass cover of the drop so that it shall be a mere film, and lo! there are beings so small, that we may conclude human skill has not yet succeeded in enabling us to trace out the most minute forms of living organisms.

How astonishingly lavish of life the

Great Father seems to be! The many forms of larger animals, tribes of birds, and myriads of insects, are all outnumbered when we regard those smaller members of the animated kingdom; they are everywhere, either as living beings, or as germs waiting only sunshine and moisture to be developed into being. Well might the poet of the "Seasons," write—

"Full nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass descend,
Of animals or atoms organized,
* * * * *
——where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible
Amid the floating verdure millions stray."

So minute are some of these atoms that many thousands of them might be placed side by side on a line an inch long, and Mr. Rymer Jones informs us that in a drop of water no larger than a cube of one-twelfth of an inch, eight hundred millions may be contained. While in a cubic inch of water the astonishing number of thirteen billions, eight hundred and twenty-four millions of these animated organisms might disport themselves. The mind seems to be as inadequate to conceive the extreme minuteness of these works of the Creator, as it is to grasp the dimensions of those mighty orbs which reflect back the light of the central luminary; or the great distances which intervene between them and their primary around which they revolve; but the figures in each case have been ascertained after investigation by masters in science, and we may take them as illustrative of the wonder-working hand of him to whom nothing is large and nothing small.

Minute as are the beings under consideration, they are endowed with locomotive powers, and move with greater or less freedom through the waters. It has been thought that, at least some of them do not move as the result of acts of volition, but in obedience to an impulse similar to that which impels certain leaves of plants and minuter forms of vegetation to almost ceaseless action; be this however, as it may, move they certainly do, and many with great rapidity, considering their diminutive forms. They are chiefly furnished with cilia, hair-like appendages in constant motion, others unfurnished with cilia are termed root footed, Rhizopoda, because they travel by means of long filaments of their own substance, often projected eight or ten times the length of the body; of which class, we have a common but striking example frequently found attached to portions of weed or other matter floating in ponds.* We have one here which shall be placed under the microscope for your amusement, it is a tolerably large specimen, being about the seventieth of an inch in diameter, from which these creatures diminish in size down to the twenty-eight hundredth part of an inch. Now it is isolated, and has the appearance of a whitish grey ball, rather shapeless, and without organ of any kind, then it gradually alters its form, and there is a projection, which lengthens, until it looks like a long finger, pressed down to the glass, and by taking firm hold, the body is drawn after it; another projection is thrown out, and again the position of the creature is changed; the filaments thus thrown out, or rather one of them, has come in contact with an organized body, which seems to be paralyzed by the touch, the filament is gradually retracted, but the animal has no mouth. Ah, but it will not lose its dinner for all that; see, the food is pressed against the soft side, which yields to admit it, the surrounding substance closes over, and the luckless prey is safely entombed, and will be digested at the leisure of our little friend, the *Proteus;* so called from the facility with which its form is changed. Our drop of water is, however, full of life, manifested in the quaintest forms. Here come some animated bladders rolling over and over as they pursue the even tenor of their way. Here are some sausages, or rather we might suppose them to be inflated skins of sausages on which fairies have dined, so transparent are they; yet they go swimming along in quiet dignified ease, utterly regardless of impediments; for in endeavouring to pass between some equally expanded comrades, their sides collapse in a manner it were to be wished could be imitated by the expanded coverings of our fair friends when they desire to pass us in pew or public conveyance. Here is one turning round and round in giddy gyrations upon an unseen axis. Is it a peg top which has just been

* Amœbæ, from the Greek, *Amoibos*, changing.

thrown down by an unseen and very small boy, or is it being whipped round by an invisible Puck? neither one nor the other, for now being tired of this revolving state, it has swiftly swum out of the field of vision. Here comes a tiny fluted column with either end rounded off; there is a round disc with a few long hairs projected from its surface, and is whisked across the vision with great rapidity. Now we have some florence oil flasks, or what at least are very like them in form, and, yes, certainly! there are a pair of the large ends of the flasks fastened together! What has happened here? Is this a *lusus naturæ?* Oh, no, the little creatures are only practising multiplication by division. We have frequently watched the whole operation; first a little nick appears in the small end, and gradually extends all down the animal until it is finally divided along its length, and two animals exist, where previously there was but one. They do not all thus divide longitudinally, but many of them transversely, and it is not a little amusing to observe each trying to swim in a contrary direction, the stronger at length carrying off his weaker but attached brother who, no doubt, rejoices when the tie is severed. Do you perceive that round-bodied fellow with a long swan-like neck, which it gracefully moves in every direction? Is it not a very striking, though extremely small representative of those huge fish-like reptiles, the Ichthyosauri, which dwelt in by-gone times, but whose forms are modelled in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. But we must not linger over the shapes here presented of trumpets, serpents, boats, cups, funnels, globes, cylinders, spindles, and many others: some with mouths, and apparently very hungry ones too, while many are not provided with, what would seem to be, this very necessary appendage, and who therefore take their nutriment by imbibition through their delicate tissues. Those who have not the opportunity of observing the curious shapes of these tiny beings, should at least gratify their eyes with a view of their portraits as depicted in the magnificent work of Ehrenberg, Dr. Pritchard's "Infusoral Animalcules," or in the plates attached to the "Micrographic Dictionary."

It is not surprising that vast numbers of Animalcules should swarm in almost all waters when their processes of division are considered, and the rapidity with which the operation is carried on; they however, multiply, not only by spontaneous division, but by gemmation, that is, the development of buds upon the surface of the parent animal which give rise to similar creatures or germs which are developed into them; or by the encysting process, in which the parent becomes as it were the egg from which proceeds not one, but many similar forms of life. They are moreover tenacious of life, or perhaps it were better said, that they are capable of resisting what might be considered as unfavourable conditions; thus, if the water containing them be frozen hard and subjected to cold equal to twenty degrees below freezing point, when the ice has melted, the little fellows will be found swimming about as if nothing particular had happened to them; on the other hand, they have not only been found floating in hot springs, but the water in which they have dwelt has been gradually raised from a temperate condition to the boiling point, and many have survived this rather severe test. The life of an individual, according to some observers who have kept them in confinement under conditions as near as possible similar to those in which they naturally exist, is between four and five weeks; in the encysted state, of course the germ of vitality is of much longer duration, and as the animal divides and divides again, the life of the individual may be continued through so many generations, or rather literally split into so many portions, that it is extremely difficult to detect the original parent among a host of precisely similar offshoots.

The rapidity with which animals of this simple type make their appearance in water containing decaying vegetable matter is well known. They may usually be found in water in which cut flowers have been kept for a time; this facility of development has given them the name, Infusoria, by which as a class they are popularly known. The old observers amuse themselves and their friends by preparing infusions of various kinds in order to obtain the living atoms developed under these influences;

and it is amusing to read their directions how to prepare infusions of pepper, hay, wheat, celery, and numerous other plants, all of which were to yield specific kinds of animalcules; but we fear that the experimenter was often disappointed by finding several creatures in one infusion, and that in different infusions were to be seen similar animals. The readiness with which they are developed, and the difficulty of tracing their first appearance, has given rise to the curiously absurd notion of so-called spontaneous generation, by which we suppose is meant that either these animals create themselves, or that they are created as the result of the vegetation becoming decomposed; either notion being altogether beyond the limited capacity of one who believes that all things were made by God, and without him was not, nor is, anything made. For while we can conceive that like may produce like, and are ready to admit that it is difficult, nay in many cases impossible, to trace the presence of vital germs, yet we are far too opaque to see how like can produce unlike, or how the destruction of a vegetable organism can be the creation of an organized animal; but as the subject has long agitated men's minds, and shallow reasoners have been led away by first appearances, it may be gratifying to some who have perhaps feared to know the truth, to be informed that a committee of savans appointed by the French academy to investigate some most interesting experiments carried out by Messrs. Pasteur, Pouchet and others, with a view to elucidate the question, have reported that no life is manifested, if due care be taken to destroy the existing germs which may be in the air or water. It is much to be lamented that the disposition should be frequently so strong to eliminate God from his works, and to give to a blind unerring law the glory which belongs to him alone. The waters teem with myriads of germs, numbers of which are taken up in the air and carried hither and thither; many being deposited where they fall, but many others where, finding suitable conditions, they burst into life. Messrs. Griffith and Henfrey writing in the "Micrographic Dictionary" on this point state; "If the liquid containing the decomposing matter be heated to ebullition for some time in a closed vessel, into the cork of which two bent tubes are inserted, and after the air has been completely displaced by the vapour, fresh air be admitted previously passed through red hot tubes, animalcules cease to be met with"; and they add "that the liquid has not been rendered incapable of supporting the life of the animal forms is shown by subsequently admitting air which has not been heated to redness, when the animalcules appear as rapidly as before."

To members of this group of microscopic beings is due the beautiful phenomena of phosphorescence which has charmed every one who has spent a little time at the sea-shore: myriads of tiny creatures, each emitting its minute spark of light, irradiate with their splendours the crest of the wave as it breaks upon the shore, or falls in flashes of brilliant light from the oar as the boatmen lifts it from the water. The spark of light in each though truly small is not hid, but being freely given forth, it scatters beauty and radiance far and wide. May not all who have received a beam of Divine light, though it be ever so small, emulate the tiny animalcule, and light up by its reflection some dark spot? Even around our coasts this phenomenon is seen with great beauty, but in tropical seas, its effects are extraordinarily beautiful, where sometimes the whole surface far as the eye can stretch seems one vast sheet of sheen, the wake of the vessel displaying the most vivid and varied scintillations, and the spray breaking upon the prow, falls like a shower of brilliantly illuminated sparks. Every one must be familiar with Coleridge's description in the "Ancient Mariner," of the singular beauty of the scene:—

"Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy-green, and velvet-black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire."

Thus in mercy vast as his own infinitude does the Creator condescend to fill the world with beauty, and much of it of a character to stimulate the exertions of his creature man; literally,

these are works that have to be sought out by them that take pleasure therein; but how great is the reward in return for the pains and labour bestowed upon the search! Did they serve no other object in creation than this, it would seem to be enough, but doubtless they fulfil a higher purpose. Let us, in conclusion, hear Professor Owen on this point. "Consider," he says, "their incredible numbers, their universal distribution, their insatiable voracity; and that it is the particles of decaying vegetable and animal bodies which they are appointed to devour and assimilate. Surely we must, in some degree, be indebted to these ever-active invisible scavengers for the salubrity of the atmosphere, and the purity of water. Nor is this all; they perform a still more important office in preventing the gradual diminution of the present amount of organized matter upon the earth. For when this matter is dissolved or suspended in water in that state of comminution and decay which immediately precedes its final decomposition into the elementary gases and its consequent return to the inorganic world, these wakeful members of Nature's invisible police are everywhere ready to arrest the fugitive organized particles, and turn them back into the ascending stream of animal life. Having converted the dead and decomposing particles into their own living tissues, they themselves become the food of larger Infusoria, and of numerous other small animals, which in their turn are devoured by larger animals; and thus a food fit for the nourishment of the highest organized beings is brought back, by a short route, from the extremity of the realms of organized matter."

W. R. Selwat.

Notices.

On the afternoon of Friday, August 4th, the foundation-stone of the new Chapel, Drummond-road, Bermondsey, was laid by Mr. Spurgeon. The rapidly-increasing population in this neighbourhood could not but suggest to the visitors on that occasion, the sound wisdom and genuine philanthropy which suggested the erection of a comfortable place of worship in this spiritually destitute locality. Happily the weather, which for some days previously had been wet and stormy, quite cleared up, and was fine during the whole of the proceedings. A hymn having been sung, Mr. Spurgeon offered fervent prayer that abundant success might crown this undertaking. He then addressed the assembled friends in an animated speech, telling them how for a long time it had been in his heart to erect a place of worship in that vicinity, and how real was the pleasure he felt at seeing his hopes about to be realized under such favourable circumstances. He told the friends already associated in Christian fellowship at Mill Lane, Blue Anchor Road, that having given them a start, they must now endeavour to run alone, of which they had given good promise in the efforts they had already made. He then called upon Mr. William Olney to give a short account of money received and promised towards this object. The favourable statement made by Mr. Olney elicited great acclamation. Mr. Offord, of Palace Gardens, then made a few earnest remarks upon the "tried Foundation Stone" laid by God in Zion, which were followed by an appropriate address from Mr. J. A. Spurgeon. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon then laid the stone, using his own silver trowel for the purpose, and amusing the on-lookers by the workmanlike manner in which he handled the mallet and trowel. Beneath the stone a bottle was placed, containing the "Sword and Trowel" for August, Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon, entitled, "Withholding the Corn," and a pamphlet, detailing some interesting facts concerning the rise and progress of the cause in that place. A large number of the inhabitants of the immediate vicinity were present, and appeared to take a lively interest in the proceedings. The friends then adjourned to the schoolroom at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where tea was provided at five o'clock. The meeting in the lecture-hall, after tea, was rendered very interesting by the soul-stirring addresses of the speakers. The Minister

of the Independent congregation meeting in the Iron Church, Blue Anchor Road, was present, and in a few words showed the urgent need which existed for increased Christian effort, and accommodation for worship in the district surrounding the new Chapel; and expressed his entire sympathy with the work, and a desire to co-operate with the Minister who might be appointed to that station. Mr. Spurgeon again showed his enthusiasm in the work of erecting places of worship where a pure gospel may be proclaimed, by an earnest appeal for renewed and increased assistance; and mentioned other places where it was the intention of himself and his fellow-workers to build chapels. He was followed by Mr. S. Cowdy of Arthur-street, Mr. John Olney, Mr. Davies, of Greenwich, Mr. Genders, of Wandsworth, and Mr. Varley, of Bayswater. The meeting was concluded by a prayer which found a hearty response in every breast, that the work of that day, though regarded with indifference by the world, might be blessed in its results to many generations.

Mr. R. A. Griffin, of the Tabernacle College, has received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Sandhurst, Kent. The ministry of Mr. Griffin has been increasingly acceptable and useful for several months past at that place, and we augur the happiest results from his permanent connection with that church and people.

Mr. Speed, of the Tabernacle College, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, in Mill Street, Bedford. He has entered upon his ministry there with encouraging prospects of success.

On the 9th of last month Mr. Spurgeon visited Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, the scene of the labours of Mr. T. Hughes, formerly a student at our College. Mr. Spurgeon preached in a large marquee. The day was very fine, and about three thousand persons were assembled on the occasion. Such a meeting has never before been known at Woodstock. Good collections were made, half of which was devoted to the Baptist interest at Woodstock, and half to the College. Special prayer-meetings were held on the week immediately preceding, and great good is expected to result from the proceedings.

On Saturday, 9th July, Mr. S. Crabb, from the Tabernacle College, was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church, Aberchirder, Banffshire. Mr. W. Tulloch, Edinburgh, after the preliminary services, put the usual questions, and, having received satisfactory answers, offered the dedicatory prayer. He then preached on the duties of the pastor to himself and the church. Mr. Jas. Macfarlane, of Elgin, then addressed the church on its duties to the pastor. On the Tuesday following, a social tea-meeting was held. Mr. Crabb presided, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Macfarlane, Tulloch, Alexander, and Bodie.

August 16th, Mr. Spurgeon preached at Redhill on behalf of the Church which has been raised there under our late student, Mr. Smith. After the service, a bazaar was opened in the Town Hall. There are no fears as to the success of this effort. The new chapel, being the third proposed for this year, will be proceeded with at once.

The following account of the opening of our New Baptist Chapel at Ealing, is abridged from *The Middlesex County Times*:—

"The new chapel is a neat and pleasingly simple structure. The front is of white brick, and has a semi-portico with two doors, one at each end, and a large window on each side. The interior is lofty. The pews, minister's platform, and fittings are neat and convenient; and the lighting appears very effective. The execution of the entire work has given the greatest satisfaction to all concerned. The building has sitting accommodation for 450 persons.

"Thursday last being the day fixed for opening services, the chapel was inconveniently crowded, there being not less than 500 persons present, and many were compelled to stand near the entrance. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon besought a blessing on the new sanctuary. Mr. W. Isaac, minister of the Ealing Congregational Church, also engaged in prayer, which was of the most fervent and impressive character. Mr. James Spurgeon read the lesson. The sermon was preached by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon from the text, "When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory." The sermon was in every way beautifully fitted

to the occasion, and was calculated to leave a lasting impression on all those who had the privilege of hearing it.

"At the conclusion of the afternoon service a collection was made, which amounted to over £43.

"About seven o'clock a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by J. T. Olney, Esq. The meeting was opened with singing and prayer, the latter being most fervently engaged in by the respected pastor of the chapel, Mr. Fergusson, one of the tutors of Mr. Spurgeon's College.

"In the course of the chairman's opening remarks, allusion was made to the two rows of iron hooks which were seen to protrude from the side walls. These hooks had been judiciously inserted to allow of a subsequent addition, if necessary, of galleries. The hooks, the chairman remarked, had been put there for another object besides this—which was to remind them that their task was not yet completed, although they had already done so much. The time might come when these galleries would be necessary, for the population of Ealing was very rapidly increasing; and in addition to this work, they hoped to build a school-room and vestry. He hoped that it would not be more than three months before the school-room would be commenced, for this, of all other things, was much needed.

"Mr. Rogers, tutor at Mr. Spurgeon's Training College; Mr. W. Isaac, Congregational Minister, of Ealing; Mr. Foster; and Mr. Varley, of Notting Hill, addressed the meeting.

"The chairman announced the gratifying fact that he had that day, in addition to the afternoon's collection, which amounted to £43, received bank notes and cheques to the amount of nearly £40.

[*From a pressure of matter,* REVIEWS *are postponed until next month.*]

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 91.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from July 19th, to August 18th, 1865.

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Witchwood Forest, after Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon	24	0	0
Mr. J. Craddock	0	2	6
Mr. J. Griffiths	10	0	0
Mr. Hanks' Catechumen Class	15	0	0
Proceeds of Tea Meeting at Tabernacle	70	0	0
Mr. Vickery	1	1	0
Mr. J. Balls	3	0	0
First Fruits, M. M.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Wright, Birmingham	5	0	0
A Liverpool Disciple	1	0	0
Collection at Oddington, after Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon	15	0	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0
The Misses Dransfield	4	4	0
Miss Hadland	0	10	6
A young Friend	1	1	0
A little Girl	0	6	0
Young Friends	0	13	0
Mrs. Stacey	0	15	0
Mrs. Tiffin	0	5	0
W. T., Birmingham	0	5	0
Mr. H., Kerridge	0	10	0
Quartus	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Banting	0	10	0
Mrs. Maria Butlin	0	2	6
A Friend, Miss C.	0	10	0
First Fruits, A. and E. Denny	1	0	0
A Friend at Palace Gardens Chapel ..	1	0	0
Mr. Danzy Sheen	1	0	0
Miss C. Woodstock	2	0	0
Mr. and Miss Brown, Freemantle ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Hodge, Padstow	5	0	0
Mr. J. Thorne	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Conder	3	16	3
C. T.	10	0	0
A Friend	0	7	0
Moiety of Collection at Woodstock, after Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon ..	15	16	0
H. F.	10	0	0
Collection at Palace Gardens Chapel, after Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon ..	26	0	0
A great Sinner	0	10	0
Mr. J. Challis	1	0	0
Collection at Great Easton, by Mr. Tubb	3	0	0
Mr. W. Jones, Upstreet	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, July 24	10	11	6
" " " " 31	25	4	7
" " " Aug. 7	23	9	0
" " " " 14	20	3	11
	£318	13	3

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

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1865.

Two Episodes in my Life.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

SUPERSTITION is to religion what fiction is to history. Not content with the marvels of providence and grace which truly exist around us, fanaticism invents wonders and constructs for itself prodigies. Besides being wickedly mischievous, this fabrication is altogether unnecessary and superfluous, for as veritable history is often more romantic than romance, so certified divine interpositions are frequently far more extraordinary than those extravaganzas which claim fancy and frenzy as their parents. Every believing man into whose inner life we have been permitted to gaze without reserve, has made a revelation to us more or less partaking of the marvellous, but has generally done so under protest, as though we were to hold it for ever under the seal of secrecy. Had we not very distinctly been assured of their trustworthiness, we should have been visited with incredulity, or have suspected the sanity of our informants, and such unbelief would by no means have irritated them, for they themselves expected no one to believe in their remarkable experiences, and would not have unveiled their secret *to us* if they had not hoped against hope that our eye would view it from a sympathising point of view. Our personal pathway has been so frequently directed contrary to our own design and beyond our own conception by singularly powerful impulses, and irresistibly suggestive providences, that it were wanton wickedness for us to deride the doctrine that God occasionally grants to his servants a special and perceptible manifestation of his will for their guidance, over and above the strengthening energies of the Holy Spirit, and the sacred teaching of the inspired Word. We are not likely to adopt the peculiarities of the Quakers, but in this respect we are heartily agreed with them.

It needs a deliberate and judicious reflection to distinguish between the actual and apparent in professedly preternatural intimations, and if opposed to Scripture and common sense, we must neither believe in them

nor obey them. The precious gift of reason is not to be ignored; we are not to be drifted hither and thither by every wayward impulse of a fickle mind, nor are we to be led into evil by suppositious impressions; these are misuses of a great truth, a murderous use of most useful edged tools. But notwithstanding all the folly of hairbrained rant, we believe that the unseen hand may be at times assuredly felt by gracious souls, and the mysterious power which guided the minds of the seers of old may, even to this day, sensibly overshadow reverent spirits. We would speak discreetly, but we dare say no less.

The two following incidents, however, accounted for by others, have but one explanation to the writer; he sees in them the wisdom of God shaping his future in a way most strange. The first story needs a little preface to set it forth; pardon, therefore, gentle reader, trivial allusions. When I was a very small boy, I was staying at my grandfather's, where I had aforetime spent my earliest days, and as the manner was, I read the Scriptures at family prayer. Once upon a time, when reading the passage in Revelation which mentions the bottomless pit, I paused, and said, "Grandpa, what can this mean?" The answer was kind, but unsatisfactory: "Pooh, pooh, child, go on." The child, however, intended to have an explanation, and therefore selected the same chapter morning after morning, and always halted at the same verse to repeat the inquiry, hoping that he should by that means importune the good old gentleman into a reply. The process was successful, for it is by no means the most edifying thing in the world to hear the history of the Mother of Harlots, and the beast with seven heads, every morning in the week, Sunday included, with no sort of alternation either of psalm or gospel: the venerable patriarch of the household therefore capitulated at discretion, with, "Well, dear, what is it that puzzles you?" Now the child had often seen baskets with but very frail bottoms, which, in course of wear, became bottomless, and allowed the fruit placed therein to drop upon the ground; here then was the puzzle,—if the pit aforesaid had no bottom, where would all those people fall to who dropped out at its lower end?—a puzzle which rather startled the propriety of family worship, and had to be laid aside for explanation at some more convenient season. Queries of the like simple but rather unusual stamp, would frequently break up into paragraphs of a miscellaneous length the Bible-reading of the assembled family, and had there not been a world of love and license allowed to the inquisitive reader, he would very soon have been deposed from his office. As it was, the Scriptures were not very badly rendered, and were probably quite as interesting as if they had not been interspersed with original and curious enquiries. On one of these occasions, Mr. Knill, late of Chester, and now of the New Jerusalem, whose name is a household word, whose memory is precious to thousands at home and abroad, stayed at the minister's house on Friday, in readiness to preach for the London Missionary Society on the following Sabbath. *He* never looked into a young face without yearning to impart some spiritual gift; he was all love, kindness, earnestness, and warmth, and coveted the souls of men as misers desire the gold which their hearts pine after. He marked the case before him, and set to work at once. The boy's reading was commended—a little judicious praise is the sure way to the young heart; and an agreement made with

the lad, that on the next morning, being Saturday, he would show Mr. Knill over the garden, and take him for a walk before breakfast; a task so flattering to juvenile self-importance was sure to be readily entered upon. There was a tap at the door, and the child was soon out of bed and in the garden with his new friend, who won his heart in no time by pleasing stories and kind words, and giving him a chance to communicate in return. The talk was all about Jesus and the pleasantness of loving him, nor was it mere talk, there was pleading too. Into the great yew arbour—cut into a sort of sugar loaf—both went, and the soul-winner knelt down with his arms around the youthful neck, and poured out vehement intercession for the salvation of the lad. The next morning witnessed the same instruction and supplication, and the next also, while all day long the pair were never far apart, and never out of each others' thoughts. The Mission sermons were preached in the old Puritan meeting-house, and the man of God was called to go to the next halting-place in his tour as a deputation from the Society, but he did not leave till he had uttered a most remarkable prophecy. After even more earnest prayer alone with his little *protégé*, he appeared to have a burden on his mind, and he could not go till he had eased himself of it. In after years he was heard to say that he felt a singular interest in me, and an earnest expectation for which he could not account. Calling the family together, he took me on his knee, and I distinctly remember his saying, "I do not know how it is, but I feel a solemn presentiment that this child will preach the gospel to thousands, and God will bless him to many souls. So sure am I of this, that when my little man preaches in Rowland Hill's Chapel, as he will do one day, I should like him to promise me that he will give out the hymn beginning,

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

This promise was of course made and was followed by another, that at his express desire I would learn the hymn in question and think of what he had said. The prophetic declaration was fulfilled, and the hymn was sung, both in Surrey Chapel and in Wooton-under-Edge in redemption of my pledge, when I had the pleasure of preaching the Word of life in Mr. Hill's former pulpit. Did the words of Mr. Knill help to bring about their own fulfilment? I think so. I believed them, and looked forward to the time when I should preach the Word: I felt very powerfully that no unconverted person might dare to enter the ministry; this made me, I doubt not, all the more intent upon seeking salvation and more hopeful of it, and when by grace enabled to cast myself upon the Saviour's love, it was not long before my mouth began to speak of his redemption. How came that sober-minded minister to speak thus of one into whose future God alone could see? How came it that he lived to rejoice with his young brother in the truth of all that he had spoken? We think *we* know the answer; but each reader has a right to his own: so let it rest, but not till we have marked one practical lesson. Would to God that we were all as wise as Richard Knill, and habitually sowed beside all waters. On the day of his death, in his eightieth year, Elliott, "the apostle of the Indians," was occupied in teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside. A friend said,

"Why not rest from your labours now?" "Because," replied the man of God, "I have prayed God to render me useful in my sphere, and he has heard my prayers; for now that I am unable to preach, he leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his letters." To despise no opportunity of usefulness is a leading rule with those who are wise to win souls. Mr. Knill might very naturally have left the minister's little grandson on the plea that he had other duties of more importance than praying with children, and yet who shall say that he did not effect as much by that act of humble ministry as by dozens of sermons addressed to crowded audiences. At any rate, *to me* his tenderness in considering the little one was fraught with everlasting consequences, and I must ever feel that his time was well laid out. May we do good everywhere as we have opportunity, and results will not be wanting.

Soon after I had begun to preach the Word in the village of Waterbeach, I was strongly advised to enter Stepney, now Regent's Park College, to prepare more fully for the ministry. Knowing that solid learning is never an incumbrance, and is often a great means of usefulness, I felt inclined to avail myself of the opportunity of attaining it: although I might be useful without a College training, I consented to the opinion of friends that I should be more useful with it. Dr. Angus, the tutor of the College, visited Cambridge, and it was arranged that we should meet at the house of Mr. Macmillan, the publisher. Thinking and praying over the matter, I entered the house exactly at the time appointed, and was shown into a room, where I waited patiently a couple of hours, feeling too much impressed with my own insignificance, and the greatness of the tutor from London, to venture to ring the bell, and make inquiries as to the unreasonably long delay. At last patience having had her perfect work, the bell was set in motion, and on the arrival of the servant, the waiting young man was informed that the doctor had tarried in another room until he could stay no longer and had gone off to London by train. The stupid girl had given no information to the family that any one had called, and had been shown into the drawing-room, and consequently the meeting never came about, although designed by both parties. I was not a little disappointed at the moment, but have a thousand times thanked the Lord very heartily for the strange providence which forced my steps into another and far better path.

Still holding to the idea of entering the collegiate institution, I thought of writing and making an immediate application, but this was not to be. That afternoon having to preach at one of the village stations, I walked slowly in a meditating frame of mind over Midsummer Common to the little wooden bridge which leads to Chesterton, and in the midst of the common I was startled by what seemed a loud voice, but may have been a singular illusion, which ever it was the impression was most vivid; I seemed very distinctly to hear the words, "Seekest thou great things for thyself, seek them not!" This led me to look at my position from another point of view, and to challenge my motives and intentions; I remembered the poor but loving people to whom I ministered, and the souls which had been given me in my humble charge, and although at that time I anticipated obscurity and poverty as the result of the resolve, yet I did there and then solemnly renounce

the offer of collegiate instruction, determining to abide for a season at least with my people, and to remain preaching the Word so long as I had strength to do it. Had it not been for those words, in all probability I had never been where and what I now am.

Waiting upon the Lord for direction will never fail to afford us timely intimations of his will, for though the ephod is no more worn by a ministering priest, the Lord still guides his people by his wisdom, and orders all their paths in love; and in times of perplexity, by ways mysterious and remarkable, he says to them, "this is the way, walk ye in it." Probably if our hearts were more tender, we might be favoured with more of these sacred monitions; but alas, instead thereof, we are like the horse and the mule, which have no understanding, and therefore, the bit and bridle of affliction take the place of gentler means, else might that happier method be more often used, of which the Psalmist speaks in the sentence, "thou shalt guide me with thine eye."

The two instances of divine guidance which we have given, are specimens of those particular providences which are common in religious biographies. Out of scores which start up in our memory, we shall select one from the eminently useful life of Peter Bedford, of Spitalfields, whose recent death so many will remember.

"One summer, Mr. Bedford and two of his nephews were staying for a fortnight at Ramsgate, enjoying the fine weather and the sea breezes. They had nearly spent their allotted term of holiday, which would expire on the Monday ensuing. But on the morning of the preceding Saturday Mr. Bedford woke very early, with a strong impression on his mind that he must return that day to London. Accordingly he rose at once, and, going to the bedroom of each of his nephews, informed them that he should have occasion to proceed to the city that morning. They at once ordered an early breakfast, settled accounts, and all went on board the first packet for the Metropolis.

"Mr. Bedford did not, however, know the particular object for his return, beyond the impulse of a strong and clear impression that it was his duty to do so.

"On arriving at his house in Stewart Street, Spitalfields, he found everything going on right; and the remainder of the day passed off quietly, as usual; and with no special occurrence whatever. He now began to feel suspicious that he had acted under a mistaken impression. Next day, Sunday, he attended worship as usual; both forenoon and afternoon passed, and still nothing particular took place. He now feared strongly that a delusion had actuated him.

"But in the evening, whilst sitting at the supper-table with two acquaintances, the door-bell rung violently, and a sudden conviction came into Mr. Bedford's mind that he was about to learn the cause of his impression at Ramsgate. He rose from table, leaving his friends to themselves, and went to meet his visitor in a private apartment. A tall young man, pale and agitated, entered and threw himself on a sofa. He was greatly excited, but presently communicated to Mr. Bedford the information that a very near relative had just left his home and family under most painful circumstances, and with the intention of totally deserting them and at once going off to America. He besought

Mr. Bedford to endeavour, by his personal influence, to prevent the accomplishment of this ruinous and desolating resolve.

"After going into the particulars of the case more fully, and ascertaining the most probable means of effecting the desired object, Mr. Bedford returned to his friends in the other room, and informed them that circumstances of urgent necessity compelled him to leave them immediately. He and the young man accordingly hurried off together to obtain an interview with another relative of the fugitive. They were able to make arrangements with this person, of such a nature as to preclude the accomplishment of the intended flight to America. The delinquent relative was persuaded to remain in England, and became penitent for what had happened, and eventually peace was restored to his family. Thus the sudden and unexpected impression made on Mr. Bedford's mind at Ramsgate was entirely justified and confirmed by its results, the appropriate test of the nature of such impulses. It is worthy of observation that these special interpositions of Providence generally appear unexpectedly, and as things not to be looked for, or waited for, to the interruption of ordinary life and its reasonable arrangements, but as afforded merely on exceptional occasions, and by a higher wisdom than any in our possession for daily use."

Our ordinary guides are right reason and the Word of God, and we may never act contrary to these, but still we accept it as matter of faith and experience to us that on exceptional occasions, special interpositions do come to our aid, so that our steps are ordered of the Lord and made to subserve his glory. Shepherd of Israel guide thou us evermore.

Prayer Requested.

In June last, I spent a Sunday in a small town in Northern Italy. In the morning things were tolerably quiet, for many were at their usual work, and others had gone to Church; but in the afternoon and evening, the firing of guns, the grinding of organs, and the shouts of the people, chased away all chance of peace, and sickened the soul with vanity. In the centre of the square, two poor fluttering chickens, and sundry red pocket-handkerchiefs, were elevated upon a tall greasy pole, and amid roars of laughter, boys climbed to reach the coveted prize; then followed an illumination, bonfire, and banging of guns: the very semblance of a holy day had departed. The running of Sunday trains in Scotland, and the partial opening of the Crystal Palace on Sundays, are signs of a desperate resolve to rob us of the holy calm of the day of rest, and to conform us to the Continental fashion. The working man would hardly be so foolish as to join this agitation, if he remembered that the result of Sunday play is sure to be Sunday work. Already thousands have to toil seven days instead of six to furnish the thoughtless with pleasure; and the end of triumphant Sabbath desecration will be, as on the Continent, that the great mass will be reduced to constant, unceasing, ill-requited toil. It seems to me to be of little use to ask for legislative interference, or to hold public meetings to denounce the evil, our shortest and surest method is to seek unto the Lord concerning it. United, earnest prayer is therefore suggested, that a spirit of love to the day of rest may be imparted to our fellow-countrymen. Our watch-word in all cases should be, "Let us pray," and in this case we may rest assured that we shall prevail.

Cowper's Calvinism.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

THE Papuan race, it is said, is alone among the nations of the world in its utter destitution of any love for the flowers of poesy. The innocence of supersensuous feeling has hitherto been allowed to all men possessed of an impressible nature. The play of fancy, the youthful sweetness of efflorescent love, the beauties of art, and the gentle breezes of wooing poetry, have attractions to great and small, to wise and unwise. He who appreciates the rhymester's art cannot be altogether morally corrupt: so at least runs the world's argument. But who cares about Calvinistic poetry? To sing in praise of the absolute freedom of the will, to chant the glories of man's moral nature and its subjection to holy influences, to magnify our glorious selves, to exalt a nature which modern philosophy persists in describing as Godlike—all this is accounted practical, understandable, beautiful. But to popularize in poetry's sunny page the stern angularity of a narrowed creed, and wreathe the blossoms of fancy around the coarseness of a nauseous theology, is a task impossible and absurd. To hush into oblivion the boastings of man's natural moral goodness, to make his salvation depend on naught but grace, to unrobe him of all his pretentious glory, is a work unsuited to poetry, and likely to degrade the poet and his verse.

So decides the Dilettanti. To him there is no real alliance between Calvinism and poetry. He would prefer his imagination to be convulsed with some of the rhythmical chapters of the Koran, rather than with covenant-extolling songs. Yet Christendom has no need to be ashamed of its poets. Who excelled David? What Edward Irving calls "the oceans of feeling poured into David's soul," and the "true and graceful utterance of poetry infused into his lips," were but the inspiration of Calvinistic truth conveyed in lofty numbers. Since the Hebrew monarch many poets have sung, and not a few have magnified the name of the Lord in solemn songs, graced "with many a wild, indeed, but flowery spray;" and it is to a modern high-art Christian poet's muse, the writer seeks to direct the reader's attention. Cowper's Calvinism breathes through nearly every page of his serious poems. In his letters, there is no mistake as to his theological soundness; but with them the writer chooses not to deal. It is as strongly developed in his hymns; but as the reader may be more versed in them than in the poems, it is convenient that they should not be further referred to. A dip into his volume of poems will be no unprofitable employment, and may lead to a closer study of them. He who thoroughly understands Cowper's theology as conveyed in his poems, will never henceforth ascribe wrong motives to Calvin's Calvinism. The poet detested "doctrines warpt to what they never meant," and exposed the

> "Arts sagacious dupes invent,
> To cheat themselves and gain the world's assent,"

the worst of which is "Scripture warped from its intent." Consequently, whenever we meet with a doctrinal sentiment, we find it fearlessly expressed, as though the author was aware how much he might be misunderstood, and therefore he preferred the gibe to a timid interpretation. Herein let us see a commendable example!

It is impossible for the mind to conceive clearer representations than Cowper gave of *human depravity*. The age in which he lived gave the cold shoulder to this searching truth. It was, therefore, the more necessary to proclaim it unmistakably. Certain morality-mongering parsons might protest, but a poet who reckons Paul the model and standard preacher would not be likely to fear feeble mimics. It is sad to picture man as going wrong "with an ingenious skill," and as like those,

> "Who with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
> First put it out, then take it for a guide."

Sad that unregenerate man should be

> "An instrument, whose cords upon the stretch,
> And strained to the last screw that he can bear,
> Yield only discord in the Maker's ear."

Sad, doubtless, to mighty ones of earth that spiritual ignorance is lunacy; and that the soul is so lost that she is "fallen from her glory, and too weak to rise." Sad also to the poor but proud, that they "set their faces as a rock" against God's best gift, which "they scoff at and refuse." And oh! how sad—

> "Man is the genuine offspring of revolt,
> Stubborn and sturdy as a wild ass colt."

Unpalatable truths, Mr. Dilettante! But truths which the noblest and best of men receive, and are thankful for receiving.

As if to permanently offend the Pharisaic world, divine sovereignty must be described, and beautifully eulogised.

> "The cross!
> There, and there only, is the power to save."

"The half mankind" which maintains a churlish strife with "the Donor of eternal life," is sternly told that—

> "Where all
> Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts
> Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark.
> May punish, if he please, the less, to warn
> The more malignant."

Not less emphatic is the poet's utterance of the correlative truth of *man's responsibility*. Cowper does not so frequently allude to this doctrine as to others He however takes pains in his poem on the "Progress of Error," to show how man possesses an elective voice for good and evil, and with what struggles those principles seek to gain the mastery:—

> "Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
> Man may improve the crisis, or abuse;
> Else, on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,
> Say to what bar amenable were man?
> With nought in charge he could betray no trust;
> And if he fell, would fall because he must."

This quotation will doubtless shock the hyper-Calvinistic ear, but we disdain suppression where the truth has received such strong Scriptural

confirmation. That man should be punished without strong warnings and earnest entreaties, is not according to the genius of the gospel:—

> "Divine authority within man's breast,
> Brings every thought, word, action, to the test;
> Warns him, or prompts, approves him, or restrains,
> As reason, or as passion, takes the reins,
> Heaven from above, and conscience from within,
> Cry in his startled ear—Abstain from sin."

The world's pleasures, lust's treacherous fires, and the sordid gains of a present state, pull contrariwise, as saith the Saviour, "the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful." Happy the man who listens to God's solemn warnings, trusts his word, and flies for refuge to the Saviour.

This thought brings us to Cowper's favourite topic—*the plan of salvation.* The Arminian differs from the Calvinistic theory, in regard not only to the implantation of the seeds of Divine grace, but also to the roots of man's salvation. By a species of intellectual obfuscation, in the Arminian's judgment, man has the credit given him of making his peace with God, and taking the seeds of grace and depositing them in his own heart. When the roots strike deep into the earth, and the Christian ripens into spiritual manhood, the life and vigour are represented as man's; and all that grace is supposed to do is to enrich the soil, and so quicken the soul's energy. Thus the difference between the Arminian and the Calvinist is, that the one deals in "vulgar" ideas, whilst the other has "learned" ideas (using these terms in a logical sense, and according to the definition of the schoolmen). The one sees that it is man's duty to believe, and is content with his knowledge of this "vulgar" or apparent fact. The other seeks to penetrate further into the cause, nature, and effect of this faith, and he therefore sees what is hidden from the common understanding. Arminianism is the consummation of spiritual obliquity; it is the one-sided view of prismatic truth; the study of reflection, the neglect of refraction. It judges a straight stick crooked when half submerged in water; it catches at the shadow of truth, and misses the more pleasurable substance, In short, it starves on humanity, instead of feeding* on Divinity; it robs itself of higher, holier joys, and seeks to fish up with earthly grapnel man's lost perfection. But Calvinism dispenses with the assistance of human helplessness, and clings solely to God's strong arm. It sinks vanity, and sends audacious free-will back—

> "To the vile dust, from whence it sprung,
> Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

A few references to Cowper's delineation of the plan of salvation will show with what clearness he apprehended Divine truth. Having described in his poem on "Truth" man's toil for the reward of virtue and consequent loss of it, he shews that grace alone leads the way to virtue and to godliness; and that he who chooses the wrong path—the road

* "For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed."—St. John vi. 55.

of works—commits wilful suicide. He thus breaks forth into joyful song:—

"Oh, how unlike the complex works of man,
Heav'n's easy, artless, unencumber'd plan!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clust'ring ornaments to clog the pile;
From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Inscrib'd above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quick'ning words—BELIEVE AND LIVE."

So simple is this gospel that wayward, proud, and impious man refuses heaven on such terms, and prefers to perish. Not so the convinced sinner—

"When he feels
A glowing dread of vengeance at his heels."

Glad to escape where mercy evermore abides, he trusts the Saviour's merits, and—

"'Tis done—the raging storm is heard no more,
Mercy receives him on her peaceful shore:
And justice, guardian of the dread command,
Drops the red vengeance from his willing hand."

In his poem on "Hope," Cowper returns to this delightful subject, and sings melodiously of an "unbought bliss," and of a joyous pardon, free and eternal, of which he says that as soon as the news of it has pierced the sinner's ear—

"He drops at once his fetters and his fear."

Let the reader follow the author's thoughts from that part of Book V. "The Task," commencing—

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside,"

to the close of the book. Such an apostrophe to Christian liberty, the effect of sovereign and free grace, was never before penned by uninspired poet. Indeed, the freeness and extent of God's mercy engendered some delicious thoughts in the poet's mind:—

"The silver trumpet's heavenly call
Sounds for the poor, but sounds alike for all."

Still the poor have always heard the gospel most thankfully, for there is—

"No soil like poverty for growth divine,
As leanest land supplies the richest wine."

The rich seem to cavil or hesitate, while the poor "believe, rush forward, and obtain the prize." This divine election sounds distastefully to unrenewed man, whose creed is—

"He is safe that does his best,
And death's a doom sufficient for the rest."

To talk of the "sacramental host of God's elect" to such prodigies of human pride, is to throw God's pearl before swine. It would be as hopeless a task to convert the anthropologists to common sense and

Christianity, as to seek to convince unsaved man of his utter ruin. When fallen humanity kicks against God's Word, it is folly to expect a better reception for man's advice.

We had noted some dozens of quotations upon other branches of Calvinistic truth. Let a few suffice on the doctrine of *imputed righteousness*. In his eloquent address, at the opening meeting of the Birmingham congress of the British Association, the other day, Professor Phillips spoke of the vapourous atmosphere acting as a warm clothing to the earth. Now, with many who understand it not, the doctrine of imputed righteousness is as a kind of vapourous atmosphere, which is supposed to chill the love of good works in the Christian man. Folly indeed! It is like heaven's dew benignly warming and fructifying nature's barren soil. Like holy oil, Christ's imputed righteousness makes the wheels of good works to run briskly. Ye who know what it is to be stripped of the filthy rags of human weaving, and to be clothed with the spotless robes the Saviour wrought, may heartily join in Cowper's noble, joyous declaration—

"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:
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart;
Cleansed in thine own all-purifying blood,
Forgive their evil and accept their good;
I cast them at thy feet—my only plea
Is what it was, dependence upon thee."

For him who boasts of his own sacrifices for virtue, or ministrations to the poor, Cowper utters this anathema:—

"Perish the virtue, as it ought, abhorred,
And the fool with it, who insults his Lord."

These extracts, good reader, are selected here and there from a goodly store of Scripture truth, encircled with poetry's cheerful sunshine. If there be in souls "a sympathy with sounds;" if the soft music of village bells falls sweetly on the ear; if genuine art freshens the intellect and gives refined grace to earth's rustic beauties; and if Nature's stores unrolled captivate man's attention, so true poetry,—consecrated to God's glory, embosoming within itself the blessed experiences of a renewed nature, and telling out in lofty strains the matchless perfections of God, who by oaths and promises has secured our glorious charter to an eternal inheritance in the skies,—may kindle in our breasts some fresh sparks of love to Him who inspired the song.

A few who read this short paper may think this high doctrine, this eternal security will lead to a disregard of holiness:—

"I am no preacher, let this hint suffice,
The cross once seen is death to every vice:
Else, He that hung there suffered all his pain,
Bled, groaned, and agonized, and died in vain."

Camberwell.

The Church of England.*

WE purpose to offer a few remarks upon the origin of the Established Church of England, and to notice some of the circumstances which first determined her policy and guided her subsequent actions. We think this examination necessary because we have seen, with considerable astonishment, that a large number of adherents to the Established Church are, on this matter, avowedly ignorant, or at best, in a state of confused, and, as it were, self-imposed unconsciousness. We think it important also, because we believe that in this nineteenth century, it would be well to come, if possible, to a clear understanding of this question, and to prove, from known facts, whether there be any real basis, or warrant, for the assumption, by this Church, of a divinely-conferred prerogative for special authority and peculiar sanctity. Necessarily, in this place, only an outline of the subject can be given.

It will help us at the outset, if we glance at one notable circumstance in the history of the Reformation, as it affected England. Luther and Calvin in Germany and France, Zwingle in Switzerland, and John Knox in Scotland, were men whose souls had become inflamed with an intense zeal for the religious principles of the Reformation; hence, in those countries, there was kindled a strong religious enthusiasm. It was far otherwise in England. Here no fiery preacher went everywhere proclaiming the new doctrines. The great majority of the people were comparatively indifferent, although divided in opinion, and appeared willing to tolerate both religions. Then came the great secession. Henry the Eighth threw off the yoke of Rome, for very good reasons of his own, in regard to first-fruits, vacant bishoprics, and monk's treasures. That he was not influenced by any love for the doctrines of Luther, let the Bloody Statute bear witness! Besides Henry, the principal authors of the Reformation in England were the Duke of Somerset, an unscrupulous aspirant for political power, Elizabeth, and Archbishop Cranmer; in the words of Macaulay: "The work which had been begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives, was continued by Somerset, the murderer of his brother, and completed by Elizabeth, the murderer of her guest."† The object of Henry was to unite all political and ecclesiastical power in himself. The object of his successors was to strengthen, by an alliance with the Protestant party, the despotic power of the crown. Yet further to strengthen this bulwark for arbitrary power, nonconformity was regarded as disloyalty, and the most odious and cruel laws were enacted against Papists and Puritans. Hence, an Established Church became, through its very nature and constitution, a persecuting Church. During Mary's reign the process was simply reversed. To ascribe the religious persecutions instituted by Elizabeth, to a genuine love for Protestantism, is absurd, in the face of the

* We do not endorse our contributor's view of our own position in the great struggle; we only wish we were as able as he kindly conceives us to be. His style is such that we shall be much mistaken if our readers do not desire to hear more from him. Personally we shall certainly be very grateful for further communications.

† "Essay on Hallam's Constitutional History:" to which the reader is referred for much interesting matter, of which we have given a bare outline; as also to the "Essay on Lord Burleigh."

clearest evidence that she clung persistently, throughout her whole life, to much of the doctrine and ceremonialism of the Church of Rome; while Lord Burleigh, her chief adviser and prime minister during forty years, had been Papist and Protestant by turns, with each successive change in the dominant religion.

From the foregoing review of the origin of the Church of England, we think some light is thrown upon her subsequent history. It is evident that the supremacy of the Church of England has been, from of old, a political supremacy; conferred, and fittingly maintained by the help of persecution, for political ends. We are, however, in nowise satisfied that we have here the conditions under which any high degree of spiritual supremacy, or peculiar sanctity, becomes so much as possible, and on the whole, incline to look elsewhere than in a Church so constituted for any true spiritual power whatever. Moreover, if any shall hold us blameable, for reading the history of the established religion of England from political and constitutional historics, in the place of ecclesiastical and much more proper works, we can answer readily that we do not account it our fault to have read such history where it is most legibly written: that we are compelled to read it there we regard rather as the common misfortune of our country and the world, or, in more correct terms, as an evil of quite unmeasured extent, and which has by no means ceased to do deadly work even in these days.

The entire history of the Church of England has been, in most respects, worthy of her origin. That in every age there were found in her ranks men of true devotion and fervent piety, we may thankfully acknowledge; on the other hand, "she continued to be, for more than a hundred and fifty years, the servile handmaid of monarchy, and the steady enemy of public liberty. The divine right of kings, and the duty of passively obeying all their commands, were her favourite tenets." The consequences entailed upon the nation were most deplorable. The people were ground down by oppression to a point at which the evil became unendurable. Then they arose, with the irresistible energy of despair, and avenged themselves by a terrible and bloody retribution. With the restoration of the monarchy were renewed "the cruel persecutions of one dominant Church." The sad history of the age that succeeded—with its civil wars and religious persecutions, its incidents of cruel suffering and horoic endurance—is familiar to all readers.

The effects of this system upon the Church herself were, perhaps, even more disastrous. The ungodliness of her ministers became proverbial. Worldliness and political intrigue have stained her boasted purity, and marred her usefulness, in every age. Curiously instructive is this phase of her history, in its bearing upon a remarkably bold assumption. It is asserted that her bishops and priests are, by virtue of their ordination to office, endued with apostolic power, and with the indwelling might of the Holy Spirit of God. This is worthy of attention; for, should it ever be shown that one so-constituted bishop or priest has manifestly not received the Holy Ghost, such theory is thereby proved to be fallible and vain: nay false; failing once, it is a delusion for ever; virtue dwells not in *it*, for the Spirit of God is infallible in his operations, and works effectually by his own appointed means. On this point the evidence is significant enough. We will select one or

two instances only, among many of the same kind, from the profligate age of George the Second: we quote from Mr. Thackeray: "Lady Yarmouth (my most religious and gracious King's favourite) sold a bishopric to a clergyman for £5,000. (She betted him £5,000 that he would not be made a bishop, and he lost, and paid her.) Was he the only prelate of his time led up by such hands for consecration?" Or take the following, from the Letters to George Selwyn: one of his correspondents was a certain Dr. Warner, who reveals himself to us in a manner that would be ludicrous, if it were not, under another aspect, so altogether sad: "He comes home, 'after a hard day's christening,' as he says, and writes to his patron before sitting down to whist and partridges for supper." This ordained and reverend clergyman "takes care to tell us that he does not believe in his religion, though thank heaven, he is not so great a rogue as a lawyer." These are but glimpses, yet they bring before our minds the dark picture of that dissolute age. Doubtless, these men wore at certain seasons an outward garb of sanctity; they walked in a vain *show:* but strip them of their official vestments, and you find rottenness and the corruption of death beneath, with no more than a ghastly mockery of life. We are not much surprised at all this hollowness and unblushing dissimulation; but it seems well nigh incredible that any sensible and religious people can have so long believed in, or even tolerated such an audacious lie, such a wantonness of blasphemy. What ideas such people have formed of a holy God we are utterly unable to conceive, when we find them professing implicit assurance that profligate pretenders, like those mentioned, have "received the Holy Ghost with power to forgive and retain sins."

What we have already observed of the outward constitution of the Church of England, is true also of her liturgy, services and ceremonies. The most of those reformers, upon whom devoted the task of writing the Book of Common Prayer, were at heart little more than half Protestant. The supreme direction was assumed by Cranmer, who, of all men, was emphatically the creature of his age—sometimes Papist, sometimes Protestant, and sometimes half Papist and half Protestant. Assuredly Cranmer was not of that stuff of which martyrs are made, yet men have judged his character rather from his death than from his life, and it is certain that no recorded action of his life became him so well as the manner of his death. The Book of Common Prayer may perhaps be best characterized by saying that it bears throughout the stamp of the age that produced it, and is in every way worthy of its age, and in all respects such as might have been expected from its authors. It contains much that is noble and true, and very beautiful; much also that is false, and subversive of all true spiritual worship. On the whole it is semi-Romish, and we think necessarily so, in some measure, from the circumstances attending its production.

With such a form of faith and worship, we can find no difficulty in accounting for the constant tendency of the Church of England towards Romanism. Since the day when Luther proclaimed to the world once more the old Scriptural doctrine that man is justified by faith alone, more than three centuries have rolled by; and yet to-day the Church of England has not only made no advance towards a purer creed, but has retrograded even from Luther's stand-point. Nothing can be more

childish and ridiculous than the outcry constantly raised by the Established Church against Popery. It is not Popery in the Church of Rome which this country has to fear, but Popery prescribed, sanctioned, and taught in the Church of England. Witness how, in our own day, the tide has again turned strongly and steadily towards Rome! In country villages, the comparatively simple form of worship which our forefathers used, is everywhere giving place to that mixed form of Popery called Puseyism. The diverse elements in the Church of England are becoming more actively antagonistic, and must ultimately separate—perhaps with destructive violence—or together be swept away. Meanwhile, falsehood and truth—Popery and Christianity—are to go hand in hand.

Our consolation lies in the assurance that all this will have to be altered; nay, that it is being altered more or less perceptibly every day. Judging indeed from these outward signs, which we have barely hinted at, rather than clearly set forth, the prospect is dark and threatening; yet we are not without indications which lead us to hope that the common sense and free spirit of the people are being aroused. Ever amidst all these complex lines of human destiny, we may discern, though but dimly with our imperfect vision, the directing and restraining hand of God; for Truth has once more asserted her ancient right, and by the mouth of a living witness whose word is gone forth into all the land. This preacher of a new crusade has, we are told, set about the work altogether in a wrong way. His manner is rude, vehement, and overbearing. His words are rough and much too ready, and above all, too censorious; his phrases shocking to our modern improved taste. He hurls thunderbolts abroad with both hands, causing sore hurt to many, and is a determined mover of sedition. Altogether a most irregular kind of man. Moreover, this late outbreak is by no means the first offence. Nay, from the beginning he was charged with all kinds of sins—literary, theological, and otherwise—by modern critics of the superfine sort. Faults innumerable were discovered, monstrosities everywhere revealed; the whole loudly proclaimed a species of spiritual jugglery, well nigh played out, and appointed to speedy oblivion.

We confess that we have distrusted this view of the matter. Nay, that we have even gone the length of regarding these enormities as a sign, on the whole, of singular and hopeful significance. "It was long ago ascertained that no man is free from faults and imperfections." Nevertheless, it will be good to make some distinction. "Every true, original man," says Mr. Carlyle, "is at the first a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence. All unfamiliar appearances—and especially such as contradict our preconceived ideas—are apt, naturally, and without fault of theirs, to excite our mistrust. To arrive at a true interpretation of the phenomenon would involve the trouble of thinking, and also of farther enquiry, whereas to deny and to censure is the easiest matter, if also the more ignoble occupation. We hold this last species of criticism at a very cheap rate." In order to come to a right judgment upon any man—much more an original man—it is absolutely essential "that we see and consider his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad;" for until we take in the relations of the whole, we are not qualified to form a judgment. "If the nature of a man be genuinely singular and original, so also will his manner be." We

pronounce that to be a fault which contradicts *our* manner of thinking; but the real question is: Ought *our* manner of thinking to have been the preacher's law? Did it lay upon him, laboriously, and with what pain soever, to contract and dwarf himself to our moral stature? If, unhappily, it had so behoved the preacher, or if we could have had it so, and not otherwise, then possibly, by such process of contrivance, he might eventually have become reduced to something well-nigh as insignificant and useless as we the critics too palpably are, and we suspect, must henceforth hopelessly remain. If it did not behove him so to do, then perhaps that which we condemn may turn out to be no fault at all. To determine what is or is not a fault, we must first of all consider what the preacher's aim really was, and ought to have been, and whether that which we call a fault was or was not rightly calculated to effect the object in view; or was in accordance, not with "our contracted individuality," but with the universal nature and experience of mankind, and with that higher law of conformity with the unerring wisdom and will of the preacher's God, as taught and enforced by the power of the Holy Spirit. Hence, to those who really care to form any just estimate, we would say, Try to enlarge your vision. Endeavour to attain to a position in which it is so much as possible to know how and what to judge; "better to be sure of *seeing* a great man before attempting to *oversee* him." Furthermore, to such critics as those we have here indicated, and generally to all whom it may concern, we commend the following, from a most notable writer of our own time, as, in our opinion, eminently worthy of consideration. Our author is remarking on that unhappy style of representation, or *mis*representation of character, which has befallen the great and good men of every age: "Weak eyes are precisely the fondest of glittering objects. Accordingly, (when such an object appears,) a crowd of little men rushes towards it. There they are gathered together, blinking up to it with such vision as they may have, scanning it from afar, hovering round it this way and that, each cunningly endeavouring, by all arts, to catch some reflex of it in the little mirror of himself; though many times this mirror is so twisted with convexities and concavities, and, indeed, so extremely small in size, that to expect any true image, or any image whatever from it, is out of the question."

As for those vain questions and cavillers who desire not so much to learn, as to be themselves seen and heard, we hope they will be allowed to work out their own deliverance or otherwise, as best they can, without let or hindrance. They act after their kind, and according to the light that is in them. Their maxim was long ago revealed, and is ever clearly enough descernible in this world's history: "Since we cannot attain unto it, let us revenge ourselves by railing against it."

We had more to say, but let it go. Much more important is a consideration of the signs of the times, and of the urgent need of a true spiritual leader. Whether he to whom we have already made allusion may, in the highest sense, be so regarded; whether he will prove equal to the greatness of the occasion, and worthy of so high a calling, is a question which we shall not here enter upon, albeit we are not without our own faith on that matter also. Only we shall express our firm conviction that, if such a teacher and guide be vouchsafed to us; if this languid age—with its cold and artificial worship, or *no*-worship, its false susceptibilities, spiritual paralysis and half-heartedness

is to be stirred to any real purpose, it will be by one of another, and, as we believe, far higher nature than our superfine critics would approve. Rather, we think that he will possess a soul made fervent by intense conviction, by an all-consuming love of truth, by a sincere and strong enthusiasm. He will proclaim sternly, and with unyielding fixedness of purpose, the message that is burning within him; and hence, likely enough, and most fittingly, his manner will display a rugged earnestness, and a passionate strength, such as men of ordinary feeling and belief never know, nor can estimate. He will be constrained faithfully to obey an inward divine impulse, to follow on whithersoever *it* leads—in weariness often, and sorrow unspeakable. He will have no ear for the world's censure or applause, but only for the voice that is never silent in his own soul. Above all, he will have faith in God. Calmly assured of the ultimate triumph of truth, and having once espoused her cause, he will hold the standard with no unequal grasp, and defend it with no inconstant zeal. He will consider what has been already accomplished as only the beginning—in itself, but little and incomplete—and he will press evermore onward,—fired by a yet larger ambition, to the achievement of yet nobler triumphs.

These are some of the qualities, imperfectly indicated, which we believe will be found in any true spiritual leader of the people. Such a man—and we think none other than such as he—may do much; for this dull age needs thundering at, and if we had another John Knox we might thank God and take courage. Such a man will be rewarded in his day and generation with obloquy and scorn, and in the future with immortal honour and an imperishable wreath of glory. Meanwhile, he will be sufficient for all, and more than sufficient, through the strength that is in Christ Jesus. In every struggle of to-day he will be cheered by the for ever hallowed remembrance of those who, in former times, rose to the height of a true spiritual manhood, who gave up all for Christ, and joyfully laid down their lives for the cause of truth, and right, and spiritual freedom. Inspired by the same heroic and dauntless courage, sustained by the same invincible faith, and animated by the same glorious hope, he will fearlessly sound an alarm, and once again challenge, single-handed, the powers of darkness, for Christ and for his dear name's sake, and he will follow in his Master's footsteps with an earnest constancy that never falters or turns aside for difficulties, that never yields in any strife, that never stops short of victory or the grave. H.

Emmanuel—God with us.—It is the glory of the world, that He who formed it dwelt on it; of the air, that he breathed in it; of the sun, that it shone on him; of the ground, that it bare him; of the sea, that he walked on it; of the elements, that they nourished him; of the waters, that they refreshed him; of us men, that he lived and died among us; yea, that he lived and died for us; that he assumed our flesh and blood, and carried it to the highest heavens, where it shines as the eternal ornament and wonder of the creation of God. It gives also a lustre to providence. It is the chief event that adorns the records of time and enlivens the history of the universe. It is the glory of the various great lines of providence, that they point at this as their centre; that they prepared the way for its coming; that, after its coming, they are subservient to the ends of it, though in a way indeed to us at present mysterious and unsearchable. Thus, we know that they either fulfil the promises of the crucified Jesus, or his threatenings; and show either the happiness of receiving him, or the misery of rejecting him.—*Maclaurin.*

Something respecting Church Meetings.

BY S. COWDY, PASTOR OF THE CHURCH IN ARTHUR STREET, WALWORTH.

OBSERVATIONS.

1. THE words Church meetings denote special convenings of any Church of Christ for purposes of fellowship, government, and discipline. Churches *only* that are scripturally constituted, can hold such meetings.

2. The New Testament description of a Church of Christ is that of an assembly of persons "translated from darkness into marvellous light;" believers in the Son of God, sanctified in Christ Jesus: Saints, holy and faithful; in brief, *a spiritual association.* No matter the numbers included, it may be large, as that meeting in this Metropolitan Tabernacle; or, small as many Churches which have met in room, barn, or glen. Yes, the Lord acknowledges as his, even

> "A band of faithful men,
> Met for true purpose in some humble room,
> Or, screened from foes by midnight's star-lit gloom,
> On hill-side or low glen,
> To act the counsels of God's holy word,
> Pledged to each other and their common Lord.
>
> "These, few as they may be,
> Compose a Church, such as in pristine age
> Defied the tyrant's steel, the bigot's rage.
> Whate'er the place, in faith's communion meet,
> There, with Christ present, is a Church complete."

3. In writing of Church meetings we assume, therefore, that particular Churches are distinguished from the universal, the collective body of Christians throughout the world—that each Church is independent of every other Church in constitution, executive, and decisions: though in Christ all constitute one. Also, that foreign mixture is to be found in every Church (tares midst the wheat); and imperfection in all believers forming these Churches; and that, for the well-being of the Churches, system, government, and discipline are absolutely necessary—an order of things ordained, not by a Romish Hierarchy, an Anglican Clergy, a Wesleyan Conference, or a Presbyterian Synod, but by the Sovereign Head—the Lord Jesus Christ himself.

4. In no way, or at any time, is a Church of Christ to be governed on, or by, worldly principles and maxims of craft-policy. God says, "I have set my king upon my holy hill of Zion." The king says, "My kingdom is not of this world." There is no place for the reign of autocracy, or aristocracy, or even democracy, in Christ's Churches. His kingdom is a Theocracy, (a Christocracy,) a reign in connexion with which, all truly redeemed and loyal subjects acknowledge the will and law of the Sovereign Saviour as supreme, binding, final; and which they carry out with ease, freedom, and delight, in proportion as their hearts are influenced, and their wills inflamed by the law of love.

5. In Church meetings the members do not meet for, and are not

called on, to legislate, but to recognise and obey; in love, to yield cheerfully to all teaching and authority proceeding from Christ; and, were it possible for any case to transpire, respecting which Christ's will is not known, then all action must be suspended until the *supreme will* is ascertained. Pastors, elders, deacons, members, *all*, have simply to seek and know the Master's will, and constrained by love, to execute that will for the Master's glory. When and where all are, at all times, so observant, so dependant, and so constrained, how united, and holy, and lovely, their Church meetings! Then and there the pastor is happy, the elders' countenances shine, the deacons are filled with alacrity, and the whole Church appears "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," before the world, and, before heaven, as a "garden of the Lord."

6. Is it so? Are these the kind of gatherings and gardens which render powerful and fragrant our beloved Isle? Some there are, perhaps *not a few*, whose meetings *the people love*, and the world covets, in which the Lord is ever magnified. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

> "Then does the Church below,
> Resemble that above,
> Where streams of endless pleasures flow,
> And every heart is love."

7. But there are Church meetings also, respecting which, one hears of a saddening departure from New Testament genius and simplicity of Church government. It is truly surprising how that trio of persons, Messrs. Will-be-will, Ignorance, and Talkative, do cause even a flock of sheep to appear like a pack of howling wolves, or turn a Church meeting —which ought to be of the loveliest and best of Christian assemblings— into a kind of confusion-den, into a species of spiritual bear-garden. Yes, and matters do not end here. For, as the temper of an individual Christian in public will generally correspond with his disposition in the secret chamber, so the public life of a Church will generally agree with the feelings exhibited at Church meetings.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. At a certain Church meeting, amongst the complaints to be presented was one against the pastor, because, in an evil hour, he had kindly requested Brother Irreverent not to put on his hat in chapel immediately the benediction was pronounced. The pastor filled the chair, as often pastors do, somewhat in the character of a prisoner undergoing trial before a packed jury. An old man rose and said, "We are here to-night, brethren and sisters, to speak about our minister taking too much on himself: I'm no Papist, and I'll take good care that nobody shall rule over my conscience. . . . I must tell our minister that he's gone out of his office in coming to some of our houses telling us not to put our hats on in the chapel." Whilst he was yet speaking, another rose and said, "What's this place more nor any other place, I should very much like to know; why, bless me, *ever since* the temple was destroyed, the true worshippers worship the Father in spirit and in truth. If the life of my religion was to be put out by clapping my hat

over it, why it would be all in my head, would'nt it?" Whilst he was yet speaking, up rose a sister and said, "May I say a few words, and that is, that my husband is liable to a cold in his ear, which, when he gets cold in it, prevents his hearing our pastor altogether." Whilst she was yet speaking, a brother rose and added, "I put on my hat as a matter of principle—hum!" All this time the elders and deacons sit in cowed silence, and the pastor is as it were struck dumb. And the whole comes in connection with having sung—

"Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in mutual love;
The fellowship of Christian minds,
Is like to that above."

2. Can scenes so supremely ridiculous, not to say wicked, transpire at Church meetings? Yes; many an assembly is convened to debate and decide on far less trivial matters than whether or no a man should put on his hat immediately the benediction is pronounced. The writer knew a pastor who accepted an invitation to a Church. Prior to the first Church meeting held during his pastorate, he was informed for his comfort that the members seldom held a Church meeting without some trivial matter being introduced which was ever the occasion of a "row." His mind was made up, for he was a man of promptness and decision. In his opening address, he informed the members present of what he had heard, tried to impress on their minds the importance of doing all in the spirit of love to Christ, and closed by saying, that if ought ever transpired at any of their Church meetings indicative of disloyalty to Christ, or from a wrong temper, he should feel it to be fairly within the rightful authority to which he was called, to immediately dissolve the meeting, put the Church book under his arm and walk out. What he advanced there was received kindly, and he never had any trouble at Church meetings, indeed they constituted some of the most precious seasons of his pastorate. Much, very much, depends on a clear understanding existing, with confidence and co-operation, between the pastor, officers, and people, all flowing from living connection with, and fullest dependance on, the Head of the Church.

"Then union sweet and kind esteem,
In every action glows."

3. The world has still judgment enough left in all its meetings, to appoint a president or chairman, and to invest him, at least for the time being, with authority to maintain rule and order. A Church chooses a pastor, elders, deacons. What for? Certainly to attend to all involved in their several offices. Now, in this choice, by the voice of the Church, the brethren are to all intents and purposes invested with the authority suited to the several offices sustained: authority to see to the proper carrying out of Christ's laws, and to have all things done "decently and in order." Indeed, perhaps it would be more strictly correct to say, that in these calls of the Church to office, *it is Christ who calls through the Church and invests the so-called, not to legislate, but to govern in accordance with the will of the Master.* It being so, the interest

of the Churches is closely connected with upholding the rightful authority of pastors or leaders.

4. Let it be observed, that the true exercise of lawful authority is by no means a divesting the Church of liberty, but rather a means of upholding it. Suppose a simple case: in a Church meeting two brethren rise at the same time to speak. Say the pastor has no power to rule in the matter, and what is the consequence? Both members lose their liberty, for they cannot speak properly together; or if they do, then their liberty runs riot and ends in confusion.

5. How comes it to pass that some Church meetings are real *sources* of comfort and strength to the members present, whilst others are *occasions* of division and weakness? Does the fault lie with the brethren in office? Probably at times it does; either when pastors and others exceed their rightful authority, introduce the merest trivialities on which decisions should be taken elsewhere, or manifest irritability of temper: or when men have not the order of mind, business tact, or Christian sympathy to bring forward what is introduced in an orderly and interesting way. Whatever is done wrong carries with it its own penalty. But ofttimes things clearly uninteresting have to be brought before the Churches! Perhaps so; uninteresting in one aspect, and yet of the deepest interest to all; as for example, the case of a fallen brother. Well, there are two ways of introducing such a case and carrying it through, and the better should be adopted. Jealousy for the purity of the Church demands the purest hatred of disgracefulness in any brother; but, at the same time, the exercise of the strongest love for the brother himself. And, whilst decisions must accord with Christ's law, the spirit in which such decisions are made should ever be, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

6. More frequently however than with the pastors and other leaders, are failures in Church meetings to be attributed, not to the liberty, but to the tyranny of *a few restless spirits*, who seem to act on the principle of "falling out for the pleasure of falling in again!" only, unfortunately, the falling in is a long time coming, if it come at all. Yes, it is almost always *so*. Now, however painful the duty, on these restless persons strict and faithful discipline must be exercised. In all such cases, *the Church* should say to the pastor, "Act out your authority," and they should say in the spirit of the people to Ezra, "Arise, for this matter belongeth unto thee, *we also will be with thee*, be of good courage and do it." Nip these in the bud for the promotion of Christian peace.

7. The results of true peace in Church meetings are great. Let disputatious tempers, groundless jealousies, envious, intermeddling spirits prevail, and the Heavenly Dove will fly as "from the abodes of noise and strife." The Word says, "Live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you." How wretched the state of those Churches where truth and peace do not exist; and how blessed the Churches in which you see the cultivation of the truth and spirit of Christ. "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a *quiet habitation*, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down: not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken." Ah! And, "there the Lord commands the blessing, even life for evermore."

SUGGESTIONS.

1. Is it not to be regretted that ministerial students come forth from some of our colleges devoid of the practical knowledge of true Church government? Good preachers they may be; but, to make up a whole, they should go through preparation also to be good pastors, else how can they carry out the apostle's injunction, "Let no man despise thy youth"?

2. Elders, deacons, or both, of true character, high-toned spirituality of mind, scriptural knowledge, conciliating dispositions and orderly habits, will often make up for the deficiencies of young ministers; and also be *valuable helpers* to even the most spiritually accomplished pastor. These brethren attain, as Paul says, to "a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus."

3. At Church meetings, it is of as much (if not more) importance to carry the sympathies of the members with you in every motion scripturally passed, as it is to carry the motion itself; otherwise, so far as the Church is concerned, the meetings will end in mere resolutions. The second book Luke wrote was called the "ACTS."

4. Members should ever be willing to sacrifice their minor individual opinions for the good of the whole brotherhood.

5. It is not well for pastors to stand on mere official dignity. The best dignity is that of *undoubted* character: "Good men full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," and ever exercising the authority of love.

6. Whilst pastors live and walk at furthest remove from all stiffness and formality, never aping the clergyman; should they not equally guard against all undue familiarity which would lower their spiritual authority? It has been said that,

> "He who hails you Tom or Jack,
> And proves by thumping on your back,
> His sense of your great merit,
> Is such a friend as you had need,
> Be very much his friend indeed,
> To bear it."

Alas, how many pastors have fallen by *other kinds* of undue familiarity.

7. In all that relates to Church meetings, let members, deacons, elders, pastors, all, seek and realize the promised aid of the Holy Spirit—preparing, assembling, deliberating, and resolving in entire dependance on divine teaching, and imbued with divine influence; and these *meetings below* will be earnests and foretastes of the *one great assembling above.*

> "May every pastor from above
> Be now inspired with fear and love,
> To *watch* thy fold, to *feed* thy sheep,
> And, in thy strength, his heart to keep.
> Revive thy Churches with thy grace,
> Heal all their breaches, grant them peace;
> Remove all sloth, our hearts inflame,
> With ardent zeal for Jesus' name."

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM X.

Since this Psalm has no title of its own, it is supposed by some to be a fragment of Psalm ix. *We prefer, however, since it is complete in itself, to consider it as a separate composition. We have had instances already of Psalms which seem meant to form a pair, (Ps.* i. *and* ii., *Ps.* iii. *and* iv.,*) and this, with the ninth, is another specimen of the double Psalm.*

The prevailing theme seems to be the oppression and persecution of the wicked; we will, therefore, for our own guidance, entitle it, THE CRY OF THE OPPRESSED.

DIVISION.—*The first verse, in an exclamation of surprise, explains the intent of the Psalm, viz., to invoke the interposition of God for the deliverance of his poor and persecuted people. From verse* 2 *to* 11, *the character of the oppressor is described in powerful language. In verse* 12, *the cry of the first verse bursts forth again, but with a clearer utterance. In the next place (verses* 13—15*), God's eye is clearly beheld as regarding all the cruel deeds of the wicked; and as a consequence of divine omniscience, the ultimate judgment of the oppressed is joyously anticipated (verses* 16—18*). To the Church of God during times of persecution, and to individual saints who are smarting under the hand of the proud sinner, this Psalm furnishes suitable language both for prayer and praise.*

EXPOSITION.

WHY standest thou afar off, O LORD? *why* hidest thou *thyself* in times of trouble?

To the tearful eye of the sufferer the Lord seemed to *stand* still, as if he calmly looked on, and did not sympathize with his afflicted one. Nay, more, the Lord appeared to be *afar off*, no longer "a very present help in trouble," but an inaccessible mountain, into which no man would be able to climb. The presence of God is the joy of his people, but any suspicion of his absence is distracting beyond measure. Let us, then, ever remember that the Lord is nigh us. The refiner is never far from the mouth of the furnace when his gold is in the fire, and the Son of God is always walking in the midst of the flames when his holy children are cast into them. Yet he that knows the frailty of man will little wonder that when we are sharply exercised, we find it hard to bear the apparent neglect of the Lord when he forbears to work our deliverance.

"*Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?*" It is not the trouble, but the hiding of our Father's face, which cuts us to the quick. When trial and desertion come together, we are in as perilous a plight as Paul, when his ship fell into a place where two seas met (Acts xxvii. 41). It is but little wonder if we are like the vessel which ran aground, and the fore-part stuck fast, and remained unmoveable, while the hinder part was broken by the violence of the waves. When our sun is eclipsed, it is dark indeed. If we need an answer to the question, "Why hidest thou thyself?" it is to be found in the fact that there is a "needs-be," not only for trial, but for heaviness of heart under trial (1 Pet. i. 6); but how could this be the case, if the Lord should shine upon us while he is afflicting us? Should the parent comfort his child while he is correcting him, where would be the use of the chastening? A smiling face and a rod are not fit companions. God bares the back that the blow may be felt; for it is only *felt* affliction which can become *blest* affliction. If we were carried in the arms of God over every stream, where would be the trial, and where the experience, which trouble is meant to teach us?

2 The wicked in *his* pride doth persecute the poor: let them be taken in the devices that they have imagined.

3 For the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire, and blesseth the covetous, *whom* the LORD abhorreth.

4 The wicked, through the pride of his countenance, will not seek *after God:* God *is* not in all his thoughts.

5 His ways are always grievous; thy judgments *are* far above out of his sight: *as for* all his enemies, he puffeth at them.

6 He hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved: for *I shall* never *be* in adversity.

7 His mouth is full of cursing and deceit and fraud: under his tongue *is* mischief and vanity.

8 He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages: in the secret places doth he murder the innocent: his eyes are privily set against the poor.

9 He lieth in wait secretly as a lion in his den: he lieth in wait to catch the poor: he doth catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net.

10 He croucheth, *and* humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones.

11 He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten: he hideth his face; he will never see *it.*

2. The second verse contains the formal indictment against the wicked: "*The wicked in his pride doth persecute the poor.*" The accusation divides itself into two distinct charges,—pride and tyranny; the one the root and cause of the other. The second sentence is the humble petition of the oppressed: "*Let them be taken in the devices that they have imagined.*" The prayer is reasonable, just, and natural. Even our enemies themselves being judges, it is but right that men should be done by as they wished to do to others. We only weigh you in your own scales, and measure your corn with your own bushel. Terrible shall be thy day, O persecuting Babylon! when thou shalt be made to drink of the wine-cup which thou thyself hast filled to the brim with the blood of saints. There are none who will dispute the justice of God, when he shall hang every Haman on his own gallows, and cast all the enemies of his Daniels into their own den of lions.

3. The indictment being read, and the petition presented, the evidence is now heard upon the first count. The evidence is very full and conclusive upon the matter of *pride,* and no jury could hesitate to give a verdict against the prisoner at the bar. Let us, however, hear the witnesses one by one. The first testifies that he is a boaster. "*For the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire.*" He is a very silly boaster, for he glories in a mere desire: a very brazen-faced boaster, for that desire is villainy; and a most abandoned sinner, to boast of that which is his shame. Bragging sinners are the worst and most contemptible of men, especially when their filthy desires,—too filthy to be carried into act,—become the theme of their boastings. When Mr. Hate-Good and Mr. Heady are joined in partnership, they drive a brisk trade in the devil's wares. This one proof is enough to condemn the prisoner at the bar. Take him away, jailor! But stay, another witness desires to be sworn and heard. This time, the impudence of the proud rebel is even more apparent; for he "*blesseth the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth.*" This is insolence, which is pride unmasked. He is haughty enough to differ from the Judge of all the earth, and bless the men whom God hath cursed. So did the sinful generation in the days of Malachi, who called the proud happy, and set up those that worked wickedness (Mal. iii. 15). These base pretenders would dispute with their Maker; they would—

> 'Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
> Rejudge his justice, be the god of God."

How often have we heard the wicked man speaking in terms of honour of the

covetous, the grinder of the poor, and the sharp dealer! Our old proverb hath it,—

"I wot well how the world wags;
He is most loved that hath most bags."

Pride meets covetousness, and compliments it as wise, thrifty, and prudent. We say it with sorrow, there are many professors of religion who esteem a rich man, and flatter him, even though they know that he has fattened himself upon the flesh and blood of the poor. The only sinners who are received as respectable are covetous men. If a man is a fornicator, or a drunkard, we put him out of the church; but who ever read of church discipline against that idolatrous wretch,—the covetous man? Let us tremble, lest we be found to be partakers of this atrocious sin of pride, "blessing the covetous, whom Jehovah abhorreth."

4. The proud boastings and lewd blessings of the wicked have been received in evidence against him, and now his own face confirms the accusation, and his empty closet cries aloud against him. "*The wicked, through the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God.*" Proud hearts breed proud looks and stiff knees. It is an admirable arrangement that the heart is often written on the countenance, just as the motion of the wheels of a clock find their record on its face. A brazen face and a broken heart never go together. We are not quite sure that the Athenians were wise when they ordained that men should be tried in the dark lest their countenances should weigh with the judges; for there is much more to be learned from the motions of the muscles of the face than from the words of the lips. Honesty shines in the face, but villainy peeps out at the eyes.

See the effect of pride; it kept the man from seeking God. It is hard to pray with a stiff neck and an unbending knee. "*God is not in all his thoughts:*" he thought much, but he had no thoughts for God. Amid heaps of chaff there was not a grain of wheat. The only place where God is not is in the thoughts of the wicked. This is a damning accusation; for where the God of heaven is not, the Lord of hell is reigning and raging; and if God be not in our thoughts, our thoughts will bring us to perdition.

5. "*His ways are always grievous.*" To himself they are hard. Men go a rough road when they go to hell. God has hedged-up the way of sin: O what folly to leap these hedges and fall among the thorns! To others, also, his ways cause much sorrow and vexation; but what cares he? He sits like the idol god upon his monstrous car, utterly regardless of the crowds who are crushed as he rolls along. "*Thy judgments are far above out of his sight:*" he looks high, but not high enough. As God is forgotten, so are his judgments. He is not able to comprehend the things of God; a swine may sooner look through a telescope at the stars than this man study the Word of God to understand the righteousness of the Lord. "*As for all his enemies, he puffeth at them.*" He defies and domineers; and when men resist his injurious behaviour, he sneers at them, and threatens to annihilate them with a puff. In most languages there is a word of contempt borrowed from the action of puffing with the lips, and in English we should express the idea by saying, "He cries 'Pooh! Pooh!' at his enemies." Ah! there is one enemy who will not thus be puffed at. Death will puff at the candle of his life and blow it out, and the wicked boaster will find it grim work to brag in the tomb.

6. The testimony of the sixth verse concludes the evidence against the prisoner upon the first charge of pride, and certainly it is conclusive in the highest degree. The present witness has been prying into the secret chambers of the heart, and has come to tell us what he has heard. "*He hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved: for I shall never be in adversity.*" O impertinence run to seed! The man thinks himself immutable, and omnipotent too, for *he*, *he* is never to be in adversity. He counts himself a privileged man. He sits alone, and shall see no sorrow. His nest is in the stars, and he dreams not of a hand that shall pluck him thence. But let us remember that this man's house is built upon the sand, upon a foundation no more substantial than the rolling waves of

the sea. He that is too secure is never safe. Boastings are not buttresses, and self-confidence is a sorry bulwark. This is the ruin of fools, that when they succeed they become too big, and swell with self-conceit, as if their summer would last for ever, and their flowers bloom on eternally. Be humble, O man! for thou art mortal, and thy lot is mutable.

The second crime is now to be proved. The fact that the man is proud and arrogant may go a long way to prove that he is vindictive and cruel. Haman's pride was the father of a cruel design to murder all the Jews. Nebuchadnezzar builds an idol; in pride he commands all men to bow before it; and then cruelty stands ready to heat the furnace seven times hotter for those who will not yield to his imperious will. Every proud thought is twin brother to a cruel thought. He who exalts himself will despise others, and one step further will make him a tyrant.

7. Let us now hear the witnesses in court. Let the wretch speak for himself, for out of his own mouth he will be condemned. "*His mouth is full of cursing and deceit and fraud.*" There is not only a little evil there, but his mouth is full of it. A three-headed serpent hath stowed away its coils and venom within the den of his black mouth. There is *cursing* which he spits against both God and men, *deceit* with which he entraps the unwary, and *fraud* by which, even in his common dealings, he robs his neighbours. Beware of such a man: have no sort of dealing with him: none but the silliest of geese would go to the fox's sermon, and none but the most foolish will put themselves into the society of knaves. But we must proceed. Let us look under this man's tongue as well as in his mouth; "*under his tongue is mischief and vanity.*" Deep in his throat are the unborn words which shall come forth as mischief and iniquity.

8. Despite the bragging of this base wretch, it seems that he is as cowardly as he is cruel. "*He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages: in the secret places doth he murder the innocent: his eyes are privily set against the poor.*" He acts the part of the highwayman, who springs upon the unsuspecting traveller in some desolate part of the road. There are always bad men lying in wait for the saints. This is a land of robbers and thieves; let us travel well armed, for every bush conceals an enemy. Everywhere there are traps laid for us, and foes thirsting for our blood. There are enemies at our table as well as across the sea. We are never safe, save when the Lord is with us.

9. The picture becomes blacker, for here is the cunning of the lion, and of the huntsman, as well as the stealthiness of the robber. Surely there are some men who come up to the very letter of this description. With watching, perversion, slander, whispering, and false swearing, they ruin the character of the righteous, and murder the innocent; or, with legal quibbles, mortgages, bonds, writs, and the like, they catch the poor, and draw them into a net. Chrysostom was peculiarly severe upon this last phase of cruelty, but assuredly not more so than was richly merited. Take care, brethren, for there are other traps besides these. Hungry lions are crouching in every den, and fowlers spread their nets in every field.

Quarles well pictures our danger in those memorable lines,—

> "The close pursuers' busy hands do plant
> Snares in thy substance; snares attend thy want;
> Snares in thy credit; snares in thy disgrace;
> Snares in thy high estate; snares in thy base;
> Snares tuck thy bed; and snares surround thy board;
> Snares watch thy thoughts; and snares attack thy word;
>
> Snares in thy quiet; snares in thy commotion;
> Snares in thy diet; snares in thy devotion;
> Snares lurk in thy resolves; snares in thy doubt;
> Snares lie within thy heart, and snares without;
> Snares are above thy head, and snares beneath;
> Snares in thy sickness; snares are in thy death."

O Lord! keep thy servants, and defend us from all our enemies!

10. "*He croucheth and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones.*" Seeming humility is often armour-bearer to malice. The lion crouches

that he may leap with the greater force, and bring down his strong limbs upon his prey. When a wolf was old, and had tasted human blood, the old Saxon cried, "Ware, wolf!" and we may cry, "Ware, fox!" They who crouch to our feet are longing to make us fall. Be very careful of fawners; for friendship and flattery are deadly enemies.

11. As upon the former count, so upon this one; a witness is forthcoming, who has been listening at the keyhole of the heart. Speak up, friend, and let us hear your story. "*He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten: he hideth his face; he will never see it.*" This cruel man comforts himself with the idea that God is blind, or, at least, forgetful: a fond and foolish fancy, indeed. Men doubt Omniscience when they persecute the saints. If we had a sense of God's presence with us, it would be impossible for us to ill-treat his children. In fact, there can scarcely be a greater preservation from sin than the constant thought of "thou, God, seest me."

Thus has the trial proceeded. The case has been fully stated; and now it is but little wonder that the oppressed petitioner lifts up the cry for judgment, which we find in the following verse:—

12 Arise, O LORD; O God, lift up thine hand: forget not the humble.

With what bold language will faith address its God! and yet what unbelief is mingled with our strongest confidence. Fearlessly the Lord is stirred up to arise and lift up his hand, yet timidly is he begged not to forget the humble; as if Jehovah could ever be forgetful of his saints. This verse is the incessant cry of the Church, and she will never refrain therefrom until her Lord shall come in his glory to avenge her of all her adversaries.

13 Wherefore doth the wicked contemn God? he hath said in his heart, Thou wilt not require *it*.

14 Thou hast seen *it;* for thou beholdest mischief and spite, to requite *it* with thy hand: the poor committeth himself unto thee; thou art the helper of the fatherless.

15 Break thou the arm of the wicked and the evil *man:* seek out his wickedness *till* thou find none.

In these verses the description of the wicked is condensed, and the evil of his character traced to its source, viz., atheistical ideas with regard to the government of the world. We may at once perceive that this is intended to be another urgent plea with the Lord to show his power, and reveal his justice. When the wicked call God's righteousness in question, we may well beg him to teach them terrible things in righteousness. In verse 13, the hope of the infidel and his heart-wishes are laid bare. He despises the Lord, because he will not believe that sin will meet with punishment: "*he hath said in his heart, Thou wilt not require it.*" If there were no hell for other men, there ought to be one for those who question the justice of it. This vile suggestion receives its answer in verse 14. "*Thou hast seen it; for thou beholdest mischief and spite, to requite it with thy hand.*" God is all-eye to see, and all-hand to punish his enemies. From Divine oversight there is no hiding, and from Divine justice there is no fleeing. Wanton mischief shall meet with woeful misery, and those who harbour spite shall inherit sorrow. Verily there is a God which judgeth in the earth. Nor is this the only instance of the presence of God in the world; for while he chastises the oppressor, he befriends the oppressed. "*The poor committeth himself unto thee.*" They give themselves up entirely into the Lord's hands. Resigning their judgment to his enlightenment, and their wills to his supremacy, they rest assured that he will order all things for the best. Nor does he deceive their hope. He preserves them in times of need, and causes them to rejoice in his goodness. "*Thou art the helper of the fatherless.*" God is the parent of all orphans. When the earthly father sleeps beneath the sod, a heavenly Father

smiles from above. By some means or other, orphan children are fed, and well they may when they have such a Father.

15. In this verse we hear again the burden of the Psalmist's prayer. "*Break thou the arm of the wicked and the evil man.*" Let the sinner lose his power to sin; stop the tyrant, arrest the oppressor, weaken the loins of the mighty, and dash in pieces the terrible. They deny thy justice: let them feel it to the full. Indeed, they shall feel it; for God shall hunt the sinner for ever: so long as there is a grain of sin in him it shall be sought out and punished. It is not a little worthy of note, that very few great persecutors have ever died in their beds: the curse has manifestly pursued them, and their fearful sufferings have made them own *that* divine justice, at which they could at one time launch defiance. God permits tyrants to arise as thorn-hedges to protect his church from the intrusion of hypocrites, and that he may teach his backsliding children by them, as Gideon did the men of Succoth with the briars of the wilderness; but he soon cuts up these Herods, like the thorns, and casts them into the fire. Thales, the Milesian, one of the wise men of Greece, being asked what he thought to be the greatest rarity in the world, replied, "To see a tyrant live to be an old man." See how the Lord breaks, not only the arm, but the neck of proud oppressors. To the men who had neither justice nor mercy for the saints, there shall be rendered justice to the full, but not a grain of mercy.

16 The LORD *is* King for ever and ever: the heathen are perished out of his land.

17 LORD, thou hast heard the desire of the humble: thou wilt prepare their heart, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear:

18 To judge the fatherless and the oppressed, that the man of the earth may no more oppress.

The Psalm ends with a song of thanksgiving to the great and everlasting King, because he has granted the desire of his humble and oppressed people, has defended the fatherless, and punished the heathen who trampled upon his poor and afflicted children. Let us learn that we are sure to speed well, if we carry our complaint to the King of kings. Rights will be vindicated, and wrongs redressed, at his throne. His government neglects not the interests of the needy, nor does it tolerate oppression in the mighty. Great God! we leave ourselves in thine hand; to thee we commit thy church afresh. Arise, O God! and let the man of the earth,—the creature of a day,—be broken before the majesty of thy power. Come, Lord Jesus, and glorify thy people. Amen, and Amen.

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 7.—Cursing men are cursed men.—*Joseph Trapp.*

Verse 10.—If you take a wolf in a lambskin, hang him up; for he is the worst of the generation.—*Thomas Adams.*

Verses 11, 12, 13.—The Atheist denies God's ordering of sublunary matters. "Tush, doth the Lord see, or is there knowledge in the Most High?" making him a maimed Deity, without an eye of providence, or an arm of power, and at most restraining him only to matters above the clouds. But he that dares to confine the King to heaven, will soon after endeavour to depose him, and fall at last flatly to deny him.—*Thomas Fuller.*

Verses 13, 14.—What, do you think that God doth not remember our sins which we do not regard? for while we sin the score runs on, and the Judge setteth down all in the table of remembrance, and his scroll reacheth up to heaven. Item, for lending to usury; item, for racking of rents; item, for starching thy ruffs; item, for curling thy hair; item, for painting thy face; item, for selling of benefices; item, for starving of souls; item, for playing at cards; item, for sleeping in the church; item, for profaning the Sabbath-day, with a number more hath God to call to account, for everyone must answer for himself. The fornicator, for taking of filthy pleasure; the careless prelate, for murthering so many thousand souls; the landlord, for getting money from his poor tenants by racking of his rents; see the rest, all they shall come

like very sheep when the trumpet shall sound, and the heaven and earth shall come to judgment against them; when the heavens shall vanish like a scroll, and the earth shall consume like fire, and all the creatures standing against them; the rocks shall cleave asunder, and the mountains shake, and the foundation of the earth shall tremble, and they shall say to the mountains, Cover us, fall upon us, and hide us from the presence of his anger and wrath, whom we have not cared to offend. But they shall not be covered and hid; but then shall they go the back way, to the snakes and serpents, to be tormented of devils for ever.—*Henry Smith.*

Verse 17.—There is a kind of omnipotency in prayer, as having an interest and prevalency with God's omnipotency. It hath loosed iron chains (Acts xvi. 25, 26); it hath opened iron gates (Acts xii. 5—10); it hath unlocked the windows of heaven (1 Kings xviii. 41); it hath broken the bars of death (John xi. 40, 43). Satan hath three titles given in the Scriptures, setting forth his malignity against the Church of God: a dragon, to note his malice; a serpent, to note his subtilty; and a lion, to note his strength. But none of all these can stand before prayer. The greatest malice of Haman sinks under the prayer of Esther; the deepest policy, the counsel of Ahithophel, withers before the prayer of David; the largest army, a host of a thousand Ethiopians, run away like cowards before the prayer of Asa.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—The answer to these questions furnishes a noble topic for an experimental sermon. Let me suggest that the question is not to be answered in the same manner in all cases. Past sin, trial of graces, strengthening of faith, discovery of depravity, instruction, &c., &c., are varied reasons for the hiding of our Father's face.

Verse 3.—God's hatred of covetousness: show its justice.

Verse 5.—"*Thy judgments are far above out of his sight.*" Moral inability of men to appreciate the character and acts of God.

Verse 6.—The vain confidence of sinners.

Verse 9.—The ferocity, craftiness, strength, and activity of Satan.

Verse 11.—Divine omniscience.

Verse 13, *(first clause).*—An astounding fact, and a reasonable enquiry.

Verse 13.—Future retribution: doubts concerning it. I. By whom indulged. *the wicked.* II. Where fostered: "*in his heart.*" III. For what purpose: *quieting of conscience, &c.* IV. With what practical tendency: "*contemn God.*" He who disbelieves hell, distrusts heaven.

Verses 13, 14.—Divine government in the world. I. Who doubt it? and why? II. Who believe it? and what does this faith cause them to do?

Verse 16.—The Eternal Kingship of Jehovah.

Verse 17, *(first clause).*—I. The Christian's character,—"humble." II. An attribute of the Christian's whole life "desire:" he desires more holiness, communion, knowledge, grace, and usefulness; and then he desires glory. III. The Christian's great blessedness: "Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble."

Verse 17, *(whole verse).*—I. Consider the *nature* of gracious desires. II. Their *origin.* III. Their *result.* The three sentences readily suggest these divisions, and the subject may be very profitable.

Spiritual Oneness.

BY PASTOR JOHN OFFORD, PALACE GARDENS CHAPEL.

GODHEAD is one and indivisible. The three glorious persons in the Trinity constitute but one essence; so that, though the Father is God, and the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God, yet are there not three gods but one God. Such is the truth taught in the Old Testament, "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord." And such is the truth taught in the New Testament: "To us there is one God." This great and unchanging verity is the source of the unity of the one family of faith. "As thou Father art in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us." Of the blessed truth of the unity of all redeemed men we now propose to speak. May the One Eternal Spirit

who dwelleth in the one Church in heaven and on earth, guide us into the reality of this divine doctrine.

I. The thought of the essential unity of all redeemed men could only be of God; the conception of the One Eternal mind; the offspring of the One Infinite heart. So grand a design could originate in no finite intellect. Essential wisdom beams forth in every line of the wondrous plan. The blessed purpose has ever been before him, of whom, and through whom, and to whom, are all things. It well accords with the unchanging unity of the ever blessed God, that he should choose and redeem an innumerable multitude of sinners of mankind, and constitute them one glorious, united people and family, in whom he might display the riches of his grace unto eternal ages.

II. The unity of the faithful embraces believers of every age of time, and from every clime of earth; from the first fallen man who rested his soul on the promise of God's grace and truth in the dawn of time, to the last child of that fallen man, who shall hear and believe the Word of the gospel, in the moment ere it shall be said that time is no more. It is a unity that gathers into its vast and sacred enclosure, within the heavenly places, the countless throngs who from age to age find refuge from doom under the sheltering wings of divine mercy, and beneath the cross of God's spotless sacrificial lamb. It is a unity from whose priceless privileges shall be excluded no child of man, that shall rest the faith of his heart on the word of his God, whether that word were spoken of old time, or is uttered in this day of grace, or shall be heard in the coming age of the glorious millennial reign of the Son of man.

We grant that there is a great and marked variety in the dispensational position and experiences of the children of the one family of God. We grant that the grand old patriarchs who lived well nigh a thousand years, and were found righteous before God, when wickedness increased upon the earth, who trusted in and loved the same God as ourselves, and possessed the one life and the one faith of the saved; nevertheless, had not the light which has beamed upon us from the person of the risen Son of God, at the right hand of the Father on high. We grant that the believing Jews, though they had much advantage every way, knew not the calling and the standing in Christ, and the spiritual blessings in the heavenly places, as we know them, we with whom the Comforter, the Spirit of truth and the Spirit of adoption now dwells, to testify of the fatherhood of God to the many brethren of his risen Son. Let it be admitted too, that the saints of the coming age will not have the privilege of suffering with their rejected Lord and head, in a world that has despised his claims, and that consigned him to the felon's doom; and that they will not have the honour of wrestling against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and against spiritual wickedness in high places, seeing that these will be shut up in the abyss with their mighty chief. All this, and much more of a like kind, we thankfully own, rejoicing the while in the special grace of God towards his people in these days of gospel light. Yet, notwithstanding these dispensational diversities, the whole body of the faithful is, and will be for ever, one. This essential truth of the Word of God, underlies all the differences of condition and position in which the various generations of the redeemed have been

or can be found. The perfect and everlasting unity of the faithful can no more be disturbed by the circumstances of the Church below, than the oneness of the mighty ocean can be destroyed by the tempestuous winds which, ever and anon, toss its surface into foaming billows. The phases through which the Church may pass in the land of her sojourn can no more extinguish the light of this blessed truth than can the changing atmosphere of earth extinguish the light of the sun. Dispensations belong to time. They are the moods of the divine sovereignty in its dealings with the successive generations of the redeemed. They are the unfoldings of the plans of infinite wisdom in developing the one great purpose of the one Jehovah, and they will all issue in the one great result for which they have been successively introduced into the grand economy of redemption. All the dispensations of time are tending, like the great rivers of earth to the one ocean, to that final and endless dispensation of the fulness of times, in which God will gather together in one, all things in Christ. The fulness of the times that have been, the fulness of the time of grace that now is, the measureless fulness of the ingathering of the millennial age will all be gathered under one head into one condition of blessing, and into one sphere of glory in the dispensation of the new heaven and the new earth. Yes, the family of faith is one. Loved by one everlasting and distinguishing love; born of one eternal Father; possessed of one holy life; redeemed by the same precious blood; renewed by the one Holy Ghost; united to one living head; destined unto one heavenly home; the family of faith is one, essentially and eternally one.

III. All the redeemed have been loved with one distinguishing and special love. A love unequalled in nature and unparallelled in degree. A love bestowed on no other creatures in the vast universe. The deepest paternal emotion in the infinite heart of God, has been from eternity cherished towards those whom he has loved *with* and *in* his only begotten Son, the Son of his love. The deepest affection in the heart of the eternal Son is that which he has ever cherished toward the chosen bride appointed to him of the Father. The love of the most tender dove-like Spirit has been manifested by him as the Quickener and the Comforter of the children of God. But that love of the precious Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost enfolds in one everlasting embrace every member of the redeemed family. The Divine Father does not cherish one kind of love towards one portion of his family, and another kind of love towards another portion of his family. The blessed Saviour does not confer a higher degree of love on some of his own people, and a lesser degree on others. That there is a character of love in the heart of God towards some of his children whom he has chosen in Christ, from which others of his redeemed ones are excluded, is a thought impossible to be conceived in the mind of one who has known the Father, whom that Father has received and embraced as a returning prodigal, and welcomed to his bosom and his home in divine compassion and affection. For God to have declared that there was a state of nearness to himself, and of fellowship with the Father and the Son, designed for some of his chosen ones, into which others could never be permitted to enter would have been a distinct avowal on his part, that these excluded ones had never possessed the same place in his fatherly heart as the more favoured objects of his grace. I know not whether those godly men and teachers

in the Church who so urgently enforce the claim of the saints of this dispensation to essential pre-eminence and everlasting blessing with and in Christ beyond all other redeemed men, are aware of this only legitimate inference which can be drawn from their teaching; but *certes*, there can be no more deplorable notion fathered upon the truth of God, and therefore upon the God of truth, than that which this doctrine involves. On the other hand, the inference is plain and undeniable, that if the eternal Father has loved his children with one special and unchanging love; if he has enfolded them all alike in his infinite heart with and in Christ his beloved, from eternity; then the longings of that heart could not be satisfied without giving every child of his love the richest and the highest blessings that he could bestow. Loved, therefore, with one distinguishing love, by the ever blessed God, the whole family of faith shall share alike the fulness of his favour, the joys of his home, and the fellowship of his bosom; they shall be essentially, perfectly, and eternally one.

IV. The unity of the faithful is derived through their being born of one Father. "Of his own will begat he us, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures." "To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God," "which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." All the children stand in the same essential relation to the one Father, and become through his grace entitled to the same glorious inheritance. A royal father may assign to his sons different offices in the state, or diverse ranks in his army, but these will make no difference in their one condition of princely dignity, or in their relation to that father himself; and God may place one portion of his family in one position on earth, and another in a different position, yet does he not thereby alter their one relation to himself as their Father, or their state of equality before him as brethren.

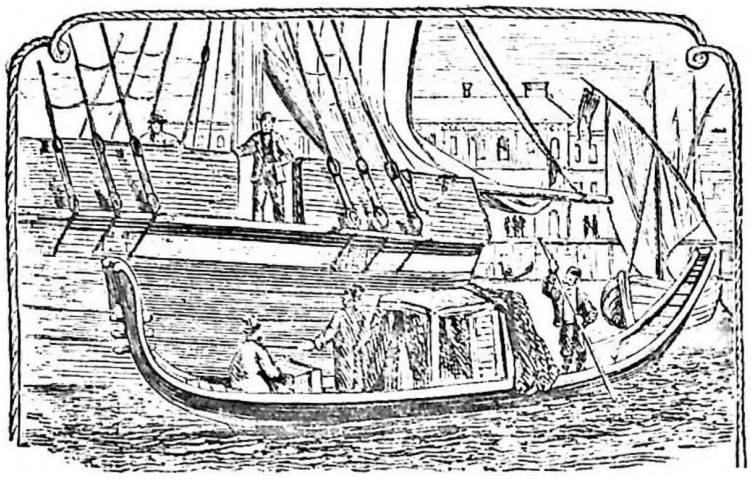
Besides, the life by which the children of God are born unto him is one essential life, derived from him who is "The Life," even that eternal life which was with the Father, and which has been manifested unto men. No fallen child of man was ever renewed in the spirit of his mind, save by the incorruptible life communicated from the Son of God; and Christ does not impart two distinct kinds of life to his redeemed people, the one fitting them for union with himself, and the other preparing them for a lower condition of being, in some nearer or remoter connection with himself as Head of the Church. If every redeemed man has eternal life at all, it must be a life from Christ, and the life of Christ can only exist in union with himself. While, then, it is true that God is the Father of all who believe, and that all believers possess a common life from Christ, there can be no difference of circumstance or position, in time or eternity, which can touch their spiritual oneness before him.

V. This unity is grounded on the glorious fact that every saint and chosen sinner has been redeemed by the same precious blood of Christ. I take it that every sinner, who through Divine grace, stands before God in all the value and preciousness of the one obedience unto death of Jesus, becomes justly entitled to every privilege and blessing flowing from his one all-sufficient sacrifice. It were a thing impossible to be supposed that the God of all grace and truth should not give to

any sinner trusting in the merits of the one Redeemer, and resting in very truth upon his precious blood, all that that blood could claim on his behalf. Can it be imagined that among those who were afar off, and who are made nigh by the blood of Jesus, there should be multitudes who shall never know the blessedness of nearness which is granted to others. God can never so deal with the wondrous sacrifice of his well-pleasing Son, as to allow one single soul that shall rest in its merits before him, to be deprived of any good that that sacrifice could claim for that soul. God has based everything on the blood of his own Son. It is his, and his only, to estimate the full value of that precious blood, and to assign to it the reward which it merits. Well may it therefore be said, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" And what less reward can be given than that which the fulfiller of the Father's will has sought at his hand in his own memorable and recorded plea? "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." These words are sufficiently decisive. All whom the Father has given to Jesus, are to be with him for ever, to dwell in, and to behold his glory. Hence it is clear that all the redeemed, not merely those of the present dispensation, but those saved from every generation of man through all time, shall be found in the same position of glory with their exalted head in the presence of the Father for ever. And this accords with another plea in that wondrous intercessory prayer of Christ, "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are." And again, "That they ALL may be ONE." Not a few of them; not those passing, through special scenes and circumstances on earth, and favoured with certain privileges while here; but ALL loved of the Father, and given to the Son as the fruit and reward of his one obedience unto death whereby he glorified the holy name of his Father and God.

VI. Spiritual oneness is peculiarly the "unity of the Spirit." The Holy Ghost is the great agent in the renewal unto eternal life of the souls of men. Hence the apostle adds to his testimony concerning the "one body," that "there is one Spirit." One Holy Ghost who quickens all the members of that one body, who implants each member into the body, who maintains its vital union with the glorious head, and who maintains the union of all the members with each other. The same Holy Ghost which renewed the hearts of the ancient saints, and led them along their pilgrim path and opened before them the prospect of the coming Messiah, and the hope of the better and heavenly country, is the same Spirit which now dwells as the Spirit of adoption and as the Comforter in the hearts of God's people; and he is the same Spirit that will quicken the dry bones of the whole house of Israel in the day of Christ's coming; and who will work the wonders of grace to be accomplished in the ingathering of the great harvest of the millennial age. He is the Spirit which shall quicken the bodies of the sleeping saints with life immortal from Jesus; and who will finally flood with light and fill with love the minds and hearts of glorified just men in the world of bliss, for ever.

Other thoughts on this subject may follow in a future number.



WHEN we were in Venice we purchased a few curiosities, and finding them burdensome, we thought of sending them home by one of the English vessels lying in the Canal. We went out in a gondola with our box, and having asked for the captain of one of the vessels, we put to him the question, "Will you take a box for us to London, and what is the charge?" His reply was very ready, "*I can't say till I know what's in it,* for I don't want to get into trouble." A very common sense answer indeed; *we* admired its caution and honesty.

What a pity that men do not exercise as much care in spiritual matters, as to what they will receive or reject. Dear reader, in these times there are thousands of bad books published, and herds of bad teachers sent forth to deceive the unwary; you must be on your guard, lest you be led into error. Take nothing for granted, enquire into things for yourself, and try every new doctrine, and professedly old doctrine too, by the Word of God. You may take contraband goods on board before you are aware of it; keep both eyes open, watch and examine, and when a thing is pressed upon you, *find out what's in it.* Do not believe all a man says because he is a clergyman, or eloquent, or learned, or even because he is kind and generous. Bring all to the bar of Holy Scripture, and if they cannot stand the test, receive them not, whatever their bold pretences.

But reader, is your own present religion good for anything? *Do you know what's in it,* and what it is made of? May *it* not be mischievous and false? Search thyself, and do not take a hope into thy soul till thou knowest what it is made of. The devil and his allies will try to trick you into carrying their wares, but be warned in time, and reject their vile devices. The finished work of Jesus received by faith, is "a good hope through grace," and there is no other. *Hast thou it?* or art thou foolishly looking to another? The Lord lead you away from all else to Jesus. Whatever may be the ground of trust which men may offer you, take care to KNOW WHAT'S IN IT before you accept it.

No. 19.—Sword and Trowel Tracts, by C. H. SPURGEON.—6d. per 100. Post free, 8 stamps.
Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.



THE SHEPHERD.

WHEN a shepherd has at last overtaken his poor, silly, wandering sheep, he does not straightway fall to scolding or beating it for having cost him so much toil and trouble. No; but he observes that it is very weary, that it has torn itself among thorns, and cut itself among jagged rocks, and therefore he first tenderly sees to its wounds, and then bears it back to the fold in his own arms. Poor trembling sinner, the gospel has at length laid hold upon you; you cannot longer run into the paths of sin, grace has stopped your mad career, and made you tremble at the guilt of sin. You are afraid of Jesus, for you know how sorely you have grieved him; you fear that he will chide you severely, and perhaps spurn you from his presence. Oh think not so of the Good Shepherd! He is already gazing on your bleeding wounds, and preparing to bind them up; he will soon take compassion on your weakness, and bear you in his arms. Trust to him, poor sinner, just as the poor sheep trusts the shepherd. A man is more precious than a sheep, and Jesus is more tender than the most careful shepherd. To coming sinners he is gentle indeed. When the prodigal returned all ragged, and filthy, his loving father did not put him in quarantine till he had been cleansed and purified, but there and then he fell upon his neck and kissed him, without so much as giving him one upbraiding word. He came straight from the swine-trough to his parent's arms. That welcomed prodigal is the type of such sinners such as you are. You too shall have all kisses, and no frowns; all love, and no wrath; all kindness, and no severity. Oh! if you knew the Saviour, you would not delay. Now, *now* poor heavy-laden sinner, trust the Lord Jesus, and live. He has never treated one returning prodigal with harshness, and he cannot change, and will therefore deal as generously with you as he has done with others. Whether *thou* wilt trust him or no—*I* will—*I* do. Poor sinner, may the Holy Spirit lead thee to look to Jesus and live.

No. 20.—Sword and Trowel Tracts, by C. H. SPURGEON.—6d. per 100. Post free, 8 stamps.
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Gleanings from Nature.

INVISIBLE PLANTS.

IS it an animal or a vegetable? This question has, with regard to many of the lower forms of organic existence, been frequently agitated, and is not indeed even now settled to the satisfaction of all; there may be some, however, whose minds have never been exercised upon so important a topic, and who, were the question put to them, would refer to the sheep nipping grass in the field, and triumphantly ask if there could be any doubt about that! Certainly it would need a skilled disputant to carry such a discussion much farther; and we might be met by the old teaching of our school-books that the great distinction between an animal and a vegetable consisted in the circumstances that the former moves about in search of its food while the latter is stationary, and grows as it imbibes nutriment from the soil and air; but the microscope reveals to us what otherwise would be an invisible world of vegetable beings having organs of motion by which they travel with considerable rapidity, and of whom it may be said that for a large portion of their existence motion is their normal condition; clearly then, locomotion is not the only test of animal life, and indeed the difficulty of deciding upon the class to which organisms on the border-land belong is so great, that some species which have been claimed as animals by one set of observers, have as vehemently been decided to be vegetable by others, and at one period classed with the one form and then handed over to the other great branch of nature; however, it is now tolerably well agreed that several of the minute forms of life formerly grouped amongst the infusorial animalcules, to which attention was recently invited, are not animal existences, but vegetables, oftentimes consisting of merely a simple cell, but others being exceedingly beautiful and of a more complex character. Many of these are so extremely small, that all that we wrote last month respecting the minuteness of the animal will equally apply to the wonderfully large amount of vegetable beings which might exist in a little space.

The rapidity with which every bare surface is covered with vegetation is an illustration of the oft-recurring lesson that the earth with all its moral deformity is a grand scene of physical beauty, the details of which will bear the investigation of the most scrutinizing eye; every moist spot of undisturbed earth is speedily covered with a green coating; the hard rock, where it affords a lodgment for rain drops, becomes the resting space of invisible germs floating in the atmosphere, and ere long its surface is dotted over with humble forms of vegetable life which, by the successive decay and growth of myriads of organisms, at length prepares a soil for the reception of more highly organized existences by which the jutting crag or riven cliff is clothed with drapery of the most exquisite forms.

"Seeds to our eyes invisible, will find
On the rude rock the bed that fits their kind;
There in the rugged soil they safely dwell,
Till showers and snows the subtle atoms swell,
And spread the enduring foliage, then we trace
The freckled flower upon the flinty base,
These all increase, 'till in unnoted years
The stormy tower as gray with age appears,
With coats of vegetation thinly spread,
Coat above coat, the living on the dead."*

Moisture being essential to the development of the germs, it is not surprising that in water the process should go on with great quickness; indeed all who have kept an aquarium will have been impressed with this circumstance, as the complaint is frequently heard that the sides of the glass are so covered with a "nasty green film," that nothing within can be seen with distinctness; yet this so-called nasty film is but the result of the natural endeavour to clothe all things with verdure. But if it be not admired it may be removed without difficulty, or by proper treatment it will disappear. The surface of the glass containing our "pond" was sometime since so entirely coated, and the light so much obscured by it as to appear nearly black, but a few mowers and scavengers in the shape of small pond-snails, soon

* It may be necessary to remind young readers that in this, otherwise correct, description by Crabbe, the terms *foliage* and *flowers* are poetical expressions; the lower order of plants having neither the one nor the other.

cut it down with their wonderful rasps, and now the water is as clear as possible. No one need take the trouble to provide small vegetation for his aquarium, as Nature will adorn every piece of stone within it in such a beautiful manner, that it will be folly indeed to attempt to imitate it, and will amply suffice to maintain the water in a state fit to be the habitation of animals.

The curious phenomenon known as gory dew, in which spots of a blood-red colour appear in various places, to the great fright of uninstructed humanity; is due to the growth of minute vegetation, and is, no doubt, a variety of form which in colder climates covers the surface of snow, producing the well-known red snow of the Polar regions. The red snow plant is a globular cell so small, that from ten to twelve hundred of them might be placed side by side in a space of an inch long; myriads of which are usually aggregated together, but each cell being recognisable under the microscope. It is remarkable that this plant may be kept many years in a moist state in a stoppered bottle, without the structure undergoing scarcely any change. We had the opportunity, by the kindness of the late lamented Professor Quekett, of examining some of this vegetation brought home by one of the Arctic Voyagers, and found that it had retained its form and brilliancy of colouring, the little cells under a strong light resembling rounded rubies.

In early summer, when water remains undisturbed and is exposed to the action of the sun, it is often found to attain a striking green hue, very evident on holding a portion of it in a clear vessel to the light; the water seems to have been dyed with some colouring matter, and it a piece of rag be dipped into it, it will also be coloured in a similar manner; but if a small portion of the water be taken on the end of a pin and dropped on a glass under the microscope, it will be found to be perfectly colourless, but full of very minute green bodies which move about with the greatest freedom, jostling each other, swimming now up, then down, to and fro, and keeping up a perpetual whirl of activity which is highly suggestive of animal enjoyment, but is due simply to the active state of these undoubted vegetable organisms which are furnished with a long cilium that appears to be the organ of locomotion.

On taking water in spring for observation, from a clear ditch or stagnant pool, there will generally be found curious disc-like bodies, composed of several green cells, each with its minute cilia, but all united; with these frequently occur others of a square shape, and some aggregated like a bunch of grapes, which, when magnified, roll over and over under the eye, these are the active and compound zoospores, each of which will in due time become detached from its fellows, sink into a state of repose, then known as "resting spores," and ultimately germinate into other forms of vegetation.

While speaking of minute vegetation, we cannot refrain from noticing one, which, though not invisible, is still small, varying from about one-thirtieth to one-hundredth of an inch in diameter. When viewed by the unaided eye in a vessel of clear water, it appears as a tiny green speck, moving slowly but steadily through it; but take it out, and place it in a glass cell under the instrument, and you find it to be a pellucid globe of the most delicate tint of green, its surface divided by a number of lines, the probable junction of the numerous segments of which the sphere is composed, while projecting therefrom are a large number of cilia in constant motion. The globe moves round and round so persistently, on, as it would appear, an axis that it has been named the revolving globe—Volvox Globator. This lovely organism has given rise to much learned controversy as to the nature of its being, but it is now, we believe, almost, if not quite, universally admitted to be vegetable. Within the globe are seen other globes, each formed as the outer or parent one, and within these still, others in a more or less perfect state of development; when any of them are fully formed, they may be observed in active motion until at length the parent membrane bursts and they swim forth, in turn to suffer the same disruption as their progeny ripens into an adult state.

Reverting to the more minute organisms, we have those singular forms which are always the first to make their appearance where there is matter in a

state of decay, these are long and slender: but how comparative these terms are, may be imagined when it is added that if nine thousand of them were laid end to end, they would not extend beyond an inch in distance; these germs must be enormously abundant, and probably floating everywhere, waiting only for the occurrence of circumstances suited to their development, and it is not improbable, as has been supposed by some observers, that their presence may be connected with some of the forms of epidemic disease to which man is subject. They are seldom, if ever, at rest, but have a peculiar vacillating or vibratory movement. Not only is the air laden with these, but also with the spores of that large and beautiful class of vegetation which covers our cheese, bread, fruit, &c., when in a state of decay, or unduly exposed to damp; and the mind cannot fail to be struck with the immense profusion of vitality everywhere around us, a large amount of which must fail for want of those conditions under which alone it can flourish; but on the other hand, millions upon millions of these germs of life are actively engaged in disintegrating, tearing up as it were, matters of various kinds, which would be useless if not deleterious if allowed to remain; and withal, while doing this, preparing objects of beauty on every hand for the gratification of any who will turn aside for a moment from the busy whirl of life's cares to refresh the soul by communing with the calm, quiet, but active and benevolent spirit, displayed in Nature.

If my readers would make the acquaintance of some of the more exquisitely beautiful, and at the same time, many grotesque forms of the invisible vegetation, he should take his staff and seek health by walking over some breezy heath or open country, where in little bosky dells, or sunny nooks, pools of water lie reflecting back to heaven the beauteous likenesses of cloud, or moon, or star, or sun; upon whose banks the tangled brake and wild flowers entwine, and the lovely little round leaves of the sundew are to be found nestling in the mossy margin; the water is clear as crystal, but brown in tint from the boggy nature of the soil, and is never disturbed save when some feathered songster dips its beak into the cooling surface, or a bee returning laden to its hive rests its limbs upon the ledge, and refreshes itself by sipping of the pool; let him sit down here awhile and think, as his eyes are gladdened by the sight of happy nature around him, what this world might, nay, would have been, had not the race of which he is a member, introduced disobedience and sin. Peering down into the quiet depths of the pool he will observe the stones at the bottom covered with a slimy vegetation, and being duly provided with some wide-mouthed bottles, he should carefully gather some of the greenery from different parts of the pool into separate vessels. On returning home to observe his gathering by the aid of the Microscope, he will gratify his curiosity by making the acquaintance of that beautiful tribe of plants known as the Desmidiæ, or popularly "slimy worts;" these are only to be found in fresh water, and are single celled, flattened, and of a bright green colour, the coloring matter distributed through the interior so as to produce a variety of patterns; in Autumn, the green colour passes into brown, in a manner analagous to vegetation on a larger scale. The shapes of these plants, each of which consists of but one cell, known as a frustule, or sometimes froud, are of the most bizarre character, quite overturning all preconceived notions respecting curved lines being lines of beauty; here you have squares, parallelograms, cubes, as well as circles, ovals, and other geometric forms. They progress slowly, and with an oscillating motion, the source of which is not understood, although there are many theories to account for it; they will certainly move toward light, and if placed in a glass vessel, will aggregate upon the sides of it nearest to the sun, and if mixed with mud will work their way through it. Under the microscope, we have frequently watched their motions, but without being able to detect any cilia or other means by which they may be enabled to travel.

Like the Infusoria, these vegetable forms increase by self-division, and in a transverse direction; but it would seem to be a somewhat difficult matter to divide a circle transversely so as to make of it two circles: yet this is ac-

complished by the covering of the parent frond dividing, when from each half is thrust out a little projection which gradually increases until the complete semicircle is formed; the two, which then appear as discs with a slightly flattened junction, speedily disunite and become separate fronds. In the larger species the colouring matter divides near the middle, gradually assuming a rounded form, after which, the covering membrane slowly divides.

The Rev. Lord Godolphin Osborne writes on the division of Closterium, one of this species shaped somewhat like a bent cucumber, or, if it is more elegant, like the moon when it appears crescent-shaped: "I have watched for hours the process of complete self-division; one half has remained passive while the other has had a motion from side to side as if moving on an axis at the point of juncture, the separation has become more and more ardent, the motion more active, until at last with a jerk one segment leaves the other." It would appear from the researches of some observers, that there are species of this organism which increase by the contents of the parent cell, or a portion of them becoming transformed into active zoospores moving freely by means of cilia which become developed upon them in the cavity of the parent, but as this space is too restricted for the march of the ambitious beings thus endowed with motion, a bladder-like sac is protruded by the parent into which the restless ones are speedily transferred when they soon become steady and arrange themselves into a new frond. Others again expire while developing new beings: in those which are of a complex but geometric character, the vital matter in the interior arranges itself into different portions exactly coinciding with the separate compartments or divisions of the original, each of these minor parts soon acquires an independent covering, and then the cell walls of the parent split up and leave the several young ones as the foundation of new groups of beings.

Surprising as are the varied phenomena of nature and the laws which regulate the numerous tribes of animate and inanimate organism, there are few more striking than that known as conjugation, being in addition to self-division, the usual mode by which the minute vegetation is propagated; this phenomenon may be observed in that thread-like conferva which in spring is found in slimy masses on stagnant pools, the filaments of which are of great length and commonly known as "silk weeds;" they are of a bright, yellowish green, and consist of long cells attached end to end filled with colouring matter, the granules being frequently arranged in most elegant patterns; when the conjugating act is about to take place, certain of the cells expand and the sides bulge outwards, the internal vesicles increase in number and gather together near the conjugating part; but it is necessary that two cells similarly circumstanced should be brought into contact, but by what mysterious impulse this is brought about none can tell, however approach they do, the cell walls at first simply touching each other, become firmly united, then absorption takes place by which the wall disappears, or it opens at the point of junction, and the contents of the two cells rush together and become intermingled in one somewhat globular mass, around which a new sheath or covering soon develops itself, and the two original cells now entirely empty and colourless become detached and float away; the whole of this curious process occupies but a few minutes. The production of this congregation exists as a tiny green ball enveloped in a somewhat dense membrane on which is frequently afterwards developed numerous minute spikes or hooklets, so strongly resembling animal forms, that they have not unfrequently been classed amongst the infusorial animalcules, but their true character is now beyond dispute, and it is very interesting to find that the same phenomena occurred in far byegone times, as these minute structures termed "sporangia," are found in flints and other fossils.

Are these wondrous organisms, great in marvel, though small in structure, useless inhabitants of our waters? We cannot so think, nor do we consider that it behoves us to be always enquiring of what use this or that may be, as if it is not possible for any created thing to minister to other purposes than that of gratifying man. However, it is extremely probable that these minute forms

of vegetation, not only stimulate to increased investigation the admirer of God's handiworks and enable him to see therein fresh illustrations of that abundant love which has scattered forms of beauty with so lavish a hand over all the earth, but that they are directly engaged in maintaining the stability of the economy of nature, and that curious connection which exists between animal and vegetable beings; for as the former cannot live either in the water or the air without extracting therefrom that vital gas, oxygen, which is as important to the least as it is to the greatest of animals, so these microscopic vegetables as well as the forest trees are engaged in exhaling that prime necessary of existence.

W. R. SELWAY.

Married Love.

TO MY WIFE.

OVER the space which parts us, my wife,
I'll cast me a bridge of song,
Our hearts shall meet, O joy of my life,
On its arch unseen but strong.

E'en as the stream forgets not the sea,
But hastes to the ocean's breast,
My constant soul flows onward to thee
And finds in thy love its rest.

The swallows must plume their wings to greet
New summers in lands afar;
But dwelling at home with thee I meet
No winter my year to mar.

The wooer his new love's name may wear
Engraved on a precious stone;
But in my heart thine image I wear,
That heart has been long thine own.

The glowing colours on surface laid,
Wash out in a shower of rain,
Thou need'st not be of rivers afraid,
For my love is dyed ingrain.

And as ev'ry drop of Garda's lake
Is tinged with the sapphire's blue;
So all the powers of my mind partake
Of joy at the thought of you.

The glittering dewdrops of dawning love
Exhale as the day grows old,
And fondness, taking the wings of a dove,
Is gone like a tale of old;

But mine for thee from the chambers of joy,
With strength came forth as the sun,
Nor life nor death shall its force destroy,
For ever its course shall run.

All earthborn love must sleep in the grave,
To its native dust return;
What God hath kindled shall death outbrave
And in heav'n itself shall burn.

Beyond and above the wedlock tie
Our union to Christ we feel,
Uniting bonds which were made on high
Shall hold us when earth shall reel.

Though he who chose us all worlds before,
Must *reign* in our hearts alone,
We fondly believe that we shall adore,
Together before his throne.

Hull, Sep. 1865.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Gone!

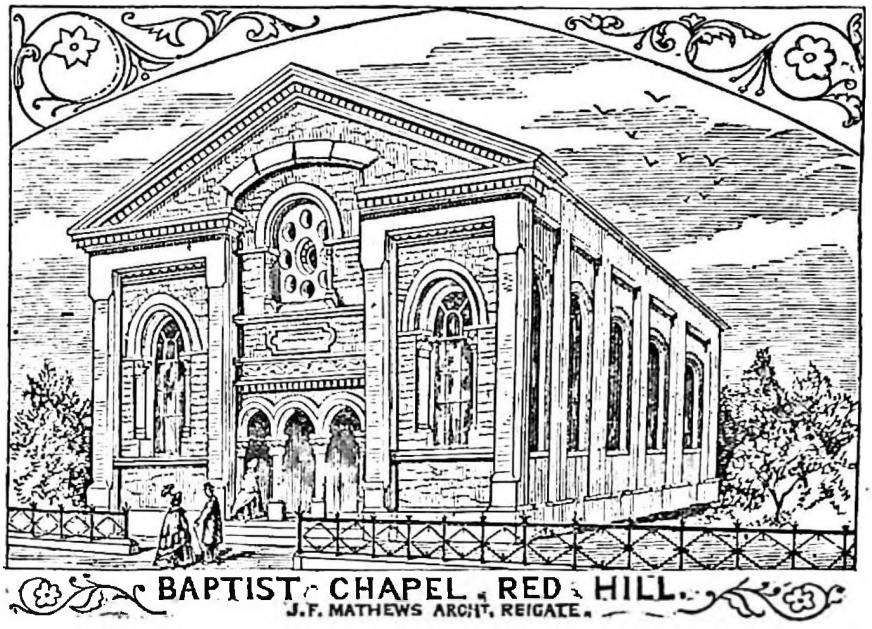
ANOTHER pilgrim gone!
Another soul at rest!
Another spirit by the throne,
In Jesus' fulness blest!
Triumphant in the faith
That sees the glorious prize,
And lends a majesty to death,
His spirit sought the skies!

Call'd to a great reward!
Call'd to a fadeless crown!
The warrior sheath'd his well-tried sword,
And laid his helmet down.
Life's toil and battle o'er,
No clarion-call of pain
Can reach that pure and blissful shore,
To mar his rest again.

Another year of time
Was fading from his view;
When rose, unclouded and sublime,
A year for ever new!
One moment here—a prayer
Employed his saintly tongue,
The *next*—he joins, immortal, there,
The sweet seraphic song!

And now the river 's cross'd—
Before the golden throne—
And mingling with the glorious host
Of saints and prophets gone.
What rapture it must be,
A Saviour's love to prove;
And spend a blest eternity,
In drinking in his love!

W. WINSFORD.



IN the month of May, 1864, a few friends at Red Hill secured the Town Hall, and requested Mr. Spurgeon to send them a student to preach the Word to them. The handful of persons who met at first, has now grown into a respectable congregation, under the able and earnest ministry of Mr. J. Smith. In July, 1864, a Church was formed and publicly recognized by Mr. Spurgeon as a branch of that at the Tabernacle; it then consisted of but seven members, but has in a few months increased to forty, while others are coming forward still further to fill the ranks. Sunday-schools and other evangelistic efforts are in healthy operation, the ministry is sustained, and all expenses are readily met. The new chapel, of which we give an engraving, will be a truly handsome, substantial, and neat building. Mr. Matthews, the architect, in addition to a generous donation, has also given his services gratis. The lowest tender, which the committee have accepted, amounts to £1237, and if no unforeseen delays occur, the friends hope to complete the erection soon after Christmas of the present year. The freehold land in the best part of the town, has cost £350, towards which £100 was given from Mr. Spurgeon's fund; £200 more from the same source is promised towards the building. Mr. John Olney, beside giving £100, has, with his usual tact, so arranged financial matters, that if all the friends will come forward with their fair proportion of help, this chapel will not for a moment be burdened with debt. This is our third "Sword and Trowel" chapel, but what about the fourth? A few donations have come in, and we hope to be on the move during this month.

The bazaar to be held in the lecture-hall and school-rooms of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in the Christmas week needs our friends most vigorous efforts to make it a thorough success. The ladies who are working with Mrs. Spurgeon, are greatly in need of materials, and if any of our drapery friends can find them remnants they will turn them to right good account. All sorts of useful articles are also urgently asked from those who can spare them for this good cause. London is perishing, let us haste to the rescue; and since we have the men to preach the Word, let them not be hindered by the lack of buildings in which to gather their willing hearers.

Work of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

OUR readers will naturally expect that some account should be given in this department of our magazine of the origin and progress of the college connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle. This has evidently become one of the most remarkable and beneficial results of the ministry of the word in that place. It was not the effect of human design, but of providential guidance. It was not sought, but found. It was not foreseen by Mr. Spurgeon or any of his friends as the fruit of his ministrations, nor even at its commencement were there any anticipations of its rapid growth and extensive influence. The honor of originating and sustaining such an institution was not sought by Mr. Spurgeon, but thrust upon him. Most of our collegiate and other religious institutions have been first designed and then planned; committees have been formed; rules and principles have been carefully discussed; and funds have been provided. There have been those who have been called their founders. Nothing of this kind appeared in the origination of the Tabernacle College. Mr. Spurgeon even was not its founder. It was founded by God, and committed to Mr. Spurgeon's care. "Take this child," it was said to him, "and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

Next to the conversion of souls, the desire of every zealous and faithful pastor will be that the converted may become instrumental to the conversion of others. Among these, it is not unreasonable to suppose that some would be qualified for occasional preaching, and others for the stated ministry of the word. A youth of this class having come under Mr. Spurgeon's notice, he determined to encourage and assist him, in devoting himself to the Christian ministry. The kind of assistance needed for that purpose not being provided, in his view, by any existing college within his knowledge, he determined to seek a tutor whose sentiments were more in harmony with his own. The progress of that one student in learning and usefulness led to the trial of another, and then, after a short interval, of another; and as the divine blessing seemed to rest in an unusual degree upon the studies of each one, the numbers continued to increase unto the present time. The first student was placed under private instruction in the year 1856. In 1861, when the Metropolitan Tabernacle was opened, the students, who then amounted to sixteen, were removed to class rooms, which had there been provided for them. There the number of students rapidly increased. A second tutor was provided, and soon after a third. Three years after commencing at the Tabernacle, there were sixty-six students, and now, after three more years, there are ninety-three. Thus the College has grown beyond all expectation and intention on the part of man, and even against efforts to restrain it. There has been no going before Providence in this case, but simply submission to its guidance. Surely then this work is of God and not of man. One special evidence of the hand of God in this work is the suitability of the applicants for admission to a college, which presents attractions to none but those who are sincerely and earnestly desirous of spending their whole lives in winning souls to Christ. Of these, it may be said, "These, where had they been? Where would they have been if such an Institution had not been provided for them?" The labors of most of them as preachers and pastors would have been unknown to the churches. The peculiar adaptation of the men for their studies and their work, and the peculiar spheres of usefulness to which they are called, prove that the hand of God has been in all this. At no time has the supply of suitable candidates failed. Many have been necessarily declined, which shows that a vast amount of agency in the church for the kind of evangelistic and pastoral efforts which the present age requires, is lost for want of such encouragement and training as the College at the Metropolitan Tabernacle supplies.

A considerable proportion of the students are from the church at the Tabernacle, which shows what the churches in general might supply.

Another evidence of the hand of God in this work is, the success with which the ministry of those who have passed through the College has been attended. We mean success in the real object for

which the College was instituted, and Christianity itself was given to men—the conversion of souls to God. In the new spheres of Christian labor that have been opened and established, in the revival of old ones, in the pre-eminence of some as public teachers, and the general attractiveness of their preaching, and in the fact that a pure gospel is preached by them, we therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice; but we rejoice far more to know that hundreds, and we trust even thousands, have already been saved through their instrumentality. May we not again ask, "These, where had they been?" If this be of God, surely the means by which it has been effected are also of him. This one seal of the divine approbation has ever rested, and still rests, upon the College; and this it is that cheers the president and his friends in their laborious and self-denying efforts to go on with this work, and leads them to feel necessity is laid upon us; yea, woe unto us, if we continue not thus to help others to preach the gospel.

The manner in which the required funds for sustaining the College have been supplied, is indicative of the hand of God in this undertaking. The burden of this rested at first upon Mr. Spurgeon himself and a few private friends. As the demands increased, help was afforded from the most unexpected sources, in answer to faith and prayer. The Church at the Tabernacle sympathized with its pastor in the work, and entered upon a system of weekly offerings, from which a large proportion of the funds is derived. A moiety of collections made after the public services of Mr. Spurgeon, on many occasions, in other places, has been another principal source of income. Special sums are also collected annually by different classes and societies at the Tabernacle, and are presented to Mr. Spurgeon for this object. Contributions are also sent from various parts without solicitation, and generally at such times, and in such measures, as call for the exercise of faith, but only that faith itself may be increased, and rejoicing may be more abundant.

From this brief sketch, our readers will see the relation in which the College stands to Mr. Spurgeon, to his church and congregation, and to Christians in general; and what is far more, how entirely the whole is of God. We propose in future numbers, as space allows, to give some account of the success of former students in their different spheres of labour, of the course of studies that has been adopted, and of other particulars that cannot fail to be interesting to all whose hearts are with us in this work.

Reviews.

The Wisdom of our Fathers. The Religious Tract Society.

If we are to accept this as the beginning of a series, we may anticipate a valuable addition to the benefit conferred upon an age of reading by the Tract Society. The present volume is limited to selections from the writings of Thomas Fuller, accompanied with a brief memoir. It is full of Puritan gems.

Sure of Heaven. By Thomas Mills. Hamilton, Adams and Co., London.

The possibility, duty, and advantages of the assurance of faith are here clearly expounded and enforced. It is a book for the doubting and desponding, in which they may learn the unreasonableness of their fears, and the encouragement they have, both from Scripture and reason, to go on their way rejoicing. Such works upon experimental godliness are rare in these times, which should lead us to prize them more when we have them.

Hand-Book for the Man of Business. F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

Neither more than it pretends to be, nor less. It should be in the hands of every young man about to enter into business, and of every one who, having gone wrong, wishes to conduct his business in future upon the best principles, and with every reasonable prospect of success.

The Mother's Manual. By MRS. REED. Jarrold & Sons, 12, Paternoster Row.

To mothers, as a directory for the proper training of their children, this little book is invaluable. It not only teaches what should be done, and how it should be done, but points out the right motives, and from whence they may be derived. It contains the experience of one whose efforts were crowned with success.

Money. A Popular Exposition. By T. BINNEY. Jackson, Walford & Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

THE close and extensive association of Mr. Binney with the commercial classes, in the course of his ministry, has given him great interest in them, led to much thoughtful observation respecting them, and prompted him to make special efforts on their behalf. The relation of money to the maintenance and diffusion of Christianity in the world, of which he has seen many noble examples, has doubtless helped much to turn his thoughts into this direction. The subject of money is presented in all its social, moral, and religious aspects in the book before us, in Mr. Binney's own peculiar style; most admirable in him, but most pernicious in its imitation by others.

The Revival. Volume XI. Morgan and Chase, 40, Ludgate Street.

WE have here a periodical record of events connected with the revival of religion in all parts of the world. It cannot fail to be useful to all who sincerely desire the triumph of Christian truth over the hearts and lives of men. It is well calculated both to disarm the prejudices of some against revival movements, and to moderate the wild enthusiasm of others. If it errs, it is usually on the right side. Surely a few may be pardoned for being, or seeming to be, too zealous, where nearly all beside are too cold.

Dark Sayings on a Harp. By the Rev. PAXTON HOOD. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a volume of sermons, the first of which is entitled "Dark Sayings on a Harp," and being first struck, becomes the key-note to all that follow. That there are "dark sayings" throughout the whole book, will be obvious to all; and that all the sayings of Mr. Hood, whether they be dark or clear, sound as from "a Harp," will be as readily conceded. "Dark Sayings on a Harp" is descriptive of Mr. Hood's order of mind and of all his productions. To simple-minded Christians, on the one hand, and to Puritanical Theologians on the other, he is often dark; but melodious and pleasing to all. To men of intellect and taste, these sermons may commend the great truths of Revelation, and with this view the author indulges his natural tendencies to originality of thought and beauty of illustration to the utmost. They are not models of what sermons in general should be, but in certain quarters will, we hope, be useful.

Riches increased by giving to the Poor; or, the Surest and Safest Way of Thriving. By WM. THOMAS GOUGE. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

AN excellent treatise upon the duty and privilege of Christians to honour the Lord with their substance! It is a reprint of the work of a Puritan Divine, with recommendatory prefaces by Dr. Owen, Dr. Manton, Dr. Bates, and Richard Baxter. It is very seasonable, as the attention of the churches has recently been directed to this subject, and further information and exhortation respecting it are much required. The blessedness resulting from a proper discharge of this duty is here proved from Scripture, from example, and from reason. Christian ministers will do well to promote its circulation amongst their hearers.

The Godly Man's Ark. By EDMUND CALAMY, B.D. James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

THE republication of books of this kind is a hopeful sign of the times. The light and romantic character of books upon religious subjects of late years, is producing, we hope, a reaction in favour of the simple and solid productions of former ages. The volume before us is an explanation and application of those

words in the ninety-second verse of the 119th Psalm, "Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction"; and though it contains five sermons upon one text, yet there are no digressions from it, but we have a clear and orderly development of its whole meaning and design. It is an admirable illustration of what Jerome said, "I adore the fulness of Scripture." It is a complete treatise upon the value of the Scriptures to the afflicted.

The Psalter and Hymn Book. By JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. James Nisbet and Co., Berner Street; and *The New Sunday School Tune Book.* Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THE first of these is a powerful and pleasing defence of hymnology, accompanied too with suitable instrumental music, in the services of the Sanctuary. The second is well adapted to aid the singing, which is one of the chief sources of enjoyment and instruction, in the Sabbath School.

The Life of James Keyworth. By C. W. SKYING. Morgan and Chase, 40, Ludgate Street.

JAMES KEYWORTH was a rough diamond —a John Bunyan in miniature. He thus aptly described himself. "Some ask me whether I am a *Gospel Standard* man, or an *Earthern Vessel* man, but I always say, 'I'm a Jesus Christ man.' These things are too high for me, and I won't be called by any other name than this."

The Pilgrim's Progress, Unabridged, for One Penny. Book Society.

THE nearest approach to a miracle ever seen in literature. Order a hundred at once, and give them away.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE "Pilgrim's Progress" in both its parts complete, with ninety-six pictorial illustrations, for two pence; or, either part for one penny. This is an exceedingly cheap edition of that wonderful book. A reduction even from this price is allowed to those who purchase for distribution; and few opportunities occur of conferring so much pleasure and profit at so small a cost, as the circulation of either this or the Book Society's edition in cottages, and among Sunday School children.

The Missing Link Magazine. The Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row.

THIS Magazine is virtually, though not officially, connected with that noblest and purest, and most efficient, of all Religious Societies in modern times—The British and Foreign Bible Society. To the zeal and talent of its Editor, as one of the honourable women whose efforts have been directed to the distribution of the sacred volume in the neglected districts of the metropolis, it owes both its origin and its prosperity. It deserves the support of all who profess to derive their faith solely from the Word of God.

Memoirs of Joseph Sturge. By HENRY RICHARDS. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row; A. W. Bennett, 5, Bishopsgate Without.

WE remember a notice of this book in a certain Review, which, with respect to all that is good, is always to be judged by the rule of contraries, by the censure of which, we received a favourable impression of this volume, and we have not been disappointed. Mr. Sturge was a noble specimen of an honest, benevolent, and consistent man. He was both great and good. He was the architect of his own fortune and fame. He rose from obscurity to obtain, by the force of sound moral principles, a world-wide fame. His religious views were strictly evangelical, renouncing his own righteousness for that of the Saviour, and relying upon atonement through his blood. "I have often to lament" he said, "my coldness in love to him, from whom all these blessings flow, and without whose redeeming mercy I can have no hope of being anchored in the haven of eternal rest." His life of good works was the fruit of gospel faith. With the Anti-Slavery Society, the Peace Society, the Temperance Society, and all the great benevolent institutions of his times, his name was identified. His biographer, from frequent intercourse with him in relation

to these societies, and having the pen of a ready writer, was well qualified for the difficult task of producing from a great mass of materials these condensed and connected Memoirs. Some repetitions, and the introduction of a few documents not interesting to general readers, were probably unavoidable; but on the whole, the book is valuable for the character it holds up for imitation, and the information it gives upon the greatest and most interesting movements of those times.

The London Hymn Book. Compiled by C. R. HURDITCH. 30th Thousand. Price 2d. W. Holmes.

AN admirable collection of revival hymns. Some are not to our taste, but perhaps they could not well have been omitted since they have become identified with revival gatherings. We do not wonder that so many thousands have been sold.

The Duration of Future Punishments. Two Lectures to the Students at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, by WILLIAM BARKER, with Preface by C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore & Alabaster.

THE devotees of the annihilation heresy are very busy just now, and their reasoning is amazingly plausible. It is well that our congregations should be forewarned and forearmed. These Lectures will, we trust, put many in possession of the antidote to the poison which is so zealously distributed. Mr. Barker's mind is at congenial work when arguing in defence of truths which have been attacked by sophistry.

Notices.

THE half-yearly meeting of the Young Women's Bible Class conducted by Mrs. Bartlett, was held on Wednesday evening, August 30th. Nearly all the institutions at the Tabernacle assume proportions in some degree commensurate with the Church and congregation, but none more so than that to which we now refer. The question has often been asked by Sabbath-school teachers and superintendents with painful anxiety, How shall we retain our senior scholars? How prevent their going away from religious influences just when they most need them? That they *can* be laid hold of by earnest and devoted teachers at that critical period, and that, too, with the happiest results, is proved by the Class under our notice. One principal secret of Mrs. Bartlett's success appears to be, that in addition to her teaching and personal influence upon the young women in her class, she keeps them continually employed heart and hand in relation to some special object, upon which their attention is concentrated, for which their prayers are offered, and towards which their sympathies are directed. While other religious movements are allowed to have some measure of attention, a oneness of aim and unity of purpose bind these young women together. This one object is the Pastor's College. In fullest sympathy with her Pastor in his great life-work, the lady upon whom God has laid the responsibility of conducting this Class, places the College before the 700 young women under her care as having a claim upon their sympathy and support; and right nobly have they responded to the call. During six months this Class has contributed towards that object the sum of £103. How this money has been raised, with what self-denial and perseverance, and what prayers have accompanied the gift, is known to Him only who will give the reward.

About five o'clock on the evening referred to, between 600 and 700 sat down to tea, the great majority of whom were young women. The spacious school-room and lecture-hall were decorated with flowers and mottoes of all kinds, in a manner which did credit to the piety and cultivated taste of the designers. The platform reminded us of a well-stored conservatory in the month of June. Mr. Spurgeon, in his address, said he was glad they were engaged in real Christian effort, and more especially in this particular branch of it; for if they wanted the best spiritual per-centage on their gifts—as a gentleman of his acquaintance and many others could testify—the work of the College supplied it. He regarded Mrs. Bartlett as his right-hand supporter in Christian labour, and never thought of her without the deepest gratitude to God for raising him up so zealous a co-worker. He looked upon this Class with the enthusiasm of

a gardener, who saw here one of the largest and most promising parterres of flowers, many of which he hoped would soon be transplanted to flourish and blossom in the Church of which he was honoured to be the Pastor. He then introduced several of the students to the meeting, some of whom were about to leave the College for their different scenes of labour. Mr. Shepherd, who is leaving this country for Sydney, New South Wales, was first introduced. His delicate health, and the urgent call of the Church at Sydney, which he had left for a time in order to prosecute his studies in the College, compelled him to return sooner than he intended. He chose for his topic, "The kindness of Jesus." The well-chosen and pathetic allusions to incidents illustrative of the Redeemer's kindness, came with a freshness and power upon the meeting. Mr. Cother, who will soon sail for the island of St. Helena, where he has a prospect of much usefulness, next came forward; his subject was "Service for Christ." After this, Mr. Clark, the Editor of *The Christian World*, was called by Mr. Spurgeon to the platform, and presented with a complete set of his Sermons, in grateful acknowledgment of his kindness in obtaining through the medium of his paper, £100 for the College Fund. Mr. Clark, in acknowledging the gift, said it had given him much pleasure thus to aid so noble an institution, and he believed as on the present occasion, most of the £100 referred to came from the Christian women of England. Mr. McDougall, who has been invited to the pastorate of the Church at Oundle, in Northamptonshire, was then called upon to speak. He chose as a motto for his address, "For me to live is Christ." Mr. R. A. Griffin, who has just settled at Sandhurst in Kent, spoke upon "Closet Prayer, as a duty and privilege." Mr. W. Hillier, one of the students, and recently in the Band of the 1st Royal Dragoons, then played a few lively and simple tunes upon the flute and clarionet. Mr. W. H. Page next spoke. His topic was, "Love to Christ the motive of Christian activity." The Chairman then requested Mr. A. Brown, of Bromley, to address the meeting, who complied with his usual vivacity and eloquence. At this part of the meeting Mr. Bartlett, a son of the teacher of the Class, came forward, and in its name presented Mr. Spurgeon with the sum of £103, as the half-year's contribution to the College. This gentleman, who enters with praiseworthy zeal into all the business of the Class, gave a clear and interesting statement of the receipts, and also of the mode in which this money was raised. One of the most interesting features of the meeting was the address of Mrs. Bartlett herself, whose earnest appeals, accompanied by the recital of the dying experience of one of her class, had a thrilling effect upon all who were present. During the past year, seventy-five have been gathered from this class into the Church, making a total of nearly 600 since its formation. What cannot the feeblest means accomplish when accompanied with much faith and prayer.

On the Monday Prayer Meeting at the Tabernacle, the 28th of August, two of the students who are leaving this country for foreign spheres of labour, were specially commended to the Divine blessing. Mr. Cother, who has been two years in the College, goes to St. Helena, where an encouraging sphere of labour is presented to him. Mr. Shepherd, who has been for some time pastor of a Baptist Church in Sydney, and came over to England about six months ago, to enjoy for a season the educational advantages of the College, is about to return sooner than he anticipated to his charge. Mr. Gracey, one of the tutors, and several other friends, commended them to God in earnest prayer. Mr. Shepherd expressed his gratitude for the kindness which Mr. Spurgeon and his tutors had shown towards him. Mr. Cother acknowledged he owed much to the College, and earnestly entreated the prayers of God's people on his behalf. Mr. Spurgeon then in a most solemn and impressive manner, charged the brethren to be faithful and zealous preachers of the cross, and committed them to the care and guidance of that Spirit, who alone could keep them steadfast in the faith and purity of the gospel. Mr. Spurgeon then asked those friends who would promise to pray for those two brethren, to signify their intention by holding up their right hands. The hearty response which was given by the display of quite a forest of hands, will

no doubt cheer our young brethren for many years to come. The whole service was of the most interesting character.

On Thursday, September 7th, some very interesting services were held in the Baptist Chapel, at Milford, Hants, where the late Rev. James Harrington Evans commenced his ministry, and where he seceeded from the establishment; on the occasion of the public recognition of Mr. F. W. Monck, as pastor of the Church. In the afternoon, Mr. J. Collins, of Southampton, read the scriptures and offered prayer. Mr. Francis Wills, of Andover, (formerly the pastor of this Church,) proposed some questions, and received satisfactory replies, both from the Church and the newly elected pastor, in reference to the leadings of Divine providence, which had resulted in the cordial and thoroughly unanimous invitation of the Church and congregation. Mr. Wills also delivered a faithful address to the pastor, full of wise, judicious, and practical counsels, founded on 1 Tim. iv. 16—"Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine: continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." The address was listened to with devout and serious attention. Mr. W. A. Blake of London, closed the afternoon service with prayer.

A tea meeting was held in the Chapel, and about 200 friends sat down to the refreshing repast; the tables were well supplied, and the Chapel was very tastefully decorated with choice flowers and appropriate welcome mottoes. In the evening, a public meeting was held. Mr. Francis Wills presided. The Rev. E. Tunmer, of Lymington, (Independent,) read the Scriptures and offered prayer. Mr. W. A. Blake delivered a very excellent address on the duties and obligations of the Church to their pastor from Deut. i. 30—"Encourage him." Addresses were also delivered by Mr. J. Collins, Mr. W. C. Jones, of Lymington, Mr. F. Monck, and the chairman.

On the 3rd ult., Mr. R. Speed immersed five believers at the Mill Street Chapel, Bedford. These, together with four others, were received into full communion in the afternoon of the same day. The cause here is reviving, and others are enquiring their way to Zion with their faces thitherward.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 93.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from August 19th, to September 18th, 1865.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend	0	5	0
B. B.	10	0	0
Mr. J. Field	2	0	0
W. Joynson, Esq.	20	0	0
J. W. Joyce, Esq.	25	0	0
J. W. Brown, Esq.	5	0	0
Mr. Isaac Cass	1	0	0
Church Rates	6	0	0
A. J. Bell, Esq.	2	2	0
Mrs. Bartlett's Class	103	0	0
W. G.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Molen	1	0	0
J. A. B.	0	10	0
Dr. Paterson	10	0	0
Mr. W. Pentelow	1	1	0
William Lascelles, Esq.	10	0	0
A Friend from India	2	0	0
Mr. W. Searle	0	10	0
Friends at Upton Chapel	1	0	0
Q. D.	5	0	0
Mr. Dransfield	3	3	0
Mrs. Stacey	0	5	0
Mrs. Tiffin	0	2	6
A Sorrowing Sister	1	0	0
H. K. J.	0	10	0
Mr. B. Hircock	1	0	0
J——h-T——u	2	0	0
Mrs. C. Davies	1	10	0
Mr. T. Greenwood	1	0	0
Mr. Croker's Class	10	0	0
Mr. Gough	1	1	0
A Friend, Nova Scotia	0	17	6
A Friend	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	0	19	8
Mr. E. Perkins	0	12	0
A Friend, Manchester	1	0	0
J. T.	0	2	6
C. A., E——m	5	0	0
Mr. Newdick	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Aug. 21	34	10	9
" " " 28	25	0	9
" " " Sep. 4	32	6	8
" " " " 11	29	13	11
" " " " 18	23	7	3
	£391	5	11

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

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1865.

The Spiced Wine of my Pomegranate:

OR, THE COMMUNION OF COMMUNICATION.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE immovable basis of communion having been laid of old in the eternal union which subsisted between Christ and his elect, it only needed a fitting occasion to manifest itself in active development. The Lord Jesus had for ever delighted himself with the sons of men, and he ever stood prepared to reveal and communicate that delight to his people; but they were incapable of returning his affection or enjoying his fellowship, having fallen into a state so base and degraded, that they were dead to him, and careless concerning him. It was therefore needful that something should be done for them, and in them, before they could hold converse with Jesus, or feel concord with him. This preparation being a work of grace and a result of previous union, Jesus determined that even in the preparation for communion, there should be communion. If they must be washed before they could fully converse with him, he would commune with them in the washing; and if they must be enriched by gifts before they could have full access to him, he would commune in the giving. He has therefore established a fellowship in imparting his grace, and in partaking of it.

This order of fellowship we have called the "Communion of Communication," and we think that a few remarks will prove that we are not running beyond the warranty of Scripture.

The word κοινωνια, or communion, is frequently employed by inspired writers in the sense of communication or contribution. When, in our English version we read, "For it hath pleased them of Macedonia and Achaia to make a *certain contribution* for the poor saints which are at Jerusalem" (Romans xv. 26), it is interesting to know that the word κοινωνιαν is used, as if to show that the generous gifts of the Church in Achaia to its sister Church at Jerusalem was a communion. Calvin would have us notice this, because, saith he, "The word here employed well expresses the feeling by which it behoves us to succour the wants of our brethren, even because there is to be a common and mutual regard on account of the union of the body."* He would not have

* See Calvin's Comment in loc.

strained the text if he had said that there was in the contribution the very essence of communion. Gill, in his commentary upon the above verse, most pertinently remarks, "Contribution, or communion, as the word signifies, it being one part of the communion of Churches and of saints to relieve their poor by communicating to them." The same word is employed in Hebrews xiii. 16, and is there translated by the word "*communicate*." "But to do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." It occurs again in 2 Corinthians ix. 13, "And for your liberal *distribution* unto them, and unto all men;" and in numerous other passages the careful student will observe the word in various forms, representing the ministering of the saints to one another as an act of fellowship. Indeed, at the Lord's supper, which is the embodiment of communion, we have ever been wont to make a special contribution for the poor of the flock, and we believe that in the collection there is as true and real an element of communion as in the partaking of the bread and wine. The giver holds fellowship with the receiver when he bestows his benefaction for the Lord's sake, and because of the brotherhood existing between him and his needy friends. The teacher holds communion with the young disciple when he labours to instruct him in the faith, being moved thereto by a spirit of Christian love. He who intercedes for a saint because he desires his well-being as a member of the "one family," enters into fellowship with his brother in the offering of prayer. The loving and mutual service of Church-members is fellowship of a high degree. And let us remember that the recipient communes with the benefactor: the communion is not confined to the giver, but the heart overflowing with liberality is met by the heart brimming with gratitude, and the love manifested in the bestowal is reciprocated in the acceptance. When the hand feeds the mouth or supports the head, the divers members feel their union, and sympathize with one another; and so is it with the various portions of the body of Christ, for they commune in mutual acts of love.

Now this meaning of the word communion, furnishes us with much instruction, since it indicates the manner in which recognized fellowship with Jesus is commenced and maintained, namely, by giving and receiving, by *communication* and reception. The Lord's Supper is the divinely-ordained exhibition of communion, and therefore in it there is the breaking of bread and the pouring forth of wine to picture the free gift of the Saviour's body and blood to us; and there is also the eating of the one and the drinking of the other, to represent the reception of these priceless gifts by us. As without bread and wine there could be no Lord's Supper, so without the gracious bequests of Jesus to us there would have been no communion between him and our souls: and as participation is necessary before the elements truly represent the meaning of the Lord's ordinance, so is it needful that we should receive his bounties and feed upon his person before we can commune with him.

It is one branch of this mutual communication which we have selected as the subject of this paper. "Looking unto Jesus," who hath delivered us from our state of enmity, and brought us into fellowship with himself, we pray for the rich assistance of the Holy Spirit, that both writer and reader may be refreshed in spirit, and encouraged to

draw more largely from the covenant storehouse of Christ Jesus the Lord.

We shall take a text and proceed at once to our delightful task.

"*And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.* (John i. 16.)

As the life of grace is first begotten in us by the Lord Jesus, so is it constantly sustained by him. We are always drawing from this sacred fountain, always deriving sap from this divine root. Now as Jesus communes with us in the bestowing of mercies, it is our privilege to hold fellowship with him in the receiving of them.

There is this difference between Christ and ourselves, he never gives without manifesting fellowship, but we often receive in so ill a manner that communion is not reciprocated, and we therefore miss the heavenly opportunity of its enjoyment. We frequently receive grace insensibly, that is to say, the sacred oil runs through the pipe and maintains our lamp, while we are unmindful of the secret influence. We may also be the partakers of many mercies which, through our dulness, we do not perceive to be mercies at all; and at other times well-known blessings are recognised as such, but we are backward in tracing them to their source and original in the covenant made with Christ Jesus. Following out the suggestion of our explanatory preface, we can well believe that when the poor saints received the contribution of their brethren, many of them did in earnest acknowledge the fellowship which was illustrated in the generous offering, but it is probable that some of them merely looked upon the material of the gift, and failed to see the spirit moving in it. Sensual thoughts in some of the receivers might possibly, at the season when the contribution was distributed, have mischievously injured the exercise of spirituality, for it is possible that after a period of poverty they would be apt to give greater prominence to the fact that their need was removed than to the sentiment of fellowship with their sympathising brethren. They would rather rejoice over famine averted than concerning fellowship manifested. We doubt not that in many instances the mutual benefactions of the Church fail to reveal our fellowship to our poor brethren, and produce in them no feelings of communion with the givers. Now this sad fact is an illustration of the yet more lamentable statement which we have made. We again assert, that as many of the partakers of the alms of the Church are not alive to the communion contained therein, so the Lord's people are never sufficiently attentive to fellowship with Jesus in receiving his gifts, but many of them are entirely forgetful of their privilege, and all of them are too little aware of it. Nay, worse than this, how often doth the believer pervert the gifts of Jesus into food for his own sin and wantonness! We are not free from the fickleness of ancient Israel, and well might our Lord address us in the same language! "Now when I passed by thee, and looked upon thee, behold, thy time was the time of love; and I spread my skirt over thee, and covered thy nakedness: yea, I sware unto thee, and entered into a covenant with thee, saith the Lord God, and thou becamest mine. Then washed I thee with water; yea, I thoroughly washed away thy blood from thee, and I anointed thee with oil. I clothed thee also with broidered work, and shod thee with badgers' skin, and I girded thee about with fine linen,

and I covered thee with silk. I decked thee also with ornaments, and I put bracelets upon thy hands, and a chain on thy neck. And I put a jewel on thy forehead, and earrings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown upon thine head. Thus wast thou decked with gold and silver; and thy raiment was of fine linen, and silk, and broidered work; thou didst eat fine flour, and honey, and oil: and thou wast exceeding beautiful. And thy renown went forth among the heathen for thy beauty: for it was perfect through my comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God. But thou didst trust in thine own beauty, and playedst the harlot because of thy renown; and of thy garments thou didst take, and deckedst thy high places with divers colours." (Ezek. xvi. 8—16.) Ought not the mass of professors to confess the truth of this accusation? Have not the bulk of us most sadly departed from the purity of our love? We rejoice, however, to observe a remnant of choice spirits, who live near the Lord, and know the sweetness of fellowship. These receive the promise and the blessing and so digest them that they become good blood in their veins, and so do they feed on their Lord that they grow up into him. Let us imitate those elevated minds, and obtain their high delights. There is no reason why the meanest of us should not be as David, and David as the servant of the Lord. We may now be dwarfs, but growth is possible; let us therefore aim at a higher stature. We have long enough dwelt in the valleys, let us away to the mountains and make our pasture upon high places. Let the succeeding advice be followed, and, the Holy Spirit helping us, we shall have attained thereto.

Make every time of need a time of embracing of thy Lord. Do not leave the mercy-seat until thou hast clasped him in thine arms. In every time of need he has promised to give thee grace to help, and what withholdeth thee from obtaining sweet fellowship as a precious addition to the promised assistance? Be not as the beggar who is content with the alms, however grudgingly it may be cast to him, but since thou art a near kinsman, seek a smile and a kiss, with every benison he gives thee. Is he not better than his mercies? What are they without him? Cry aloud unto him, and let thy petition reach his ears, "O my Lord, it is not enough to be a partaker of thy bounties, I must have thyself also; if thou dost not give me thyself with thy favours, they are but of little use to me. O smile on me, when thou blessest me, for else I am still unblest. Thou puttest perfume into all the flowers of thy garden, and fragrance into thy spice, if thou withdrawest thyself, they are no more pleasant to me. Come, then, my Lord, and give me thy love with thy grace." Take good heed, Christian, that thine own heart is in right tune, that when the fingers of mercy touch the strings, they may resound with full notes of communion. How sad is it to partake of favour without rejoicing in it, but such is often the believer's case. The Lord casts his lavish bounties at our doors, and we, like churls, will scarce look out to thank him. Our ungrateful hearts and unthankful tongues mar our fellowship, by causing us to miss a thousand opportunities for exercising it.

If thou wouldst enjoy communion with the Lord Jesus in the reception of his grace, *endeavour to be always sensibly drawing supplies from Him.* Make thy needs public in the streets of thine heart,

and when the supply is granted, let all the powers of thy soul be present at the reception of it. Let no mercy come into thine house unsung. Note in thy memory, the list of thy Master's benefits. Wherefore should the Lord's bounties be hurried away in the dark, or buried in forgetfulness? Keep the gates of thy soul ever open, and sit thou by the wayside to watch the treasures of grace which God the Spirit hourly conveys into thy heart from Jehovah-Jesus, thy Lord.

Never let an hour pass without drawing upon the bank of heaven. If all thy wants seem satisfied, look stedfastly until the next moment brings another need, and then delay not, but with this warrant of necessity, hasten to thy treasury again. Thy necessities are so numerous that thou wilt never lack a reason for applying to the fulness of Jesus; but if ever such an occasion should arise, enlarge thine heart, and then there will be need of more love to fill the wider space. But do not allow any supposititious riches of thine own to suspend thy daily receivings from the Lord Jesus. You have constant need of him. You need his intercession, his upholding, his sanctification; you need that he should work all your works in you, and that he should preserve you unto the day of his appearing. There is not one moment of your life in which you can do without Christ. Therefore be always at his door, and the wants which you bemoan, shall be remembrancers to turn your heart unto your Saviour. Thirst makes the hart pant for the waterbrooks, and pain reminds man of the physician. Let your wants conduct you to Jesus, and may the blessed Spirit reveal him unto you while he lovingly affords you the rich supplies of his love. Go, poor saint, let thy poverty be the cord to draw thee to thy rich Brother. Rejoice in the infirmity which makes room for grace to rest upon thee, and be glad that thou hast constant needs which compel thee perpetually to hold fellowship with thine adorable Redeemer.

Study thyself, seek out thy necessities, as the housewife searches for chambers where she may bestow her summer-fruits. Regard thy wants as rooms to be filled with more of the grace of Jesus, and suffer no corner to be unoccupied. Pant after more of Jesus. Be covetous after him. Let all the past incite thee to seek greater things. Sing the song of the enlarged heart—

> "All this is not enough: methinks I grow
> More greedy by fruition; what I get
> Serves but to set
> An edge upon my appetite;
> And all thy gifts invite
> My pray'rs for more."

Cry out to the Lord Jesus to fill the dry beds of thy rivers until they overflow, and then empty thou the channels which have hitherto been filled with thine own self-sufficiency, and beseech him to fill these also with his superabundant grace. If thy heavy trials sink thee deeper in the flood of his consolations, be glad of them; and if thy vessel shall be sunken up to its very bulwarks, be not afraid—I would be glad to feel the mast-head of my soul twenty fathoms beneath the surface of such an ocean; for, as Rutherford said, "O to be over the ears in this well! I would not have Christ's love entering into me, but I would enter into it, and be swallowed up of that love." Cultivate an insatiable hunger and a quenchless thirst for this communion with Jesus

through his communications. Let thine heart cry for ever, "Give, give," until it is filled in Paradise.

"O'ercome with Jesu's condescending love,
Brought into fellowship with him and his,
And feasting with him in his house of wine,
I'm sick of love—and yet I pant for more
Communications from my loving Lord.
Stay me with flagons full of choicest wine,
Press'd from his heart upon Mount Calvary,
To cheer and comfort my love-conquer'd soul.
* * * Thyself I crave!
Thy presence is my life, my joy, my heav'n,
And all, without thyself, is dead to me.
Stay me with flagons, Saviour, hear my cry,
Let promises, like apples, comfort me;
Apply atoning blood, and cov'nant love,
Until I see thy face among the guests
Who in thy Father's kingdom feast." *Nymphas by* J. Irons.

This is the only covetousness which is allowable: but this is not merely beyond rebuke, it is worthy of commendation. O saints, be not straightened in your own bowels, but enlarge your desires, and so receive more of his measureless fulness. I charge thee, my soul, thus to hold continual fellowship with thy Lord, since he invites and commands thee thus to partake of his riches.

Rejoice thyself in benefits received. Let the satisfaction of thy spirit overflow in streams of joy. When the believer reposes all his confidence in Christ, and delights himself in him, there is an exercise of communion. If he forgetteth his psalm-book, and instead of singing is found lamenting, the mercies of the day will bring no communion. Awake, O music! stir up thyself, O my soul, be glad in the Lord and exceedingly rejoice. Behold his favours, rich, free, and continual—shall they be buried in unthankfulness? Shall they be covered with a winding-sheet of ingratitude? No! I will praise him. I must extol him. Sweet Lord Jesus, let me kiss the dust of thy feet, let me lose myself in thankfulness, for thy thoughts unto me are precious, how great is the sum of them! Lo, I embrace thee in the arms of joy and gratitude, and herein I find my soul drawn unto thee.

This is a blessed method of fellowship. It is kissing the divine lip of benediction with the sanctified lip of affection. O for more rejoicing grace. More of the songs of the heart, more of the melody of the soul.

Seek to recognise the source of thy mercies as lying alone in him who is our head. Imitate the chicken, which, every time it drinketh of the brook, lifts up its head to heaven, as if it would return thanks for every drop. If we have anything that is commendable and gracious, it must come from the Holy Spirit, and that Spirit is first bestowed on Jesus, and then through him on us. The oil was first poured on the head of Aaron, and thence it ran down upon his garments. Look on the drops of grace and remember that they distil from the head, Christ Jesus. All thy rays are begotten by this Sun of Righteousness, all thy showers are poured from this heaven, all thy fountains spring from this great and immeasurable depth. O for grace to see the hand of Jesus on every favour, so will communion be constantly and firmly in exercise. May the great Teacher perpetually direct us to Jesus by making the

mercies of the covenant the handposts on the road which leadeth to him. Happy is the believer who knows how to find the secret abode of his Beloved by tracking the footsteps of his loving providence: herein is wisdom which the casual observer of mere second causes can never reach. Labour, O Christian, to follow up every clue which thy Master's grace affords thee.

Labour to maintain a sense of thine entire dependence upon his good will and pleasure for the continuance of thy richest enjoyments. Never try to live on the old manna, nor seek to find help in Egypt. All must come from Jesus, or thou art undone for ever. Old anointings will not suffice to impart unction to our spirit, thine head must have fresh oil poured upon it from the golden horn of the sanctuary, or it will cease from its glory. To-day thou mayst be upon the summit of the mount of God, but he who has put thee there must keep thee there, or thou wilt sink far more speedily than thou dreamest. Thy mountain only stands firm when he settles it in its place, if he hide his face, thou wilt soon be troubled. If the Saviour should see fit, there is not a window through which thou seest the light of heaven which he could not darken in an instant. Joshua bade the sun stand still, but Jesus can shroud it in total darkness. He can withdraw the joy of thine heart, the light of thine eyes, and the strength of thy life; in his hand thy comforts lie, and at his will they can depart from thee. Oh! how rich the grace which supplies us so continually and doth not refrain itself because of our ingratitude. O Lord Jesus, we would bow at thy feet, conscious of our utter inability to do aught without thee, and in every favour which we are privileged to receive, we would adore thy blessed name and acknowledge thine unexhausted love.

When thou hast received much, admire the all-sufficiency which still remained undiminished, thus shall you commune with Christ, not only in what you obtain from him, but also in the superabundance which remains treasured up in him. Let us ever remember that giving does not impoverish our Lord. When the clouds, those wandering cisterns of the skies, have poured floods upon the dry ground, there remains an abundance in the storehouse of the rain: so in Christ there is ever an unbounded supply, though the most liberal showers of grace have fallen ever since the foundation of the earth. The sun is as bright as ever after all his shining, and the sea is quite as full after all the clouds have been drawn from it: so is our Lord Jesus even the same overflowing fountain of fulness. All this is ours, and we may make it the subject of rejoicing fellowship. Come, believer, walk through the length and breadth of the land, for as far as thine eye can reach, the land is thine, and far beyond the utmost range of thine observation it is thine also, the gracious gift of thy gracious Redeemer and friend. Is there not space for fellowship *here?*

Regard every spiritual mercy as an assurance of the Lord's communion with thee. When the young man gives jewels to the virgin to whom he is affianced, she regards them as tokens of his delight in her. Believer, do the same with the precious presents of thy Lord. The common bounties of providence are shared in by all men, for the good householder provides water for his swine as well as for his children: such things, therefore, are no proof of divine complacency. But thou hast richer food to eat; "the children's bread" is in thy wallet, and the heritage of the righteous is reserved for thee. Look, then, on every motion of

grace in thine heart, as a pledge and sign of the moving of thy Saviour's heart towards thee. There is his whole heart in the bowels of every mercy which he sends thee. He has impressed a kiss of love upon each gift, and he would have thee believe that every jewel of mercy is a token of his boundless love. Look on thine adoption, justification, and preservation, as sweet enticements to fellowship. Let every note of the promise sound in thine ears like the ringing of the bells of the house of thy Lord, inviting thee to come to the banquets of his love. Joseph sent to his father asses laden with the good things of Egypt, and good old Jacob doubtless regarded them as pledges of the love of his son's heart: be sure not to think less of the kindnesses of Jesus.

Study to know the value of his favours. They are no ordinary things; no paste jewels, no mosaic gold: they are every one of them so costly, that, had all heaven been drained of treasure, apart from the precious offering of the Redeemer, it could not have purchased so much as the least of his benefits. When thou seest thy pardon, consider how great a boon is contained in it! Bethink thee that hell had been thine eternal portion unless this had plucked thee from the burning! When thou art enabled to see thyself as clothed in the imputed righteousness of Jesus, admire the profusion of precious things of which thy robe is made. Think how many times the Man of Sorrows wearied himself at that loom of obedience in which he wove that matchless garment! and reckon, if thou canst, how many worlds of merit were cast into the fabric at every throw of the shuttle! Remember that all the angels in heaven could not have afforded him a single thread which would have been rich enough to weave into the texture of his perfect righteousness. Consider the cost of thy maintenance for an hour! remember that thy wants are so large, that all the granaries of grace that all the saints could fill, could not feed thee for a moment. What an expensive dependant thou art! King Solomon made marvellous provision for his household (1 Kings iv. 22), but all his beeves and fine flour would be as the drop of the bucket compared with thy daily wants. Rivers of oil, and ten thousand of the fat of fed beasts, would not procure enough to supply the necessities of thy hungering soul. Thy least spiritual want demands infinity to supply it, and what must be the amazing aggregate of thy perpetually-repeated draughts upon thy Lord! Arise, then, and bless thy loving Immanuel for the invaluable riches with which he has endowed thee. See what a dowry thy Bridegroom has brought to his poor, penniless spouse. He knows the value of the blessings which he brings thee, for he has paid for them out of his heart's richest blood; be not thou so ungenerous as to pass them over as if they were but of little worth. Poor men know more of the value of money than those who have always revelled in abundance of wealth. Ought not thy former poverty to teach thee the preciousness of the grace which Jesus gives thee? for remember, there was a time when thou wouldst have given a thousand worlds, if they had been thine, in order to procure the very least of his abundant mercies.

Remember how impossible it would have been for thee to receive a single spiritual blessing unless thou hadst been in Jesus. On none of Adam's race can the love of God be fixed, unless they are seen to be in union with his son. No exception has ever been made to the universal curse on those of the first Adam's seed who have no interest in the second

Adam. Christ is the only Zoar in which God's Lots can find a shelter from the destruction of Sodom. Out of him, the withering blast of the burning furnace of God's wrath consumes every green herb, and it is only in him that the soul can live. As when the prairie is on fire, men see the heavens wrapped in sheets of flame, and in hot haste they fly before the devouring element. They have but one hope. There is in the distance a lake of water. They reach it, they plunge into it, and are safe. Although the skies are molten with the heat, the sun darkened with the smoke, and the earth utterly consumed in the fire, they know that they are secure while the cooling flood embraces them. Christ Jesus is the only escape for a sinner pursued by the fiery wrath of God, and we would have the believer remember this. Our own works could never shelter us, for they have proved but refuges of lies. Had they been a thousand times more and better, they would have been but as the spider's web, too frail to hang eternal interest upon. There was but one name, one sacrifice, one blood, by which we could escape. All other attempts at salvation were a grievous failure. For, "though a man could scourge out of his body rivers of blood, and in neglect of himself could outfast Moses or Elias; though he could wear out his knees with prayer, and had his eyes nailed on heaven; though he could build hospitals for all the poor on earth, and exhaust the mines of India in alms; though he could walk like an angel of light, and with the glittering of an outward holiness dazzle the eyes of all beholders; nay (if it were possible to be conceived), though he should live for a thousand years in a perfect and perpetual observation of the whole law of God, if the only exception to his perfection were the very least deviation from the law, yet such a man as this could no more appear before the tribunal of God's justice, than stubble before a consuming fire."* How, then, with thine innumerable sins, couldst thou escape the damnation of hell, much less become the recipient of bounties so rich and large? Blessed window of heaven, sweet Lord Jesus, let thy Church for ever adore thee, as the only channel by which mercies can flow to her. My soul, give him continual praise, for without him thou hadst been poorer than a beggar. Be thou mindful, O heir of heaven, that thou couldst not have had one ray of hope, or one word of comfort, if thou hadst not been in union with Christ Jesus. The crumbs which fall from thy table are more than grace itself would have given thee, hadst thou not been in Jesus beloved and approved.

All thou hast, thou hast in him. In him chosen, in him redeemed, in him justified, in him accepted. Thou art risen in him, but without him thou hadst died the second death. Thou art in him raised up to the heavenly places, but out of him thou wouldst have been damned eternally. Bless him, then. Ask angels to bless him. Rouse all ages to harmony. Praise him for his condescending love in taking poor guilty nothings into oneness with his all-adorable person. This is a blessed means of promoting communion, if the sacred Comforter is pleased to take of the things of Christ, and reveal them to us as ours, but only ours as we are in him. Thrice blessed Jesus, let us never forget that we are members of thy mystical body, and that it is for this reason that we are blessed and preserved.

* Reynolds on the Life of Christ.

Meditate upon the gracious acts which procured thy blessings. Consider the ponderous labours which thy Lord endured for thee, and the stupendous sufferings by which he purchased the mercies which he bestows. What human tongue can speak forth the unutterable misery of his heart, or describe so much as one of the agonies which crowded upon his soul! how much less shall any finite comprehension arrive at an idea of the vast total of his woe! But all his sorrows were necessary for thy benefit, and without them not one of thine unnumbered mercies could have been bestowed. Be not unmindful that

> "There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
> But cost his heart a groan."

Look upon the frozen ground of Gethsemane, and behold the bloody sweat which stained the soil! Turn to the hall of Gabbatha, and see the victim of justice pursued by his clamorous foes! Enter the guard-room of the Prætorians, and view the spitting, and the plucking of the hair! and then conclude your review upon Golgotha, the mount of doom, where death consummated his tortures, and if by divine assistance thou art enabled to enter, in some humble measure, into the depths of the Lord's sufferings, thou wilt be the better prepared to hold fellowship with him when next thou receivest his priceless gifts. In proportion to thy sense of their costliness will be thy capacity for enjoying the love which is centered in them.

Above all, and chief of all, never forget that Christ is thine. Amid the profusion of his gifts never forget that the chief gift is himself, and do not forget that, after all, his gifts are but himself. He clothes thee, but it is with himself, with his own spotless righteousness and character. He washes thee, but his innermost self, his own heart's blood is the stream with which the fountain overflows. He feeds thee with the bread of heaven, but be not unmindful that the bread is himself, his own body which he gives to be the food of souls. Never be satisfied with a less communication than a whole Christ. A wife will not be put off with maintenance, jewels, and attire, all these will be nothing to her unless she can call her husband's heart and person her own. It was not the altar, or the golden laver, or the censor, upon which the ancient Israelite did feast in the day of his sweet-savour offerings; no, he ate the sacrifice, he fed upon the lamb, the bullock, or the kid. So do thou live on Jesus, and on nothing less than Jesus, for less than this will be bread too light for thy soul's satisfaction. O be careful to eat his flesh and drink his blood, and so receive him into thyself in a real and spiritual manner, for nothing short of this will be an evidence of eternal life in thy soul.

What more shall we add to the rules which we have here delivered? There remains but one great exhortation, which must not be omitted. *Seek the abundant assistance of the Holy Spirit* to enable you to put into practice the things which you have read, for without his aid, all that we have written will but be tantalizing the lame with rules to walk, or the dying with regulations for the preservation of health. O thou divine Spirit, while we enjoy the grace of Jesus, lead us into the secret abode of our Lord, that we may sup with him and he with us, and grant unto us hourly grace that we may continue in the company of our Lord from the rising to the setting of the sun.

On Forms of Prayer.

BY G. ROGERS.

A WAG once wrote upon the wall of St. Paul's Cathedral, "I publish the banns of marriage between St. Paul's, at London, and St. Peter's, at Rome;" another of equal wit wrote beneath it, "I forbid the bands because they are too near akin." Of this near relationship many unmistakable evidences remain. There is the Book of Common Prayer, "Whose image and superscription is this!" It is an acknowledged subjection to the Church of Rome. Let the services of St. Paul's, at London, be compared with the services of St. Peter's, at Rome, and it will be apparent to all, that, although they are not the same, they are near akin. The Prayer Book of the one is merely a revised edition of the Prayer Book of the other. Many boldly and strenuously confess the relationship, and are doing their utmost to exhibit it in its strongest features; and as Churchmen they are consistent in so doing. Others are pleading for the removal from their Church of the most obvious indications of its origin, by an entire remodelling of its requirements. Nonconformity implies the rejection of all the established formularies of the Church of England, and an entirely independent course of action. Some there are who have dissented from its government and retained its ritual. These cannot claim to be Nonconformists. Any conformity with the peculiar formularies of the Episcopal Church is destructive to such an appellation. Could it be shown that fixed forms of prayer had descended from the Apostolic to the Romish, and from thence to the English Church, or even the existence of any such formularies, we might have retained the practice consistently with our Nonconformist principles; but until this can be shown, and so long as ritual and liturgical services are known to be one of the fruits of an awful apostacy from primitive Christianity, we cease to be Nonconformists in proportion as we adhere to those forms. Dissenters, therefore, are not always Nonconformists, neither are Independents, and it would seem, not even Baptists. In some Wesleyan and Independent places of worship, the prayers and liturgy of the Church of England are adopted. In some instances, amongst the Independents, either the Prayer Book, or an imitation liturgy is used. We have recently had a "Biblical Liturgy" sent us by a Baptist minister, composed for the use of his own congregation. There is a growing tendency, in fact, in Dissenting Churches to mimic the Church of England, as there is in that Church to go back towards Rome.

We eschew all written forms in the worship of the sanctuary. We see in them the mark of the beast. We may be told that some have derived great profit from them. We do not deny it, but they might have profited more without them. On the whole, they have been a hindrance rather than a help to devotion. There is a necessary and irresistible tendency in them to generate mere formalism, and to supercede the naturalness and fervour of free prayer. Many of the best Christians and of Christian martyrs, it may be said, have been brought up in the use of a liturgy. "What!" it has been asked, "could public services of free prayer have done more for these confessors and martyrs, than make them ready either for prison or for death?" This argument has no force, unless

it can be shown that the Christian excellence of these martyrs may be traced to their use of liturgical forms; and shown too, that they would not have been so ready for death if they had been accustomed to the use of free prayer only; and shown also that none without liturgical forms have been equally prepared for imprisonment or death. If the value of a particular mode of worship may be argued from its good effect upon a few, its insufficiency may be argued on the same principle from its bad effect upon the many. How many religious usages of their times have been sanctioned by the examples of the best of men, which subsequent inquiry has proved to be detrimental to faith and devotion! Were our Ridleys and Latimers indebted to their Church formularies for what they were? They were good and holy men in spite of the errors of their day, and the disadvantages under which they laboured. We doubt not but a comparison of the worshippers by free prayer with the worshippers by responsive forms, in reference to the experimental and practical effects of devotion, will be greatly in favour of the former. The great advantage of free prayer over liturgies, lies not merely in the method of address, but in the adaptation to the wants and condition of the worshippers. It is impossible that the same written forms should express the ever varying experiences of those who worship in spirit and in truth. Prayers need to be as diversified as sermons; and there is no more reason why the same prayer should be used every Sabbath than the same sermon. Adaptation to the occasion is as needful in one case as the other. Granting that many excellent prayers are offered from a book every Sabbath, how many still more excellent have been prevented? The defects of free prayer, on the other hand, are often pleaded in behalf of set forms. By some, the superiority of free prayer on private and social occasions is admitted, but its availableness for public use is supposed to be less certain than formularies, and even where both are accessible, the best exercises of extemporaneous devotion are considered to be necessarily accompanied by certain defects which may be remedied by a regular form. Others, while admitting that occasional faults in free prayer are "far more than compensated by the life, warmth, variety, and adaptedness for the time being which characterizes the free method," aver that such faults "conduce to make it desirable that free prayer should be accompanied or supplemented by some brief and varying liturgical forms." These objections apply solely to the frequent incapacity of those who undertake to lead the devotions of others. What then? Are we to require them to read the prayers of others, or are we to supply their places by those who can offer suitable prayers of their own? He that is unfit to pray in public is unfit to teach. Is not the ability to pray with propriety, with unction, and with power in public, a needful test of an ability to preach? To its formularies the Church of England owes a clergy who, if extemporaneous prayer had been required of them, would have never dreamt of "holy orders." The spiritual qualifications in those who minister in holy things require that they should ever be equal to the utterances of free prayer. We confess, therefore, that we look with jealousy upon any change that might even imply a disqualification in our ministry for all the purposes of ready and appropriate prayer. Perish the day in which a mere ability to read with propriety can suffice to conduct the devotional services of Nonconformist Churches! If our pastors, be they ever so eminent as preachers, cannot

meet all the purposes of devotion without supplementing them by intoned liturgies and psalms, let them give place to those who can. Forms are of use to those only who cannot engage in free prayer with propriety; but such ought not to become public teachers of others, and, therefore, forms should never come into public use. Whatever might be said in behalf of forms of prayer for children or for family worship under certain circumstances, does not apply here. Our observations refer to the worship of the sanctuary. While some advocate the use of forms for their own intrinsic value, it cannot be concealed that others have adopted them to disarm prejudices and to diminish the apparent distance between the cathedrals of episcopacy and dissent. Taking the New Testament for our guide, not a word can be discovered in their defence. The Master says even of doves in his temple, "Take these things hence." Innocent and dove-like as the innovations may seem to be, take them hence. No instance of the use of such formalities occur in the times of the apostles, not even of the model prayer which at their request was given them by their Lord; nor is any trace of them found in Church history until the general corruption of Christianity commenced. The "Amen" is the only response of which any intimation is given in the New Testament, and it is so introduced as if it were the only one in use. Supposing, then, the public exercises of the sanctuary to be conducted by persons duly qualified by their office, extemporaneous prayer answers all the purposes of devotion, and leaves nothing to be supplied in fulness, fervour, or adaptation by a liturgical form. What better preparation can there be for sympathy between the minister and people in preaching, than communion of spirit in the utterances of free prayer? Instead, therefore, of going back to dull ceremonials when a deficiency of interest in this part of divine worship is felt, which can only make the matter worse, let a larger measure of the spirit of grace and supplication be sought from above; and let ministers by stirring up the gift that is within them, in prayer as well as in preaching, seek that they may excel to the edifying of the Church. O for more simplicity and godly sincerity! If the devotional exercises of the sanctuary become mechanical and artistic, farewell to all spiritual power in other parts of its services! The real power of Nonconformity is in proportion to its close adherence to its distinctive principles, and all who are re-adopting the symbols of any kind of that from which they profess to dissent, are of those who, having begun in the spirit are seeking to be made perfect by the flesh.

Rare John Berridge.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

M. L'ABBE MULLOIS, Chaplain to the Emperor of the French, has recently favoured the world with his opinions as to the proper length of sermons. He says, "To make the poorer classes visit our Churches, we must give them sermons of ten minutes' duration, of seven, even of five minutes'." "Everyone will be anxious to witness a seven minutes' sermon." This is a Roman Catholic's panacea for irreverence and irreligion.

It is one advocated strongly in certain English quarters, where great complaints are made as to the wearisomeness of half-an-hour's harangue. We admit that the cultivation of the art of condensation is desirable. Ten minutes' lifeless talk in the pulpit is undoubtedly much too long. Prior to the revival of godliness in the middle of the last century, people practically sided with this theory by absenting themselves from public worship. Diluted, finely-spun morality may have suited a few, who, for appearance' sake, attended Church; but the common people manifested no interest in duty-lecturing. Dullness reigned throughout the land; religious principles were hidden by the preponderating mass of immorality and apathy existent; evangelical doctrines were banished from the clerical forum; the prevalent vice was winked at, not violently denounced; and sentiment and "the ethical sublime" were like earthly syrens wooing England's talent "downward from the hills of light." Torpid Anglia slept in the arms of darkness. Spirituality, zeal for dying souls, the doctrine of the atonement, faith in Christ, and the influence of the Holy Ghost, were about as little known and preached as in the days when Luther first felt his indignation aroused against the unrighteous testimony of deluded and deluding monks.

"The Lord gave the word. Great was the company of those that published it." There sprung up first in order, the Wesleys and Whitefield; then Fletcher, the skilful; Romaine, the erudite; Venn, the zealous; Toplady, the sensitive; Hervey, the gentle; Howell Davis, the Welsh Boanerges; Rowland Hill, spirity and bold; Doddridge, distinguished by grace and earnestness; Abraham Booth, who painted glowingly "The Reign of Grace, from its rise to its consummation;" and last, though remote from least, the piquant, witty, dashing, quaint; educated, John Berridge. With no new-fangled doctrines to promulgate, these men outraged the taste imparted by the writers of Addison's "Spectator;" dashed into the midst of vice; battled against the delusions of the day; bearded superstition in its den, and ground its remnants to powder. Armed with the divine panoply, they dared to be singularly good when to be so meant bitter persecution, and the wrath of insensate mobs; and cherishing the good old-fashioned doctrines, once the delight of their noble forefathers, these spiritual giants went from north to south proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ, the love of the crucified One to fallen humanity, and the way of access to the Father's bosom. England was soon encircled with the knowledge of Scripture truth, and sermons of half-an-hour's duration were too short for the listening, wondering crowds. They drank in the glad tidings greedily; and wept when the exhortation had concluded. Yet we are advised to be satisfied with five minutes' preaching, and told that success always attends discourses no longer than the famous and electrical harangues of Napoleon!

Having alluded to two distinct, yet friendly subjects, so that both might be disposed of in two short paragraphs, the hero of this paper must be at once introduced. John Berridge was the son of a farmer, and was born (with a fool's cap on, much more difficult, he says, to pull off than a nightcap) at Kingston, March 1st, 1716. He had no taste for rearing cattle, and no aptitude for disposing of them when reared. The only light he seemed to possess was a very dim religious ray; and the Church being most suitable for dullards and unbusinesslike people, he was sent to

college, in order (so said his father) that he might "be a light to lighten the Gentiles." Thus did a trivial jest become a fulfilled prophecy. When fourteen years of age, he received the ninth part of religion from a tailor; but the fraction was too small for preservation, and was soon lost amidst the frivolities attendant upon college life. He became a Socinian, and neglected private prayer for ten years. He afterwards served Stapleford Church, near Cambridge, as second fiddle, or curate, for six years. During the whole of that time, the parishoners did not hear from him one gospel sermon. His doctrine was that which "every man will naturally hold whilst he continues in an unregenerate state, namely, that we are to be justified partly by our faith, and partly by our works." Two years of this kind of preaching at Everton, without any attendant fruits, taught him that this false refuge was untrustworthy, and the recommendation of it pernicious. At last the command, "Cease from thine own works," completely revolutionized his teachings. His soul was "in a tempest directly, and tears fell from his eyes like a torrent." Thus was the Saviour found and enjoyed. His next step was to publish His fame. The Evertonians were startled by hearing next Sabbath a new tune, pitched in a higher key-note. At first "the strange doctrine" of finished righteousness was resented. The Lord, however, soon blessed the Word. Many were awakened, and some distressed. "I preached up sanctification," says Berridge, "very earnestly for six years in a former parish, and never brought one soul to Christ. I did the same at this parish for two years, without any success at all, but as soon as ever I preached Jesus Christ, and faith in his blood, then believers were added to the Church continually; then people flocked from all parts to hear the glorious sound of the gospel, some coming six miles, and others eight, and others ten, and that constantly." Previous to his change of views, his sermons were read; now he cultivated extempore preaching as more suited to his liberty of thought. His popularity greatly increased. There was something attractive in the general "make up" of Berridge which, added to his singular characteristics, contributed at first to this result. He was of a tall and somewhat commanding appearance. His portraits, though reflecting the intelligence and quickness of apprehension peculiar to the man, do not exhibit a handsome physique. He was robust, though not so corpulent as to prejudice his health. In his address he appeared to be easy, perhaps graceful; his deep voice, distinct pronunciation, and flow of well-expressed ideas, added to his excellencies. Though well taught in the classics and divers languages, his speech was simple, and graced only with natural elegancies. He was a master of the good old Saxon tongue; and by his incisive, smart, sharp, dagger-like sentences, he sent home the truth with such force, that the dullest Hodge in the parish could not fail to understand his appeals. Indeed his power of expressing himself in the fewest words was remarkable: it exceeded even his quaintness. In his sermons he was thoughtful, careful, natural, pertinent, familiar, sometimes coarse, but generally original and methodical, although not a slave to the almost universal habit of spoiling discourses by unnecessary divisions and sub-divisions. He rather discarded this practice, and therein set, in our opinion, a commendable example unto many. He was like all the noble men branded as "Methodists," exceedingly earnest. He did not indulge in rant, neither was he so "powerful" a preacher as the new minister of whom

the old Scotchwoman said, "He had na' been in th' place a month before he kicket the pu'pit a' to pieces, and banged the in'ards out o' twa Bibles."

Berridge soon commenced open-air preaching. For this he was threatened by the bishop of the diocese. The only use of Anglican bishops in those days, was to aid the cause of the Methodists by persecuting them. Innumerable cases of this description are given in the "Life and Times of Lady Huntingdon." It is a pity our bishops have not the power to continue this line of conduct to those who perjure themselves by remaining in the world's Church. Berridge was commanded by the bishop to confine himself to his parish, as he must not disobey the canons of his Church. "There is one canon, my lord," replied Berridge, "which I dare not disobey; it is, "Go, preach the gospel to every creature." Whereupon the bishop pronounced him hopelessly insane. But it came to pass that the nobleman who had caused the bishop to be promoted was induced by Mr. Pitt, a personal friend of Berridge's, to forego harsh measures, and the godly man afterwards enjoyed a freedom which he would have sought as a Nonconformist, had he been turned out of his living. It appears that Everton Church was generally so crowded that many were unable to obtain admittance. Great success attended Berridge's field-preaching. His congregations sometimes numbered twenty thousand. In this way he laboured, in much bodily weakness, for twenty-four years. He would often travel one hundred miles, and preach twelve sermons in one week. Instances occurred in which numbers of his hearers were seized with singular convulsions. These miracles of sovereign grace have been much sneered at by those who describe all conversions as evidences of disease. Sorrow for sin expressed in public by tears and lamentation is stigmatized as fanatical and maniacal. Inflated minds destitute of heavenly wisdom are sad judges of spiritual things. The very persons who contributed towards the erection of the Notre Dame de Garaison, opened last September in honour to the miracle-working Madonnas of the south of France, would doubtless condemn as grossly superstitious these extraordinary scenes, produced by sensible fears of being eternally ruined. Men of education may carry their peculiar tastes to an extravagant extent without the world's blame. Some mediævalists we could name have furnished their houses throughout in the Gothic style, and yet are not dubbed art fanatics. Certain artists, with less taste, crowd their household walls with the productions of their brush; but who charges them with being art-maniacs? He who growls against converted men for outwardly displaying their emotions, should first consider how strongly Satan struggles against giving up one of his subjects. The season of peace is frequently preceded by gigantic endeavours on the part of the Evil Spirit to tear the soul from the new and happier dominion. Berridge best describes the sort of parish work to which he was accustomed:—

"I fear my weekly circuits would not suit a London or a Bath divine, nor any tender evangelist that is environed with prunello. Long rides and miry roads in sharp weather! Cold houses to sit in, with very moderate fuel, and three or four children roaring or rocking about you! Coarse food, and meagre liquor; lumpy beds to lie on, and too short for the feet; stiff blankets like boards, for a covering; and live cattle in plenty to feed upon you! Rise at five in the morning to preach; at seven, breakfast on tea that smells very sickly; at eight mount a horse, with boots never cleaned, and then ride home, praising God for all mercies."

Berridge never married. In a letter to the Countess of Huntingdon, dated March 23rd, 1770, he says, "Eight or nine years ago, having been grievously tormented with housekeepers, I truly had thoughts of looking out for a Jezebel myself." It is to be regretted that Berridge should have insulted honourable women by comparing them to Jezebel. It may not be in all mortals to command matrimonial success; and perhaps the number of aspirants to the dignity of ministerial helpmeets, and the curious, cunning, and numerous arts and snares which are laid for young preachers, are sufficient to disgust rather than attract shrewd men. However, it is a man's own fault if in England he submit to any form of government other than monarchical. It seems that a fear of this domestic subjection induced him to consult the Scriptures; and finding the words of Jeremiah xvi. 2—"Thou shalt not take a wife," suited to his feelings, he believed they were given him as a promise of security from what he calls "petticoat snares." However much we may commend his decision under the circumstances, we cannot but ridicule the advice he invariably gave to his ministerial brethren when about to marry, which was in substance—"*Don't.*" The result in all such cases was, as might be expected, the reverse of the object sought. In this kind of preaching he was even more unsuccessful than when he discoursed in favour of salvation by works.

Berridge's honesty was a remarkable trait in his character. We have shown how admirably he expressed himself to his bishop. He was the same to his friends. He was the most blunt correspondent the Countess of Huntingdon ever had. Whilst her friends submitted to her dictum or advice without a question, Berridge revolved her requests over in his mind, and sometimes plumply refused to acquiesce in them. He was invited by her to preach at Brighton. He replied, "You threaten me, madam, like a Pope, not like a mother in Israel, when you declare soundly that God will scourge me if I do not come," and he otherwise resisted "the Vatican bull."* Yet he was greatly, constantly, and peculiarly regarded by the godly "elect lady."

Berridge's liberality exceeded his means. Few excelled him in his kindness to God's poor. For his hearers who came from a distance, a table was weekly spread, and stables freely opened. He supported lay preachers, and rented houses and barns for them to preach in. On one occasion when ill, or as he expressed it, "laid on the ground as flat as a flounder," he applied to the Countess for a small sum to relieve his necessities; and begged a "gospel baker" (a preacher) to supply his parish with bread.

As to his quaintness, pages might be profitably occupied by some selections. A few of them we append in a little gathering of curiosities at the end of our paper. His exuberant humour has been strongly condemned by those who revel in comfortable misery. No doubt he was tempted to carry his mirth to excess. But his was frequently genuine wit. Had it been purposeless, soulless drollery, it would have been objectionable. There was life and strength in his quaintness, the mark of a genius, not of a fool. Why the author of the "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon" should consider that his whimsical mode of illustration "should act as a warning on all who feel any tendency to

* Other instances may be found scattered throughout her Ladyship's "Life and Times," from which, and other minor sources, the materials for our biography have been derived.

singularity in this way," we cannot tell. Life is full of quaintness as well as gravity. It is no test of sanctity to maintain a countenance void of wrinkles. Simon Stylites only made himself immortal by ludicrously stagnating on a high pillar.

A short paragraph may be added of miscellaneous matters. Berridge once excused himself from leaving his parishioners to preach elsewhere, on the ground that he never left his "bees, though for a short space only, but at my return I find them either casting and colting, or fighting and robbing each other; not gathering honey from every flower in God's garden, but filling the air with their buzzings, and darting out the venom of their little hearts in their fiery stings." This was a gentle reflection upon the persistent Dissenters of Everton. A curious comparison is this (we take it from one of Berridge's letters to Countess of Huntingdon), "My poor clay ever wants to teach God how to be a good potter; and may not your Dresden have something in it that resembles my delf?" Upon the death of her Ladyship's daughter, Lady Selina, Berridge wrote her a consolatory letter, in which he remarked that the Countess deserved beating for wishing her fond one on earth: "I am glad the dear creature is gone to heaven before you." He described Mr. Glascott as an acceptable preacher with "not a dozing face, with a hoarse doctrinal throat, but a right sharp countenance, with a clear gospel pipe." This is an admirable model for Hyperism to imitate. Of Rowland Hill, his much-loved friend, Berridge writes: "I find you have got honest Rowland down to Bath; he is a pretty young spaniel, fit for land or water, and has a wonderful yelp. He forsakes father, and mother, and brethren, and gives up all for Jesus; and I believe will prove a useful labourer, if he keeps clear of petticoat snares."

What shall we say of Berridge's remarkable book, "The Christian World Unmasked"? It is impossible to do justice to so admirable an undertaking in a few lines. Suffice it, for the present at least, to say that a more masterly exposure of *man's* religion and profession, was never penned.

He died at a good old age—seventy-six. His dying words were significant of the man's characteristics. He was humorous to the last. Said his curate, "The Lord has enabled you, sir, to fight a good fight, and to finish a truly glorious course." "Blessed be his name," answered he. "Jesus will soon call you up higher," remarked the curate. "Ay, ay, ay, higher, higher, higher," exclaimed the dear old man. "Yes, and my children too, will shout and sing, 'Here comes our father.'" Thus died one who was looked up to by the Churches for many years, "the angel of the Church," as Whitefield called him; and one who merited John Wesley's dignified but warm approval, when he said, "Mr. Berridge appears to be one of the most simple as well as most sensible men of all whom it pleased God to employ in reviving primitive Christianity." O RARE JOHN BERRIDGE!

Quaint Sayings by Berridge.*

A LITTLE whipping from your Father will dry up your tears much sooner than a thousand pretty lullabies from your brethren. Nothing expels undue grief of mind like bodily corrections.

* Some of these sayings, which have been taken from Berridge's letters, and his "Christian World Unmasked," are slightly altered from the original, in order that each may be complete in itself. [E. L.]

O HEART, heart, what art thou? a mass of fooleries and absurdities! the vainest, foolishest, craftiest, wickedest thing in nature. And yet the Lord Jesus asks me for this heart, woos me for it, died to win it. O wonderful love! adorable condescension!

I WANT the Lamb's fountain every day, his intercession every moment; and would not give a groat for the broadest fig-leaves, or the brightest human rags to cover me. A robe I must have of one whole piece, broad as the law, spotless as the light, and richer than an angel ever wore—the robe of Jesus.

IF you meet with success expect clamour and threats from the world, and a little venom now and then from the children. These bitter herbs make good sauce for a young recruiting sergeant, whose heart would be lifted up with pride if it was not kept down by these pressures.

I AM the most dubious man in the world about my own judgment, and will stickle for nothing, excepting to live and to trust in my Lord.

AFFLICTIONS, desertions, and temptations, are as needful as consolations. Jonah's whale will teach a good lesson, as well as Pisgah's top; and a man may sometimes learn as much from being a night and a day in the deep, as from being forty days in the mount. I see Jonah come out of a whale, and cured of rebellion; I see Moses go up to the mount with meekness, but come down in a huff, and break the tables.

IT is good for us to have our well-meant views frequently perplexed and overturned, else we might grow headstrong, and fancy ourselves wise enough to be the Lord's privy counsellors; yea, able to out-counsel him. We had rather sit with Jesus at the council board, than follow him with a string on our nose, to turn us round, or turn us back, at his pleasure.

IF an angel should visit our earth and vend such kind of gospel as is often hawked from the press and pulpit, though he preached morality with most seraphic fervency, and till his wings dropped off, he would never turn one soul to God, nor produce a single grain of true morality arising from the love of God, and aiming only at his glory.

THE clergy now are straining all their nerves in support of common duties, and seem so fervent in this matter, that a jackdaw dares not perch upon the steeple while they are shouting from the pulpit for morality. They give a lash sometimes at fornication, when the squire keeps from Church, but do exclaim against all thieving and hedge-breaking most delightfully. Indeed their lungs have been so often strained, by uncommon zeal for morality, that they are forced to wind up matters very speedily. Many cannot roar above ten minutes at a preaching, for want of breath; and others are constrained to keep a journeyman to shout for them.

ARMINIANS who have received a ray of gospel light, desert their ranks frequently; but a Calvinist will never leave his standard; he dies at the foot of his colours. A clear sight of grace is so exceeding glorious, it keeps the heart steady to the doctrines.*

JESUS has supplies for all wants; legs for a lame beggar, eyes for a blind one, cordials for a faint one, garments for a naked one, a fountain for a

* Cases where Calvinists turn Arminians are, I believe, as rare as desertions from the Baptist to the Pædo-Baptist ranks.

filthy one, and a rope for a sham beggar who asks for mercy, and yet talks of merit.

THE new covenant is too glorious for nature to behold; she shrinks from the dazzling sight, fears woeful consequences from it, and, trembling for morality, beseeches the vicar to marry Moses unto Jesus, and couple the two covenants. From this unnatural alliance springs the spurious covenant of faith and works, with a spruce new set of duties, half-a-yard long, called legally-evangelical, or evangelically-legal, unknown to Christ and his apostles, but discovered lately by some ingenious gentleman.

NATURE lost her legs in Paradise, and has not found them since; nor has she any will to come to Jesus. The way is steep and narrow, crowded up with stumbling-blocks, she cannot like it; and when she does come, it is with huge complaining. Moses is obliged to flog her tightly, and make her heart ache before she casts a weeping look on Jesus. Once she doated on this Jewish lawgiver, was fairly wedded to him, and sought to please him by her works, and he seemed a kindly husband; but now he grows so fierce a tyrant, there is no bearing of him. When she takes a wrong step, his mouth is always full of cursing; and his resentment so implacable, no weeping will appease him, nor promise of amendment.

A MAN must have the old serpent's subtlety, and chop and mince his logic mighty fine, who can banish Christ's divinity from the Scriptures. But what, then, must become of the poor, who are the chief subjects of the gospel kingdom? They cannot buy the spawn of subtle brains, nor if purchased, could digest it. They have nothing but the Bible, and if Jesus is not truly God, the Bible would mislead them; and so, for want of a scribe's cap and dictionary, they must all miscarry truly.

WE are baptized equally into the name of the Father, and the Son, and thereby make equal profession of faith, worship, and obedience to them both. Therefore if Jesus Christ is not Jehovah, to couple with him the Father in the same baptismal dedication, is a thousand times more unseemly than to harness a snail and an elephant together.

MODERN faith, though straining at a Bible gnat, will swallow down an hundred camels.

YOUR power and will are good for nothing but to make a Christian monkey, who will ape a true believer by his chattering; but his tail and tricks, lewd or pert, betray the monkey still. (John xv. 1.)

ONCE, sir, I went to Jesus like a coxcomb, and gave myself fine airs; fancying if he was something, so was I; if he had merit, so had I; and sir, I used him as an healthy man will use a walking-staff, lean an ounce upon it, or vapour with it in the air. But now he is my whole crutch; no foot can stir a step without him.

PULPIT-LIPS, like pulpit-cushions, are chiefly lined with velvet. Amazing reverence is shown to Satan in a pulpit; it seems the privy-closet of his highness. We never hear his name or habitation mentioned in a modern sermon; which makes some people fancy that the devil sure is dead, and that hell-fire is quite burnt out.

MY Master was a carpenter; he built the skies, and coming down to earth, he took a trade adapted to his work above. He can provide you

with a ladder, decked with golden rounds of faith, by which you may ascend up to his seat, and fetch down needful stores.

SCRIPTURE promises are real bank notes of heaven, and the riches of believers, who do not live on stock-in-hand, but traffic with this paper currency. Where divine faith is found, it takes the notes of Christ's bank, and receives the cash. But human faith cannot traffic with this paper; it reads the notes, and owns them good; but dares not take them to the skies for payment. No faith can act on God but that which comes from God.

SINCERE obedience bids the pilgrim wash himself first, and Jesus Christ shall rinse him afterwards; bids him plant a fig-leaf here and there, and make a patched frock of duty; and if it prove too scanty, Jesus Christ shall eke it out with his fine linen. This expedient pleases him for a season, and to work he goes, hoping to make himself so fair and tight that Jesus Christ shall fall in love with him, and give him rare commendation instead of free pardon. But "though he wash himself in snow-water, and make his hands exceeding clean, he is plunged in the ditch again, and his own clothes abhor him." (Job ix. 30, 31.)

SINCERE obedience * is nothing but a jack-o'-lantern, dancing here and there and everywhere; no man could ever catch him, but thousands have been lost by following him. A cripple might as well rest upon his shadow for support, as your heart depend upon the phantom of sincere obedience.

WHEN Christ rules as King, and shows himself a Saviour, he will purge the conscience, by his blood, from guilt, and hallow well the heart by his Spirit. He will cleanse the cage, and scour the den; and when a wanton bird presumes to chirp, he will ring its neck off; or if a rogue assault your house, his palace, he will apprehend the thief, and sentence him to Tyburn. Nay, it is a fixed rule with him, that whosoever harbours thieves shall have his house pulled down, and a dreadful fire set to it, which burns, and never will be quenched.

Jesus before Pilate.

BY JOHN JACKSON, PASTOR OF THE CHURCH IN SEVENOAKS.

"Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession."—1 Tim. vi. 13.

THE apostle Paul knew all the details of our Saviour's trial and death. When in Arabia three years (Gal. i. 17), immediately subsequent to his conversion, probably he was much engaged in comparing these events with the prophecies of the Old Testament Scriptures, with which he was well acquainted. The violent and persistent opposition of the Jews to him as a Christian teacher might lead him to give more earnest heed to the things which he had heard, lest at any time he should let them slip. To the confession of Jesus Christ before Pilate, all the enlightened powers of his mind, and the sanctified affections of his heart clung, even as ivy clingeth to the oak. To the Saviour's sayings and silence at his final trial, Paul was strongly attached. When exhorting Timothy to fight the good fight of faith and to lay hold on eternal life, this was his weighty argument: "I give thee charge

* That is, sincere obedience as a condition of salvation.

in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and before Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession, that thou keep this commandment without spot, unrebukable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ; which in his times he shall show, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords."

There is much, no doubt, in this good confession, which it is important that all Christians should bear in mind. In examining it we must premise a few words as to how it was that Jesus came before the Roman judge, and what was the charge brought against him. The Sanhedrim had doomed him to death as a blasphemer, because he asserted that he was the Son of God. (Matt. xxvi. 63—66.) But the sceptre had departed from Judah, and although the members of the highest Jewish court were unanimous in their verdict (Mark xiv. 64), they had no power to execute the fatal sentence without first obtaining the warrant of the Roman judge. (John xviii. 31.) They expected he would blindly approve of their judgment, and without a question deliver up the Saviour to their will. In this they were disappointed. When all were before him, Pilate looked at the bound Nazarene and then at his accusers, asking them for their charge! "What accusation bring ye against this man?" (John xviii. 29.) He evidently intends to examine the case. Now it will not do for the Jews to bring the same charge as that upon which they had condemned our Lord. Pilate cared nothing whether men said they were gods or anything less, so long as they were faithful subjects to Cæsar. To criminate Jesus and to secure their proposed end, the Jews must make another charge. Here it is, "We found this fellow perverting the nation and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ a king." (Luke xxiii. 2.) In this accusation one is reminded of the "wiles of the devil." There is much infernal cunning in it. The best for their bad purpose. In it there is a mixture of much falsehood with some truth. It was not true that Jesus was a seditious man. It was false that he forbad giving tribute to Cæsar, for his teaching and practice had been, "Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's." It was true, however, that he had said he was a king, although not in the sense in which his accusers wished Pilate to understand them. Thus Jesus is officially arraigned before Pilate, and we are now prepared to notice the matter of his good profession.

Jesus confessed *his royalty* The charge adduced was, that he claimed to be a king. Upon this Pilate proceeded to conduct the trial, in which nothing is so emphatic and unvarying in the Saviour's testimony as that he is a king. Each Evangelist gives this the prominent place. (Matt. xxvii. 11; Mark xv. ii; Luke xxiii. 3; John xviii. 37.) Perhaps with a smile of ridicule at such a pretension from so poor a man, Pilate put the question, "Art *thou* the king of the Jews?" In a more thoughtful and serious mood, he again put the question to him when with him alone in the judgment-hall, "*Art thou the king of the Jews?*" Jesus answered, "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence. Pilate therefore said unto him, Art thou a king then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that

I am a king." (John xviii. 36, 37.) He appears to understand Jesus to profess to be "*a king*" in a wider and in a higher sense than "the king of the Jews;" and who can say how deeply he was convinced of the reality of the profession? Who can tell his feelings when he wrote the epitaph—"JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS"? When the chief priests requested him to alter it to "*He said*, 'I am the king of the Jews:'" he mustered courage to refuse by saying, "What I have written I have written." Did he not feel that the inscription was a true one, or rather that more ought to be said—that what he had written did not fully express the true dignity and royalty of that wonderful unerring man whose profession he had heard, "I am a king"?

Before Pilate, Jesus *witnessed to the spirituality of his kingdom.* He claimed royalty, but he professed to have something distinctive and unique about his reign. This might induce the judge, in whom there was some light struggling with darkness, and perhaps some hope with his fear, to change the form of the question from, "Art thou the king of the Jews" to, "Art thou *a king* then?" Explain the nature of your kingship. "My kingdom is not of this world." It is not of the earth, my rule is not over islands, continents, and seas, but over *men;* and the distinctive feature of my dominion is, that it extends to their *spirits.* "My kingdom is not of this world," it is not a temporal one. When all earthly rule shall cease, all kings shall fall down before me, and all nations shall serve me. When times with kings, emperors, and governors, shall be no more; then my times shall be, and then it shall be shown, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords. "My kingdom is not of this world:" it is not opposed to "the powers that be," it is opposed only to sin. With it I am engaged in war. I rule in righteousness to dethrone iniquity. To this end I am anointed King, and I must reign till I have put all enemies under my feet. The weapons of my holy war are not carnal, but "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God." The end of my long campaign is to bring into captivity "*every thought*" to my obedience as Jesus Christ the King. Thou art the King of glory, O Christ.

Before Pontius Pilate, Jesus bore a good testimony to the truth. Her voice had long been disregarded and despised. As a good king espouses the cause of his wronged subject, so Jesus identified himself with the cause of truth. Never had such a testimony been made to the righteousness and truth of the moral law as that which Jesus made by his inner and outer life of obedience. Never had the truth of God's justice to punish sin been so distinctly proclaimed as the sinless Saviour at Pilate's bar proclaimed it. Moses declared God's love, but never had the fact been told out so fully and in such a way as Jesus made it known. It was truth that man was a lost sinner, and Jesus bore witness to it; it was truth that God was willing to save to the uttermost, and so Jesus testified; it was truth that this salvation could come to man in no other way than through the sacrificial and atoning death of the Son of God, and Jesus testified it, when, knowing the end immediately before him, he uttered not a word to Pilate in order to avoid the cross. In the minutest circumstances at his trial and death, Jesus bore witness to the truth of prophecy. "He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,

yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment." Before Pilate this was a part of his good confession, "For this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witnes unto the truth."

He also confessed to the minority of his kingdom. Nature within us has an instinctive abhorrence at the thought of being on the side of the few, and of having the many against her. How sad is the minority in which Jesus stood before Pilate! Of his few followers, Judas had just betrayed him, and even Peter had denied him with cursing. The multitude overcame the judge; and, so "willing to content the people," he released Barabbas and delivered Jesus to be crucified. No doubt Pilate's conviction was such, that had the friends of Jesus been as numerous as his foes, he would not have given him up to death. Poor, intimidated man! he washed his hands, as if this act would cleanse his heart from guilt in sacrificing his conscience and judgment to so bad a cause. So far as testimony for truth went, Jesus stood alone. At such a time listen to his calm utterance, "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." What a statement. Although I am here alone, I have all the truthful on my side. Thirty years afterwards this testimony proved indeed a good one to the apostle Paul, when as a disciple of the Lord he too had to stand alone. When Demas forsook him because of love to this present world; when the apostle was compelled to say, "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me," then he felt the value of his Lord's good confession. Notwithstanding his loneliness before Pilate, the Master had said, "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice;" and notwithstanding his loneliness before Nero, the servant repeats the sentiment, "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his."

How seasonable was it for Paul to impress this part of the good confession upon the mind of Timothy! As a Christian young man he would have to resist the popular current. Even within the sacred inclosure of the Church a worldly spirit had crept. Through the love of money some of the disciples had erred from the faith, and "pierced themselves through with many sorrows." But to Timothy the apostle says, "O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life." But in this self-denying course one will have often to stand alone. True; but "I charge you before Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession." To all Christian young men and women of this age, this is an appropriate charge. To young men in shops who would excuse themselves in being dishonest because it is so common, we would say, remember Jesus Christ before Pilate, that he was alone in his adherence to the truth. To young men who, in houses of business or in company, refrain from saying and doing that which their better feelings dictate, and their consciences approve, lest they should be conspicuously singular, we would say, remember the good confession before the Roman judge. Some young men there are who would read the Bible, but their companions do not. Some have had serious thoughts about being baptized and becoming members of a Christian Church, but they hesitate for

want of moral courage to stand alone. Some would teach a class in a Sunday-school, others would visit the sick and read to them the Scriptures, and some would give away tracts, but they are afraid of the finger of scorn. Let all such remember the good confession before Pilate. To be right, should be the question with Christians, whether singular or not. Better to be alone with Jesus than with Pilate and the people. Better to be with the sheep than with the goats. Better to be in the narrow way than in the broad one. Looking at Pilate and Jesus, one asks which is the freer and happier man? Jesus is bound, but Pilate is the slave. He is the freeman whom the truth makes free, and all the rest are slaves.

It was a good confession which Jesus made at his trial, because *it was made before Pilate.* This made it public. Speaking of the sufferings, death, and resurrection of the Saviour, Paul says in his defence before Agrippa, "The king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner." The death of Jesus Christ in the province of Judea was noticed by the governor in the records which he sent to Tiberius. It was registered in the public tables of the imperial city. To this stubborn fact, the early Christians appealed as being of undoubted testimony. The trial and death of Jesus being connected with the Roman governor, they have all historical evidence to support them. Agrippa felt the power of this evidence when he said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Upon this evidence the Christian teacher now takes his stand as upon a solid rock, and with confidence proposes to all men a real man, in whose real life and death we must trust for salvation. This is the good and only foundation which God has laid in Zion upon which we may build a good hope of everlasting happiness. The confession before Pilate is a good one, because it helps to remove doubts, and builds up the trembling and inquiring believer in his most holy faith in Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.

Let the reader remember that in approaching his death the Saviour calmly asserted that he was a King. He is enthroned now. Having carried the cross, he now holds the sceptre, and wears the crown. Is that cross which is the foundation of his mediatorial throne, the foundation of your hope of pardon? If so, do not forget that he is a King. He saves us in order that we may be his loyal subjects and serve him. "Being made free from sin and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." Jesus is a spiritual King. Does your spirit hail him as its King? Is it truthful and truth-loving? Are you endeavouring to live and to speak the truth in love? No doubt the *manner* of Jesus' confession gave much weight to its matter upon the mind of Pilate. We must be careful not to let the influence of our bad doings neutralize the effect of our good doctrines. Such as hold the best of truths and live the worst of lives, are making a bad confession. To such, an impartial judge will say, "I find no fault with your doctrines, but I find much fault with the general tenour of your life. Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity." May we adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. Pilate said of Jesus, "I find in him no fault at all."

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XI.

SUBJECT.—*Charles Simeon gives an excellent summary of this Psalm in the following sentences:—"The Psalms are a rich repository of experimental knowledge. David, at the different periods of his life, was placed in almost every situation in which a believer, whether rich or poor, can be placed; and in these heavenly compositions he delineates all the workings of the heart. He introduces, too, the sentiments and conduct of the various persons who were accessory either to his troubles or his joys; and thus sets before us a compendium of all that is passing in the hearts of men throughout the world. When he penned this Psalm he was under persecution from Saul, who sought his life, and hunted him 'as a partridge upon the mountains.' His timid friends were alarmed for his safety, and recommended him to flee to some mountain where he had a hiding-place, and thus to conceal himself from the rage of Saul. But David, being strong in faith, spurned the idea of resorting to any such pusillanimous expedients, and determined confidently to repose his trust in God."*

To assist us to remember this short, but sweet Psalm, we will give it the name of "THE SONG OF THE STEDFAST."

DIVISION.—*From* 1 *to* 3, *David describes the temptation with which he was assailed, and from* 4 *to* 7, *the arguments by which his courage was sustained.*

EXPOSITION.

IN the LORD put I my trust: how say ye to my soul, Flee *as* a bird to your mountain?

2 For, lo, the wicked bend *their* bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart.

3 If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?

These verses contain an account of a temptation to distrust God, with which David was, upon some unmentioned occasion, greatly exercised. It may be, that in the days when he was in Saul's court, he was advised to flee at a time when this flight would have been charged against him as a breach of duty to the king, or a proof of personal cowardice. His case was like that of Nehemiah, when his enemies, under the garb of friendship, hoped to entrap him by advising him to escape for his life. Had he done so, they could then have found a ground of accusation. Nehemiah bravely replied, "Shall such a man as I flee?" and David, in a like spirit, refuses to retreat, exclaiming, "*In the Lord put I my trust: how say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain?*" When Satan cannot overthrow us by presumption, how craftily will he seek to ruin us by distrust! He will employ our dearest friends to argue us out of our confidence, and he will use such plausible logic, that unless we once for all assert our immovable trust in Jehovah, he will make us like the timid bird which flies to the mountain whenever danger presents itself. How forcibly the case is put! The bow is bent, the arrow is fitted to the string: "Flee, flee, thou defenceless bird, thy safety lies in flight; begone, for thine enemies will send their shafts into thy heart; haste, haste, for soon wilt thou be destroyed!" David seems to have felt the force of the advice, for it came home *to his soul*; but yet he would not yield, but would rather dare the danger than exhibit a distrust in the Lord his God. Doubtless, the perils which encompassed David were great and imminent; it was quite true that his enemies were *ready* to *shoot privily* at him; it was equally correct that the very *foundations* of law and justice were *destroyed* under Saul's unrighteous government: but what were all these things to the man whose trust was in God alone? He could brave the dangers, could escape the enemies, and defy the injustice which surrounded him. His answer to the question, "What can the righteous do?" would be

the counter-question, "What cannot they do?" When prayer engages God on our side, and when faith secures the fulfilment of the promise, what cause can there be for flight, however cruel and mighty our enemies? With a sling and a stone, David had smitten a giant before whom the whole hosts of Israel were trembling, and the Lord, who delivered him from the uncircumcised Philistine, could surely deliver him from King Saul and his myrmidons. There is no such word as "impossibility" in the language of faith; that martial grace knows how to fight and conquer, but she knows not how to flee.

4 The LORD *is* in his holy temple, the LORD'S throne *is* in heaven: his eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men.

5 The LORD trieth the righteous: but the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth.

6 Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: *this shall be* the portion of their cup.

7 For the righteous LORD loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright.

David here declares the great source of his unflinching courage. He borrows his light from heaven—from the great central orb of deity. The God of the believer is never far from him; he is not merely the God of the mountain fastnesses, but of the dangerous valleys and battle plains.

"*Jehovah is in his holy temple.*" The heavens are above our heads in all regions of the earth, and so is the Lord ever near to us in every state and condition. This is a very strong reason why we should not adopt the vile suggestions of distrust. There is one who pleads his precious blood in our behalf in the temple above, and there is one upon the throne who is never deaf to the intercession of his Son. Why, then, should we fear? What plots can men devise which Jesus will not discover? Satan has doubtless desired to have us, that he may sift us as wheat, but Jesus is in the temple praying for us, and how can our faith fail? What attempts can the wicked make which Jehovah shall not behold? And since he is in his holy temple, delighting in the sacrifice of his Son, will he not defeat every device, and send us a sure deliverance?

"*Jehovah's throne is in the heavens;*" he reigns supreme. Nothing can be done in heaven, or earth, or hell, which he doth not ordain and over-rule. He is the world's great Emperor. Wherefore, then, should we flee? If we trust this King of kings, is not this enough? Cannot he deliver us without our cowardly retreat? Yes, blessed be the Lord our God, we can salute him as Jehovah-nissi; in his name we set up our banners, and, instead of flight, we once more raise the shout of war.

"*His eyes behold.*" The eternal Watcher never slumbers; his eyes never know a sleep. "*His eyelids try the children of men:*" he narrowly inspects their actions, words, and thoughts. As men, when intently and narrowly inspecting some very minute object, almost close their eyelids to exclude every other object, so will the Lord look all men through and through. God sees each man as much and as perfectly as if there were no other creature in the universe. He sees us always; he never removes his eye from us; he sees us entirely, reading the recesses of the soul as readily as the glancings of the eye. Is not this a sufficient ground of confidence, and an abundant answer to the solicitations of despondency? My danger is not hid from him; he knows my extremity, and I may rest assured that he will not suffer me to perish while I rely alone on him. Wherefore, then, should I take the wings of the timid bird, and flee from the dangers which beset me?

"*The Lord trieth the righteous:*" he doth not hate them, but only tries them. They are precious to him, and therefore he refines them with afflictions. None of the Lord's children may hope to escape from trial, nor, indeed, in our right minds, would any of us desire to do so, for trial is the channel of many blessings.

"'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

* * * * *

Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here—
No chastisement by the way—
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away?

Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not—would not, if he might."

Is not this a very cogent reason why we should not distrustfully endeavour to shun a trial?—for in so doing we are seeking to avoid a blessing.

"*But the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth:*" why, then, shall I flee from these wicked men? If God hateth them, I will not fear them. Haman was very great in the palace until he lost favour, but when the king abhorred him, how bold were the meanest attendants to suggest the gallows for the man at whom they had often trembled! Look at the black mark upon the faces of our persecutors, and we shall not run away from them. If God is in the quarrel as well as ourselves, it would be foolish to question the result, or avoid the conflict. Sodom and Gomorrah perished by a fiery hail, and by a brimstone shower from heaven; so shall all the ungodly. They may gather together like Gog and Magog to battle, but the Lord will rain upon them "an overflowing rain, and great hailstones, fire, and brimstone:" Ezek. xxxviii. 22. Some expositors think that in the term "horrible tempest," there is in the Hebrew an allusion to that burning, suffocating wind, which blows across the Arabian deserts, and is known by the name of Simoom. "A burning storm," Lowth calls it, while another great commentator reads it "wrathwind;" in either version the language is full of terrors. What a tempest will that be which shall overwhelm the despisers of God! Oh! what a shower will that be which shall pour out itself for ever upon the defenceless heads of impenitent sinners in hell! Repent, ye rebels, or this fiery deluge shall soon surround you. Hell's horrors shall be your inheritance, your entailed estate, "the portion of your cup." The dregs of that cup you shall wring out, and drink for ever. A drop of hell is terrible, but what must a full cup of torment be? Think of it—a cup of misery, but not a drop of mercy. O people of God, how foolish is it to fear the faces of men who shall soon be faggots in the fire of hell! Think of their end, their fearful end, and all fear of them must be changed into contempt of their threatenings, and pity for their miserable estate.

The delightful contrast of the last verse is well worthy of our observation, and it affords another overwhelming reason why we should be stedfast, unmovable, not carried away with fear, or led to adopt carnal expedients in order to avoid trial. "*For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness.*" It is not only his office to defend it, but his nature to love it. He would deny himself if he did not defend the just. It is essential to the very being of God that he should be just; fear not, then, the end of all your trials, but "be just, and fear not." God approves, and, if men oppose, what matters it? "*His countenance doth behold the upright.*" We need never be out of countenance, for God countenances us. He observes, he approves, he delights in the upright. He sees his own image in them, an image of his own fashioning, and therefore with complacency he regards them. Shall we dare to put forth our hand unto iniquity in order to escape affliction? Let us have done with by-ways and short turnings, and

let us keep to that fair path of right along which Jehovah's smile shall light us. Are we tempted to put our light under a bushel, to conceal our religion from our neighbours? Is it suggested to us that there are ways of avoiding the cross, and shunning the reproach of Christ? Let us not hearken to the voice of the charmer, but seek an increase of faith, that we may wrestle with principalities and powers, and follow the Lord fully, going without the camp, bearing his reproach. Mammon, the flesh, the devil, will all whisper in our ear, "Flee as a bird to your mountain;" but let us come forth and defy them all. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." There is no room or reason for retreat. Advance! Let the vanguard push on! To the front! all ye powers and passions of our soul. On! on! in God's name, on! for "the Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 1.—The shadow will not cool except in it. What good to have the shadow though of a mighty rock, when we sit in the open sun? To have almighty power engaged for us, and we to throw ourselves out of it, by bold sallies into the mouth of temptation! The saints' falls have been when they have run out of their trench and stronghold; for, like the conies, they are a weak people in themselves, and their strength lies in the rock of God's almightiness, which is their habitation.—*Gurnal.*

Verse 1.—The saints of old would not accept deliverances on base terms. They scorned to fly away for the enjoyment of rest except it were with the wings of a dove, covered with silver innocence. As willing were many of the martyrs to die as to dine. The tormentors were tired in torturing Blandina. "We are ashamed, O Emperor! The Christians laugh at your cruelty, and grow the more resolute," said one of Julian's nobles. This the heathen counted obstinacy; but they knew not the power of the Spirit, nor the secret armour of proof which saints wear about their hearts.—*Trapp.*

Verse 4.—*His eyes behold, &c.* Take God into thy counsel. Heaven overlooks hell. God at any time can tell thee what plots are hatching there against thee.—*Gurnal.*

Verse 5.—*The Lord trieth the righteous.* Except our sins, there is not such plenty of anything in all the world as there is of troubles which come from sin, as one heavy messenger came to Job after another. Since we are not in Paradise, but in the wilderness, we must look for one trouble after another. As a bear came to David after a lion, and a giant after a bear, and a king after a giant, and Philistines after a king, so, when believers have fought with poverty, they shall fight with envy: when they have fought with envy, they shall fight with infamy; when they have fought with infamy, they shall fight with sickness; they shall be like a labourer who is never out of work.—*Henry Smith.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1—Teacheth us to trust in God, how great soever our dangers be; also that we shall be many times assaulted to make us put far from us this trust, but yet that we must cleave unto it, as the anchor of our souls, sure and stedfast.—*Wilcocks.*

Verse 1.—The advice of cowardice, and the jeer of insolence, both answered by faith. Lesson—Attempt no other answer.

Verse 3.—This may furnish a double discourse. I. *If God's oath and promise could remove*, what could we do? Here the answer is easy. II. *If all earthly things fail*, and the very State fall to pieces, what can we do? We can suffer joyfully, hope cheerfully, wait patiently, pray earnestly, believe confidently, and triumph finally.

Verse 3.—Necessity of holding and preaching foundation truths.

Verses 4, 5.—In these verses mark the fact that the children of men, as well as the righteous, are tried; work out the contrast between the two trials in their design and result, &c.

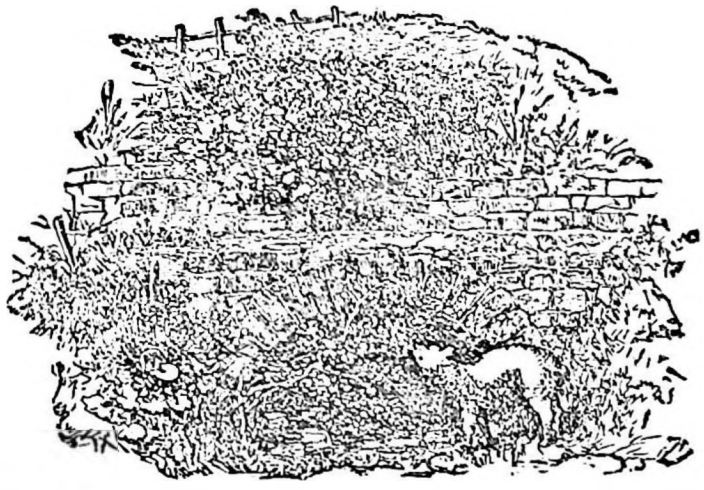
Verse 5.—"*The Lord trieth the righteous.*" I. Who are tried? II. What in them is tried?—Faith, love, &c. III. In what manner?—Trials of every sort. IV. How long? V. For what purposes?

Verse 5.—"*His soul hateth.*" The thoroughness of God's hatred of sin. Illustrate by providential judgments, threatenings, sufferings of the Surety, and the terrors of hell.

Verse 5.—The trying of the gold, and the sweeping out of the refuse.

Verse 6.—The portion of the impenitent.

Verse 7.—The Lord possesses righteousness as a personal attribute, loves it in the abstract, and blesses those who practise it.



THE Thames at its first tunnel is a tiny rill for a lamb to drink at; no one would dream of its swelling into a mighty river. The grace of God in its first commencement in the soul of man is usually a faint and feeble thing. Jesus is trusted, but the faith is feeble. Love to heavenly things is in the heart, but it is rather a spark than a flame. All the graces are in the new-born soul, but they are like seeds, rather than well-grown plants. No one rails at the river's humble parentage, and none of us must blame the littleness of early spiritual life. Thanks be unto God if we are saved at all; better, far better, to be a rill of grace than a river of sin. The very least streamlet, or even drop of faith, is more precious than a world of gold. Young beginner, be encouraged by this thought.

How quiet, calm, and beautiful, is the rustic nook, where the lamb is nipping a sweet, succulent shoot from the shrub which covers the little brook! so fair, so calm, is the first season of spiritual existence. The love of our espousals we shall ever look back upon with grateful recollection. Though the rill cannot as yet float a navy, or make glad a million-peopled city, yet it has a peculiar charm and beauty of its own; and even so has youthful piety. Remember this, newly-converted friend, and be glad.

Yet the stream grows and swells in volume as it advances. The lamb will not always be its fit playmate; it will ere long consort with giant oaks, towering castles, huge galleons, and crowded cities, and will not rest till it communes with the far-sounding ocean. Even so grace grows, strengthens, increases. From the day of small things it sweeps on to weeks of service, years of patience, and ages of perfection. Seek this progress, O young believer, and be not content without it. Looking unto Jesus, speed along the channel of his will. His merit has saved you if you have believed; let his example animate you, and his love encourage you. May your peace be as a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea.

No. 21.—Sword and Trowel Tracts, by C. H. SPURGEON.—6d. per 100. Post free, 8 stamps, Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.



IN the frequent quarrels between the priests and monks of the Church of Rome, the two parties of rogues were silly enough to expose each other's villanies. On the edifices belonging to monasteries, priests were caricatured in the stonework; and on the churches built by priests, the monks and friars were held up to ridicule. A great deal of real truth was thus brought out by their mutual recriminations. The ancient carving above is a specimen of a common caricature representing the clergy as foxes with geese in their hoods; a very admirable picture whether monks or priests were intended. Popery, with its secret confessional and priestly interference at dying beds, is essentially a fox. Puseyism, pretending to be Protestant, and gradully bringing in all the foolery of Rome, is a deep fox indeed. Yet there are geese silly enough to be deceived by priests in this nineteenth century; and so long as the supply of such geese is kept up, the foxes will never cease to prowl.

Reader, do you believe that men like yourself have priestly power? Do you think that they can regenerate infants by sprinkling them, and turn bread and wine into the very body and blood of Jesus Christ? Do you think that a bishop can bestow the Holy Ghost, and that a parish clergyman can forgive sins? If so, your head can be seen in the picture peeping out from the cowl of the fox. You are the victim of crafty deceivers. Your soul will be their prey in life and in death. They cajole you with soft words, fine vestments, loud pretensions, and cunning smiles, but they will conduct you down to the chambers of death, and lead you to the gates of hell. Silly goose, may grace make thee wise!

Jesus Christ is the true Priest who can forgive all your sins; go to him at once, without the intervention of these pretenders. Make confession to him! Seek absolution from him! The Holy Ghost alone can cause you to be born again, and the grace of God alone can bring you to glory. Avoid Puseyite and Romish foxes, for they seek to make a gain of you, and lead you not to Jesus, but to their Church and all its mummeries. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and not in these deceivers.

No. 22.—Sword and Trowel Tracts, by C. H. Spurgeon.—6d per 100. Post free, 8 stamps.
Passmore & Alabaster, 23, Paternoster Row.

Rahab: Her Faith and Her Falsehood.

A REVIEW OF MR. JAMES WELLS' SERMON ON "THE FAITH OF RAHAB THE HARLOT."

[We had not intended to take any public notice of the fearful error lately uttered by Mr. WELLS, for we do not think it wise to give unnecessary publicity to any man's false doctrine; but when the protest of the Strict Baptist ministers was sent to us, with a request that it might appear in the *Sword and Trowel*, we could not refuse it insertion, and an explanatory article seemed needful to make it intelligible to our readers, who, for the most part, know nothing either of Mr. WELLS or his utterances. We are glad that our Strict brethren have so distinctly cleared themselves of all complicity in the error. The article which we have placed before the Protest is written by our friend Mr. GRACEY, Classical Tutor in our College.]—ED.

RAHAB, by her lonely and daring faith, has gained the praise of the faithful through all time. Jews, by their learned Rabbins, and Christians, by their inspired Apostles, have joined in concert to bind the wreath of glory around her brow. And lest the honour of her life of faith should in any way be tainted with the shame of her life of sin—or, rather, lest one numbered among the ancestry of the Messiah should be branded with such a title of guilt, some have strained every nerve to rescue her from the appellation of "harlot." Whiston, Calmet, and Clarke, deriving the Hebrew word from a root with which it has no connection, translate it "innkeeper." Gesenius*, however, who traces it to its proper root, proves incontestably, in harmony with the Vulgate, the Septuagint, and the New Testament, that Rahab must still be called ἡ πορνη, the harlot. In mistaking the meaning of the word, these critics have also mistaken the praise of grace and faith; and since she has been proved to have been once an abandoned woman, that faith loses nothing of its glories, but shines forth the more conspicuously, like a solitary star in a night of gloom. Why should not divine grace visit the den of vice as well as the abode of morality?

But lo! in our days, a Christian preacher, popular among his own sect, discovers new excellencies in the character of Rahab. Virtues which slept in silence for centuries, and escaped the notice of the apostles and fathers of the Church, are brought forth to be admired and applauded by all lovers of truth. The infamy of the former part of her life is by no means extenuated. Nothing is detracted from the triumph of free grace, but the laurels of faith are not so secure. Hitherto her *faith* has carried off the palm, and her *falsehood* has been passed by in perplexity, or covered with the mantle of charity. But now we are regaled with a new reading of the victory of the heroine of Jericho. A formidable rival, in the person of falsehood, now challenges the honour of her faith; for the lies which she told are asserted to be "*the best part of her conduct*," and consequently worthy of the greater share of praise. Give place, then, O faith of Rahab, to Rahab's more excellent falsehood!

To come to a more minute examination of this subject as handled in the sermon under consideration. After a needful exhortation to pious hypocrites to get their piety ready, Mr. Wells asks, "*Was Rahab justified in these falsehoods?*" and replies, "*Certainly she was.*" Now, this "justification *in* falsehoods," if it have any meaning whatever, has exactly the same meaning as "justification *by* falsehoods," since it is repeatedly asserted that "*this part of her conduct was the best part of her conduct.*" Hence the works which the apostle commends are interpreted to be the falsehoods which she told. For the explanation of the manner in which the spies were preserved, is thus given—"*How did she do that? Why, by saying they were not there, and by saying they were gone. The apostle makes that the best part of her conduct.*" But if this be the mind of the Spirit in the passage, and if the untruths which she told were of such transcendent merit, they must necessarily be specially mentioned

* See his proofs, Gen. xxxviii. 15, Deut. xxiii. 19, Lev. xxi. 7, in which cases, the same Hebrew word, *zonah*, cannot possibly be ambiguous.

in the eulogies pronounced upon her. Joshua must highly extol them. Let us hearken: "Joshua saved Rahab the harlot alive, and her father's household, and all that she had, and she dwelleth in Israel unto this day, *because she hid the messengers which Joshua sent to spy out Jericho.*" Why have the falsehoods slipped from his memory, seeing they are so worthy to be commemorated? Paul, who declared the whole counsel of God in other matters, in speaking of this, cannot keep anything back. What does he say? "By faith the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not, *when she had received the spies with peace.*" Why is he so silent about the falsehoods? But surely James, the patron of all good works, and upon whom the author of this sermon principally relies, cannot pass by *this* without an honourable mention. He says, "Likewise also was not Rahab the harlot justified by works, *when she had received the messengers and sent them out another way.*" Why does *he* omit the colloquy with the officer of the king of Jericho? Why is this "*best part of her conduct*" forgotten? *Why* are not the falsehoods mentioned? Simply because they were failings, yea, more, sins; and the New Testament, according to its invariable custom while praising the virtues o Old Testament saints, and holding them up as examples to us, points not the finger to one of their shortcomings. Besides, the inspired writers are very particular in mentioning the exact acts which were meritorious, are ever careful to separate the clay from the fine gold. Hence the *reception* and *dispatch* of the spies are mentioned and praised, while not a word is said in commendation of the lies told for their preservation, plainly intimating that in them *no* faith existed.

It may be asked, how could the *faith* of Rahab be praised consistently, without at the same time praising her *falsehood?* Now it is in looking at the matter from this point of view that even the pious Matthew Henry flounders in such uncertainties; and the author of the present sermon propounds such "horrible divinity." It must be admitted that the faith and the falsehood stand very closely together; indeed, so closely, that they are very liable to be confounded, unless the first principles of the doctrine of Christ be kept clearly before the mind. Mr. Wells soars so high above these first principles, as to disregard the wide difference between the *nature* of "faith towards God," and the nature of falsehood towards man; and to confound these two opposites together, or, what is as grave an error, to regard the latter as the offspring of the former. This is a parentage of falsehood disowned and discredited by the whole of Revelation. What sacred penman has ever numbered this among the fruits of the Spirit? Where is there the most slender authority, in all the doctrines of the gospel, for metamorphosing the ugly distortions of this "dreadful vice" into the comely features of a Christian virtue? If Rahab's faith were true, and we know it was, falsehood could never have sprung from *it*, for "*no lie is of the truth.*" We, therefore, fearlessly affirm that these falsehoods had no more connection with the faith of Rahab, than had the equivocations of Abraham in Egypt and Gerar, with the faith of Abraham on Mount Moriah. The faith of Rahab and Abraham had a common origin—the distinguishing grace of God: the falsehood of both had a common source—the weakness and depravity of their old nature. And we know that "*quae et a falsis initiis profecta, vera esse non possunt*"—*things which are false in their beginning cannot be true in their end.* They both failed in that for which they were distinguished, and the reason of their failure is given by Isaiah—"Of whom hast thou been *afraid*, or *feared*, *that thou hast lied*, and hast not remembered me?" Rahab lied because of her *fear*, not because of her faith. Her falsehood, therefore, had no connection with her faith, and merits as little commendation as the failings of other saints. Nor is it any objection to this conclusion, that her fear was manifested in denying that she sheltered them, immediately after the exercise of her faith, in the reception of the spies—because the same sudden alternation of strong faith and cowardly fear was displayed by Peter on the night of the Lord's betrayal.

Again, it is said, "*She must either have uttered these falsehoods, or else betray*

the spies, and their lives would have been lost." At the sight of this assertion, we are inclined to ask, how can this come from the lips of one who believes that all things shall work together for good to the people of God's choice? How can a disciple of the high doctrines of grace, consistently become a "prophet of ills" to the redeemed of the Lord? But are we bound to believe, as here taught, that truthfulness would have sacrificed the lives of the messengers, and that falsehood alone could preserve them? From the circumstances in which they were placed, we must grant that they would have been *endangered* by truth on Rahab's part; but from a consideration of the seasonable deliverances accomplished by God for his people from the most extreme peril, we are compelled to believe that these men could not have been *destroyed.* They had come, by God's command, to perform a work of vast importance to Israel, and can we therefore accept the doctrine which tells us they were left to be shielded or sacrificed by the word of a woman? Their own folly might have brought them into this jeopardy, but the work of God never. Let us suppose, for a moment, that Rahab had told the truth, and that the spies had been dragged before the tribunal of their enemies, would their danger have been greater than that of Moses, exposed on the Nile to the cruel Egyptians?—of Jonathan and his armour-bearer discovered to the whole garrison of the Philistines?—of the Hebrew youths in the fiery furnace, or of Peter in the condemned cell, the night before his appointed execution? Nay, for the danger in each of these cases had gone beyond the limit of all human aid, but not beyond the realm of divine deliverance. Would it not have been presumption to have expected miraculous interposition? No: *first*, because faith's natural sphere is the supernatural. *Secondly*, because these men had a right to expect it above all others. They were on a duty imposed by God. In their success were bound up vast interests of a people whom God had by miracles called into national existence, by miracles sustained, and still the same wonder-working Jehovah was theirs by covenant. We cannot, therefore, agree with Mr. Wells, that the lives of these two "godly men" would have been destroyed by Rahab's telling the truth, but are forced to conclude that though the truth had been told a thousand times, their safety would still have been divinely secure.

Moreover, we cannot see how very far beyond the reach of harm their lives would have been, as Mr. Wells supposes, protected only by Rahab's "refuge of lies." If the king and officers of the city had exercised the penetration natural to men in their situation, would they have been so credulous as to believe the word, or even oath, of a harlot, relative to persons in her house? And if the house had been searched, of what avail would the falsehoods have been? This very want of discernment and mental activity showed that the men of Jericho were doomed men, and under a strong delusion, that they should believe a lie. If it be said that the spies were actually preserved by the untruths, we reply, God *permitted* it to be so, and the permission and overruling of evil is a very different thing from sanctioning it, or changing its character. If the truth had been told, all that was necessary for the preservation of the spies, was the divine aid, which, when the falsehoods were told, was still needed.

Let us now review the conclusions to which we have come. We have seen that Rahab's falsehood sprung not from Rahab's faith; that it had no connection with it; that it was not praiseworthy, but deplorable; that if truth had been told the spies would not necessarily have been destroyed, and that the falsehood did not necessarily secure their safety.

What bearing have these conclusions upon Mr. Wells' teaching? Mr. Wells states that though Rahab "*told two falsehoods, there was no sin in them, no crime in them.*" It has been proved that Rahab's falsehood sprung not from Rahab's faith, and that it had no connection with that faith, consequently it must have been sinful, for "Whatsoever is not of faith, is sin." Mr. Wells declares that necessity demanded the suspension of "the usual law of truth," and the permission of "the law of falsehood." It has been shown that truth could not necessarily have ruined, and that falsehood did not necessarily protect,

the spies. There was therefore no necessity for the suspension of the law of truth in favour of the law of falsehood. And if no necessity for it, there is no reason to believe it ever did take place, while there is abundant evidence to the contrary. For no necessity could exist that would require the setting aside the moral law—which means acting contrary to God's nature—since for all the wants of his people and the universe, God has made ample provision; but for this he has made none, for he is "*God that cannot lie.*"

Thus, then, the two main pillars of Mr. Wells' argument—viz., the necessity of Rahab's falsehood, and its sinlessness—have been demolished, and the whole fabric of his thesis falls in a common ruin.

Having thus shown how utterly groundless Mr. Wells' theories are, I cannot close without expressing my intense horror at the wildness of these theories. That the physical and ceremonial laws may be suspended, affects nothing absolutely vital; but the mere suspicion that the principles of eternal truth could for a moment be stayed, drives one to the very brink of blasphemy. If the doctrine of Mr. Wells, that God grants a plenary indulgence to lie, could be true in *any* circumstance, I do not hesitate to say that my inmost soul should recoil from his allegiance and worship, since I could only adore unsullied purity and immutable truth. I could not obey the Church of Rome, I could not reverence the Hermes of Greece; but it is my joy to believe that the fountain of that Deity whom my whole spiritual being willingly worships, can never flow forth to man or angel, otherwise than in the crystal streams of truth.

PROTEST OF THE LONDON STRICT BAPTIST PASTORS' CONFERENCE, AGAINST CERTAIN DOCTRINES PROPAGATED BY MR. JAMES WELLS, MINISTER OF THE NEW SURREY TABERNACLE, IN THE BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK.

WHEREAS certain unscriptural principles, subversive of the purity of the gospel and the foundation of Christian morals, have been set forth in a Sermon called "The Faith of Rahab the Harlot," preached on Sunday morning, June 18th, 1865, by Mr. James Wells: we, whose names are attached to this document, being desirous of maintaining the purity and harmony of divine truth, do earnestly protest against the following passages in the aforesaid sermon:—

"I hold this doctrine: that in the physical, in the moral, and in the spiritual world, the great God can suspend for a time any law he chooses." "God here suspended the law of falsehood, and by suspending that law did hereby take away the criminality of Rahab's falsehoods; that though she told two falsehoods, there was no sin in them, no crime in them; necessity demanded it: God here suspended the usual law of truth, and made that morally true which was literally false." "There are some laws he (God) will not suspend . . not because he cannot—be careful how you attribute *cannots* to the great God. God cannot lie, because he will not:" p. 199. "Was Rahab justified in those falsehoods? Certainly she was. Say you, would you have told them? Yes, sir; I would tell ten thousand, if I were placed in the same circumstances, and had the same divine authority for it that she had." "We must be placed in analagous circumstances to tell an untruth with divine sanction:" p. 198. "I look back with pleasure upon some of the favours I have done some of the people of God, and would again, and will to-morrow too, if I am so placed." "I told you to get your piety ready, you hypocrites, for that I was going to shock it. The apostle James makes that the best part of her conduct:" p. 199.

Against the doctrine contained in these statements we openly revolt, and judge it an incumbent duty publicly to protest against a creed which refers all moral qualities to the sovereign determinations of God's will, and ignores the essential rights of Jehovah, as the only ground of his legislative and judicial functions.

We deny that it is possible for God to suspend his moral law; that it is

possible for God to lie; that he can justify falsehood, or any other sin, by an interruption of his moral law; or that he can take away sin by any method whatever, otherwise than by the satisfaction to Divine Justice, through the meritorious death of Jesus Christ.

Furthermore, we protest against the notion that sin can become sinless under any circumstances; or that Rahab's falsehoods were the best part of her conduct; or that in commending her faith the apostle commended her falsehoods; or that her falsehoods sprung from her faith in God, and not from her fear in man; or that there are "analagous" circumstances to those of Rahab, under which men may be justified in lying, or in sin of any kind.

Finally, we believe the universal justice or rectitude of God to be essential to the perfection of his existence, and necessary to it; that punitive justice, on account of sin, is a necessary branch of immutable justice; that divine moral law being founded on the essential rights of God's eternal justice, must necessarily be the just expression of those rights, and the ground and rule of God's authority over accountable beings; that such law can no more be suspended, altered, or abrogated, than the perfections of his nature, or the throne of his majesty; that a God without holiness, justice, or rectitude, is not an object of joyous worship, affection, or trust; and that the sentiment we protest against is a reproach to God's character, a slur upon his government, and inimical to the moral and social interests of mankind.

Under the influence of these convictions, respect for ourselves as ministers of Christ, and a concern for Christian Churches, especially those of Strict Communion Principles, both in town and country, we heartily unite in subscribing to this protest.

Philip Dickerson, *Chairman.*
J. S. Anderson, *Secretary.*
W. Palmer.
Samuel Milner.
George Wyard.
J. L. Meeres.
Thomas Chivers.
Samuel Green.
W. Hawkins.
William Leach.
William Alderson.
John Bloomfield.
J. Butterfield.
John Hazelton.
James Griffith.
George Webb.
James Curtis.
Charles Box.
James Woodard.

Signs of better days for Baptist Churches.

WITH unmingled pleasure the editor of "The Sword and Trowel," took part in the general assembly of the Baptist Churches at Bradford. A holy, heavenly spirit was poured out upon the brethren; there seemed to be one undivided vehement longing for more manifest unity, and each man appeared to be closing in towards his fellow. This has been the daily prayer of some among us, and the answer is now at our doors. Our body, shattered and divided, rent with differences, and torn with jealousies, is now, through God's grace, likely to be united, happy, and consequently powerful. The days of solemn meeting held among our generous Yorkshire brethren will be the date from which to mark the commencement of a blessed era if we all remained true to the spirit which ruled the hour. Suspicions and mistrust are now given to the winds, and we look each other in the face with mutual confidence. Our own heart was brimming with love to all the brethren, we took the most public opportunity of expressing it, and we feel constrained again to say that if we have in any measure been an impediment to the forming of our Churches into a compact phalanx, it has not been our intention, and it shall not be the case in the future. Without pledging ourselves to any line of action, without laying aside any peculiarity or point of difference, nay, even testifying that there is much to be amended and something to be destroyed, we do most cordially cast in our soul and strength

into the movement for heartier union, believing it to be the work of the Lord, for the good not only of our Churches, but for the common cause, and for the world's best interests. In these times of Popish aggression and Puseyite progress, the sturdy lover of the good old way must make a closer league with all who are like-minded, for now is not the time to quarrel and divide upon unimportant matters. Our dear friends, W. Brock and W. Landels, have cheerfully joined with us in the formation of an Association of our Churches in London; a meeting will speedily be called, and progress will be reported in our next number. November 10th is the day selected for the meeting to discuss the matter. The pastors will meet in the morning for conversation, and having dined together, will then meet the deacons and elders for prayer, and after tea a great united prayer-meeting will be held. The Metropolitan Tabernacle as the largest of our buildings, will be the place of meeting. Tickets for the prayer-meeting may be had if early application be made. O for the dew of Hermon to rest upon the brethren dwelling together in unity. There may the Lord command the blessing, even life for evermore.

Specimen of Church of England Worship.

THE following is from the *Church Times*, and as a dear friend of ours went to the service on purpose to watch the proceedings, we can bear witness that the gentlemen have not overdrawn their own likeness. And this occurred in Clapham! In Clapham, once the stronghold of Evangelicals! Thus the better and less honest part of the Anglican body is supplanted by the infamous but more honest section. Can we be too severe when such things are occurring all around us? We have here a flower-show, a pantomime, and a nursery combined: and these "fantastic tricks before high heaven" are to be the substitute for the gospel of the blessed God!

CHRIST CHURCH, CLAPHAM.—The harvest festival at this Church has been kept this year with even greater heartiness than usual; and either in the decoration of the fabric, or in the beauty and devotion of the services, there are few Churches in England which surpassed or will excel it. At the west end was suspended an inscription of the triple Alleluia, bordered with laurel leaves, and here hung a banner of the Agnus Dei, over a beautiful festoon of evergreens, corn, and dahlias. The font, which is always exquisitely adorned, was this time decked with, beside wheat and flowers, ears of Indian corn, pine-apples, green and purple grapes, apples, and pears, all of English growth, as was everything in the Church. Round the aisle windows ran a label of ivy leaves, and between the windows were small crosses of dahlias. Over the pillars of the nave were targes bearing corn, and the pillars themselves were alternately wreathed in a short single, and a long double spiral with ivy leaves. The pulpit was most effective, the panels being filled with moss, sprinkled with small flowers, while larger flowers were disposed at various points. The rood-screen was wreathed as usual, but on the rood-beam was a novel feature. Three miniature sheaves of corn stood on each side of the rood, which was a mass of white, with a circle of red dahlias, and between the sheaves were, on either side the rood, two groups of three long wax candles each, these candles being lit at evensong, and producing a superb effect. The choir stalls were very elegantly decked, and from the front of each, three little moss baskets of flowers were suspended. On the wall of the chancel, as well as in the side chapel, hung silken banners of various colours, and on the east wall were targes of corn, while several garlands of moss and flowers aided in filling up certain blank spaces, and in enhancing the general effect. We were glad to note that the plan of filling up the floor of the sanctuary with large pots of flowers has been abandoned; for though the effect on some past festivals has been very good, it is more than doubtful whether a better use cannot be made of the beautifully-tiled sanctuary than turning it into a conservatory. The altar was vested in the white frontal, and on the re-table were, beside the candlesticks and the brazen cross, six vases of choice red and white flowers, while the remainder of the super-altar was loaded with apples, pears, large bunches of grapes, and other fruit, which will probably be presented to some hospital

for the use of the patients. The first celebration on Thursday week was at quarter past seven, matins being said at eight o'clock. At eleven, when the high celebration commenced, nearly every seat in the Church was occupied, there being from sixty to seventy priests among the congregation. The choir entered, chanting "Come, ye thankful people," the thurifers in scarlet cassocks swinging incense, and the celebrant, the Rev. B. Abbot, with the deacon, the Rev. Hesketh Fleetwood, and the sub-deacon, the Rev. W. H. Hyde, properly vested in the white chasuble, dalmatic, and tunicle, which were so much admired at Norwich. Before the acolytes walked several priests, among them being the preacher of the day, the Rev. Dr. Neale. The music was chiefly from the *Missa de Angelis*, and the gospel was intoned by the deacon. Dr. Neale took for his text, Ruth i. 22, "And they came to Bethlehem, in the beginning of barley harvest." It is needless to say that the sermon was both eloquent and mystical, the text being applied with happy ingenuity to much of which ordinary minds would never have dreamed. Words would fail to describe the solemn and impressive grandeur of the remainder of the great function, which was brought to a conclusion about half-past 12. At 8 p.m., every seat in the Church being filled, and from three to four hundred persons having to content themselves with standing room, the choir and clergy again appeared, singing a harvest hymn, the fine processional cross as in the morning being borne on high, and the thurifers again swinging the smoking censer. At the *Magnificat*, which was preceded by its proper antiphon, the clergy went up to the altar, which was incensed, and during all the psalms and canticles, the great voice of the mighty congregation completely drowned the choir. The sermon, which was eloquent, and also extempore, was preached by the Rev. George Nugee, of Wymering, who held the crowd in rapt attention for nearly half an hour. A solemn *Te Deum* concluded this service, as well as the high celebration in the morning. During the octave, the festival has been kept up, the services on Sunday last being an almost exact repetition of those of Thursday. The preacher in the morning was the Rev. W. H. Hyde, and in the evening the Rev. D. Cleaver, late of St. Barnabas. The offertories during the octave have been very good, and will be devoted to the further and permanent decoration of the sanctuary and chancel. They amounted to £45.

Gleanings from Nature.

DUST.

HOW ubiquitous is dust! does it not find its way not only into our houses on most unseasonable occasions, but into our cupboards and drawers, defacing and soiling our domestic treasures? Although it may be true that a bushel of dust in the month of March is worth to the farmer a king's ransom, whatever that may be, we are of opinion that the tidy housewife would not desire to deprive him of a single particle, but would gladly, if she could, present him with the whole. Nor is dust any more favorably regarded by the pedestrian, who pursuing his way struggling against the rude attacks of Boreas, has ever and anon to meet flying clouds of fragments of granite or other rock, the sharp angles of which grind against his skin, or entering his eyes, excite the fountains there provided to pour out their streams to wash away the intruder.

In this as in so many other instances in nature we must be content to endure some of the minor inconveniences if we would enjoy the greater benefits. If it is beneficial that winds should blow, clearing away the mists and scattering the vapours which would become pestilential, it must needs be that sweeping over the ground they should lift up, carry along, and disperse minute fragments ground off by the passage of many vehicles or the tramp of innumerable feet. If the world is benefited by the unceasing motion of the great "world of waters" ever ebbing or flowing, now breaking in gently murmuring ripples on the beach, or dashing with a force that undermines and rends away large masses of its rocky barriers; the action must necessarily be accompanied by a breaking and grinding of the fragments that will result in vast quantities of sand, either to be thrown upon some portion of the existing coast, or carried by marine

currents far away, to be deposited in some ocean bed, there to rest "the dust of continents yet to be."

It is not of common dust however that we design to write a few sentences, nor of that dust which, however noble when animated with life, becomes sufficiently base when that has departed.

"Imperial Cæsar dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:"

but to direct attention to the beautiful forms and great masses of organized dust, the result of animal or vegetable growth, with which "the invisible world" is adorned. Take a small quantity of mud, no very difficult task, from the bed of the River Thames, let it dry, and amongst the dust will be found organized particles wholly undistinguishable by the unaided sight but yet possessing forms of the most exquisite beauty. When the bed of the Atlantic Ocean was surveyed, previous to the route being determined along which should be laid that cable which we believe, notwithstanding repeated failures, will yet be a medium of communication between the great continents of the eastern and western halves of the globe, the sounding lead brought from a depth of upwards of two miles soft mud; this on being dried was found to be dust, the component parts of which consisted almost entirely of organized atoms, the skeletons of minute plants and animals that had flourished within the range of the warm waters of the gulf stream in the solitudes of that vast depth.

Although one might suppose the broom of the housemaid would not be required at sea, yet mariners have not unfrequently found dust upon the cordage and sails of their ship as well as upon the deck and on their own persons, which upon being subjected to microscopical examination, has proved to be in great part extremely small flinty shells, the coverings of vegetable cells belonging to the family of Algæ, and known as Diatomacea. As these are veritably invisible plants they might have formed part of our last paper, but as that had grown to an inordinate length, and as the species now under notice possess a distinctive character, it was thought better then to exclude them.

Unlike the slimy worts described last month, which when dead soon perish, the Diatomacea are furnished with an external coat of flint, which in ordinary circumstances is indestructible. The individual cells (termed frustules) consist of two portions usually of the same form, and generally, but not always, similar to each other; these two parts which cover the inner portion in the same fashion as two shells cover an oyster or muscle, are not however united by a hinge as are the oyster shells, but are connected by a band of flint of brilliant transparency, small enough and sufficiently beautiful to become the bridal ring of Titania or any other fairy queen, if these canny ones be united in such mundane bonds. The forms of the cells are extremely various, being circular, resembling pieces of money; oblong, like a bag drawn to a point at each end; or simply linear; others are like a saddle; many elegant species are boat-shaped; some are triangular, others are nearly square; some like little pill boxes, while many can only be compared to bales of wool or bags of hops with each corner tied up; some are round, others oval, shaped like a wedge, or curved, and some twisted like the figure S; there are species possessing stalks by which they are attached to other bodies, and some of these subdividing spread themselves in the most elegant fan-like manner, while another form is composed of a large number of cells united together as a chain. It is not only in their curious forms that the microscopic observer finds matter for interesting observation, but also in the delicate sculpturing, chasing, or markings which adorn their surface with dots or punctures, and with bands and lines, either circular, and parallel to the circumference, or radiating from the centre outwards or crossing each other after the manner of the engine-turned lines on the back of watches. Here is a well-known form, *Arachnoidiscus*, the name of which, spider's-web disc, indicates the nature of its marking; but although the web of the spider is a beautiful and indeed marvellous object, that of the most delicate spinner would in comparison with his web be utterly eclipsed. The two shells are equally beautiful, they are round, very slightly curved, like a watch glass, and have at their junction a perfectly round ring of flint of extreme thinness.

That triangular object with a clear, well-

defined margin, a large circular mark at each angle, and a beautiful net work formed by depressions in the shell, is a specimen taken from the mud of the Thames, proving that foul receptacles may contain beauties worth seeking. Now we have one with a central spot clear of markings, while the remainder of the surface is covered with spots and the disc divided into ten portions by an equal number of flutings in the shell. There is another form, the centre of which is a five-rayed star, the rays being projected out to the margin, while the spaces between are sculptured or chased in a manner as marvellous as it is beautiful; but as it is folly to attempt to describe beauties which must be seen to be appreciated, it needs only to be added that this tribe of vegetable beings offers for observation a rich and unfailing field: for here the Creator has been graciously pleased to be lavish in the display of the beautiful works of his hand, the glories of which must for ever have been hid from human observation had it not been for the aid the eye receives from the invention of the microscope.

We have not hesitated to classify these atoms with the vegetable kingdom, notwithstanding many observers still consider them to be, as they were once almost universally regarded, members of the animal world; because we believe the balance of argument is in favor of their vegetable connection. They, like the plants previously referred to, have the property of locomotion, although not to a very great extent. When seen in the field of the microscope they may be observed to make movements in a short and slow jerky manner; if their progress is barred they do not attempt to move round the obstacle, but stay a short while against it, and then return to their original place, again after a while to move forward as before. There would seem to be no act analogous to volition in their proceedings, but rather a mechanical, almost rhythmical motion, the cause of which is involved in great obscurity, as no organs of locomotion have yet been seen. Professor W. Smith observes, that among the hundreds of species he has examined with glasses, whose excellency has not been surpassed, he has never been able to detect any resemblance of a motile organ. It is a strange spectacle to see these bodies, which are of a pale brown colour, travelling without any visible means. They seem to move with tolerable rapidity; but this is apparent only, depending upon the fact that from the high magnifying power which it is necessary to use, in consequence of their extreme minuteness, the field of vision is limited. It has been calculated that the most rapid traveller amongst them would occupy about three minutes in passing over a road no more than one inch in length, while the slowest of them would require an hour to accomplish its arduous journey of a similar length.

These organisms multiply by division as well as by conjugation in a manner similar to the "invisible plants" described last month. The act of division seems to be that by which the numbers are most frequently increased, and would appear to be carried on for a lengthened period. No sooner is one cell separate from its parent than it proceeds in its turn to perform the same function, thus producing an almost indefinite number of separate beings. Professor Smith calculates that, presuming the act of division occupies in any single instance twenty-four hours, the progeny of but one frustule or single cell would in the space of a month amount to the enormous number of one thousand millions of cells. Now if it be borne in mind that the coverings or skeletons of these cells are flint and almost indestructible, and that the species flourish to an enormous extent under favorable circumstances, as in the beds of lakes and the depths of the sea, it will not appear surprising that large tracts of country should be found in various quarters of the world composed entirely of their remains, as at Richmond in Virginia, United States of America, where they form a bed of vast extent, and from twenty to twenty-five feet in thickness. The polishing powder so well known as Tripoli, imported, among other places, from Bilin in Bohemia, where a single stratum, extending over a wide area, and no less than fourteen feet thick, is composed entirely of the flinty covering of these plants, so minute, that forty thousand million individuals occupy only a cubic inch of space, and so light, that one hundred and eighty millions weigh no more than a single grain.

Immense deposits of these tiny organisms occur in several parts of the United States of America, in Saxony, in Norway, and Lapland, where the bed, thirty feet in thickness, is dug by the peasantry and used under the term Bergh-Mehl, or Mountain Meal, to mix with the scanty supplies of flour to increase the bulk if not the nutriment of their food; but it is not improbable that the organic nature of the so-called meal may yield some nutrient properties. They are also found in great masses in the neighbourhood of the Mediterranean Sea; in South America; at Dolgelly, North Wales; the Island of Mull, on the Scottish Coast, and at Mourne, in Ireland. They are frequently thrown out in company with cinders and ashes from active volcanoes, and from their minute size and lightness exist long in the air, forming those remarkable clouds of dust occasionally met with at sea far away from land: the volcanoes probably receiving them from the ocean by channels through which doubtless large quantities of water occasionally find their way to the regions of fire and heat.

Owing to the remarkable facility afforded by their flinty structure for their preservation, the most delicate, beautiful, and rare specimens are obtained from those deposits of guano which have now so long been dug to yield fertilizing matter for our gardens and fields; and from the stomachs of small marine animals numerous beautiful forms may constantly be obtained. But it is not at all necessary to resort to these sources for ordinary examples, as they are in fact almost ubiquitous, existing abundantly in a living state attached to sea weeds as well as in fresh ponds, also in great numbers about the roots of plants and diffused in moist earth: as one observes, "They are inhabitants of earth, air, and water, and there is hardly a roadside ditch, water trough, or cistern, which will not reward a search, and furnish specimens of the tribe."

Enormous numbers of these infinitesimal organisms swarm in the icy waters of the polar seas. Dr. Hooker found in the Antarctic Ocean that the numbers thrown up by the waves on the great fields of pack ice, and on the gigantic bergs, were such as to stain the ice a brown color; and he remarks upon the beneficent arrangement which provides those hosts of tiny plants, where no other vegetation can flourish, to serve not only as food to the animals inhabiting the deep, but to aid in purifying the water, by taking up the carbonic acid they exhale, and imparting in lieu of it oxygen, without which the animals could not exist.

As we are not attempting to write a precise treatise, but simply endeavouring to awaken attention to some of the beauties of the invisible world, we may be excused passing from the vegetable to add a few words concerning the coverings of animals, which, although not so minute as those of vegetable atoms, are yet so small as to render it necessary that the eye should be aided in their examination, and which have been of no little importance in building up by their dust the crust of the globe we inhabit.

In the Island of Barbadoes is found a rock traversing an extensive district and of considerable thickness, composed, to a large extent, of animal remains, the dust of which has long been known in this country by the term "Barbadoes Infusoria." We have now before us a small portion of this dust, which, to the unaided eye, scarcely dims the glass, but under the microscope displays a charming variety of elegant forms shining with the resplendent effect of frosted silver. Here are discs, balls, and cushions, some of them smooth, others covered with spikes; there are boys' peg tops, or rather the resemblance of them; weavers' shuttles; globes with long slender spikes through them; also vases of various forms. Here is a many-pointed star at the end of a long rod, a perfect but miniature model of the weapon used in the middle ages against men clothed in armour, and termed a morning star; some are baskets, others drinking-glasses, and some would form exquisite patterns from which to make silver holders for bouquets. It is indeed surprising that our silversmiths, jewellers, and other manufacturers of objects of luxury and beauty do not more frequently seek their designs from the suggestions of nature. These interesting and beautiful objects are the flinty coverings, the external skeletons of animals belonging to the class Rhizopoda, a naked species of which was described

in a recent number of this Magazine.* They are widely diffused, although the aggregate is not so large as in some other forms of life. Their shells are found fossil in the rocks of Bermuda, in the marls of Sicily, and in Greece, also in Africa and America, and recent specimens have been brought up from the bed of the Atlantic as well as from the bottom of the sea, near Cuxhaven, in Northern Germany, and in the Antarctic Ocean. So far as is at present known they are believed to exclusively dwell in the sea, but in truth, our knowledge of the nature of the minute inhabitants of these shells is yet very imperfect, although they appear to be nearly allied to a tribe very widely diffused, of great antiquity, and one that has contributed in no small degree to the formation of the rocky coast of the earth; we allude to the Foraminifera, so called from the number of little holes (Latin *Foramina*) with which the minute shells are pierced in every direction.

These tiny beings, whose singular beauty is calculated to awaken the deepest admiration in the mind of every observer, will give rise to no little astonishment when the important part they have performed in the world's history is understood. In the very earliest record which the stony structure of the earth's crust affords, we find traces of their existence and numerous proofs of their great importance, and now they are none the less abundant. Who could imagine that a very large proportion of the sands upon the sea shore which the pedestrian treads under his feet, or on which he idly traces fancy's figures, to be obscured by the returning wave, is made up of shells of great complexity of form, and that would rival in elegance any of those larger specimens which are brought from tropical seas as ornaments for our rooms? If in a summer ramble we stroll beneath

Some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,

and the wind sweeps over its face bearing along dust, some of which may be carried away on the clothes, should we not smile incredulously if we were told that the wind, in abruding the cliff's surface, has loosened and carried away multitudes of shells whose forms would amply repay the closest investigation?

* Ante, p. 415.

Yet such would be the sober truth. As fossils these shells have added probably more to build up the rocky strata forming the outer shell of the earth than any other single agency, as not only are great rock masses beneath the surface formed almost entirely of their remains, but they have been upheaved into hills of great extent and into vast mountain chains. In England they are chiefly found in chalk, whence they must be extracted by carefully dissolving the soft limestone in water and by repeated washings removing the cementing particles; then, when the remaining material has been well dried, the fragments of shells and of spines of the sea urchin, pieces of coral, etc., which also abound in chalk, must be picked out or sifted away, and the dust which will be left will prove to be composed almost entirely of tiny shells of various strange but beautiful forms. Is not the fact here revealed wonderful? that those vast deposits of chalk underlying so large a proportion of the vegetable soil of England, and which, in huge rounded downs, form conspicuous features in the landscape scenery of Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, Berkshire, Wiltshire, and other parts of England, rising to a thickness in many places of from six to eight hundred feet, should be in large part composed of the remains of creatures so minute that they must be magnified before their individuality can be detected? Verily, here is a proof that union is strength. Surely here we learn that from very insignificant agencies the all-wise and beneficent One can effect results the most grand and overwhelming; but this is not all, for geologists inform us that in Europe alone chalk is spread out over an area of about 1,150 miles long, with an average breadth of about 850 miles. Who can realize the myriads upon myriads of beings that must have lived and died thus to have accumulated in so vast a mass organisms which to the unaided eye appear only as small particles of dust?

In the *Calcaire grossier*, literally coarse limestone, of the neighbourhood of Paris, there occurs a bed of stone which is largely quarried at Gentilly to supply building material for the City of Paris, and surrounding villages. This stone is almost entirely made up of millions of microscopic shells of the size of grains

of sand, which all belong to the class of which our chalk is so largely composed, so that it may be said that that city of palaces is, to a large extent, built of the skeletons of creatures by no means so large as the head of a small pin; they are so small, indeed, that D'Orbigny, who has devoted much time and skill to the investigation of these animals, estimates that a cubic inch of stone taken from the Gentilly quarries may contain 58,000 of these shells.

Living specimens of these animals may be readily collected from every sandy beach when the tide is down, or they may be found attached to sea weeds, zoophytes, etc., cast up by the waves; and abundantly in the mud or sand dredged up from the sea bottom. In the bed of the Atlantic Ocean they are now living in great numbers, and the skeletons of the dead are there gradually accumulating in a vast bed of limestone, somewhat analogous to the chalk so well displayed in the white cliffs of our Island.

It has been stated that the shells are pierced by numerous minute holes. Through these are thrust parts of the animal's body, by which it attaches itself to any object, or transports itself from place to place, these so-called feet serving both for attachment and locomotion; the latter, however it accomplishes at a very slow rate. The projections from the shell, like the parts of the Proteus before described, are very various, and appear to be changed at the will of the animal. "Few things," says Mr. Rymer Jones, "are more wonderful than the movements of these extraordinary prolongations. A filament which at its first appearance is an almost imperceptible thread, and of the same thickness throughout, gradually elongates and expands in all directions, as though in search of some point of support. Not unfrequently several branches become connected together by delicate expansions, giving them an appearance like that of a duck's foot, or the gelatinous matter spreads out laterally in irregular shreds." When not further required, this wonderful arrangement instantly disappears, sinking back as it were into the body within the shell. The animal travels by elongating these thread-like filaments, and with them taking hold while others bend forward, then relax their grasp and let go, while still more are projected, again to become attached, and so on. None of the family has, so far as has been observed, the slightest power of swimming. We may judge the surprise which the early observers felt who, from contemplating the complex shell and the curious motions of its occupant, proceeded to break the shell in order to dissect the animal, and found nothing within but a small soft mass hardly so consistent as jelly, and without any trace of organ of any kind, or any tissue whatever. The shell, indeed, is to an ordinary observer the most interesting part of the creature. This is composed of lime, (not flint, as in the case with the preceding group,) and is not only various in external form, but is divided within into several chambers, after the mode in the fossil shells termed Ammonites, or in the existing Nautilus. Need another word be added? Who can regard for an instant these infinitesimal productions of the Master-hand without feeling that his glory and wisdom are as much revealed in them as in the organs with which the larger animals are endowed, or in those laws by which the inanimate but gigantic spheres revolving around the sun are governed? We are surely ready to acknowledge that his ways are in the seas; and that, paradoxical as it may seem, he is never seen to be so great as when contemplated through the medium of the minute.

W. R. Selway.

Reviews.

Lessons for Maidens, Wives, and Mothers. By W. Landels. Shaw and Co.

There is a peculiar beauty and refinement in the utterances of Mr. Landels, specially adapting him for wisely speaking upon subjects so delicate as those comprised in this volume. No man could have done better, and few indeed could have done so well in a field where much may be spoiled by want of judg-

ment, and very little effected without judicious tact. Mr. Landels has sometimes dazzled us with his splendours—here he enlightens us with a mild and genial ray. The book is a series of fine drawings of female character: the women of England should walk through our friend's portrait gallery, and gazing attentively upon Eve, Lydia, Rebekah, Ruth, Dorcas, and others, they will become even yet more truly "ministering angels." Christmas is coming, and Paterfamilias must give Martha and Mary a present; if they have not set their hearts on something else, we should say give them this book; and if they have, well give them this into the bargain. We intend to transfer the chapter on Phœbe to the pages of our next number, for the behoof of the Churches among whom our voice is heard.

Gems of Thought for every Day in the Year. Liverpool: Clement Evans.

This is simply a collection of precious things from rare old Gurnal, whom we earnestly commended to our readers a short time since. This little volume may be useful in introducing many to Gurnal's complete works, but no one who can afford a small outlay should put up with extracts when he might get the whole. This is a plate of savoury slices, but we strongly urge our friends to get the joint and carve for themselves.

Gilead. Edited by the Rev. T. H. Gregg.

A Penny Monthly, which speaks highly of those precious productions, the "Earthen Vessel," and the "Gospel Guide." A man is known by his company.

The Gospel Magazine. W. H. Collingridge.

This sixpenny serial has been established nearly one hundred years, and has doubtless been the channel of comfort and edification to thousands. Its writers dwell mainly upon what is called the high side of truth, but withal a gracious tone of practical godliness pervades the whole. The editor is a minister of the Episcopal denomination, and the magazine represents the strongly Calvinistic section of the establishment, whose position in the Anglican Establishment seems to us to be an outrage upon propriety; but still our heart loves a brother anywhere, and we rejoice to see so much light in so dark a place. Some of the articles in this magazine strike us as being "over-proof" in their Calvinism, but this is a pardonable fault, when so generally the wine is mixed with water. Only let us see holiness of life encouraged, and love for perishing sinners excited, and doctrine can hardly be too high for us in the matter of free grace: let it once justify lying in any case, we consider it to be *high* in the sense of putrid; and as we prefer our meat sweet and fresh, we dare not come near it: the divinity of the Gospel Magazine is never *high* in this latter sense.

Pastoral Recollections. By the Rev. J. A. Wallace. Johnstone, Hunter and Co., Edinburgh.

A godly minister, on his retirement from long service, here leaves with the people of his charge, a summary of the instructions he had given them. The idea is excellent, and is well sustained. Happy they who can review their ministerial course with similar satisfaction and joy. We commend this book to those who are entering upon the Christian ministry, as the experience of a veteran in the warfare in which they have to engage, of a weather-beaten sailor of the seas which they have to cross, and of a successful traveller on the path which they have to pursue. The composition is elegant, the sentiments are judicious, and the spirit devout.

Lessons from the Life of Jesus. By W. P. Balfern. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

This is a worthy sequel to "Glimpses of Jesus," by the same author. Every book is valuable that fixes our attention upon Jesus, and revives our perceptions of his beauty; and especially when it discovers new beauties and brings his whole character more vividly before us. Such will be the effect of these "Lessons from the Life of Jesus," upon all those to whom he is precious. Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, they will be changed into the same image

from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

Letters to Friends the Lord has given me. Morgan and Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.

Published letters are valuable when they are distinguished for brilliant wit and all the charms of good composition; when they throw new light upon public characters and events, and when they are peculiarly devotional. The last is the only attraction merited or claimed by the work before us. By the generality of our readers this will be most appreciated. As the product of a sick-room, it is well adapted to aid the prayerful and contemplative exercises of others in similar retirement, and to render them patient and joyful in the midst of their afflictions.

Rome and Civic Liberty. By the Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

Although we have not ranked with the alarmists upon the subject of Romanism in modern times, yet we must confess that this volume has in some measure disturbed our repose, and excited our fears. The offspring of dark ages, we had thought that Romanism could live only in the dark, that it could breathe no other air than that of superstition and ignorance, and much less that while knowledge increases it could revive. Let literature and science be extended, we have said, and above all, let the Bible be freely disseminated, and Popery must fall. If it can flourish amongst an enlightened and Bible-reading people, it is better than we supposed it to be. It would now seem that, on that very account, it is worse than its former history even could attest, that it possesses the effrontery and the art to establish a kingdom of darkness in the midst of light, and to turn the very light that is poured into it into greater darkness. Changed in its principles and spirit, we knew it could not be, whatever change might be assumed in its profession and practice; but we were not prepared to expect that its policy and intrigue could maintain the conflict in a free and enlightened age. Dr. Wylie, however, has established the fact of its aggression in the British Isles of late years, and exposed the wary steps by which it has been accomplished. The foundation of that aggression was laid in the concession to the Catholic claims by the government of this country, and from that source the elements of its growth have principally been derived. So long as Romanism is becoming rotten at the centre, we look not for anything like its former evils in any part of its circumference, and yet its present aspect in this country is not to be despised. Dr. Wylie's book is most seasonable; it puts us upon our guard against a most insidious foe. It should be possessed by all Protestant teachers. Its statements are startling, but they are verified by an appeal to authentic documents and to facts. The style is forcible and pure, and the tone moderate but firm.

Letters on the American Republic. By the Rev. Joshua R. Balme. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London.

We are often indebted to injured feelings for the discovery of latent truths, both in individuals and in nations. The author of this book is an Englishman, who voluntarily became a subject of the United States, and who, on account of his strong party feelings, was compelled to seek shelter in his native country. This circumstance gives a coloring to his writings, but does not, it would seem, from the continual appeal to documentary proof, invalidate his statements. The burden of his theme is, what the words and deeds of all parties concerned in the recent American conflict had suggested to the most disinterested observers, that moral principle as a ruling power was not known or respected on either side; and that self-opinionativeness, self-interest, partisanship, pride, malice, and revenge, were the ruling motives on all sides. The sincere, conscientious abolitionists, had no part in the fray. Neither Lincoln nor Seward had the interests of the slaves at heart. They were ready for State purposes to dispose of them in any way; nor, according to the testimony before us, were the Cheevers, the Beechers, or the Stowes, consistent in their professions of friendship to the enslaved. Sad as were the social consequences of that war, the moral disclosures were still

more painful. Now, however, that the conflict has ceased, we do not augur much good from Mr. Balme's bold and skilful analysis of impelling causes. It deserves a place in those times, but has no tendency to assuage the prejudices and animosities that remain, and to hasten the return of prosperity and peace.

The Veil Lifted: or, the Romance and Reality of Convent Life. Morgan and Chase.

"Then said he unto me, Son of Man, dig now in the wall: and when I had digged in the wall, behold a door. And he said unto me, go in, and behold the wicked abominations that they do here." Such is this book and its mission. It digs through the walls of Convents, and shows the abominations that are done here. It not only records facts of thrilling interest, and in pathetic and well-chosen terms, but clearly reveals that peculiar state of mind, and those circumstances upon which the charm of Convent-life operates, and the fearful reality that ensues. It should be in the hands of all who have the least reverence for the priesthood or the sisterhood of the Church of Rome.

Notices.

On Monday evening, September 25th, a Social Meeting was held for the two-fold purpose of taking leave of the Rev. W. A. Blake, who has accepted the pastorate of the Church at New Brentford, and to welcome the Rev. J. O. Fellowes, late of Thaxted, as the future minister of Shouldham-street Chapel. The Rev. Josiah Redford, of Epsom, presided. The Chairman having opened the meeting by kind and appropriate remarks, the Rev. W. A. Blake stated that he had been their pastor twenty years. When he came to Shouldham-street the chapel was dilapidated, and the congregation very small. For twenty years peace had been within their walls. A Church, distinguished for unity, had there worshipped; the chapel had been considerably altered and improved, and excellent and commodious school-rooms furnished underneath the chapel. Mr. Blake alluded to his onerous duties in connection with the "Soldiers' Friend Society," the care of the three Ragged Schools, in or near that locality, and other considerations, which led him to conclude that it was his duty to listen to the request of the Church at Brentford; and therefore, after much prayer and consideration, he had felt it his duty to resign his charge, and was happy to recommend Mr. Fellowes as his successor. Mr. Fellowes then made a statement of his early connection with the City Missions and "Soldiers' Friend Society" in the Crimea; his work as the District Missionary for the Scotch Church, Regent-square, under Dr. Hamilton; his pastorate for three years at Thaxted; and his recent acceptance of the unanimous invitation of the Church then assembling to become their pastor. Dr. Burns, pastor of the Baptist Chapel, Church-street, Paddington, followed with a few remarks. At this stage of the proceedings, the chairman intimated that a testimonial of the attachment of many to Mr. Blake having been subscribed for, one of the deacons would present it. Accordingly Mr. Capps, in a short, but most appropriate and affectionate address, made the presentation of a handsome silver tea-pot, as a token of continued Christian esteem from Mr. and Mrs. Goulden; a silver milk ewer from Mrs. Pilgrim and Miss Jerrad; and a basket containing silver forks from the members of the Church, etc., etc. Other addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Batey, the assistant afternoon-preacher at Craven Chapel; by the Rev. W. Stott, of Abbey-road Chapel, St. John's Wood, Mr. Beazley, and Mr. Pearce.

On the first Sabbath in September, there were gathered together on the banks of the river Cam, near Waterbeach, Cambridgeshire, about two thousand people, to witness the ceremony of Believers' Baptism. This is the fourth baptism during the sixteen months of Mr. Neale's pastorate. The number immersed is thirty-eight, and the total

additions to the Church forty-six. "To God," Mr. Neale writes, "be all the glory, who has so graciously revived us, and caused us to rejoice in his salvation, and who is still in our midst, blessing, comforting, strengthening, sanctifying, and saving his people. Some of our friends think we are going too fast; my reply to this is, that as a denomination, we have not the character for going very fast, would that we had; therefore, as a Church of that denomination, we should like to set an humble example of going a little faster to visit the sick, relieve the poor, instruct the ignorant, comfort the feeble minded, strengthen the weak, weep over the perishing, and forget not the aged, the fatherless, and the widow, and last, but not least, preach the gospe to every creature."

On Friday, the 13th of October, the Quarterly Tea Meeting in connection with the College was held in the rooms of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. A public meeting was afterwards held in the Tabernacle, which was numerously attended. Mr. Spurgeon gave an account of the progress of the College during the last quarter, and of the settlement of several of the students during that period. Mr. James Spurgeon spoke of the consultation of ministers upon the subject of collegiate training during that week in Birmingham. Mr. Landels, of Regent's Park Chapel, then gave an eloquent lecture upon "Beginning Life," which gained great applause, and what is far better, could not fail to produce a profitable and lasting impression.

In February last, Mr. Lennie, formerly a student at Mr. Spurgeon's College, was settled over the Church, assembling in the Baptist Chapel, at Downham Market, Norfolk. The existing necessity for improvements upon the Chapel, and the erection of a new school-room and vestries for the accommodation of the children and other purposes, induced Mr. Lennie to solicit the assistance of the Church and congregation in the matter. This was readily granted, and subscriptions were promised, which encouraged the Church to make the proposed improvements, which are now completed. On Lord's-day, September 10th, the Rev. J. Rossiter, a student from Mr. Spurgeon's College, preached the re-opening sermons, on the morning and evening of the day, to large and attentive congregations. On the following Monday evening about one hundred and eighty friends took tea in the new school-room. The trays were kindly furnished by the ladies and other friends of the cause. After tea a goodly number assembled in the chapel, where a public meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. G. Gould, of Norwich. After the chairman's appropriate and able speech, addresses were delivered on suitable subjects by the Revs. J. Keed, of Cambridge; H. W. Lambert, of Lynn; J. Rossiter, and the pastor of the Church. The amount realised by the collections and the proceeds of the tea was about £16, which, added to former subscriptions, makes a sum of £127, towards a cost of about £270. Additional subscriptions to the amount of £36, were promised to be paid within six months. Toward the liquidation of the remaining debt of £107, the pastor will be glad to receive contributions. This is a cause well deserving the support of the Christian public, and of the Baptist body in particular. Mr. Lennie is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth; and the Church at Downham Market has already greatly revived under his ministrations.

On Tuesday, August 29th, a Tea Meeting was held in Dockhead Chapel, Bermondsey, when about one hundred and sixty friends sat down to tea, after which a Public Meeting was held, when about two hundred and fifty friends were present. T. W. Hackett, Esq., of the Tabernacle, took the Chair. Mr. C. F. Styes, who has laboured there during the past nine months, gave an interesting and encouraging address in relation to what the Lord had done among them. Animated Addresses were then given by Mr. A. G. Brown, of Bromley; and Mr. Murphy, of the Pastor's College. This cause is young and feeble, and has much to contend with in this part of London; but the word has been blesssd to the conversion of souls.

Mr. W. Cuff, of the Pastor's College, has received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Ridgmount, Bedfordshire. For the past three months Mr. Cuff's labours there have been accompanied with a blessing.

The chapel is crowded at each time, and souls are being saved. He enters upon his labours with every prospect of great usefulness. On Monday, October 2nd, a Tea Meeting was held to aid the funds of the British School, in connection with the above chapel, at which, about two hundred and fifty friends sat down. After tea, a public meeting was held, and the chapel was crowded to excess. The Rev. J. Owen, of Cranfield, presided. Mr. Walker, Mr. Minett, and Mr. Inglis, formerly of the Pastor's College; Mr. J. Andrews, of Woburn; Mr. J. Knight, of Ridgmount; and Mr. Clarke, of Luton, addressed the meeting.

During the last quarter, many of the Students have entered permanently, or for a season, upon promising spheres of labor. The demand for their services still exceeds the supply. On this and some other accounts, the number of Students is somewhat less than during the last quarter. The variety of their gifts and qualifications are found to be remarkably adapted to the diversity of spheres in which their assistance is required, and the hand of God is gratefully acknowledged in the selection of the right men for the right places. To the acceptableness of their services communications are frequently received, and seldom have they been called to minister at any place, even for a short season, without instances of direct usefulness. Those who were first settled, for the most part, have retained their positions, and have been increasingly blessed in them. For this we thank God and take courage.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 93.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from September 19th, to October 18th, 1865.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Tyson	12	10	0
Collection at George Street, Hull, after Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon	11	1	3
Bucklesbury Chapel, per Mr. Carpenter	1	4	0
Mr. T. Petford	1	0	0
R.	0	3	0
Mr. F. Poole	2	0	0
A Friend in Kent	0	2	6
Mr. J. Acworth	1	1	0
Mr. J. Belsey	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wyles	1	1	0
A Friend, Gloucestershire	0	5	0
Proceeds of Lecture in Glasgow, per T. W. Medhurst	8	0	0
Mr. Johnson Harle	2	0	0
In Memoriam	50	0	0
Mr. Flood	1	0	0
A Friend, Newport	0	15	0
Mr. J. J. Montgomery	0	10	0
Two Members of the Free Church, Arbroath	20	0	0
J. A.	1	0	0
Mr. Yonge	1	0	0
A Friend at Cromer	2	0	0
Mr. J. Lawrence	0	12	6
A Friend, per Mr. Court	1	0	0
Mr. Knewstubbs	1	0	0
Mr. Harris	1	0	0
Mr. Gwillim	1	0	0
A Friend, Lennoxtown	1	0	0
Mrs. Henderson	0	5	0
Mr. Hodgson	0	7	0
A Friend in Scotland	20	0	0
Thomas Coventry, Esq.	10	0	0
Mr. J. W. Carr	0	10	0
A Young Friend	1	1	0
Miss Hadland	0	10	6
The Misses Dransfield	3	3	0
Young Friends	0	14	0
A Little Girl	0	4	0
Mrs. Stacey	0	5	0
Mrs. Tiffin	0	2	6
Faith	0	10	0
F. S.	1	0	0
C. S.	1	0	0
A Friend at Stroud	0	3	0
Redruth	0	2	6
Mrs. McGregor	1	0	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Mrs. Anstie	8	0	0
L. C.	0	2	0
Mrs. Bolton	0	2	6
Friends at Gulhampton	1	0	0
Mr. J. Craddock	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Sep. 25	30	9	10
" " " Oct. 2	28	7	8
" " " " 9	20	4	1
" " " " 16	25	4	7
	£288	19	6

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

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1865.

Phœbe, the Servant of the Church.

BY W. LANDELS.*

IT is supposed by some that Phœbe was not only a servant of the Church in the sense which all are who render the Church service, or who perform the Church's work; but a servant officially, or a *deaconess*, such being the English form of the word διακονον by which she is here designated. It would involve a discussion too lengthened for our limits, and somewhat foreign to our purpose, did we enter into the question of whether or not there were such a class of officials in the early Church. Be the answer to this question what it may, it seems to me, on the one hand, quite in keeping with the principles of the New Testament that women should be appointed to serve the Church in an official capacity, and specially set apart by the Church to a specific work; while, on the other hand, it does not seem necessary that they should wait for such an official appointment or recognition before they do the work for which their capacity fits them. As every member of the Church is not only at liberty but under obligation to work for Christ, each female member may become really, if not officially, a servant of the Church by doing the work, subject, of course, to the approval of the Church, for which she feels herself fitted and called.

Having said this much, so as to prevent our future remarks being weakened from appearing to rest on what some might consider a groundless assumption, we may now express our belief that Phœbe was *officially* "a servant of the Church at Cenchrea," one of an order of deaconesses which then existed, and is now being revived in some of the sections of the Church of Christ. Such an order, we may further say, we regard as eminently qualified for usefulness, and as fitted to render a very important service, and to supply a want which has frequently been felt.

The advantage to be derived from it is not that the obligation to activity would be increased, but that specific work would be appropriated

* From "Lessons for Maidens, Wives, and Mothers." See Reviews last month.

to individual workers who would hold themselves responsible for its performance. It is a trite, but not less a true saying, that what is every one's business is practically no one's. Individuals fail to realize their responsibility for that which devolves upon a community; and the work which every one ought to do is often neglected or tardily accomplished, because sometimes from delicacy, and sometimes, it may be, from indolence, it is overlooked or shirked by each; whereas a division and specific appropriation of labour, removing all occasion for delicacy on the one hand, and all pretext for indolence on the other, secures that through individual activity the general work shall be more promptly and efficiently done.

Another advantage would be the confidence and encouragement which the worker would derive from the assurance that she enjoyed the approval and countenance of the Church. Sometimes sensitive natures shrink from work lest they should be taking it from others who are better qualified for it; sometimes they shrink from it lest they should be thought too forward and incur unmerited censure on that account. Often-times those who are not deterred by any such motives, are discouraged by the thought that they are left to labour alone without the sympathy or the recognition of their Christian friends. And we can readily understand how these hindrances to activity would be removed, did an official appointment give them the assurance that they performed their duties by the desire and with the approval of the Church. Such a commendation as Paul gives to Phœbe in this letter —albeit she did not know how it would hand her name down to posterity, and secure her a place in the annals of the Church—would no doubt tend greatly to encourage her under the difficulties and trials and temptations to weariness in well-doing with which she was frequently or occasionally beset. And I cannot but think that good might be done if commendation were more frequently and cordially given to our workers now. If we are not yet prepared to appoint women to office, and to commend them openly when its duties have been efficiently performed, we might at least see to it, that, instead of attributing unworthy motives, and severely criticising measures, and harshly censuring failures, and enviously undervaluing success, as is too frequently the case, we cherished only admiration for, and rewarded with no stinted praise, the godly women who to the best of their ability are labouring to do Christ's work. We admire the apostle, who, when burdened with the care of all the Churches, and after writing such a profoundly thoughtful letter on the great doctrines of the Christian faith, shows such a loving remembrance, and speaks such kind words, of the sister who in her own way is furthering the same great cause. Let us learn to imitate while we admire; bearing on our affections, and commending by our speech, the earnest and faithful sisters who are doing their best for the furtherance of the cause of Christ.

We have only to say, further, of the appointment of women to office in the Church, that, of course, it does not interfere with, or require their severance from, woman's ordinary relations and pursuits. If it did we should have good reason for demurring to such an arrangement. It is one of the worst libels on religion to suppose that it is, or to make it appear, incompatible with the ordinary duties of life. If women can-

not be saints without being divorced from family relations, and shut up within nunnery walls, then sainthood is not the thing which this world needs. The affairs of life must go on. Men and women must marry and become fathers and mothers. And what we want is not a religion which will take us away from these relations; but one that will enable us to fill them righteously and usefully for the glory of God, and the good of man. We do just the opposite of this, and we condemn the religion we profess, when we require women to shut themselves up in seclusion in order that they may do Christian work. The work we propose them, however, and the office which we wish them to fill, involves no such necessity, any more than the office of elder or deacon requires the relinquishment of all secular occupation. While there may be some, such as our Bible-women, who make missionary work their exclusive vocation, just as there are men entirely set apart to evangelistic work, or to the ministry of the Word; women may be the servants of the Church in the sense now intended, while they properly perform all their household or other duties. They will not be worse, but better, deaconesses for helping sisters and daughters or excellent wives and mothers. The efficient management of their own households, the faithful and cheerful discharge of all relative duties, will not be a disqualification, but a recommendation for the work which the Church requires them to perform. Within the precincts of home, among the members of their families, they will find the best scope for those qualities, and are most likely to acquire those habits, which fit them for being servants of the Church of Christ.

This implies, of course, that woman's service in or out of the Church need not be confined to any particular relation. Married or single, mother or daughter, mistress of a household or subordinate member, there is work for her to do in or out of the Church, by which she may render it service, and worthily fill the part as one of the great household of faith. Some kind of work may, perhaps, be better suited to woman in one relation than another; but that is only a question of economial arrangement or division of labour. It need not prevent any one working, whether she be a maiden, wife, or mother, nor need it interfere with any one's social or domestic freedom. If a woman is doing Christian work, as a maiden, which she could not so well do as a mother or wife, she need not feel herself debarred on that account from changing her relation, should God's providence seem to open the way to a change. If the work she now does as maiden cannot be done when she becomes a wife, she may become a wife notwithstanding, and do some other work more in accordance with her new position. For even Christian work, however important, cannot supersede her primary duties as a woman. She may indeed, and ought to refuse marriage, when between herself and the man who seeks her hand there is such disparity of tastes, or convictions, or character, that she cannot with her hand wholly give him her heart. But that is not because there is anything unholy in the marriage relation; but because the disparity between them prevents that oneness which is essential not only to the performance of its duties, but to the mutual happiness of the parties, and which ought to characterize those who are so closely and indissolubly united. This is the case where the man who seeks her affections has no love to the Saviour; because such a man, having no sympathy or fellowship with

her, must be an alien and a stranger in that which to her must be for ever supreme. In that case she should act like one,

"Who had shrined herself within her faith,
And none could draw from out its sanctuary
Her woman's heart. * * *
When love came softly battering at the door
Of her pure soul, she turned away in tears,
Saying her faith was first—Christ her first love;
She could not wed the love that loved not Him.
* * * *
Alas, she said, I could have loved you well;
But I must school myself you to forget,
Because when our two barks sail from the port
Of life, they will take tracks so afar part,
That half infinity will roll between."

But while in such a case a woman may and ought to refuse marriage, she need not steel her heart against a man who can sympathize with her most sacred feelings, and who in all respects would prove a suitable husband for her, nor need she refuse marriage with him after he has gained her affections, because of its expected interference with Christian work. We must be careful not to divorce that work from any relation, by supposing it to be confined to another. There is too much work to be done, and woman has too much capacity for working, for us to admit of its being confined to any particular class. There is no exclusive sphere for Christian enterprise. We can best further the interests of religion, when we fill the place to which God's providence calls us, whatsoever that may be. Let all classes work, then, each doing the work which best accords with her position and capacity. Let not those who are working shrink from any domestic relation. Let not those who fill such relations think that they are thereby exempt from all Christian activity. They ought to be filled however urgent other claims may appear; and when filled, their duties ought to have a woman's first attention. What is required of her as a wife or mother must not be neglected because of more public engagements. If she have a little time for the latter, after the others have been properly met, that little is all that she should devote to them; at the same time, she should be careful to husband it all the more carefully that it is so little, and turn it to good account in doing whatsoever work devolves upon her a as servant of the Church.

The apportionment of work to different classes is a thing which cannot be attempted within our limits, nor does it come properly within our province, being a matter for the individual worker to discover rather than the public teacher to prescribe. All that we can attempt is to hint at some of the kinds of work which may not only be well done by woman, but for which woman is found more suitable than man.

Happily this is so varied that there is no difficulty in finding suitable occupation for all who are willing to be employed. Although female agency may yet be directed into many new channels, and the development of those departments of effort in which it is engaged is yet far from being complete, we have already reached that point at which we find no limit to the work which may be done, except the paucity of workers. Questionable kinds of effort need not be resorted to in order to find

scope for the agency at our disposal; there is room enough for every one, far more than we yet know how to fill, in work of universally acknowledged propriety. We need not run counter to the convictions of one section of the Church, nor offend the sensibilities of some Christian people, by adopting the peculiar views and methods of others, when there is abundant work to be done, in reference to woman's fitness for which all are agreed.

Notwithstanding plausible arguments which are urged in favour of woman's addressing promiscuous assemblies, there is, as its advocates acknowledge, a wide-spread feeling against it, which we venture to say is no vulgar prejudice, but an instinct of the heart. It may be difficult to give reasons for it, just as it is difficult to account for particular tastes. But whether we can give reasons for it or not, a feeling so wide-spread ought to be treated with respect. Should its existence be attributed to a misunderstanding of the often-quoted sentences of the apostle—"Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as saith the law;" "I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over man, but to be in silence;" we can only say it does not appear to us quite evident that these passages have been misunderstood. If they do not by their precise form prohibit public teaching on the part of women, they come very near to it in spirit. For surely that which would render it improper for her to speak in the Church, would apply with equal force to her addressing any promiscuous assembly. We do not think, however, that the wide-spread feeling of aversion is owing to any apostolic precept either rightly or wrongly interpreted. It lies deeper than that. It appears to us to be an instinct of our nature, not quite subdued even in those who have trained themselves to its violation. Be this as it may, however, it is surely unnecessary and unwise to run counter to such a wide-spread feeling, when there are so many other ways in which woman's talents can be usefully employed. If they have some instruction to impart which it is important for men to hear, they can reach them through the press; or if that medium be too expensive for some, let them impart the instruction to their own sex, who in turn can impart it to their husbands and brothers and sons.

The fact of women being sometimes rendered useful in this public capacity, albeit great stress is laid upon it, is really no argument in its favour; unless it also justifies the employment of bad men in religious work. Some who have proved themselves really bad, have been employed to bless others. For God graciously imparts blessings sometimes even through unworthy channels, without countenancing the wrong of those he employs for that end. He may use for his purposes what is good in woman or man, without being supposed to countenance every part of their procedure.

The case is altogether different where woman *publicly addresses only the members of her own sex, in meetings ostensibly gathered for that purpose.* Here she may find scope enough for her eloquence and arts of persuasion; and I can very well believe that there is not a little truth in the following words of an American author, "The fact is, that men cannot preach the gospel to women with half the efficacy which women themselves can. I can just fancy myself listening, Sabbath after

Sabbath, to the preaching of the gospel by a woman, and I know well how I should crave and yearn to hear it from one of my own sex; from one who was a more exact counterpart of myself, who understood and sympathized with a thousand peculiarities of temperament and frailities of disposition of which a woman could know but little. And much more is this true of women. How they must yearn to hear Christ declared by woman's lips, to catch the inspiration in all its fragrant delicacy from a woman's heart." Facts, I apprehend, do not quite bear out this statement. There is not in woman, account for it how we may, that dissatisfaction with man's preaching, and yearning desire to hear the gospel from the lips of her own sex, which a man would feel under corresponding circumstances. Indeed, most women would rather hear it constantly from the lips of man than a woman. Still, the words are true in so far as they refer to the superior fitness of a woman to meet some of women's peculiarities of temperament and disposition. And on this account, doubtless, they might sometimes be usefully employed in preaching the gospel to their own sex; or otherwise addressing them in their own special gatherings.

On the same ground PRAYER-MEETINGS conducted by females, and which only females attend, might be attended with very advantageous results. A woman could much better give expression to women's feelings and desires than any man can. And inasmuch by custom, if not by any higher rule, women are kept from taking part in the ordinary prayer-meetings of the Church, it seems both desirable and necessary that among our institutions there should be meetings in which women alone assemble to comfort, and support, and stimulate each other by mutual sympathy and counsel, and by their united approaches to the throne of grace. That woman would be no inefficient servant of the Church who might institute and conduct, or originate and have others to share with her in conducting, such meetings for prayer.

The most gifted women in the Church might find no limit or inferior sphere for the exercise of their instructive capacities in the BIBLE-CLASSES which now everywhere exist. As these are now frequented, more or less, by females of nearly all ages, at least from the girl in her teens to the matron of forty or fifty, and as they may be extended and multiplied almost indefinitely, no gifted sister need allow her talents to lie in disuse for want of an appropriate sphere. Let her make the attempt, and if she be found to have the requisite qualifications, I venture to say, judging from a not very limited experience, that they will not be unappreciated. In all our large centres of population, at least, she will gather pupils around her in sufficient numbers to gratify any woman's ambition; and the results which will accrue from earnest, affectionate, intelligent, and faithful labour, will be enough to convince her that even in the pulpit she could scarcely wield a more powerful and wide-spread influence, or occupy a more important sphere.

The woman who shrinks from such publicity, may find humbler, though equally arduous, and perhaps not less important or useful, work in THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL. Whether for a class of girls or boys, there is no more acceptable or efficient teacher than an intelligent, pious, affectionate young woman. It is impossible to over-estimate the salutary influences which, by God's blessing, she may exert or the results she

may achieve. Wisely and affectionately, yet firmly dealing with them, setting them an example of the principles she inculcates, showing what importance she attaches to her work by her punctual and regular attendance, and by the painstaking, earnest manner in which it is done, she will gain such a hold on their affections that they will learn to reverence her as a kind of ministering angel. And using her own personal influence, as well as wielding the truths of the gospel, for the promotion of spiritual ends, she will be the means of sowing in many a youthful mind the seeds of moral and spiritual excellence, and laying the foundations of character which will afterwards rise into noble proportions and become a great blessing to the Churches of Christ. And as there is yet abundant scope for the extension of this work, as there are thousands of children of ungodly parents still untaught, and it is the duty of the Church to teach them, there is perhaps no way in which a woman can with greater facility, or in which she is more urgently required to, become an efficient servant of the Church.

THE BIBLE-WOMAN movement has opened a branch of usefulness which has been already worked with great success, albeit it is very far from having reached its limits. Entering into the houses of the poor, and showing an interest in their temporal as well as their spiritual welfare; teaching them not only to read, but also how to keep their houses and persons clean and decent—giving them not only religious tracts or even copies of God's Word, but enabling them to secure for themselves more comfortable homes, ministering to them when sick, and performing the last offices for their dead where that is necessary—showing them that truest friendship which leads them to respect themselves, all this is a means of usefulness as wisely adapted to its purpose and as Christian in its spirit as could well be devised. The only thing to be desired is that it should be greatly extended. Women entirely devoted to such work and supported by the contributions of the Church, may with propriety be employed, only they must be employed in much larger numbers than now, before the wants of the community can be met; and care must be taken that those who are employed should be true servants of the Church—women who, if not constantly engaged in it, would voluntarily take part in such work in their hours of leisure, and the intervals of their daily occupation; not those who seek the employment merely as a means of earning a livelihood. But however large the number, and however suitable, the agents who are employed and supported, there is no reason why such a sphere should be left exclusively to them. They are only doing a work which any Christian woman has time at her command, and the disposition to undertake and qualify herself for it, may do just as well. Nor will it ever be efficiently done until the members of the Church generally are prepared to take part in it, so far as their suitable qualifications and their other duties will allow. There is nothing which is so much needed in order to the furtherance of the cause of Christ as that Christians should by personal contact and personal appeal present the gospel to their fellow-men. Were the women of our Churches to go into the homes of their neighbours, bearing with them the gospel of Christ, but not abruptly or ostentatiously presenting it, seeking first of all to gain their confidence, treating them neither in a haughty nor a condescending, but in a true sisterly manner, showing them kindness, taking an

interest both in their sorrows and their joys, not preaching to them simply, but practising towards them the principles of Christianity, and at the same time gently and skilfully directing them to Him who is the friend of the poor and the Saviour of the lost—would they do this who have no reason for doing it but the constraining influence of the love of Christ and compassion for the souls of others, it is difficult, I think, to over-estimate the good that might ensue. The Church needs such worthily to represent her principles, and communicate her message, where such work can be done most effectually, in the dwellings of the poor, and in friendly intercourse with them. There are plenty who might be so engaged, plenty who are not so busy with domestic or other duties that they may not find some time for such work. All that is wanted is a willing mind, so much of the Spirit of Christ as will lead them to sympathize with the woes and make them ready to minister to the welfare of others. Where a woman actuated by such feelings will seek to employ herself usefully in visiting the poor in her neighbourhood, and finding out how she may do them good, she will prove herself a most efficient and praiseworthy servant of the Church.

Tract distribution and alms-giving, as subordinate branches of this sphere of Christian labour, need not occupy our time. All that we have to say of them is, that they would both be done much more efficiently, and proportionally at much less expense, were this domestic visitation scheme more fully carried out.

It is not to be assumed for a moment that the mission of the Church relates only to the poorer classes, or that her efforts are to be confined to them. She is to seek the salvation of the rich no less than the poor, and there are many of that class whose condition is no less fitted to awaken her earnest solicitude. Social customs render it much more difficult to gain access to them than those who are of lower station; but there are ways of reaching them which involve no violation of social propriety; and it is in the power of Christian women, especially, to take advantage of these and turn them to some useful account. There may be difficulties in the way, but no difficulties which would not gradually yield to the pressure of an earnest faith. Let Christian women feel that they are, to some extent, responsible to God for the salvation of their ungodly neighbours with whom they are in the habit of associating, and they will manage ere long to secure that, instead of their intercouse in morning calls being the flippant, affected, meaningless thing, which if they are sensible women, only serves, on reflection, to excite their disgust, it shall become, not gloomy, but grave and serious, more worthy of immortal beings, and be made the means of exerting a salutary influence; and that their evening parties, instead of being mere scenes of display and extravagance, and reckless waste of time, shall become seasons of profitable intercourse, where something may be done to improve the mind and affect the heart. The conscience even of their most fashionable companions is on all their side; and if they wisely summoned to their aid that most powerful ally, they might, instead of having to lament that their social intercourse is so much time wasted, or worse, convert it into an important and influential agency for the furtherance of the cause of Christ. Wisdom is no doubt needed, great wisdom, for zeal not guided by discretion might very readily repel from Christianity those whom they most earnestly seek to draw. But

then wisdom is promised to those who seek it; and if there be only an earnest desire to do good, and earnest prayer for divine direction, that direction will not be withheld.

The work we have spoken of is, for the most part, work to be done for the Church, strictly speaking, rather than in it; the work which she seeks to do for others, more than that which relates to her own spiritual life. But even in the more interior work of the Church women may be most usefully applied. THE RAISING OF FUNDS FOR CHURCH PURPOSES, though not strictly of this nature, is nevertheless to be done chiefly among Church members, and may therefore be spoken of under this category. That, as every one knows, is most efficiently done when entrusted to female hands. And if I say little about it, it is not that I deem it unimportant, or that we are under small obligation to our female friends for their services in this respect; far from it; but that the work is so generally entrusted to them by those who know by experience the value of their services; and that they, notwithstanding the ungracious nature of the task, are generally so willing to undertake it, that nothing need be said.

Not so with another work in which woman, though she has a peculiar aptitude for it, is not very frequently employed. I refer to the services she might render the Church by attending to the case of female members who may specially need her care. Young disciples and inquirers even of her own sex, might be greatly benefited by being placed in communication with some judicious Christian woman, who would have sympathy with them in their difficulties, and be able to give them the counsels which superior wisdom or matured experience might supply. Even in cases of discipline, it seems to me that where the object of the Church is to watch over and reclaim, such a woman might very properly be employed to bear her message to an erring sister. And certainly among the sick of her own sex, her services, would the Church avail herself of them, might prove invaluable to many. It may be thought that this would involve the appointment of a class of female office-bearers, such as we spoke of at the commencement. If it did, it might prove no great harm. But I do not recognise the necessity. Whether appointed to office or not, if women of the kind described were willing to work, and the Church made it her business to regularly employ them, they could not fail in the directions indicated to render very important service.

It is needless that we should enter further into detail. Enough has been said to show that there are various ways in which Christian women may become the servants of the Church. Others besides these exist already; and others might readily be devised were there abundance of workers forthcoming. The great thing wanted is that women should be willing to do whatever work they are qualified for; and that every woman who is a member of the Church should be determined to do something. Thank God there are already many noble workers among our Christian women. In many a field and in varied spheres they are most efficiently fulfilling the mission of the Church, promoting the glory of Christ, and earning for themselves a glorious reward. Our prayer is, that many more may be raised up to imitate their example, employing their gentle hands in binding up many a broken heart, their persuasive, winning way in directing wandering feet into

the paths of peace, their soft melodious voices in soothing the afflicted, whispering glad tidings into dying ears, and ministering consolation to distressed and weary souls—many resembling that one whose name has been preserved to us in the apostolic commendation, "I commend to you Phœbe, our sister, who is a servant of the Church at Cenchrea; that ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you, for she hath been a succourer of many, and of me also."

On the Righteousness of God.

BY G. ROGERS.

IN our observations in a former article upon the doctrines connected with Plymouth Brethrenism, we referred to the source from which our information was derived. We were not responsible therefore for their affiliation. We wrote with the impression, "Are these things so?" Can it be that such sentiments are held by those who profess of all saints to be most pure? Communications have reached us from parties who complain of having been misrepresented, which have tended rather to confirm our persuasion that these things are so. It is no gratification to us to know that the accusation was just. Would that it were otherwise! Happy should we be to learn that this most sectarian of all sects devoted its whole efforts and zeal to the dissemination of a pure gospel. We should then rejoice in the end they had in view, however much we might condemn the means they employed. We should rank them with those who preach Christ even of envy and strife, and in whose preaching, though not in themselves, we should have some reason to rejoice.

The principal error in Plymouth Brethrenism is in relation to the righteousness for justification, which, as it is a cardinal point, and the chief test of orthodoxy, of necessity throws derangement into every other part of the Christian system. It is to a deviation from this point that Paul gives the title of another gospel, and of which he says, whoever preaches it, be he a man or angel, would be accursed. Yet upon this subject, according to their own confession, this new sect has not been misrepresented by us. The peculiar views of the righteousness of justification attributed to them have been acknowledged, and endeavoured to be defended in the private communications we have received, and are boldly advocated in a pamphlet recently sent to us. This pamphlet is entitled, "The Righteousness of God: what is it?" Its author is a Mr. W. Kelly, an approved champion of the new faith. Upon this whole production we should cheerfully comment, if space permitted. Some specimens only of its sentiments and the manner in which they are sustained, will be given.

It begins with the assumption that the righteousness of God is a much disputed point. It is disputed we grant by some, but by all evangelical Christians it is held to be a settled article of belief. The insinuation that it is an open question among true Christians may serve the author's purpose, but is not according to truth. Neither is it true

that the righteousness of God is not generally understood. It is well understood by those who are truly justified; and evangelical preachers and writers agree in their statements and reasonings upon the subject. The righteousness of justification, they hold, is the righteousness of Christ, not as God, but procured by him as a substitute in the place of transgressors, and imputed to all who believe in him for that end. As he who obeyed the law of God on their behalf was God as well as man, and was appointed by God to that work and with that design, the righteousness of his obedience, they maintain, may be justly styled the righteousness of God. Upon this belief all evangelical Christians agree. It is so grand and simple an object of belief that it admits not of shades of opinion or degrees. It cannot be held in part, or in any modified sense. It must be received or rejected as a whole. There is no other righteousness of God than of God himself as a moral governor, or of the Godman. The righteousness of God, as God simply, could in no sense become that of the creature. The righteousness of the Godman must be solely for the benefit of those for whom that character was assumed. Either Christ was a full substitute for his people, or none at all. A partial substitute is out of the question. If a partial substitute were provided there might as well have been none at all. If he were a real substitute he must be and do all that the strictest justice could require of those whose substitute he became. The demands of justice for their justification were that all they had done should be undone, and all should be done that they had failed to do; in other words that the full penalty of their disobedience should be endured, and the full obedience originally due from them should be performed. We do not state these truths because they are not known, but to show that a slight deviation from them is impossible, and that to reject them in part is to reject them altogether or to preach another gospel. We see nothing, in fact, between the entire substitutionary character of Christ's person and work and his becoming a mere teacher and example among men. To be consistent, we must adopt the whole evangelical, or the whole unitarian, creed. All attempts to find a settled basis between these two extremes have signally failed. Modifications of the great evangelical truths have been attempted by many in our day, through the pride of reason on the one hand, or the vanity of imagination on the other, but they have no settled foundation, and they assume no permanent form. "Their rock is not as our rock." "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

Mr. Kelly, as the oracle of Plymouth Brethrenism, emphatically repudiates the evangelical interpretation of the righteousness of justification, labors to show that no such meaning can be properly attributed to the passages of scripture usually quoted for that purpose, and favors us with his own corrected and infallible explanation of them. He does not argue so much from what is said, as from what is not said. He exults continually at not finding the very words in which faith in the imputed righteousness of Christ for justification is usually spoken of; and he does not know the doctrine when he meets with it in any other form. He is amazed to think that the church should so long have walked in darkness where to him all things are clear. Satisfied, however, as he appears to be with the conclusiveness of his own reasoning, he has not the capacity for making it equally convincing to others. A writer

who substitutes declamation for argument, who frequently pauses to admire the wisdom of his own discoveries and to wonder at the stupidity of others, and who has no broad and well defined principles to supercede those which he endeavours to overthrow, is not easy to follow in disputation; and amongst such authors Mr. Kelly holds an unenviable superiority.

A few instances of his reasoning may suffice. When man lost his righteousness "it becomes," he says, "a question of another kind of righteousness altogether." This assertion is intended to prove that the righteousness of man's justification is the righteousness of God only; but upon what is it founded? There is no attempt to prove that it must be another kind of righteousness altogether. The very notion is absurd. The same kind of righteousness that was required of man at first is required of him still. It may come from a different source, but the righteousness is of the same kind. It is the righteousness required by the same law, and therefore in all respects the same. One kind of righteousness could not be substituted for another, as that of an angel for a man, or of a servant for a child. The righteousness to justify must be that which the justified themselves ought to have performed.

In explanation of Paul's reasoning upon this subject, in the latter part of the third chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, we read, "That the Saviour came down from heaven and accomplished the law is the certain truth of God." Here, as in many other instances, we should have supposed the whole truth to be admitted. But mark the sequel! "But is this what the Holy Ghost here presents as God's righteousness? Where is there a word about Christ's keeping the law for us, in order that this should be accepted in lieu of man's failure?" Where! Why here in this very chapter. How otherwise could it be styled the righteousness of God by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe? How otherwise could it be said that "God had set him forth to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins?" How otherwise that he might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. What has faith in Christ to do with our justification? Why is God just in justifying those who believe in him, if that justification be not on account of something which he has done on their behalf? and as righteousness is the only ground of justification, it must be on account of the righteousness that is in him. Let us see now what our author makes the righteousness here mentioned to be. Here he says is God's answer, "it is the righteousness of God *without law*. No language can be more absolute and precise. What the Holy Ghost employs is an expression which puts the law entirely aside, as far as divine righteousness is concerned. He had been speaking about the law, and the law condemning man. He had shown that the law required righteousness but could not get it. This is another order of righteousness, not man's but God's, and this too absolutely exclusive of law in any shape." Who ever before heard of a righteousness in this sense without law? What is righteousness but conformity to law? Even the righteousness of God is conformity with the laws of his own being. If when there is no law there is no transgression, so where there is no law there can be no righteousness. The law, it is here acknowledged, "required righteousness but could not get it." If the

righteousness of man's justification be absolutely without law, the law must still and for ever go without the righteousness it requires. How can there be justification of any kind irrespective of law? "Without the law" evidently means without man's own obedience to the law; corresponding with what is soon after affirmed, "that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law;" and in the following chapter, "unto whom God imputeth righteusness without works," not absolutely exclusive of works, but as far as man is concerned and entirely by the works of another.

The evangelical theory of justification is not assailed in this pamphlet, because it is not clearly understood. Would that the writer as clearly understood his own creed! "Listen to the man," he says, "who holds the popular doctrine on the subject: does he conceal the distinctive feature? Does he keep back Christ's observance of the law for us? On the contrary, it is the uppermost idea, and continually pressed in his discourses. It is the law kept by Christ, he tells you, which specially and alone constitutes the righteousness of the believer before God. He does not deny that the blood of Christ is the means of the sinner's pardon; but then it will never do, he argues, to approach heaven with pardon merely; one must have righteousness also, and this for him is found in the legal obedience of Christ. Thus if it is a question of justifying, (and in general the popular theology sharply distinguishes between the two things,) his justification is made to depend on the fact that Christ kept the law for him, which he could not keep for himself, that Christ omitted no duty of his, and performed all perfectly in which he himself failed." We accept this as a faithful representation of our principles. The way in which it is met, is a fair specimen of the author's reasoning. "But how comes it to pass," he says, "that God does not put the matter thus?" taking it for granted that he does not, and deeming it impossible for the same truths to be put in different words. He replies, "*Because it is not the truth.* Nothing more simple, if it be not the truth," meaning, we presume, if it be the truth. "It is the truth that man has failed in every way; it is the truth that Christ obeyed the law of God; it is *not* the truth that even his keeping of the law is the real sense of God's righteousness, or the ground of our justification before God." These are oracular sayings, and if others are not convinced by them, the fault, it is more than suggested, must be their own. We confess that we are not entirely silenced by them. We venture to affirm, in our turn, "that God *does* put the matter thus." It is the truth we are told, that Christ obeyed the law of God, and it is not the truth that his keeping the law is the ground of our justification before God. For whom then did Christ obey the law? Was it for himself or his people? For himself, our author says, but we see no difference between the two. All that he did in his person as Immanuel, was as the representative of his people, and therefore was on their behalf. We are told that his obedience was his qualification as a spotless oblation for the sin of man, but the benefit of that obedience is not the less for others. If pardon through the atoning death of Christ be alone admitted, which is one principal doctrine here maintained, for the purpose of putting him aside as "The Lord our righteousness," why should that atonement

need to be preceded by a perfect obedience, if the obedience itself as well as the sacrifice were not to be set to his people's account? He did obey the law; he did suffer the penalty of the law; whatever he did was for others; these others therefore derive the proper fruit of both. The fruit of suffering is pardon, the fruit of obedience is justification. The obedience of Christ, and it is admitted he did obey the law, must have been for his own justification or theirs; if his own, it was as their representative, and consequently for their justification in him. Christ must suffer, because his people were required to suffer; and he must obey, because his people were required to obey. In the one he was regarded by the law as guilty, in the other as righteous. The two, therefore, are not to be confounded, and may properly be regarded in principle, however closely connected in operation, as distinct grounds of pardon and justification. "We have Christ," it is here said, "as a whole. We have his obedience unbroken through his entire life, and its savour unto God is part of the blessing that belongs to every child of God." Now if the obedience of Christ be part of the blessing that belongs to every child of God, what other end can that obedience serve him than for his justification? The admissions and disavowals of the same sentiments is one of the most remarkable features of this whole treatise. Thus, soon after the declaration we have quoted, that the keeping of the law by Christ is not the ground of our justification before God, we have these words:—"What plainer than the truth that God accounts us righteous by virtue of Christ's work?"

As an instance of the manner in which writers of this school confound pardon with justification, take the following quotation: "What God gives, what he could not do without, is precisely what man wants as a sinner." So say we. But mark the next sentence! "It is not well-doing, were it even the blessed Lord's in place of our sins and guilt. The sinner wants a propitiatory before God, and finds it through faith in the blood of Jesus." The sinner does not want the well-doing of Christ, he wants his propitiatory offering only. This is the doctrine of Mr. Kelly and his brethren. That there was well-doing in Christ is acknowledged, but the sinner did not want it. Then who did want it? If Christ wanted it, it must have been for his own sake or his people's. If for his own sake, as Christ, we repeat, it must have been for the sake of his people. If they could have dispensed with his well-doing; much more could he. What man wants as a sinner, is both well-doing and propitiation. He wants the latter to remove his guilt, he wants the former to make him at once, and for ever, legally righteous. Pardon, through a propitiation, restores him to the position from which he fell, justification through well-doing does for him what the completion of his own obedience would have done. Adam was just, but could not have been fully justified, until the term of his probation was complete. Therefore pardon, which simply removes past guilt, makes just, but does not justify; in other words it makes an end of sin, but does not bring in an everlasting righteousness.

Though propitiation is here said to be all the sinner wants, justification in some sort is conceded. "That he might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus," is thus explained. "Who might be just? Is it Christ just? or is it God just by virtue of Christ? It is

that God might be just. It is God that justifieth. It is therefore 'The righteousness of God, without a hint of transferring to us the legal righteousness of Christ. It is by virtue of Christ, or God could not be thus righteous in behalf of the sinner." The righteousness of God in justifying is one thing, and the righteousness on account of which he justifies is another. The former depends upon the latter. These two are confounded through the whole of our author's reasoning. He says it is by virtue of his own righteousness that God justifies, and immediately afterwards it is by virtue of Christ's. What he means by this is the righteousness in redemption, which, even admitting the confusion of terms, supposes a righteousness in him on account of which sinners are justified. There is no hint, we are told, in this passage of transferring to us the legal righteousnes of Christ. He must be dull indeed in taking a hint, to whom something of the kind is not suggested by the words, "and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." Why justify him which believeth in Jesus? Why is God just in justifying such, and such only? Why are sinners to believe in him for justification? It must be either because there is righteousness in Christ to justify them, or righteousness in their own act of faith in him. The latter, with strange inconsistency, is maintained by some, as though there were merit in believing what overwhelming evidence requires us to believe; and still the question would return, why not equal merit in other acts of faith? The object here, it may be said, gives it merit. Very true! but then the merit lies in the object and not in the act of faith. If in the object, it must be in a righteousness to be found there, which faith appropriates and God imputes to the sinner for his justification. This is a broad hint, we think, of the legal righteousness of Christ being transferred to us. There could be no need to send Christ to make God's righteousness greater. If on the ground of his own righteousness he justifies the sinner, he could do it without Christ, for Christ did not make any addition to that righteousness; but if he justifies for the sake of Christ, it must have been on the ground of some other righteousness that was found in him. Then as for the continual reiteration of the sentiment that scripture makes no mention of the righteousness of Christ being a legal provision for the justification of the sinner, what shall be said of those words: "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." "Why not tell us," says Mr. Kelly on these words, "of fulfilling it?" Why, man alive! what is the end of a law but its fulfilment? Its ultimate end is the reward of obedience and the punishment of disobedience. The end here is said to be for righteousness, and that righteousness of Christ resulting from his fulfilling the law, is for every one that believeth.

We might proceed to show similiar perversions of other Scripture declarations upon this doctrine; and shall readily do so if required. The strangest notions, after the fashion of interpreters of this school, are introduced to neutralize the bearing of the comparison of Christ with Adam as a covenant head in the writings of Paul upon this subject. The passage too in the second Epistle to the Corinthians, "He hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" is one over which the writer falls, and which if it fell on him, would grind him to powder.

The confidence with which this whole pamphlet is written justifies a little confidence on our part in return. Observe the triumphant strain towards its close "Without slighting any good man, and with a certain knowledge of the best men's writings in most ages, I may say confidently that this legal theory is the mill-stone about the necks of most moderns." In John Owen and Richard Baxter there was, perhaps, equal lack of light as to the righteousness of God." "Not one of the Puritan class could say intelligently with the apostle, 'Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more.'" These men, even the greatest of them, it is intimated, were wanting in peace and joy on account of their ignorance upon this subject. Our deliberate opinion is that faith in the righteousness of Christ, as the ground of justification, is the surest and highest source of Christian joy; and that without this no joy is abiding and pure. "Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

John Hampden.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

YOU know him! Endeared to all who love liberty, hate oppression, both spiritual and temporal, is he who withdrew from the pleasant, peaceful shades of domestic life, to curb the tyrant's power and break his bands asunder. John Hampden's fame requires no cold marble to immortalize it. So nobly ranks he among England's worthies, that time, with its ever new obligations and ever flowing sympathies, can never extinguish the remembrance of his good deeds. Many patriots have arisen since his days of disquietude; but he seems to have pre-eminently claimed our admiration, and provoked our loving sympathies. Cromwell we know and admire, but Hampden we love and revere. Humble, affable, refined, eloquent, sagacious, and studious, he was no mean character. He was one of nature's gentlemen; and was the hope of his age, the pride of his compeers, the idol of his soldiers, and the greatest loss his noble party sustained. Alas, biography cannot photograph all his rare excellencies, nor detail all the varied and interesting events of his life. His country's weal his great ambition, no minor considerations influenced him, or the present scantiness of biographical material would not be deplored.* His correspondence, which, judging from the few samples we possess, must have been most remarkable, has not been preserved, owing, it is thought, to the danger which might have accrued to his own family at the Restoration. We lament the existing lack of information as to that inner life, which undoubtedly influenced and leavened his patriotic actions. So unpretending was his piety, that it shone by no unnatural force, but developed itself in unobserved yet palpable good works.

* The Biography of Hampden, by the late Lord Nugent, is the most accurate and painstaking account published; the hero, however necessarily figures but scantily in the work, which properly is an elaborate and generally dull *resûme* of the events which characterised that unfortunate period, 1594-1643.

Hampden was born in 1594, probably in London. The pedigree in Hampden House informs us that he was descended from the sturdy, manly Saxons. After his preliminary education, he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, as commoner. In 1613 he was admitted to the Inner Temple, where he gained his knowledge of common law, so useful to him when sitting in Parliament. He married at twenty-five years of age. He entered somewhat freely into the roystering games, and the general dissipation of the wicked times, which he confesses most sorrowfully. The serious aspect of public affairs—probably, (we are unable to say positively,) anxious solicitude for God's pardon—awakened in him reflective habits. King James the First was displaying openly all the vices which possessed his little soul to the exclusion of one amiable quality. Hampden took his seat in Parliament in January, 1620-1, for Grampound, a little rotten borough. He, of course, looked with disdain upon the pretentious folly of a kingly idiot who claimed his throne on a Divine right, when even his hereditary title might reasonably be disputed. *Risum teneatis, amici.* Hampden's sterling character and strong independence were first publicly exhibited in his refusal to contribute to King Charles's necessities, for which (A.D. 1628) he suffered a mitigated imprisonment. He seemed to apprehend some of the consequences which would attend this king's resolute acts of folly, just as M. De Tocqueville apprehended the French Revolution of 1848, twelve years before that catastrophe occurred. "That sloven, whom you see before you," said Hampden once to Lord Digby, pointing to Oliver Cromwell, who had hardly made his voice heard in the House at that time, "hath no ornament in his speech; but that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the king, (which God forbid,) in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England." This, however, was not dreamt of in Sir Philip Warwick's philosophy. He, poor soul, with his fine lace and dandy habits, could not appreciate the ill-favoured looking burgess for Cambridge, with his "plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill-country tailor, and a little band, none of the cleanest." By his first wife, Hampden had nine "hopefull" children. She died on the 20th of August, 1634; and on a plain black stone in Great Hampden Church, may be found some characteristic lines, admirably penned—the most comprehensive epitaph ever written of a good woman:—

"In her pilgrimage,
The staie and comfort of her neighbours,
The love and glory of a well-ordered family,
The delight and happines of tender parents,
But a crown of Blessings to a husband.
In a wife, to all an eternall paterne of goodnes
And cause of love, while she was.
In her dissolution
A loss invaluable to each,
Yet herselfe blest, and they fully recompenced,
In her translation from a Tabernacle of claye,
And Fellowship with Mortalls, to a celestial mansion
And communion with a Deity."

In 1628, Hampden was placed on committees to prepare bills "for enlarging the liberty of hearing the Word of God," and was also engaged

discussing the subject of innovations in religion and other church matters. These were strange times, my masters. Shall the boasted Reformed Church maintain its position as a Protestant community, or shall it go over to Rome, and incorporate Romish practices into its services? My Lord Archbishop had been busy in hunting down Puritans, and associating rather too friendly with Papists. The bishops were great drags to religious and national progress, and the Parliament determined to take away their political functions, by depriving them of votes in the House of Lords. Good! Down with pluralities! Better. God's gospel and no Papistry. Best. The purity of truth, the simplicity of worship, the unprofitableness of ceremony, the non-spiritual efficacy of ordinances, are truths that must be conserved. No bowings nor genuflexions, no crosses nor copes, no tables put altar-wise, no consecrated knife for sacramental table, no tapers lighted or otherwise, not even pictures in churches, no pomps nor clerical pompousness, no celibacy, no surplices at All Hallow-tide. The people were enraged, and began to study, not very temperately, it must be confessed, that remarkable Scripture, "Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." "Root and Branch" men they were called, for their cry was, "Leave not a rag that belongs to Popery. Away with it, head and tail, hip and thigh." All which language led some crazy folks to imagine that the Puritans had their fists doubled. Sir Ralph Verney's journal gives a statement of the proceedings of the committee on church matters, of which we said Hampden was a member, and not an ineffective one. This journal opens up a grievous eyesore. Read it, and ask the saponaceous Bishop of Oxford what it meaneth:—"Yeates his mistery of the Gentiles saies bishopps are *as immediately from God as Kinges.*" The impostors! Teach them common sense and God's truth. The committee hardly knew how best to laugh this folly down. It was a fit joke to bring before Parliament they thought—"a materiall head and fitt to bee presented to the House." These bold men actually came to the conclusion that "bishopp is a name of duty and not of dignity." My friend Laud, what sayest thou to that? Did thy episcopal lawn flutter at so sad news?*

It is evident that Hampden was foremost in these movements, although equally clear he was the most tolerant among the Puritanical laity. He most earnestly and frequently protested against the wicked assumption that other Christians than those belonging to the so-called "Church of England," would or might be damned. The innovations of Laud were rightly considered by him to be subversive of true religion. He undertook the case against Dr. Cozens, Dean of Durham, who had declared, among other lying things, that when the Reformers took

* "The jurisdiction," continues Sir R. Verney's journal of the proceedings, "is not in bishopps, but the presbiters were equal to them in all things. Those that have the same name and the same offices in Scripture are all one. But bishopps and presbiters have the same name and office; ergo they are all one." [Here follow Scripture passages in support of this.] "Mr. Selden desiers to know what is meant by the sole power of ordination and jurisdiction that the bishopps nowe claime over persons, places, and things, or causes; and what power the presbiters had in the primitive times in these three things."

away the mass, they had instead of a reformed, made a deformed religion. He also urged the entire abolition of Episcopacy, which, as Milton proves in his "Eikonoklastes," is opposed to the simplicities of God's temporal kingdom. "The government of church by bishops," he remarks, "hath been so fully proved from the Scriptures to be vicious and usurped, that whether out of piety or policy maintained, it is not much material; for piety grounded upon error can no more justify King Charles, than it did Queen Mary, in the sight of God or man." Such emphatic language was duly appreciated in those days by godly men, who guided their policy and judgments more by God's word than nineteenth-century religionists do. So these bishops were deprived of their votes; and the country lost nothing by this act, but gained greatly. Poor Laud, having overshot the mark, had to pine for gorgeous church ceremonials in prison, which indeed was a comfort to honest folks.

Religious questions, and zeal for the purity of God's truth, however, made way for the excitement of political warfare. Plucky Hampden had resisted the ship-money tax, and by so doing led the way to a general opposition against this illegal impost. About this time, too, the Puritans were emigrating in large numbers to the land of religious freedom, where—God preserve her from more civil wars—the persecuted have ever found a welcome. John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell were actually on board a vessel bound for New England, to hear sermons seven hours long, says David Hume; but King Charles, oblivious to his fate, was far from anxious to lose two powerful opponents. So they were detained, "the one to be the first mover of resistance in arms against the power of the king, the other to finally defeat and ruin that power in the field, to overthrow the monarchy, and to bring the sovereign, by whom he was now arbitrarily detained, to a public scaffold."*

At last, Charles's conduct became insufferable. No one could believe him "on the word of a Christian king." No one trusted him; he was faithless and deceiving, obstinate and wayward, foolish and weak, lying and vain-glorious. He was fit only for a quiet country life, to talk to ladies, or feed the ducks at Virginia Water. He would have ornamented a drawing-room, but to reign quietly and creditably over sturdy men was not his fortune. We all know the causes of the civil war, how that after expostulations and reasonings, Parliament was, for England's sake, enforced into a defensive, and ultimately aggressive policy. Hampden took the field, and history recounts his movements in it. The wars had hardly commenced in earnest before he fell, a brave end to a noble, working life. On Chalgrove Field the two armies met—

> "Then shook the hills with thunder riven
> Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
> And louder than the bolts of heaven,
> Far flashed the red artillery."

The master spirit was seen to hurry off the field before the action was over, reached the house of Ezekiel Browne, at Thame, and after six days suffering, ejaculated, with the death-rattle in his throat, this prayer:—"O Lord God of Hosts, great is Thy mercy, just and holy

* Memorials of John Hampden, his Party and his Times, by Lord Nugent.

are Thy dealings unto us sinful men. Save me, O Lord, if it be Thy good will, from the jaws of death. Pardon my manifold transgressions. O Lord, save my bleeding country. Have these realms in Thy special keeping. Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the king see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellors from the malice and wickedness of their designs. Lord Jesu receive my soul. O Lord, save my country. O Lord, be merciful to ——."

And so he died.

Certain confirmed anti-progressionists have sought to ascribe Hampden's resistance to tyrannical despotism, to unworthy motives and private pique. Not that this form of accusation is a new one among Tory tactitians. A certain amount of eccentricity, though always desirable in assailing dominant factions, or confronting fashionable or obnoxious evils, especially in the State, invariably exists in independent action. A modern philosopher, (now M.P. for Westminster,) has wisely remarked that "Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has generally been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigour, and moral courage it contained. That so few now dare to be eccentric, marks the chief danger of the time;" a danger, we may add, all the more regrettable, as the characteristics of the age demand outspoken roughness. When Hampden first entered into those important questions, affecting the progress of religious life in this nation, he dared the taunt of multitudes of bitter detractors. Doubtless, he well counted the cost before entering the lists against the Church's corruptors. De Foe used to say that he that had truth on his side was a fool as well as a coward, if he was afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of other men's opinions. Indeed a man possessed of strong faith in Christ will not be ashamed of the most unpopular doctrines, or shrink from giving a firm assent to the most obnoxious truths. Necessarily, a strong adhesion to a judgment opposed to the consent of the times exposes a man to the world's ridicule. Hence, when godly men carry their religion into domestic life, and throw a halo of godliness around, say, their home affections, a cry of "piety out of place" is at once improperly raised. On the other hand, it might have occurred to Hampden that fame would attend his strenuous exertions to root out Papistry from England. But there is nothing to disprove the conclusion that he adopted the noble motto ascribed to Condé, "I think first of doing well, and leave fame to come afterwards." His universal fame has not however been derived from his actions in religious matters, although it is a subject for regret that honest Protestants should have almost ignored his attempts to serve God's truth by investigating into the causes of the diffusion of error. For those who dare to take an independent and unusual line of conduct, base motives innumerable are readily found by adversaries. Anxiety for fame is a motive placed at one end of the see-saw and a love of eccentricity at the other, to keep a reformer ever moving in his independent career. Hampden, it fortunately happens, out-lived detraction. Clarendon, whose opinions were almost invariably ruled by a party spirit, recognized in him one who "behaved himself with a temper and modesty such as marvellously to win the

hearts of men, and to deprive his adversaries of all occasion, which they diligently sought, of impeaching the conduct, while they blamed the motive of his opposition." And—to draw our last moral from this history—associated with a broad, comprehensive love of studious habits, there must be in a man who wishes to impress his name on his age, perpetual industry. In this Hampden's gift ranked high. He was indefatigable in his exertions, never inactive, always seeking the welfare of religion and his country.

Prosy we may have been, but it strikes us there are lessons to be obtained from this useful career, invaluable to those who seek the conversion of souls, and the establishment of the blessed kingdom we long for. If the considerations we have pointed out, lead a few to reflection, our dullness will be excusable.

A Roundabout Paper.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT was my ambition to make this month's magazine the best of this year's issue. Since our subscribers have sustained our circulation so constantly, I hoped to have shown them that we mean to sustain the quality of the periodical, and go on to something better still. Moreover, the many new monthlies which are announced, make an editor rub his forehead, and cry, "Woe is me if I do not bestir myself;" and I must confess to a degree of the same feeling, although my friends are so singularly endowed with faithfulness that they will not readily desert their unworthy but most willing and earnest editor. Now so it fell out, as God would have it, that instead of meditating in the study, I have had to smart and mourn upon the bed of pain. Instead of going forth with the hosts to battle, I have been in the infirmary, among the sick. I would have worked on, and like the warrior with both his legs shot away, I would have fought on my stumps, but *the head* was my wounded part, and thinking was out of the question; a man may fight without legs, but cannot very well write without his head, at least not in such style as to suit our pages. If anything should be wrong in the magazine this month, pray excuse it, because of the editor's disability. The last day, up to which Mr. Printer can wait, is just arrived, and I am considerably better, so although I cannot leave my bedroom, I must sit up in the easy chair and ramble by short stages from topic to topic, penning a few sentences upon certain matters which I had selected as subjects for articles, which might have edified or might have wearied my ten thousand gentle readers.

The *Nonconformist* newspaper has done good service to all sections of the Christian Church, by the issue of a statistical statement as to the religious condition of London. It cannot be too much regretted that the Government did not collect at the last census religious statistics in the same fashion as ten years before; but as this was omitted, the *Nonconformist* does well to supply the deficiency. The destitution of the metropolis is appalling, but there are some cheering signs, and Baptists especially should take heart, and gird themselves

afresh for the battle. The tabular statement of the general position of the various religious bodies, and the note upon it, we quote with pleasure, giving glory to God that our loving friends have enabled us to make some small discernible mark upon the mass of ignorance and sin around us.

	1851. Sittings.	1865. Sittings.	Increase since 1851.	Increase per cent.
Church of England	409,834	512,067	102,233	25
Congregationalists	100,436	130,611	30,175	30
Baptists	54,234	87,559	33,325	61
Wesleyans	44,162	52,454	8,292	19
U. Methodist Free Churches ...	4,858	13,422	8,564	176
Methodist New Connexion ...	984	6,667	5,683	577
Primitive Methodists	3,380	9,230	5,850	173
Church of Scotland	3,886	5,116	1,250	32
English Presbyterians	10,065	12,952	2,887	28
United Presbyterians	4,280	4,860	580	13
Roman Catholics...	18,230	31,100	12,870	70

"This table speaks for itself, and affords gratifying proof of the Christian activity of the principal Free Churches, though that satisfaction is somewhat diminished by the increase being spread over fourteen years. The large stride taken by the Baptists—under which designation every section of that denomination is included—is unquestionably due, in the main, to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and his missionary operations in various parts of the metropolis."

There is however no time to pause for the slightest congratulation, for perishing souls are wailing in our ears, and their blood will be upon us all, unless we arouse ourselves to send them the gospel of Jesus Christ, which alone can save them from everlasting burnings. In the year 1851, the National Census acted as a mighty stimulus to zeal, by revealing the terrible truth that in London there was a deficiency of accommodation in places of worship for 669,514 souls; at the present moment, after all the church and chapel building, there is an increased deficiency of 161,873, bringing up the awful total to 831,387 souls, for whom there would be no room in a place of worship, should they choose to attend. Let it be remembered that this is including every form of worship, from Jews to Mormonites, from Romanists to Southcottians, so that the need is beyond all measure unspeakably vast, if we only calculate the provision made for hearing the true gospel of the Blessed God. Meanwhile, having arrived at three millions, our population increases at such a rate that it will cost much zeal and self-sacrifice to keep pace with it. The *Nonconformist* report has this significant paragraph:

"To meet the case, even as it was in 1851, there ought to be, nearly two hundred more places of worship in the metropolis than have been erected during the intervening fourteen years; to keep pace with the annual increase of its population it would require some fifty new churches of very large capacity to be erected every year."

President Lincoln, during the late war, said in his rough manner, "We cannot do all we would, but we keep on pegging away;" and this is just what we hope to be able to do by the means of our College and Chapel building schemes, which have proved their efficiency so thoroughly. Help from heaven we crave, and help from heaven's friends we expect.

It is singular to observe the strength of Dissent around the

Tabernacle, would to God that every other part of London were as saturated with it. Here is the table for our district of NEWINGTON; it may be as well to notice that the Free Church of England which we suppose to be Mr. Lincoln's is virtually Baptist, though the brother who ministers there declines to be numbered as such.

NEWINGTON.
Population in 1861, 82,220.
Sub-Districts.

Trinity, Newington ... 22,675 | St. Peter, Walworth ... 44,463
St. Mary, Newington ... 15,082

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATION.	1851 Population, 64,816		1865. Estimated Popul. 90,050		Increase of Sittings between 1851 and 1865.
	No. of Places of Worship.	No. of Sittings.	No. of Places of Worship.	No. of Sittings.	
Church of England	6	6,878	8	8,680	1,802
Free Church of England ...	...	...	1	1,500	1,500
Congregationalists	4	2,822	3	2,350	(decrease, 472)
Baptists	7	2,654	8	11,140	8,486
Wesleyans	2	1,603	2	876	(decrease, 727)
U. Methodist Free Churches ...	...	...	1	400	400
Primitive Methodists	...	...	1	470	470
Methodist New Connexion ...	1	582	4	1,500	918
Plymouth Brethren	...	...	1	100	100
Mixed and undefined	2	400	...	...	(decrease, 400)
Catholic and Apostolic Church...	1	400	1	400	...
Latter Day Saints	1	60	...	...	(decrease, 60)
Total	24	15,399	30	27,416	(Nett) 12,017
Preaching Rooms	...	...	18	1,660	...

It is changing the topic with a vengeance if we turn from considering the Christ-like work of feeding the millions of London, to notice the buying, selling, and bartering of the souls of men which goes on unblushingly in that den of all abominations, the Church of England. What a longsuffering being is that God who bears with men, who profess to be his ambassadors, and traffic in the holy calling of the ministry. Some one has sent us "the Church and School Gazette," a monthly newspaper, price Threepence, through which the clergy negotiate the sale or exchange of their livings. By the dozen these sons of Simon Magus advertize their wares. Take a sample

LIVINGS FOR SALE.

713. "A Rectory in the Midland Counties, offering a most important sphere of duty, combined with position. Great educational and other advantages. Net income £350. No house. Price moderate. Life in possession 71. Might resign.

714. An Incumbency on the South Coast. Charming little retreat for an invalid or gentleman wishing retirement. Duty nominal, most beautiful church. Good house. Net income £90. Price with possession £600.

716. Two Consolidated Rectories producing £350. net. Good house. One Church. Price £4,500. In consequence of the precarious state of the Incumbent's health it is requisite to sell immediately, but arrangements can be made for the money to be paid when possession is given."

LIVINGS FOR EXCHANGE.

"[The Clergy are kindly requested from time to time to send a few stamps for postage to save positive loss, as the correspondence under this head is very heavy.]

302. The Rectory of two consolidated parishes in an Eastern County. Income from glebe and tithe £500 with an excellent house, very beautifully situated, and in a pretty neighbourhood. Good society. Population 100. Almost a sinecure. Suitable for a clergyman wishing light duty. A large parish desired with an increase of income."

These fellows will all swear that they gave no filthy lucre to obtain their beneficies, but as this is only one of many falsehoods which they find themselves called upon to utter, we do not suppose that this profitable perjury will trouble them much. Every churchman is morally responsible for all this iniquity, for by his connection and support he countenances the system under which such things are tolerated. It is quite as solemn a reflection that since the Anglican Establishment is a National Church, we are all guilty of its iniquities unless to our utmost we express our dissent and discharge ourselves from the responsibility.

Dr. Livingstone has favoured us with an early copy of his new book of travels—a tempting joint for our editorial table—we must, as soon as possible, give a summary of the volume. We do not like to cavil at the utterances of so good and eminent a man, but we are not much pleased with the way in which he awards unmitigated honours to the Jesuit missionaries, whose establishments have happily crumbled into ruins all along the African coast. We would give a Jesuit his due, but that does not amount to speaking of him as a good man engaged in perpetuating the faith. Nor do we admire the Doctor's mode of treating the Lord's-day, upon page twenty-three: "This was the time, too, for the feeble-minded to make a demand for their Sundays of rest and full meal-hours, which even our crew of twelve Kroomen, though tampered with, had more sense and good feeling than to endorse. It is a pity that some people cannot see that the true and honest discharge of the common duties of every-day life is divine service." The last sentence we feel half inclined to call Jesuitical, for its apparent force is a mere play upon words, and the Doctor right well knows that the best performance of the duties of every-day life is not *the* divine service which the great Christian day of rest requires. So long away from the land of Sabbaths, we excuse such language from a traveller, but we regret it from a missionary. These are, we hope, minor blemishes in a valuable volume. Dr. Livingstone's noble achievement in opening up the *terra incognita* of Africa, is prophetic of such blessings to the sons of Ham, that we never think of him without devout thankfulness for his past success, and prayer that nothing may tarnish the lustre of his reward. Upon the question of the conversion of the Africans, we need no testimony from man, for the inspired Word suffices us; but yet it is pleasing to find one who is so well qualified to speak, delivering himself so confidently: "We have been so often asked whether the Africans were capable of embracing the Christian religion, that we venture to make the following observations, although our doing so may appear to be a work of supererogation to all who have witnessed the effects already produced in West and South Africa by teaching supplied entirely by private benevolence, or who have watched the Missionary movements of various Christian Churches during the last quarter of a century. The question seems to imply a belief on the part of those who put it, that the reception of the Gospel involves a high development and exercise of the reasoning powers. Some men, indeed, are constitutionally prone to reason out every subject as far as their intellects can lead them; but those who are led through life by pure reason, constitute a very small minority of any race. To quote from one of Sir James Stephen's excellent Historical

Essay:—'The Apostles assume in all men the existence of a *spiritual discernment*, enabling the mind, when unclouded by appetite or passion, to recognise and distinguish the divine voice, whether uttered from within by the intimations of conscience, or speaking from without in the language of the inspired oracles; they presuppose that vigour of reason may consist with feebleness of understanding; and that the power of discriminating between religious truth and error does not chiefly depend on the culture or on the exercise of the merely argumentative faculty. The Gospel, the especial patrimony of the poor and the illiterate, has been the stay of millions who never framed a syllogism. Of the great multitudes who, before and since the birth of Grotius, have lived in the peace and died in the consolations of our faith, how incomparably few are they whose convictions have been derived from argumentative works like his!'

We prefer to use the words of this able writer rather than our own, to express the belief that our divine religion suits the lowest as well as the highest of our race. But in dealing with the different classes of the human family, the teaching must be adapted to the individual circumstances. The stately ceremonial, the ritual observances, the sedative sermon, and the austere look of those who think it right to indulge in a little spiritual pride, may suit some minds; but the degraded of our race in every land, must be treated in somewhat the same manner as is adopted in dealing with the outcasts of London. Whether we approach the down-trodden victims of the slave-trade in sultry Africa, or our poor brethren in the streets, who have neither warmth, shelter, nor home, we must employ the same agency to secure their confidence—the magic power of kindness—a charm which may be said to be one of the discoveries of modern days. This charm may not act at once, nor may its effects always be permanent; the first feeling of the wretched, of whatever colour, may be that of distrust; or a suspicion that kindness is a proof of weakness; but the feelings which the severity of their lot has withered, will in time spring up like the tender grass after rain."

One trait in the character of the enquiring natives much gratifies us, viz., their longing for testimony rather than argument, as evidenced in the following:—" On the last occasion of our holding Divine service at Sesheke, the men were invited to converse on the subject on which they had been addressed. So many of them had died since we were here before, that not much probability existed of our all meeting again, and this had naturally led to the subject of a future state. They replied that they did not wish to offend the speaker, but they could not believe that all the dead would rise again: 'Can those who have been killed in the field and devoured by the vultures; or those who have have been eaten by the hyenas or lions; or those who have been tossed in the river, and eaten by more than one crocodile—can they all be raised again to life?' They were told that men could take a leaden bullet, change it into a salt (acetate of lead), which could be dissolved as completely in water, as our bodies in the stomachs of animals, and then reconvert it into lead; or that the bullet could be transformed into the red and white paint of our wagons, and again be reconverted into the original lead; and that if men exactly like themselves could do so much, how much more could He do, who had made the eye to see

and the ear to hear! We added, however, that we believed in a resurrection, not because we understood how it would be brought about, but because our Heavenly Father assured us of it in His Book. The reference to the truth of the Book and its Author seems always to have more influence on the native mind than the cleverness of the illustration. The knowledge of the people is scanty, but their reasoning is generally clear as far as their information goes."

Returning to home matters. Our day of meeting for the Baptist ministers of London, so overjoyed my heart, that the excitement materially assisted in sending me to a sick-bed; but at the retrospect, and in prospect of glory to God to be achieved by this Association, I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. The whole day, holy love and perfect concord reigned among us. The utmost liberty of discussion was by loving hearts made consistent with the tenderest unity of soul. Important questions were raised and settled, and differences were overcome by mutual concessions and agreements. I was sometimes reminded of the entry in the journal of a Quakers' society, "Dorcas Fysche, a visitor, craved to know whether Friends, not being members, were permitted to speak on the subject, and was replied to in the affirmative, *whereupon she held her peace.*" Our friends were far more careful to have liberty, than to be for ever using it to the marring of practical union. I suppose that an account of the meeting, and a copy of the resolutions, will appear somewhere else in the Magazine, and therefore shall leave the subject, when I have very earnestly entreated the prayers of the Lord's people, that this union may work the lasting good of immortal souls.

The old cry of treason has been raised against us in connection with a riot in Jamaica, provoked by the intolerable oppressions of the graceless legislature of the island. Much as we deplore the outbreak, we do not believe all that is said about the blacks; and we scorn the libellous insinuations of the *Times* against the sainted Wm. Knibb, and the Baptists both of the past and of the present. It is the old tale against Jerusalem, "This city of old time hath made insurrection against kings, and rebellion and sedition have been made therein." Sanballat would have made a fine writer for the *Times;* we think we are reading a letter from an old planter as we glance at Nehemiah vi. 6: "It is reported, and Gashmu saith it, that thou and the Jews think to rebel." There does not appear to be the remotest evidence of any organized conspiracy, much less of one planned and excited by Baptist missionaries, nor has any body of men been met in armed rebellion; but the governor has gone on shooting, hanging, and flogging, after the fashion of the Russians in Poland—making very little account of either law or justice, so long as he might but gratify the old planter thirst for cruelty and blood. Our missionaries, and Dr. Underhill, our secretary, deserve eternal honour for espousing the cause of the oppressed; and if this unhappy riot be the pretext for a cry against them, we must give them our warmest sympathy, and wait for the time when their integrity and excellence shall be confessed even by their enemies. Our brethren did, we doubt not, make very bad chaplains for slave-owners, forty years ago, and now they are not the men to hold their tongues when the poor negro needs an advocate; it is not among us that courage in denouncing tyranny is reckoned to be a crime. Episcopalian priests

are much at home in teaching ignorant rustics to order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters; our teaching is of another character, for while none more earnestly exhort men to honour the king, we forget not that the same word bids us honour all men, and that God hath made of one blood all nations of men. So far as the free spirit of the gospel renders it imperative upon us to seek the liberty of all, by diffusing independent and manly principles, so far are our missionaries guilty; but we hesitate not to assure all whom it may concern, that beyond this point none of them have gone. Their accusers will have much to answer for at the bar of God.

Dr. Pusey's new book, "An Eirenicon, in a letter to the Author of the Christian Year," must be regarded as one of the signs of the times. The object of the Tractarians does not seem to be absorption into the Church of Rome, but the formation of an Anglican Church, which, with the Greek and Latin Churches, shall make up one all-dominant Catholic body. Dr. Pusey shows very clearly that the Anglican Church is, in almost all respects, one with the Romish; and among other things he says, "We use the selfsame prayers in Baptism, and thank God, in the same words, that he has been pleased to regenerate our children therein. We both confess 'one Baptism for the remission of sins.' After confession, the church directs the selfsame words to be used in absolving from sin, &c." Thus far Pusey pilots men to Rome; but he does good service in the other part of his work, in which he exposes the points of Popery from which he and other Tractarians at present shrink. He is very forcible in denouncing the infallibility of the Pope, and upbraiding the idolatrous worship paid to the Virgin Mary, upon which latter abomination he has collected a mass of most amazing blasphemy and absurdity, with which all Protestants should be acquainted; next month, if spared, an abstract shall be forthcoming.

I have almost completed a volume of Readings for every morning in the year, which will (D.V.) be ready by the New Year. By this means I hope to commune with thousands of families all over the world every morning at the family altar. Much labour have I spent upon it, and if the Lord shall bless it to his people, my toil will be well rewarded. I have written much of it out of my own experience of the Lord's sustaining hand in trouble, sickness, and depression of spirit, and therefore hope it may meet the cases of the Lord's tried people; yet my life has been a very cheerful one, and therefore the joyous will not find it sicklied o'er with melancholy.

To conclude, let our subscribers accept our hearty thanks for their co-operation in our works of faith and labours of love, and let us pray them to continue to help as aforetime. God is with us and we must go on, let none keep back from the help of the Lord against the mighty. We hope to make next year's *Sword and Trowel* more attractive than ever, although we can honestly say we have already done our best; may we hope that present subscribers will enlist new ones, for there are hundreds of families that would take in our periodical if they knew of its issue, and had the loan of a copy to stimulate their curiosity. May 1866 be a year of stronger faith, more vehement prayer, and more extended success, and so should the Lord himself descend he would find us ready for his appearing.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XII.

TITLE.—*This Psalm is headed,* "To the Chief Musician upon Sheminith, a Psalm of David," *which title is identical with that of the sixth Psalm, except that Neginoth is here omitted. We have nothing new to add, and therefore refer the reader to our remarks on the dedication of Psalm VI. As Sheminith signifies the eighth, the Arabic version says it is concerning the end of the world, which shall be the eighth day, and refers it to the coming of the Messiah: without accepting so fanciful an interpretation, we may read this song of complaining faith in the light of His coming who shall break in pieces the oppressor. The subject will be the better before the mind's eye if we entitle this Psalm:* "GOOD THOUGHTS IN BAD TIMES." *It is supposed to have been written while Saul was persecuting David, and those who favoured his cause.*

DIVISION.—*In the first and second verses David spreads his plaint before the Lord concerning the treachery of his age; verses* 3 *and* 4 *denounce judgments upon proud traitors; in verse* 5, *Jehovah himself thunders out his wrath against oppressors; hearing this, the Chief Musician sings sweetly of the faithfulness of God and his care of his people, in verses* 6 *and* 7; *but closes on the old key of lament in verse* 8, *as he observes the abounding wickedness of his times. Those holy souls who dwell in Mesec, and sojourn in the tents of Kedar, may read and sing these sacred stanzas with hearts in full accord with their mingled melody of lowly mourning and lofty confidence.*

EXPOSITION.

HELP, LORD; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.

2 They speak vanity every one with his neighbour: *with* flattering lips *and* with a double heart do they speak.

"*Help, Lord.*" A short, but sweet, suggestive, seasonable, and serviceable prayer; a kind of angel's sword, to be turned every way, and to be used on all occasions. Ainsworth says the word rendered "help," is largely used for all manner of saving, helping, delivering, preserving, etc. Thus it seems that the prayer is very full and instructive. The Psalmist sees the extreme danger of his position, for a man had better be among lions than among liars; he feels his own inability to deal with such sons of Belial, for "he who shall touch them must be fenced with iron;" he therefore turns himself to his all-sufficient Helper, the Lord, whose help is never denied to his servants, and whose aid is enough for all their needs. "*Help, Lord,*" is a very useful ejaculation which we may dart up to heaven on occasions of emergency, whether in labour, learning, suffering, fighting, living, or dying. As small ships can sail into harbours which larger vessels, drawing more water, cannot enter, so our brief cries and short petitions may trade with heaven when our soul is wind-bound, and business-bound, as to longer exercises of devotion, and when the stream of grace seems at too low an ebb to float a more laborious supplication. "*For the godly man ceaseth;*" the death, departure, or decline of godly men should be a trumpet-call for more prayer. They say that fish smell first at the head, and when godly men decay, the whole commonwealth will soon go rotten. We must not, however, be rash in our judgment on this point, for Elijah erred in counting himself the only servant of God alive, when there were thousands whom the Lord held in reserve. The present times always appear to be peculiarly dangerous, because they are nearest to our anxious gaze, and whatever evils are rife are sure to be observed, while the faults of past ages are further off, and are more easily overlooked. Yet we expect that in the latter days, "because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold," and then we must the more thoroughly turn from man, and address ourselves to the Churches'

Lord, by whose help the gates of hell shall be kept from prevailing against us. "*The faithful fail from among the children of men;*" when godliness goes, faithfulness inevitably follows; without fear of God, men have no love of truth. Common honesty is no longer common, when common irreligion leads to universal godlessness. David had his eye on Doeg, and the men of Ziph and Keilah, and perhaps remembered the murdered priests of Nob, and the many banished ones who consorted with him in the cave of Adullam, and wondered where the state would drift without the anchors of its godly and faithful men. David, amid the general misrule, did not betake himself to seditious plottings, but to solemn petitionings; nor did he join with the multitude to do evil, but took up the arms of prayer to withstand their attacks upon virtue.

"*They speak vanity every one with his neighbour.*" They utter that which is vain *to hear*, because of its frivolous, foolish, want of worth; vain to *believe*, because it was false and lying; vain to *trust to*, since it was deceitful and flattering; vain to *regard*, for it lifted up the hearer, filling him with proud conceit of himself. It is a sad thing when it is the fashion to talk vanity. "Ca'me, and I'll ca'thee," is the old Scotch proverb; give me a high-sounding character, and I will give you one. Compliments and fawning congratulations are hateful to honest men; they know that if they take they must give them, and they scorn to do either. These accommodation-bills are most admired by those who are bankrupt in character. Bad are the times when every man thus cajoles and cozens his neighbour. "*With flattering lips and with a double heart do they speak.*" He who puffs up another's heart, has nothing better than wind in his own. If a man extols me to my face, he only shows me one side of his heart, and the other is black with contempt for me, or foul with intent to cheat me. Flattery is the sign of the tavern where duplicity is the host. The Chinese consider a man of two hearts to be a very base man, and we shall be safe in reckoning all flatterers to be such.

3 The LORD shall cut off all flattering lips, *and* the tongue that speaketh proud things:

4 Who have said, With our tongue will we prevail; our lips *are* our own: who *is* lord over us?

Total destruction shall overwhelm the lovers of flattery and pride, but meanwhile how they hector and fume! Well did the apostle call them "raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame." Free-thinkers are generally very free-talkers, and they are never more at ease than when railing at God's dominion, and arrogating to themselves unbounded license. Strange is it that the easy yoke of the Lord should so gall the shoulders of the proud, while the iron bands of Satan they bind about themselves as chains of honour: they boastfully cry unto God, "Who is lord over us?" and hear not the hollow voice of the evil one, who cries from the infernal lake, "I am your lord, and right faithfully do ye serve me." Alas, poor fools, their pride and glory shall be cut off like a fading flower! May God grant that our soul may not be gathered with them. It is worthy of observation that flattering lips, and tongues speaking proud things, are classed together: the fitness of this is clear, for they are guilty of the same vice, the first flatters another, and the second flatters himself, in both cases a lie is in their right hands. One generally imagines that flatterers are such mean parasites, so cringing and fawning, that they cannot be proud; but the wise man will tell you that while all pride is truly meanness, there is in the very lowest meanness no small degree of pride. Cæsar's horse is even more proud of carrying Cæsar, than Cæsar is of riding him. The mat on which the emperor wiped his shoes, boasts vainglorioously, crying out, "I cleaned the imperial boots." None are so detestably domineering as the little creatures who creep into office by cringing to the great; those are bad times, indeed, in which these obnoxious beings are numerous and powerful. No wonder that the justice of God in cutting off such injurious persons is matter for a psalm, for both

earth and heaven are weary of such provoking offenders, whose presence is a very plague to the people afflicted thereby. Men cannot tame the tongues of such boastful flatterers; but the Lord's remedy if sharp is sure, and is an unanswerable answer to their swelling words of vanity.

5 For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the LORD; I will set *him* in safety *from him that* puffeth at him.

In due season the Lord will hear his elect ones, who cry day and night unto him, and though he bear long with their oppressors, yet will he avenge them speedily. Observe that the mere oppression of saints, however silently they bear it, is in itself a cry to God: Moses was heard at the Red Sea, though he said nothing; and Hagar's affliction was heard despite her silence. Jesus feels with his people, and their smarts are mighty orators with him. By-and-by, however, *they* begin to sigh and express their misery, and then relief comes post-haste. Nothing moves a father like the cries of his children; he bestirs himself, wakes up his manhood, overthrows the enemy, and sets his beloved in safety. A *puff* is too much for the child to bear, and the foe is so haughty, that he laughs the little one to scorn; but the Father comes, and then it is the child's turn to laugh, when he is set above the rage of his tormentor. What virtue is there in a poor man's sighs, that they should move the Almighty God to arise from his throne. The needy did not dare to speak, and could only sigh in secret, but the Lord heard, and could rest no longer, but girded on his sword for the battle. It is a fair day when our soul brings God into her quarrel, for when his bare arm is seen, Philistia shall rue the day. The darkest hours of the Church's night are those which precede the break of day. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Jesus will come to deliver just when his needy ones shall sigh, as if all hope had gone for ever. O Lord, set thy *now* near at hand, and rise up speedily to our help. Should the afflicted reader be able to lay hold upon the promise of this verse, let him gratefully fetch a fulness of comfort from it. Gurnal says, "As one may draw out the wine of a whole hogshead at one tap, so may a poor soul derive the comfort of the whole covenant to himself through one promise, if he be able to apply it." He who promises to set us in safety, means thereby preservation on earth, and eternal salvation in heaven.

6 The words of the LORD *are* pure words: *as* silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.

7 Thou shalt keep them, O LORD, thou shalt preserve them from this generation for ever.

Verse 6. What a contrast between the vain words of man, and the pure words of Jehovah. Man's words are yea and nay, but the Lord's promises are yea and amen. For truth, certainty, holiness, faithfulness, the words of the Lord are pure as well-refined silver. In the original there is an allusion to the most severely-purifying process known to the ancients, through which silver was passed when the greatest possible purity was desired; the dross was all consumed, and only the bright and precious metal remained; so clear and free from all alloy of error or unfaithfulness is the book of the words of the Lord. The Bible has passed through the furnace of persecution, literary criticism, philosophic doubt, and scientific discovery, and has lost nothing but those human interpretations which clung to it as alloy to precious ore. The experience of saints has tried it in every conceivable manner, but not a single doctrine or promise has been consumed in the most excessive heat. What God's words are, the words of his children should be. If we would be Godlike in conversation, we must watch our language, and maintain the strictest purity of integrity and holiness in all our communications.

Verse 7. To fall into the hands of an evil generation, so as to be baited by their cruelty, or polluted by their influence, is an evil to be dreaded beyond measure; but it is an evil forseen and provided for in the text. In life many a saint has lived a hundred years before his age, as though he had darted his soul into the brighter future, and escaped the mists of the beclouded present: he has gone to his grave unreverenced and misunderstood, and lo! as generations come and go, upon a sudden the hero is unearthed, and lives in the admiration and love of the excellent of the earth; preserved for ever from the generation which stigmatized him as a sower of sedition, or burned him as a heretic. It should be our daily prayer that we may rise above our age as the mountain-tops above the clouds, and may stand out as heaven-pointing pinnacle high above the mists of ignorance and sin which roll around us. O Eternal Spirit, fulfil in us the faithful saying of this verse! Our faith believes those two assuring words and cries, "*Thou shalt*," "*thou shalt*."

8 The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted.

Here we return to the fount of bitterness, which first made the Psalmist run to the wells of salvation, namely, the prevalence of wickedness. When those in power are vile, their underlings will be no better. As a warm sun brings out noxious flies, so does a sinner in honour foster vice everywhere. Our turf would not so swarm with abominables if those who are styled honourables did not give their countenance to the craft. Would to God that the glory and triumph of our Lord Jesus would encourage us to walk and work on every side; as like acts upon like, since an exalted sinner encourages sinners, our exalted Redeemer must surely excite, cheer, and stimulate his saints. Nerved by a sight of his reigning power we shall meet the evils of the times in the spirit of holy resolution, and shall the more hopefully pray, "Help, Lord."

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND QUAINT SAYINGS.

Verse 1.—Even as a careful mother, seeing her child in the way when a company of unruly horses run through the streets in full career, presently whips up her child in her arms and taketh him home; or as the hen, seeing the ravenous kite over her head, clucks and gathers her chickens under her wings; even so when God hath a purpose to bring a heavy calamity upon a land, it hath been usual with him to call and cull out to himself such as are his dearly beloved. He takes his choice servants from the evil to come. Thus was Augustine removed a little before Hippo (wherein he dwelt) was taken; Parœus died before Heidelberg was sacked; and Luther was taken off before Germany was overrun with war and bloodshed.—*Ed. Dunsterville in a Sermon at Funeral of Sir Sim. Harcourt*, 1642.

Verse 2.—When men cease to be faithful to their God, he who expects to find them so to each other, will be much disappointed. The primitive sincerity will accompany the primitive piety in her flight from the earth; and then interest will succeed conscience in the regulation of human conduct, till one man cannot trust another farther than he holds him by that tie. Hence, by the way, it is, that though many are infidels themselves, yet few choose to have their families and dependants such; as judging, and rightly judging, that true Christians are the only persons to be depended on for the exact discharge of social duties.—*Horne.*

Verse 6.—The Scripture is the sun; the Church is the clock. The sun we know to be sure, and regularly constant in his motions; the clock, as it may fall out, may go too fast or too slow. As then, we should condemn him of folly that should profess to trust the clock rather than the sun; so we cannot but justly tax the credulity of those who would rather trust to the Church than to the Scripture.—*Bishop Hall.*

Verse 6.—How beautifully is this verse introduced, by way of contrast to what was said before concerning the words of the ungodly! Do sinners talk of vanity? let saints then speak of Jesus and his gospel. Do they talk impure words? then let the faithful use the pure words of God, which, like silver, the more used, the more melted in the fire, the more precious will they be. It is true, indeed, despisers will esteem both God and his word as trifling; but oh, what an unknown treasure doth the word,

the promises, the covenant relation of the divine things of Jesus contain! They are more to be desired than gold, yea, than fine gold; sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb.—*Hawker.*

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—*Help, Lord.* I. The Prayer itself, short, suggestive, seasonable, rightly directed, vehement. II. Occasions for its use. III. Modes of its answer. IV. Reasons for expecting gracious reply.

First two clauses. Text for funeral of an eminent believer.

Whole verse. I. *The fact bewailed*—describe godly and faithful, and show how they fail. II. *The feeling excited.* Mourning the loss, fears for church, personal need of such companions, appeal to God. III. *The forebodings aroused.* Failure of the cause, judgments impending, &c. IV. *The faith remaining.* Help, Lord.

Verse 1.—Intimate connection between honour to God and honesty to man, since they decline together.

Verse 2.—*First clause.* A discourse upon the prevalence and perniciousness of vain talk.

The whole verse. Connection between flattery and treachery. "*A double heart.*" Right and wrong kinds of hearts, and the disease of duplicity.

Verse 3.—God's hatred of those twin sins of the lips—Flattery and Pride (which is self flattery). Why He hates? How He shows His hatred? In whom He hates them most? How to be cleansed from them?

Verses 3, 4.—I. *The revolt of the tongue.* Its claim of power, self-possession, and liberty. Contrast between this and the believer's confession, "we are not our own." II. *The method of its rebellion*—"flattery, and speaking proud things." III. *The end of its treason*—cut off.

Verse 5.—The Lord aroused—How? Why? What to do? When?

Last clause.—Peculiar danger of believers from those who despise them and their special safety. Good practical topic.

Verse 6.—The purity, trial, and permanency of the words of the Lord.

Seven crucibles in which believers try the word. A little thought will suggest these.

Verse 7.—Preservation from one's generation in this life and for ever. A very suggestive theme.

Verse 8.—*Sin in high places specially infectious.* Call to the rich and prominent to remember their responsibility. Thankfulness for honourable rulers. Discrimination to be used in choice of our representatives or civic magistrates.

Gleanings from Nature.

THE HYDRA.

FEW creatures have awakened more curiosity, or created more astonishment, than the animals whose name appears at the head of this article. Ever since their first discovery by the celebrated Leeuwenhoek, in the year 1703, who likened them to a miniature tree with wide-spreading boughs, they have afforded scope for the observation and speculation of the learned. The naturalist, Buffon, sent in July, 1741, to the Royal Society of England an account of the curious habits of the little animal, and of its extraordinary mode of growth, which created no small amount of interest; but it was not until November, 1742, that the wonder of the savans of that time was fully aroused when Dr. Gronovius, of Leyden, sent a communication to the President of the Royal Society, announcing that a young gentleman of Geneva, a M. Trembley, had performed some very extraordinary experiments upon the vitality of the Polyp (Hydra) which it would almost appear could not be killed, for although they may ultimately die of starvation, yet he says that some kept some months without food only became thinner!—it would be rather surprizing if they did not; but cutting and slashing not only had no injurious effect on the animals, but they actually throve under the treatment, and when Trembley proceeded to cut them into two parts, so far from this affecting their health,

both halves speedily grew into perfect animals! nay, dividing them seemed to be the most ready mode of increasing the stock, so as to obtain specimens for further observations.

Occurrences so strange as these, altogether contrary to the experience of the observers, were not readily credited. Indeed some learned critics undertook to prove from metaphysical grounds that it was impossible they could be true, while others, of course, reasoned from equally sound premises that there was no novelty in the phenomena at all, and if they had not been previously seen, they ought to have been. We suppose the combatants derived at least amusement from their war of words, but assuredly the cause of truth was not advanced thereby; these men were, however, but the progenitors of those in our time who, wedded to old habits or stereotyped ideas pertaining either to men or things, are ever ready to say of any new discovery, "It cannot be;" and when in spite of them the truth proves that it can be, by being; they shake their wise heads, and cry, "Call ye this *new?* it was known to us long since." The conclusion to which one of the disputants upon the life of this animal came—upwards of a century since—was at all events marked by common sense, for he says, "I have already seen so many strange things in nature, that I am become very cautious in affirming what may or may not possibly be."

The animal was a puzzle to Trembley himself, for he writes in January, 1741: "I have studied it ever since June last, and have found in it striking characteristics of both plant and animal. It is a little aquatic being. At first sight every one imagines it to be a plant; but if it be a plant, it is sensitive and ambulant; if it be an animal, it may be propagated by slips or cuttings, like many plants."

The creatures were studied, and Trembley's experiments, in what would now be called "vivisection," repeated by many of the French and German philosophers, and some specimens having been sent by M. Trembley to Mr. Folkes, the President of the Royal Society of England, he also verified the evidence which had come from the Continent, and read a Paper to the Society, March, 1743, which awakened much interest, and set many observers to search for the animal in this country, where it was speedily found; and there no longer remained any doubt of the extraordinary fact, "that man can at pleasure out of one life make two, each complete in all respects as that from which it derived its existence, and equally enjoying the humble gratifications of its nature."*

It need, perhaps, scarcely be said that the subject of the present paper is in no way allied to that monstrous serpent named Hydra, which classic story tells us dwelt in the lake Lerna, in the Peloponnessus, and was blessed with many heads, which on any one or more being cut off, were speedily reproduced unless the wound was burnt with fire, and the blood so prevented flowing; the ravages of the many-headed monster were by a happy combination of circumstances brought to an end, for we learn amid the exploits of Hercules, that—

——"The Cleonian Lion first he kills;
With fire and sword, then Lerna's pest he quells."

The only connection between the Lernean serpent and our humble and inoffensive animal, is probably that the fabled reproduction of the one suggested to Linnæus a name as suitable to be applied to one that is actually capable of reproducing any part that is lopped off.

Should any of our readers desire to make the acquaintance of the Hydra, they need only to pay a visit to the ponds on Clapham or Wandsworth Commons, or any similar spots, and taking home with them some of the water with duck-weed, or other vegetation which in the summer grows so abundantly in the pools, place it in a tall jar, similar to those used by confectioners; there will soon be seen attached to the little roots of the weed, or suspended from the surface of the water, some bodies varying from one quarter to three quarters of an inch in length, having at the one end several long and slender thread-like appendages, which are being waved hither and thither through the water at the will of the creature in search of its prey. Such is the Hydra, which is common to most parts of England, and oftentimes occurring in great abundance in pools and

* Goldsmith.

sluggish streams. The family is divided into three species, or by some naturalists into four. 1. Hydra viridis, is as its name implies, of a bright leaf-green colour, the body about a quarter of an inch in length, and is furnished with from six to ten rather short tentacles; this species affords a very elegant and pretty spectacle in a clear glass, studding the sides of the vessel, or suspended from the weeds, waving its tiny green filaments in every conceivable direction. 2. Hydra vulgaris, the commonest species, is found nearly half an inch in length, with seven to twelve tentacles, frequently longer than the body, this is of an orange-brown colour. 3. Hydra fusca, is greyish, or brown in colour, and has its tentacular filaments much longer than the body, it loves still waters, but is comparatively rare. The fourth species, Hydra attenuata of some observers, is of pale green colour, and is probably a variety of Hydra viridis.

The habits and functions of each of the species are alike curious and interesting. If removed from the water, or rudely disturbed when in it, they suddenly collapse into a small, round pill-like mass, with short stumpy tentacles projecting around it; speedily, however, the animal recovers its equanimity, its body lengthens, its tentacles or arms are extended to what may well be termed an incredible length in comparison with the space they so recently filled. The substance of which the body is composed is a transparent, gelatinous mass, capable of being extended or compressed by the animal. Its powers of locomotion are by no means great. Affixing its base to some surface over which it designs to travel, the body is bent forward, and the arms brought down and affixed, after which, the base is detached, and being looped up, is brought close to the arms, which in their turn are loosened, the body lengthened, and the arms again taking hold, the body is once more brought on; and so the creature, travelling somewhat in the mode of a leech, is with much apparent labour, and a great expenditure of time, enabled to move from place to place. It can, however, travel faster when suspended from the surface of the water; then the base being thrust up, slightly expanded, and rendered concave, the long arms trailing below lash the water, and, acting as oars, the body is transported with comparative ease over, or rather under, the surface. Not being able to move rapidly after its prey, and possessing what many desire, but cannot secure—a good appetite, the calls of which require to be frequently appeased, it was necessary that some means should be given it to enable it to secure the food which chance might bring within the reach o. its long, line-like arms, which are spread around, and occasionally waving to and fro, beating, as it were, the waters for prey. Let us watch that one, there in our little pond, in which many of the water fleas and their relations* are disporting themselves. Ah! I thought it would not be long ere one of those whip-like threads would come in contact with a Daphnæ; you remark the arm seemed only just to touch it, when it appeared to resign itself to its fate, as if it were paralysed, as, indeed, in a sense, no doubt it is. Now the long arm gently coils over, and having securely grasped the prey, it is slowly retracted so as to bring the captured animal up to its mouth, which, however, is much too small to admit of its being readily swallowed; but it is retained at the base of the tentacles, while the structure of the upper part of the body gradually expands and envelopes the prey, which now has entirely disappeared. But we will carefully remove the bit of weed to which the Hydra is attached, and now, placing it under the microscope, with a good light, we are enabled to see through the body; and lo! the unlucky Daphnæ has not ceased the respiratory vibrations of its branchiæ; but speedily they stop; a cloudy appearance comes over the prisoner, the process of digestion is going on, and in a short while you will see the shell of the water flea cast out at the same opening by which it was engulphed. The ordinary shape of the Hydra is now resumed, for, as the Daphnæ is three or four times greater in diameter than the body of its captor, the latter has had to swell out to a great extent in order to accommodate so bulky a morsel.

The tentacles are now again extended in search of food; there is none here,

* Ante, pp. 28, 72.

however, on which they may exercise their power, so we may by the aid of our glass try to understand somewhat of the mode by which this soft, jelly-like little being is enabled to capture animals larger than itself. The tentacles are soft, pliant, and extensile, as is the body; they are studded all over with small tubercles, which have been termed the stinging organs; they are oval and comparatively firm capsules, each containing coiled within it a very long and slender filament, at the base of which are four minute spines. When the tentacle is brought into contact with any other body, these spines fly out with extraordinary rapidity; whether their entrance into the structure of the captured prey is the cause of the apparent paralysis which it seems to suffer, or whether, as is more probable, the act of uncoiling sets free some acrid fluid which poisons the prey, is a point yet to be elucidated; whichever may be the mode, or if both combined produce the required result, we cannot but admire the exquisite adaptation of means to a required end which this animal displays.

The voracity of the Hydra is great, and being, if it may be so said, carnivorous in its tastes, it must be well supplied with food, or it will become inactive, and ultimately pine away. When feeding, it will sometimes happen that the arm, becoming entangled around the prey, is drawn into the mouth, and thence to the stomach with the food. Two individuals have been observed to catch the same animal; both, of course, being equally anxious to secure it, a struggle ensues, which terminates in favour of the strongest, who not unfrequently settles the strife by swallowing his brother along with the prey! But as cannibalism evidently does not agree with them, the unfortunate prisoner is by-and-by disgorged, apparently none the worse for its temporary sojourn in the stomach of its brother. M. Trembley, and others, have found that if the creature is inverted, that is, turned inside out, as one would the finger of a glove, it does not appear to suffer, but takes its food just as before, the back immediately doing duty for the stomach, which has now become its back. Curious as this experiment is, we may do well to bear in mind a remark naïvely made by a writer of the last century, who on this subject, says, "The Author of Nature did not create the polype to be turned as we turn a glove"!

We have already alluded to the facility with which they may be divided, and that the several parts become developed, just as portions may be cut from off a plant, which in their turn will put forth new leaves, and become perfect plants. The analogy may be carried even further; for, as a portion of one plant may be grafted on to another, and the two become one, so it has proved that two dissimilar portions of the Hydra may be brought into contact, and union taking place, one animal will be the result. But whatever may have been the object for endowing this creature with so great a tenacity of life, we may safely aver, after the manner of the author just quoted, that God did not create the polype to be cut up by man.

The ordinary and normal mode of increase, however, is very plant-like. Seldom do we find these creatures in the summer without observing one, or two, or even more, attached to the same parent stem. If one be isolated where it can be readily observed, a minute swelling may soon be discovered on some portions of the body, which goes on gradually enlarging, taking somewhat of a pear shape. By-and-by on the head of this, minute points appear, which gradually enlarge into tentacles; the communication between the intestinal canal of the parent and child is perfect, the nutritive matter passing from one to the other; but as the tentacles become sufficiently developed to enable the youngster to secure its own prey, the opening between its parent and itself becomes closed, and the juvenile parts company to pursue its own course, and fill its own place in the world: it will not be long before this young one will have other similar young ones sprouting out from its body, and so the number becomes rapidly augmented.

This is not, however, the only mode in which these curious animals increase; at the approach of winter certain remarkable changes occur in portions of the structure of the body, and ova are formed which are subsequently separated from the parent. These ova are furnished with a dense coat, and appear to

be capable of spontaneous motion; but whether this is due to the presence of cilia, is not ascertained. What a beautiful provision is here for the preservation of the race! While large numbers of individuals are, no doubt, destroyed by the frost which covers the surface of the ponds with ice, these eggs, or germs, have fallen down to the more equable temperature of the bottom, where they lie dormant, until the warm beams of the springtide sun awakes all nature into activity, when the covering membrane becomes ruptured, and the young creature escapes to give rise to a large progeny that will bud and spring from its sides.

Small as these animals are, they are sometimes infested by parasitical creatures, which it is singular to observe nimbly running by means of bristle-like feet up and down the body and tentacles of the little polype,* so called because the prehensile tentacles were originally regarded as feet.

The Polype is a large and highly-interesting family. But enough has probably been said to awaken feelings of devout admiration while contemplating even this very humble member of a wide and important group of the works of the Divine Master. W. R. SELWAY.

* *Polys*, many—*pous*, a foot.

Reviews.

Calls to the Cross. By ARTHUR MURSELL. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE author of this volume is well known as a lecturer. As a preacher he needed just such an introduction to the reading public as this volume supplies. Many guessed at his style of preaching from his method of lecturing; but Mr. Mursell's friends were not willing that he should be judged by that rule. His addresses to the masses are very different from his pulpit-discourses. To a very general impression that the one must be like the other, we are indebted for the publication of a volume of sermons delivered in the ordinary course of his pulpit ministrations, which we think, cannot fail to remove all suspicions of a secular, loose, and heartless theology from the public mind. We may not see the evangelical fulness and pathos which would have flowed from the lips of some as "Calls to the Cross;" but we have the leading doctrines of the gospel clearly stated and enforced; and some of them presented in a novel and attractive form. Here are no sympathies with the errors of many professed Evangelicals of our day, but we have evidences rather that independence of thought and reasoning does not necessarily lead astray from the simplicity of the gospel. We do not often, for want of space, make extracts in our "Reviews," but the following, from a sermon on "Seeing Jesus," is so clear and outspoken an avowal of Mr. Mursell's evangelical views, that, in justice to himself and his friends, it ought not to be withheld.

We would see Jesus in the means of grace. They are no means of grace without him. What is the use of our singing, if it is not melodized with the name of Jesus? What is the use of our praying, if we do not pray through Jesus? What is the use of our preaching, if we do not preach about Jesus? It must be Jesus *all*. You must bring him with you here; you must find him here; you must take him with you when you leave here. We may preach learned and ingenious sermons in the pulpit; but if we do not preach Jesus, it is but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. We may give rhetorical lessons and addresses in the school, but if we do not teach and talk Jesus, we had better hold our peace. Let the critics come and call us ignorant, shallow, superficial, barren of idea, meagre of language—what they will; if Jesus has been our theme we will not be ashamed. Let dolts and dotards go to sleep in class-room, or in pew; if we have tried to keep them awake with the music of the name of Jesus, theirs is the loss, not ours the shame. O suppliant! when thou prayest, let the incense of thy prayer ascend alone through Jesus. O preacher! when thou preachest, let the burden of thy message be Christ Jesus. O teacher! when thou teachest, fling science to the winds, fling rhetoric to the winds, fling elocution to the winds, fling *self* to the winds, and hide behind thy theme the theme of Jesus. Let each idea, if you have any, be centered in him. Let your language derive its simple eloquence from him, and if you cannot stoop to teach

this name and preach this gospel, then, in God's name, *stand out of the light*, and make way for some one who is not ashamed of the "foolishness of such preaching;" "for if any man preach not this gospel, let him be accursed." "Whoso is ashamed of me before men, of him will I be ashamed before my Father and his holy angels."

He who could preach in this strain, cannot be said to undervalue the gospel of Christ. Some may think that, to be consistent with himself, there should be more of it in his Lectures, but it would be unfair, after the above statements, to suppose that this arises from want of love to the gospel. That which is a mystery to others may find a harmonizing principle in his own mind. "To his own Master he standeth or falleth."

Trapp's Commentary on the New Testament. Dickenson, Farringdon Street.

We are beyond measure gratified to see so excellent a reprint of our favourite author. It is worth its weight in gold at the least, and sooner than not possess it we would throw in a diamond ring or two, if we possessed such things.

Take care whom you Marry. Elliot Stock.

An admirable tract on a most weighty subject, by our indefatigable friend T. W. Medhurst. The price is only One Half-penny, and we hope all our unmarried friends will read it.

The Sunday Magazine, for November, contains an excellent article upon "Weights and Measures," another upon "Sensational and Scriptural Appeals," is worthy of particular notice; another upon a "French Quaker's Labour of Love"; and one other, which will be specially interesting to a large body of Christians, upon "The Mother of the Wesleys."—*Good Words*, for the same month, has an edifying paper upon "The Sinner's Friend," and much, as usual, that is both instructive and entertaining.—*The Missing Link Magazine*, of the same date, has some solid and seasonable remarks at its commencement, upon "Sensation Stories," which we would advise the editors of our most popular religious Periodicals not to read, if they do not wish to have their consciences disturbed in the midst of their avocations.—*Christian Work* continues to supply a vast store of information to those whose large-hearted Christianity bursts the bonds of zeal and piety, and who judge all religious efforts and zeal upon the principle, "the field is the world."—*The Gospel Magazine* well sustains the character given of it in our last number.—*The Mother's Treasury* shows no signs of being exhausted either in instruction or interest. To many mothers who are absorbed in family cares, its direction and consolation would be invaluable.—*The Sunday Teachers' Treasury* contains a large store of information and direction to those who seek to excel in the work of Sabbath-school teaching. We can hardly suppose any to be thoroughly qualified for that office without it.—*The Children's Hour.* It is quite right that children should have their part in our Monthly Periodicals, and they are worthily represented in "The Children's Hour."—*Works of Love: a New Year's Ballad.* Messrs. Elliot and Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, have for the last two years endeavoured to introduce New-Years' Ballads into Sunday-schools, with encouraging success. The one before us has been sent that early notice of it may appear, and that it may be procured for the season for which it is intended.

Notices.

On Thursday, November 16th, the Rev. T. Ness, late co-pastor of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, was publicly recognised as pastor of the Church at Stepney Green Tabernacle. In the unavoidable and much regretted absence of Mr. Spurgeon, through illness, the Rev. G. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, preached in the afternoon to a crowded congregation. Above 500 persons afterwards sat down to tea, in the commodious school-room belonging to the chapel. The public meeting which followed, was held in the chapel, which was well filled in every part. The Rev. J. Kennedy, M.A., occupied the chair, and in the course of his address most heartily welcomed Mr. Ness to the neighbourhood, taking occasion to notice how very inadequate the supply of ministers and chapels was to the surrounding population, as shown by statistics lately published—that while there should be chapel accommodation for at least fifty-eight persons out of every 100, in Stepney there was ac-

commodation for only twenty-two. Mr. Ness, after giving a brief outline of his doctrinal views, and expressing his readiness to work heart and hand with his ministerial brethren in the adjoining districts, stated that he had received very great encouragement from the blessing that had already rested upon his labours at Stepney. The church was in a very prosperous condition, and had received many additions, and the Bible classes and Sunday-school were increasing with a healthy and vigorous growth. Mr. A. Saphir, B.A., Presbyterian minister, of Greenwich, spoke on "Preaching Christ;" Mr. J. Offord on "The Minister as a Teacher;" Mr. G. Rogers on "The duties of office-bearers and people;" Mr. C. Storel on "The work of the Holy Spirit, in connection with Christ's Church;" and Mr. A. Varley on "Evangelistic Work." Messrs. J. Renney, of Ratcliff, T. Penrose, P. Methodist, and D. Gracey, Metropolitan Tabernacle College, also took part in the services, which were throughout exceedingly profitable, and pervaded with a deep devotional pathos. The different Christian Denominations were well represented on the platform. There were present, the Revs. J. T. Temple, J. Thomas, B.A., A. Fergusson, W. Tyler, M.A., J. Russell (Shoreditch), S. Finch, B. Davis, J. Fife, D, Russell (Edmonton), and many of the students of the College.

On Friday evening, the 17th of last month, a service of recognition was held at St. Peter's Hall, Norwich, on behalf of Mr. Willis, a student from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, who has established the regular ministration of the Gospel in that place, under very encouraging circumstances. The Rev. John Hallett read the Scriptures. The Rev. Philip Colborne offered prayer. The Rev. G. Gould, who presided, gave an address suited to the occasion, welcoming in the name of all his brethren Mr. Willis as a fellow-labourer in that city. The Rev. G. Moses offered a prayer of dedication. The Rev. G. Rogers, from the Tabernacle College, gave an address to the newly appointed minister. The Rev. J. Alexander would have been present if the weather had permitted. The attendance was remarkably good. The hall is well adapted for religious services, is generally well attended, and there have been numerous instances of decided usefulness.

Interesting Anniversary services were held at the East St. Chapel, Newton Abbot, Devonshire, on Friday, October 13. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by the Rev. J. B. Date, of Teignmouth, from 1 Tim. xi. A tea meeting followed, at which about 200 persons were present. After tea a public meeting was held; P. Adams, Esq., of Plymouth, in the chair. From statements made, it appeared that at the previous anniversary there was a debt of £930 on the chapel, and the chairman had then promised that if the church would raise £90 during the coming year, he would make it up to £100; this having been done to his satisfaction, he handed over the £10. Besides this, about £80 had been collected from the churches of the Western and Devon Baptist Association; and to crown all, the treasurer, Mr. P. S. Michelmore, had with great liberality given £350 during the past year, making up his donation to £500, as promised at the opening of the chapel. By these means, in conjunction with the moiety of a collection made after a sermon, recently preached in the chapel by Mr. Spurgeon, about £550 of the debt has been cleared off, and £380 remains yet to be paid. Any help from friends will be most thankfully received by the pastor. The Rev. J. Cannon, (pastor of the church,) gave an account of the work that had been done and the progress made, through God's blessing, during his ministry. When formed eighteen months ago, the church consisted of twenty-six members only; but though there had been many difficulties and obstacles to contend against, nearly an equal number had been added. The prospects of the church were encouraging; a spirit of prayer pervaded it; the work of conversion was going on by God's grace, and much cause for thankfulness was felt.

A tea and public meeting was held on Wednesday, November 15th, in aid of the Carlton Chapel, in Southampton, in course of erection, for the congregation now worshipping in the above rooms. A goodly number sat down to tea, and between 400 and 500 assembled at the meeting afterwards. The pastor (J.

Collins) presided, and stated that the New Chapel was progressing favourably, but would not be completed, he feared, before the end of February. As only half the money required has been collected, all present were thoroughly urged to do their utmost to raise the necessary funds. The meeting was subsequently addressed by the following: Pastors C. Chambers (Romsey), H. H. Carlisle, J. G. Wright, R. Caven, and T. Sissons. All the addresses were exceedingly appropriate and well received. A collection was made during the evening, in aid of the building fund. Our friends here are working hard, but they have a great deal still to do. Will none of your sympathising readers aid us in our great work? Contributions of articles to the bazaar in the spring, or of money to the building fund, will be thankfully acknowledged by the pastor, J. Collins, 1, Hendiad Terrace, Southampton.

The first Anniversary services of the church and congregation, worshipping in Vauxhall Baptist Chapel, were held on Sunday and Monday, the 12th and 13th of November. A sermon was preached on Sunday morning by the Rev. G. Rogers; and in the evening by Mr. D. Gracey. Both these services were well attended and much enjoyed. A tea and public meeting was held on Monday. At the former, 160 persons at least were present; after which, the company was considerably increased, the body of the chapel being nearly full, and a goodly number in the gallery. Pastor G. Hearson took the chair, surrounded by four elders from Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, by Mr. Durban and Mr. T. Attwood. After a hymn had been sung, the divine blessing sought, and a chapter read, Mr. Hearson's brother gave a statement of the rise and progress of the cause, and also of its financial condition, which were pleasing and satisfactory. The church commenced with eight members, and now numbered fifty-one; the school had increased to 180 scholars; and more than £200 had been raised during the year.

Mr. W. Bloom, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has received and accepted a unanimous call to the Pastorate of the Baptist Church in Doncaster.

The secretary of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission, thankfully acknowledges a parcel of clothing for the poor Irish, from H. Lewis, Abingdon.

On Tuesday, the 14th November, the Total Abstinence Society, formed among the students in the College, held their first anniversary meeting. A considerable number of ladies and gentlemen took tea in the school-room, and than adjourned to the lecture hall. Mr. Selway took the chair. Prayer was offered by Mr. Ness. Mr. Blewitt read a report stating that sixty-one of the present students or ministers who had been students in the College were total abstainers. Excellent addresses were delivered by the Rev. Robert Robinson, of York Road; the Rev. John Rodgers, M.A., of St. Thomas' Charterhouse, who said it gave him great pleasure to stand on a neutral platform to address the students of so important a College. Mr. Hillier entertained the meeting by capital music, during which biscuits and fruit were handed round to the company. After this the Rev. J. Clifford, of Paddington, and Mr. Smithies, editor of the British Workman, delivered addresses; and this very encouraging meeting was brought to a close by Mr. Ness proposing, and Mr. Rowe seconding a vote of thanks to the speakers. Several students from Regent's Park College were present, and also from New College, also the Rev. J. Stott and the Rev. J. H. Wilson.

A most interesting meeting was held at the Baptist Chapel, Gold Hill, Bucks, on Monday, October 16th, to recognise Mr. H. Dunn, student of Mr. Spurgeon's College, as pastor. A goodly number sat down to tea, after which a public meeting was held in the chapel. Mr. Dunn offered prayer, and the venerable Rev. G. Warne, of Sarratt, took the chair. Two affectionate and impressive addresses were delivered by the Rev. T. Peters, of Watford, and Mr. Akehurst, student of Mr. Spurgeon's College. The young pastor then gave an interesting account of his conversion and call to the ministry. Mr. Burgess (deacon) in the name of the Church, and the Rev. W. C. Ellis of Chenico, in the name of the neighbouring ministers, gave their young brother a most cordial and hearty welcome. Appropriate speeches were given by Messrs. Curtis, Snell, Saunders, and Stone; and thus after three hours of

unflaging interest the meeting was terminated, which brought to the remembrance of many the happy days of the past. Collections were made for a new chapel.

On Tuesday, 24th ultimo, was celebrated the recognition of G. Webb, as pastor of the Church, at Little Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. The afternoon service was conducted by the Rev. J. Blake, of Bow. Rev. B. Davies of Greenwich, read the Scriptures; Rev. S. Kevan, of Colebrook offered prayer; Mr. Balchin, the senior decon, gave a brief history of the church from its commencement, 1691, and related the way in which they became acquainted with Mr. Webb, and their reasons for inviting him to the pastorate; after which Mr. Webb gave a concise statement of his faith and practice, which with the other addresses in the afternoon, and a synopsis of the ensuing meeting is to be published in a pamphlet. The Rev. W. A. Blake then addressed the minister in his relation to the church; and the Rev. B. B. Wale, the church in its relation to the minister, both of which were very able addresses; Rev. J. M. Camp, F. Attwood, — Ballard, — Dowdale, — Frith and Pearce also assisted in the services, after a good substantial tea. James Mote, Esq., presided at the evening meeting; the Rev. Stewart Williamson, of the Liberatian Society, delivered a telling address on the church in its relation to the state; Rev. J. M. Camp on the voluntary principle; Mr. Baldwin, the senior deacon, on behalf of the church and congregation, then presented Mr. Webb with a season ticket for the year, and the collections which were also presented, amounted to nearly £6. G. Webb then addressed the meeting on an essential element of the Gospel Mission; Rev. B. B. Wale, on Education and Literature as it bore upon the church, and the Rev. H. Burton on Christian Co-operation. Thus ended a pleasant and profitable day, which augured will for the future of Wild Street.

A very interesting meeting was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on the 10th of last month, for the formation of a Union of Baptist Ministers and Churches; and was followed by a special prayer meeting at the Tabernacle, accounts of which will appear in January, as it is impossible to find sufficient space to do justice to them in the present number.

Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 93.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5000; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from October 19th, to November 20th, 1865.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. J. Galloway	1	1	0
Mr. W. Pedley	1	1	0
J. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. Pledge	0	5	0
Mrs. Ward	5	0	0
A Friend, Lochee	5	0	0
Miss Claro	0	8	0
H. P. L.	10	0	0
Mrs. Miller	0	10	0
Moiety of Collection at Newton Abbott, after Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon ..	10	0	0
Moiety of Collection at Torquay, after Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon	10	0	0
S. B. P.	1	0	0
Mr. Dransfield	3	3	0
Mrs. Tiffin	0	2	6
Mrs. Stacey	0	5	0
Mrs. Macbeth	1	0	0
Part of Collection at Walkern Mills, after Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon ..	5	0	0
Redruth	0	2	6
T. M.	5	0	0
Pastor W. S. Clapp, of New York ..	10	0	0
Per Editor "Christian World"	2	1	0
Part Proceeds of Services at Newport, by C. H. Spurgeon	25	0	0
A Friend, North Northamptonshire ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hector, Blandford	1	0	0
Proceeds of Tea Meeting at Tabernacle	21	10	7
The Elders' Bible Class	5	5	0
Mr. T. Harbutt	0	5	0
A Well Wisher, S. S.	50	0	0
Mrs. Camps	5	0	0
Moiety of Collections at Sunderland, after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon ..	25	5	0
The Singing Class	2	2	0
Mr. J. Thorne	0	2	6
Faith	0	10	0
Mr. W. Conolley	1	1	0
Mr. J. Banger	1	1	0
Mr. C. Griffiths	1	1	0
Lawrence, John Pledge	0	2	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Oct. 23	8	19	11
" " " " 30	54	14	0
" " " Nov. 6	26	4	1
" " " " 13	36	0	0
" " " " 20	52	10	6
	£389	16	7

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